

In Memoriam



Police Officer Denise M. Corbett
January 9, 1965 - December 3, 2006

Christmastime at Arlington National Cemetery



Rest easy, sleep well my brothers.
Know the line has held, your job is done.
Rest easy, sleep well.
Others have taken up where you fell, the line has held.
Peace, peace, and farewell...

Every year since 1992 the Worcester Wreath Co. of Harrington, Maine donates some 5,000 to decorate headstones at the Arlington National Cemetery. The owner, Merrill Worcester, not only provides the wreaths, but covers the trucking expense as well.

Volunteers from the Maine Society and others perform this duty every year. Also, most years, groups

of Maine school children combine an educational trip to D.C. with this event to help out. Making this even more remarkable is the fact that Harrington is in one the poorest parts of the state.

Please share this with your loved ones. You hear too much about the bad things people do. Everyone should hear about this.

visit www.arlingtoncemetery.org/photo_gallery/12-14-04.htm
to see the photo of wreaths laid in 2004

An open letter about a friend

I want to state first and foremost that I was a very good friend of Denise (Kraft) Corbett's. In 1987 I first met Denise at the supposed "Cadet Academy". It lasted six weeks and for all of those that were fortunate enough to have gone through this brutally harsh training, you know how tough it was because it was run by my father. In that six weeks I met a genuinely sweet, dear girl from the town of Normal, Illinois who came to the City of Boston for one single purpose and that was to become a Boston Police Officer.

Denise was absolutely my first crush of any girl from the Police Department. I thought she spoke very well and with that Midwest accent, differently from all the girls I knew from Dorchester or Charlestown (My apologies to all my sweethearts from Dorchester and Charlestown). She was very intelligent and had a tremendous sense of humor.

I actually forged up enough courage one day to ask her on a date. She actually had the presumption that I was too young for her because I was 19 at the time and she was all of the age of 21. Oh well, life goes on.

Denise and I remained close through the next years. I even drove her to the Civil Service Police Exam at Jamaica Plain High where she scored a 99 and I scored a 98. Because of that one missed question I had to remain a Cadet for another year and a half while I saw Denise go through the Academy to become a Boston Police Officer.

I was lucky enough to get through the Boston Police Academy and eventually be assigned to Area E-5 (where Denise was assigned). After my probationary period, Denise and I rode together a couple of times and she tried to show me the ropes. One day I was on a day off doing a detail and I heard Denise (as a service unit) get a call for a domestic incident, which appeared to be just a report. She requested that the Bomb Squad be summoned. I thought that it was curious so I listened more intently than normal. All of a sudden, to my horror, Frank Foley was critically injured and Jerry Hurley was killed from a bomb and there was chaos on the radio. Denise witnessed this horrendous incident but was unharmed and but for the grace of God was not killed herself.

After that Denise married an excellent police officer and great guy named Mark Corbett and soon after started a family.

I was transferred to Area B for a couple of years and lost touch with Denise. I returned to Area E-5 and requested the last half shift. Denise happened to be the inside clerk on the last half shift and the re-acquaintance was more than gratifying. Denise had a couple of children and I was soon to be married. Denise and Mark were invited to and did attend my wedding.

We went on for about the next nine years working together on the last half shift in District 5. Denise would always give me movie reviews or bring in the excess candy from Halloween. We would exchange Christmas cards. I would always be buying some type of fund-raiser or Girl Scout Cookies from Denise and when I had children of the age she would do the same for me.

I particularly enjoyed our political discussions; especially during the 2004 election for President (Denise was further to the right than Rush Limbaugh). We have remained friends for nearly 20 years.

On December 3, 2006 Denise shockingly and unexpectedly passed away. I would just like to say that I will miss my friend and will always remember her, and for every word that is typed here on this paper there are many more tears.

P.O. Arthur McCarthy