

Congratulations Graduates!



May you soar
into your future
as an eagle with
courage, stamina,
and grace.

Returning Next School Year?
Don't forget, save your BenCards
and Parking Permits for next
school year! If you get a new
vehicle, you can update your pass
with us by email or in person.



National Police Week – May 15th – May 21st

National Police Week honors the men & women who have given their lives in the line of duty to serve & protect. It all started in 1962 when then President John F. Kennedy signed a proclamation to designate May 15th as Peace Officers Memorial Day and the week in which the date falls as Police Week.

Now in the 2010s, National Police Week draws more than 10,000 law enforcement officers to Washington D.C. annually to participate in a number of planned events to honor their fallen brothers & sisters. "When a police officer is killed, it's not an agency that loses an officer, it's an entire nation."-Chris Cosgriff.

Good Luck Officer Witt!

Another officer from our ranks will be leaving this month from the department with a bright future. Officer Rob Witt will be spending his last two weeks with us until moving to Detroit, Michigan to start with the DEA.



Officer Witt has been at Benedictine for only a couple of years, but has made quite an impact on the community. He started out as a Community Service Officer, then was promoted to a Police Officer shortly after.

Rob has fantastic communication skills and is genuinely interested in learning about the students and staff. On his shift, he frequently makes rounds throughout buildings, noting when students have been there studying for hours and ensuring they are taking care of themselves. It is this personable trait that will be most missed by all of us.

We're very happy for Rob and wish him the best. Please forward the well wishes if you see him.





Fear of the Last Call, a Dispatcher's View of the Police

When I started out as a dispatcher, I had just gone through my first year in college and had no responsibilities. I had no real concept of taking care of anything other than my two cats. Essentially, I was thrown into the world of 911 call taking and dispatching for Police, Fire, and Medics. I had no idea of what to expect and my eighteen year old self could not fathom now what I feel or what I have heard.

During my time in the 911 Center, I took many calls. Calls ranging from neighbor disputes to robberies. I always preferred dispatching for Police. The major component to this was that talking on 911 calls was always unpredictable. You never know who will be on the other end, what their attitude would be, how their phone connection would be, etc. Dispatching the Police Officers was simple; all of the Officers were the same. You'd learn their voices, their temperaments, their areas, and you'd develop a working relationship. You may dislike one on a personal level, however, you'd have the Officer's back— completely— because if you didn't, it could be a safety issue.

Sending Officers to high priority calls would always get my heart racing. I think that these calls which we would class as "in-progress" gave both them and us an adrenaline rush. Procedures had us do alert tones at the beginning of these calls and anytime an Officer heard the tones (as I've been told by them in the past), they'd jump in their squad cars and hang on each word. The call would be a success when the Officers all end up on scene, secure the scene, and clear the scene. What happens though when your Officers arrive on the scene and then nothing? You don't hear back on the radio from your Officers, they don't answer their phones, and you have no eyes on the incident?

I never realized how much I truly cared for all of my Officers until the first non-answering radio back-up call. "608, your status?" ... nothing. "608, your status?" ... nothing. After several attempts to reach the Officers on the call, I did an area wide broadcast to get additional units to the scene to check on my Officers. I called the Officers on scene, with no answer. I would later know that this is the same feeling as when you have a child and you can't find them— only later to find they were hiding from you in the closet.

An Officer finally answered on the radio that shots had been fired. I felt my heart sink below the floor, if that is possible. This procedurally calls for the radio channel to have the radio channel traffic free or "emergency traffic" for the units on the call only. I did this, begrudgingly, knowing full well that I would have no eyes on the scene to know if Officers had been shot or if anyone had been shot (the Officer would have called for an ambulance to stage if this had indeed happened).

Once an Officer came back to the radio, I was told that an ambulance was needed for a subject that had taken his own life despite Officer attempts to convince him otherwise. Morbidly, I breathed a sign of relief. Yes, it is horrible that this person took their life, however, I was thankful that they had not taken any of my Officers with.

That day changed the way I view the Police, my co-workers. What if I would have received the last call? The call that there was an Officer down, or traffic from the last remaining Officer of such incident? These ladies and gentlemen run straight into the line of fire. When everyone else is running away from danger, they are running towards it. Police Week is important to the Law Enforcement Community and should be for the entire nation. We need this time to remember all we have lost, emphasize officer safety, and show the families of those who have lost that we are still with them— united in the support for law enforcement. I am extremely lucky and proud to be dispatching for law enforcement. I will always be on the other side of the radio delivering the best performance I can, however, I will always fear the last call.— A. Warren