



THE UNIFORMED HUMAN BEING

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

When fear comes knocking at our door,
It's a fearless uniform we wanna see.
We're apt to forget there's a human being inside,
Perhaps, with their sure fear rolling free.

For the moment, we forget this cop is a real person
And must maybe with little ones of their own.
You see, we never call a father or a mother
When we're frightened and run for the phone.

We're expecting a person of action
While we might be asking them to face a gun,
Although they're the type of person - human being
Who enjoys shopping, ball games, and family fun.

Their basic job is to face the criminal.
To try to stop them before they kill or rob,
And no matter what their own fear may be,
They're on our doorstep to do their job.

This nice person on our doorstep in uniform
Is often called a pig or worse,
But give this human being the courtesy deserved
And he'll help the criminal recite the peace verse.

This uniformed human being officer
So truly a man's best friend
Who will travel a mile out of their way
To aid someone around a troubled bend.

This fearless uniformed human being
Looks long and diligently for that missing child
And the only reward ever wanted
Is that they helped a troubled parent smile.

Once I held a little human being boy;
Warm, soft and cuddly on my lap
Who survived Vietnam and became a cop
And who called me friend through the generation gap.

This once little boy grew up and chose his profession
And a pig this man has never been,
But he, like all officers of the law,
When needed, he'll be around the bend.

It goes without saying, nice people,
You truly are man's best friend,
And it's truly gratifying to see
"You All" coming around that bend.

