

THE POLICE OFFICER

By Donald E. Reinert

There goes a man upon the street  
He's known our every prayer  
The man that little children greet  
With smiles they always share.

He's part of every waking day  
He's part of every night  
He helps the traveler on his way  
He's some one good and right.

Parents knew him long ago  
He saw their children born  
Now years of care begin to show  
He's growing old and worn.

Upon life's busy highway  
Where ever he may go  
People take the time to say  
A friendly word or so.

I often note in passing by  
His understanding deeds  
His comfort to some childish cry  
His answer to their needs.

Some pass him by unless there's strife  
As though they didn't care  
And take for granted all his life  
Till one day he isn't there.