

When God Made Peace 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 specs on this order?"

* A Peace 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 his uniform.

* He has to be in top physical condition at all times, running on black coffee and half-eaten meals. And he has 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 and 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 he asks, 'May I see what's in there, sir?' (When he already knows and wishes he'd taken that accounting job.) Another pair in the side of his head for his partner's safety. And another pair of eyes here in front that can look reassuringly at a bleeding victim and say, 'you'll be all right, ma'am,' when he 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 peace 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 warning 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 keep its sense of humor."

"This officer also has phenomenal personal control. He 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 peace officer. "There's a leak." She said. "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.