

When the Lord Created Chief Petty Officers

When the Lord was creating Chief Petty Officer, he was in his sixth day of overtime when an angel appeared and said "you're doing a lot of fiddling around with this one."

And the Lord said "Have you read the specs on this order?" "A Chief Petty Officer has to be able to work 12-24 hours per day, through any type of weather, on any ship or boat, know the laws of the sea, be able to load and unload hundreds of tons of cargo after being up all night, and then try to get some sleep in an area that is accessible to and is used by all crew. He has to live in his shop, if need be, 24 hours a day, seven days a week for days on end, offer advice and counseling and still meet time schedules, maintain an even and controlled composure when all around him have gone mad. And he has to be in top physical condition at all times, running on black coffee and half-eaten meals. And he has to have six pairs of hands."

The angel shook her head slowly and said "Six pairs of hands...No way."

"The hands are not causing me the problem," said the Lord, "It's the three pairs of eyes a Chief Petty Officer has to have."

"That's on the standard model?" asked the angel.

The Lord nodded and said, "One pair that sees the herd of whales or a boat in peril, another pair that can see the blind spots that dolphins and young sailors love to hide in, and another pair in front that can look reassuringly at the young bleeding sailor, who is injured, by saying "You'll be okay" when he knows it isn't so."

"Lord," said the angel, touching his sleeve, "rest and work on this tomorrow."

"I can't" said the Lord. "I already have a model that can steam his ship 600-700 miles a day without an incident and raise his family of five, seldom seeing them, on less than \$2000 per month."

The angel circles the Chief Petty Officer slowly, "Can he think?" She asked.

"You bet" said the Lord. "It can tell you how to secure for sea, recite Navy Regulations and the UCMJ in its sleep, deliver his assigned cargo, be a parent, offer timely advice to young sailors and junior officers, help search for missing children, defend women's and children's rights. Tries to get 8 hours of rest, when he can, and raises a family of law respecting citizens while seldom ever going home... And still keeps a good sense of humor. This Chief Petty Officer also has phenomenal personal control. He can deal with port calls in areas created from scenes painted in hell, comfort the injured, their family and friends, and then read in the daily paper how the military is no more than baby killers with guns and have no respect for others."

Finally, the angel bent over and ran her finger across the cheek of the Chief Petty Officer. "There's a leak," she proclaimed. "I told you that you were trying to put too much into this model."

"That's not a leak," Said the Lord, "It's a tear." "It's for bottled up emotions, fallen comrades, for commitment to that piece of cloth called the Flag, for justice and for the families without fathers."

"You're a genius," said the angel.

The Lord looking somber said "I didn't put it there."