



“The Stranger Who came To Stay”

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So how many times have you heard your peers lament, "I wish I could communicate better with my children". Why when I talk to my children do they look so distracted?

How many times have we asked ourselves, "why do we have such a difficult time having a meaningful conversation with our spouse or significant other"? Have you ever wondered why is it so difficult to find quality time for our family and friends? I pondered the question with a friend of mine

and his response was "I think the answer lies in the story", "The Stranger Who Came To Stay"let me share the story with you.....

A few years after I was born, my Dad met a stranger who was new to our small town. From the beginning, Dad was fascinated with this enchanting newcomer and soon invited him to live with our family. The stranger was quickly accepted and was around from then on.

As I grew up, I never questioned his place in my family. In my young mind, he had a special niche. My parents were complementary instructors: Mom taught me good from evil, and Dad taught me to obey. But the stranger... He was our storyteller. He would keep us spellbound for hours on end with adventures, mysteries and comedies.

If I wanted to know anything about politics, history or science, he always knew the answers about the past, understood the present and even seemed able to predict the future! He took my family to the first major league ball game. He made me laugh, and he made me cry. The stranger never stopped talking, but Dad didn't seem to mind.

Sometimes, Mom would get up quietly while the rest of us were shushing each other to listen to what he had to say, and she would go to the kitchen for peace and quiet.

(I wonder now if she ever prayed for the stranger to leave.)

Dad ruled our household with certain moral convictions, but the stranger never felt obligated to honor them. Profanity, for example, was not allowed in our home - not from us, our friends, or any visitors. After our long time visitor stayed longer he became more daring however, and even got away with four-letter words that burned my ears and made my dad squirm and my mother blush. My Dad didn't permit the liberal use of alcohol, but the stranger encouraged us to try it on a regular basis. He made cigarettes look cool, cigars manly, and pipes distinguished. He talked freely (much too freely!) about sex. His comments were sometimes blatant, sometimes suggestive, and generally embarrassing.

I now know that my early concepts about relationships were influenced strongly by the stranger. Time after time, he opposed the values of my parents, yet he was seldom rebuked... And NEVER asked to leave.

More than fifty years have passed since the stranger moved in with our family. He has blended right in and is not nearly as fascinating as he was at first. Still, if you could walk into my parents' den today, you would still find him sitting over in his corner, waiting for someone to listen to him talk and watch him draw his pictures. His name?.....We just call him 'TV.' He got married and has a wife now.....we call her 'Computer.' They now have two children, their first childwe call "Cell Phone". Their second child....we call "I Pad"End of story.....

We can't change the world, but wouldn't it be nice to start a movement of spending some exclusive time with our loved ones. We are so used to the electronic "strangers" in our lives we don't even realize that we forgot how to have a few minutes of alone time with our family and friends without being interrupted with either a cell call or text. It is amazing how addicted we are to these electronics and social media, that we spend more time with these "strangers" than with our loved ones! So the next time you sit down to your weekly family dinner, or a get together of friends, (or even perhaps at rollcall) let's see if we can give it a try to just enjoy each other's company, have conversation, and catch up on life, without letting the "strangers" interrupt the spirit of the moment. (Myself included...LOL).

And now a little humor to keep you smiling:
This is a story which is perfectly logical to all males:
A wife asks her husband, "Could you please go shopping for me and buy one carton of milk?
And if they have avocados, get six."
A short time later the husband comes back with six cartons of milk.
The wife asks him, "Why did you buy six cartons of milk?"
He replied, "They had avocados". LOL....LOL...

And here is one more while we're at it:
Two high school boys afflicted with spring fever decided to skip morning classes. After lunch they reported to the teacher that they had a flat tire, and till they got it repaired the morning was gone. Much to their relief she smiled and said: "Well, you missed a test today, I'll give you a chance to make it up, so take seats apart from one another and take out a piece of paper." Still smiling, she waited for them to sit down. Then she said , okay here we go , "First question:, which tire was flat?"LOL..

On behalf of ALL your Chaplains, May G-d bless you and keep you safe. Wishing you and your loved the very best during the up comings Holy Days!

Should you need a shoulder to lean on, an ear to listen, or perhaps have some good humor to share, please do not hesitate to give us a call.
Compliments of your Police Chaplain

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