

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings...

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### CSI - St. Francis!

**GROWING** up in a one Cop town, Joe the Policeman was a fixture in every aspect of the life of Holland Landing. Very little happened that required his vast policing experience, well that I know of any way. I sometimes think that being a Cop was more about an opportunity for Joe to have a social life.

Whenever you saw the cop car parked in a driveway, the first expectation was that Joe had been invited for lunch or coffee. He would make the rounds to our house usually to talk to my dad about baseball, either the Newmarket Rays, or the local Landing men's team. The only time I ever remember seeing his lights flashing and siren blaring was when he was leading the Santa Claus Parade, or accompanying the fire truck as it paraded with one of the local championship sports team clinging to the sides on a tour through town. It was the Mayberry model of policing. With the proliferation of police shows, I have developed a whole new vocabulary around policing. The marvel of the CSI units (Crime Scene Investigation) has prepared us mere citizens with the knowledge of what to do and what not to touch.

For instance, when the church was broken into last week, before the Durham Regional Police arrived, we scoured the scene looking for clues. The spray of glass gave us the direction of attack. The trail of SVdP envelopes indicated the route of escape. The blood on the broken glass held the possibility of fingerprints and DNA evidence. By the time the Police arrived we had most things figured out, and in our most police formal language discussed the perps (that's perpetrator for the uninitiated) with the Constable. We tracked the escape route of the perps to find the Poor box that they stole, and of course it had been destroyed for its contents.

Again we found a blood stain finger print, but in our wisdom knew enough to secure the police scene. If only we had the yellow tape. I felt like a cross between Sherlock Holmes and Axel Foley, and if we ever found the two twirps, I mean perps, I wanted to be the Terminator or RoboCop. We caught it all on the video surveillance cameras, and as we watched it unfold, we discovered that the two young punks were not too bright, had no respect for others, and certainly no respect for the institution of religion. They were a sad example, in need of our prayers to find a life.

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