

Editorial

Police Wives Are Special Too

A few weeks ago I had occasion to be in B.C. visiting a friend and his family. My friend used to be a Mountie in this town but has resigned from the Force to return to home and farming. Though no longer officially a policeman, my friend is still a cop. He still gets upset when he sees the law being broken and gets himself involved. His commitment to society is still there.

On the morning I had to leave, my friend was too busy so his wife, Sherry, drove me to the airport in Vancouver. She told me a story that, when they had been home about a month, a man approached her at a party and asked if she had adjusted to the loss of prestige from being a Mountie's wife to being a farmer's wife. She was flabbergasted. She replied that she thought it took a special kind of person to be a policeman but not to be married to one. Her comments gave me cause for considerable thought on the matter.

What made her angry was that not many weeks before that comment was made, she had been present when Randy Leamen's wife was told that her husband had been shot. Then, she had stayed with her through the ambulance ride and until he came out of the operating room. It was hard to see the prestige in that. It was frustrating to

believe in what her husband was trying to accomplish when friends or people she met would refer to "those cops", etc., or to see the law being broken and the general public too apathetic to do anything about it. She couldn't see the prestige in waiting throughout each shift hoping that her husband didn't come to any harm, putting up with an eight-hour shift turning into twelve or fourteen, his attending court on a day off.

Police wives don't wear uniforms or drive expensive cars. They don't get let in at the head of lines or special cuts of meat from the butcher. Generally, they aren't celebrities or heads of the social who's who in town. Certainly there's no instant prestige.

Well, Sherry, neither you nor I can see any prestige in being a policeman's wife. However, it takes a special kind of woman to be a policeman's wife. Whether officially or not, you are still a policeman's wife and always will be. Hence, you'll always be that special kind of woman.

This editorial was written by a constable in "K" Division, and originally appeared in The Fort Saskatchewan Record. We think his point is well made. Ed.