

Who Am I?

I am the voice that calms the mother breathing life into her infant son.

I am the invisible hand that holds and comforts the elderly man who woke up and found his wife of 50 years had passed away during the night.

I am the friend who talks the disgruntled teenager out of ending her own life. I sent help when you had your first automobile accident.

I am the one who tries to obtain the information from callers to ensure that the scene is safe for those I dispatch to emergencies - all the while anticipating the worst and hoping for the best.

I am the psychologist who readily adapts by language and tone of voice to serve the needs of my callers with compassion and understanding.

I am the ears that listen to the needs of all those I serve.

I have heard the screams of faceless people I will never meet nor forget.

I have cried at the atrocities of mankind and rejoiced at the miracle of life.

I was there, though unseen, by my comrades in the field during the most trying emergencies.

I have tried to visualize the scene to coincide with the voices I have heard. I am usually not privy to the outcome of the call, and so I wonder...

I am the one who works weekends, strange shifts and holidays. Children do not say they want my job when they grow up.

Yet, I am at this vocation by choice.

Those I help do not call back to say thank you.

Still, there is comfort in the challenge, integrity, and the purpose of my employment.

I am thankful to provide such a meaningful service.

I am a mother, a father, sister, brother, son or a daughter.

I am here when you need me and still here when you don't.

My office is never empty, and the work here is never done. I am always on call. The training is strenuous, demanding and endless.

No two days at work are ever the same. Who Am I?

I am an emergency dispatcher and I am proud.