

# EDITORIAL

*by Jackie Pearase*

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## *Ode to a flagger*

Our city's a mess with construction and stuff  
The work in the streets can get one in a huff.  
Some streets are blocked, making crossing a pain  
But the flaggers are there to keep everyone sane.

These people, they stand in rain, wind and snow  
Dressed in fluorescent, without a whistle to blow.  
They depend on a smile and a nice, friendly wave  
To get traffic moving, although just one lane.

They bow to the drivers, who can't help but smile  
And get a warm feeling that will last for awhile.  
If you are stopped, they keep you well entertained  
With funny, happy antics-you know are not feigned.

Their job is not easy yet still they don't frown  
Despite the everyday danger of being run down.  
Even when drivers may give them the finger  
The smiles on their faces continue to linger.

The dust and the traffic are sure cause problems  
But the flaggers are there to help you resolve them.  
They direct all the drivers to the right place  
While always providing a smiling face.

If your city is plagued by construction at all  
These kind of flaggers should be given a call.  
They'll provide a service of which you'll be fond  
'Cause the job that they do is above and beyond.

When the work is all done and the flaggers all gone  
The new traffic lights will seem like a yawn.  
No more smiles and laughs to enjoy, what a pity  
But the flaggers are now in some other city.

The city is thankful for the flaggers' effort and time  
The job that they do is more than just fine.  
So, thank you, flaggers, for a job well done  
Thank you, also, for having a sense of fun.