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D i s p a t c h e r ' s P r a y e r

Lord, they're in our hands tonight, yours and mine
Those guys who keep the peace and fight the crime.
They're men with wives and families, and feelings, too.
They give themselves for our protection, those men in blue.

I know my part in this is crucial too.
I must inform those men blue,
When trouble strikes and where.
And send them quickly, no time to spare.

I cannot see the scene from where I sit.
My eyes and ears scan the console, brightly lit.
I must wait in blind suspense to hear each "ten-four"
As they let me know they have survived on time more.

I know a part of them that few others ever see,
Their eyes reflecting scenes depicting how cruel life can really be.
A battered child, a senseless wreck, or a murderer set free,
A brother-in-arms shot down, never more be.

I'll make the coffee, and keep it fresh and strong.
They'll stop by for a cup or two, but not for long.
Another call, a plea, or just a happenstance.
Duty will beckon, "Come time to take another chance."

I'll answer the phone and questions, too.
And dig out the stats and records they ask me to.
I'll type the reports, and of course, joke with them some.
I'll even put off that reporter who dials in on "nine-one-one."

Let me, Lord, speak calm and clear,
To those out there while I'm in here.
I'm their link, and they are mine,
In this partnership of fighting crime.

It seems to me that we're all a team
They, You, and me, I mean.
I'll do my best, and they will, too.
But, still, Lord, we need You to see us through.
Amen