

## **DISPATCHERS ARE INVISIBLE**

My sacrifice is small compared to some, it seems  
but each day I sacrifice a part of me  
Some days it is returned when I leave  
on others they take it away from me  
Each day I park my emotions at the door  
and enter a realm few want to explore  
Let me take you into my world so you can see  
what a day in the life of a 911 dispatcher can be  
I need five hands to answer phones  
for typing and the radio's alone  
One to grab coffee while it's still warm  
as all tasks, simultaneously, must be preformed  
My skin has to be tough to withstand  
when barbs from growling officers land  
or jabs from complaining citizens  
often make me re-assess, where I am  
A dispatcher needs five sets of ears  
for telephones, radios, and alarms to hear  
For intercoms and officers who need to know  
all information my screens can show  
Along with the ears you need a brain  
capable of remembering everything  
all local and ten codes; the elements of crimes  
phonetic alphabets and what to say each time  
What questions to ask for every call  
hundreds of voices, with emergencies one and all  
You must make a decision in a minute or less  
and send appropriate units to meet the test,  
while talking on the radio to other emergencies  
as you try to handle everyone's needs

You need an abundance of patience to be  
able to handle all the emotions you see  
Your heart must never break  
when answering some of the calls you take  
from a mother who's child just passed away  
or a rape victim, who is afraid to stay  
There is the suicidal person you don't want to lose  
and frighten children you need to soothe  
The little old lonely lady who just wants some time  
to hear a caring voice, at the end of the line  
As a dispatcher I am invisible, you see  
except in emergencies....when you really need me

# Dispatcher's Prayer

Dear Lord, help me keep safe those who depend on me.  
Give me healthy ears, for they are my link with those who need me.  
Keep my mind sharp and alert, my fingers quick and nimble.  
Grant that I never forget how to do ten things at once, and do them all equally well.

Bless me with patience Lord.  
Patience to deal with the public, with the officers, with the firefighters,  
and with everyone else who makes me want to grit my teeth and yell.

Give me nerves of steel;  
That I may listen to a mother screaming for her child to live,  
the man with a gun, the family watching their home go up in flames, or a request  
for backup or more equipment and not give way to panic.

Grant me empathy, that I may help the caller in need,  
and not cause them more pain than they already have.  
God, give me the ability to learn what I need, to remember it quickly,  
and give me the wisdom to use the knowledge properly.

Bless my family Lord, for they will have to make sacrifices to shift work,  
overtime, canceled plans and times when I just can't take on one more thing.  
Help them understand the missed ball games, school programs and dinners for  
two.

Lord, give me courage. Courage to persevere when I feel undervalued,  
unappreciated, overworked and unrecognized.

Courage to keep trying when I feel in my heart it's hopeless.  
Last of all Lord, help me to never forget why I chose this job in the first place,  
to never lose sight of what is important in the midst of the stress.

Help me to remember that I make a difference;  
however small it may seem some days, and that I matter.

I am a dispatcher, Lord, grant me peace.

## **A Dispatchers Prayer**

by Richie Minton  
FCSO

*Lord, send me an angel tonight  
As calls come in, lend your might  
Let me be fast and true  
To make safe those in brown and blue*

*Only you know what tonight will yield  
Let me protect those who carry a badge or shield  
With every call I put out, they give their lives  
To those who may carry guns and knives*

*Bring them home to me, their brother and friend  
To their hearts I can talk, but never mend  
My hands can touch theirs in need  
But my words come though, to safety they lead*

*I hear them scream, but I can never reach  
Lord, help me, for your grace I beseech  
For I am the one who helps the heroes  
I keep their clock from reaching zeros*

*Lord, please send me an angel  
And work with me tonight  
Keep my boys safe  
From the darkness they patrol*

*For to them, I am their angel  
I am their greatest weapon in the fight  
Lord, send me an angel  
And heed my prayers with your might*

## Dispatcher's Prayer

From those of us behind the mic  
who never really see the sights  
We give to you the honor  
and respect you so deserve,  
With hope of being comrades  
and seen for what we're worth.

I'm not on the accident scene  
to see the blood and gore,  
I see the answers in your eyes  
when you walk in the door.  
I need not ask you questions,  
the answers matter not.  
All I can do is offer coffee,  
yes, it's fresh and hot.

I'll talk with you and keep it light  
and laugh at your bad jokes.  
Don't think for a minute  
that I don't really know  
the battle raging in your mind  
that humor covers...but your face belies.

I cannot stop the bullet  
from the loaded gun  
Nor light the darkened alley  
through which you must run.  
I cannot ward off the blows  
you may suffer in a fight  
Nor give you back the rest  
you lose on sleepless nights.

I can make sure you have the facts  
and face your call prepared.  
I can make sure you're not alone  
and get your backup there.  
I can keep for you an efficient log

to make your report complete.  
Most of all, I can pray for you  
each night before I sleep.

Dear God...Please keep my guys safe  
and lead them through the night.  
Don't let them fall from snipers bullets  
nor bleed from stabbing knives.  
Save them from the drunk that drives  
as they patrol our roads.  
Return them safely to their wives  
and let them always know...  
Those of us behind the mic  
worry night and day.  
They are the reason  
that I kneel to pray.

Lesia Andera

## Dispatcher's Prayer

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 in 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 one time more.

I know a part of them that a 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 states and records they ask me to.  
I'll type the reports and of course, look 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.

## **Telecommunicator's Prayer**

Lord, in order to do my job better, please give me:  
The patience of Job,  
The wisdom of Solomon,  
The hide of an elephant,  
The knowledge of law,  
The ability to see around corners, thru walls and read minds,  
The ability to remember the location of every street,  
road, apartment and business in town and country,  
And the strength to carry this load of perfection.

Author Unknown

## The Voice

From the voice that you take with you  
on each and every run  
The one who never sees you  
when you may reach for your gun.  
I give you the honor,  
and the respect that your job deserves.  
With the hope of you believing,  
I NEVER WANT YOU HURT!

I can't see the child struck down,  
or see the Mother's tears,  
And I can't see the blood and gore,  
left from one too many beers.  
But I can hear the emotion,  
you try so hard to hide,  
And I can hear the pain you feel,  
of another child that died.

I talk to you and you laugh and laugh  
at your bad jokes and schemes,  
I even sit and listen to your  
retirement hopes and dreams.  
I do not see you often,  
That may be for the best,  
If so I might get careless,  
and lump you with the rest.

I can't stop the bullet,  
I can't give you peace and make you rest,  
to face another day.  
I can't stop the fight before you there,  
can't wipe your sweating brow,  
But I CAN hope and pray for you,  
that you will be safe somehow.

I talk to frantic people,  
try to get the facts you need,  
so you will be ever prepared,  
to face the horrible deed.

I send you out to fight the drunk,  
I pray he has no gun,  
Dear God, Please help me hear him well,  
and see US through this run.

And when my day is over,  
I pray before I sleep,  
Dear God, Please keep my officers safe,  
supply just what they need.  
Help me always manage,  
to be patient, kind and calm,  
I know that there are many times,  
they feel so all alone.

Help me do the best I can  
get them safely through the day,  
and somehow let them know, Dear Lord,  
YOU WILL lead our way.

Show them Lord, the voice they take,  
everywhere they go,  
wants to do the best they can,  
and that I am not their foe.  
Teach us Lord, that with your help,  
We CAN all survive,  
and do our jobs with grace and ease,  
Together, with great pride.

May all of those who wear a uniform and who protect  
us everyday, come home to the ones they  
love, just like they left that day.

I praise everyone of us who work in the Emergency  
Services field, whether they be volunteer or Paid.  
**THANK YOU FOR DOING THE JOB THAT YOU DO!!!**

Author Unknown

## **To My Officer;**

Sometimes I know. I'm short with you,  
But there's one of me and more of you.  
I work so hard to help you all,  
I try to explain each and every call.  
I have so many things to do at one time.  
And so much depends on decisions of mine.  
I have to be fast and very alert,  
In a split second time, you could get hurt.  
I might sound disturbed or I may sound mean,  
It's just my heart racing  
When you get on the scene.  
I try to get the facts, I try to be clear,  
You think I don't care, but it's just the fear.  
For I can't see and I don't know,  
I'm in here and all alone.  
Your life I feel is in my hands,  
A job to me, not many could stand.  
I start each shift with a prayer I say,  
That all goes well throughout the day.  
A citizen's sorrow I deal with the pain,  
Smile all the while, for you to get the fame.  
It would be nice and make my day too,  
If just once in a while, you said thank you.

From your dispatcher

Mary River  
Herndon (Virginia) Police