

## AN ODE TO MY JUDGE

By Gail Weber ©

Listen to this tale, ladies and maties.  
I began practicing law in the early '80s.  
The world of justice could be mean and tough -  
And those cute male judges could be moody and gruff.

*"Don't put him in jail –  
He didn't mean to get drunk.  
His wife had left him  
And he was in a funk."*

This was my plea – in my navy blue suit:  
Even though it was clear that the point was moot.

*"Don't give me that bologna,  
Female attorney named Gail;  
Your client really deserves  
At least two days in jail."*

Now, my husband's a lawyer too and even he agreed,  
A little too heavy my liberal heart did bleed.  
"Buck up" he'd say when I was feeling tilty.  
"You know darn well that your client is guilty."

But soon the female judges arrived and life looked brighter.  
"Now I'll get some sentences that will surely be lighter."  
I rubbed my hands together and chuckled with glee.  
"Finally I can justify my exorbitant fee."

But wouldn't ya know – the robe of the other gender  
Also had no patience for my client's fifth bender.

*"Off to jail he must go!  
And to treatment as well.  
And if I see him gain –  
I won't be so swell."*

I complained to my husband with tears on my face,  
As he peeked out the window for an ambulance to chase;  
"Take a walk on the other side." he said with a grin.  
"And see what it's like to experience an easy win."

Prosecuting criminals became my new career.  
With a glint in my eye, I was someone to fear.

One day I was cheerfully throwing criminals in jail;  
When I walked a woman carrying a pail.  
In spike heels and tight skirt she looked pretty racy.  
That's when I knew it was my good friend Tracy.  
"Why Tracy, my dear, where is your purse."  
She slammed down the pail and started to curse.  
"It was stolen!" She said with a loud mournful wail.  
"And today is the day you put him in jail."

"But Tracy," I said, feeling a bit tense,  
"We don't execute sentences for a first offense."  
"I don't want him executed." Tracy replied.  
"But without my purse, I almost died."

"You can tell the Judge how strongly you feel.  
And maybe the Judge won't give him a deal."

The Judge took the bench and it was a he.  
The defendant approached and put in a plea.  
Then Tracy was asked to say only a word or two.  
(Not likely for Tracy if you knew what I knew.)

"You're Honor," said Tracy, "I know you're a male.  
But look at me now. I'm carrying a pail.  
Surely you know that this is not dictum.  
I have suffered more than any other victim.  
No credit cards, license, lipstick or tissue.  
I don't understand why an Indictment didn't issue.  
If he'd stolen my car or even my bracelet (you know the tennis)  
I would not consider him to be such a menace."

"I fee your pain." Said the Judge. "For I have a wife."  
"I have no choice. It's twenty to life."

That was his sentence and here is the reason.  
Stealing a woman's purse is worse than treason.

*Gail M. Weber practiced law for 23 years. Many of her cases included criminal defense matters. She was never actually a prosecutor but she does have a friend named Tracy.  
(And Tracy does have a tennis bracelet.)*