

Ladies and gentlemen,

Thank you all for being here today as we celebrate my transition from a life of chasing bad guys to the thrilling world of discount golf and early bird specials. That's right, after all these years, my new beat is going to be the front nine.

It's been an incredible journey, and I must say, my fellow officers have been like a second family to me--all the camaraderie, the shared experiences, and of course, the never-ending parade of broken coffee machines. Seriously, has anyone ever managed to get that thing to work properly?

I want to give a special shoutout to my partner--you know who you are. You've probably memorized my mediocre jokes by now, but your patience is truly commendable. And to our rookie team, let me offer this sage advice: Always keep your uniform in pristine condition--like I always said, it's not the donut powder you need to worry about, it's the mustard stain from lunch.

It's been an honor to serve our community, and I must confess, I'll miss those stakeouts--where else could you eat cold pizza with such pride? But don't worry, I've decided to stay productive. My new mission: teaching my dog to fetch the newspaper without chewing half of it.

To everyone here, colleagues, family, friends: thank you for your support, laughter, and understanding over the years. As I retire, I'll miss the uniform, the badge, and even the paperwork--alright, maybe not the paperwork.

Here's to an exciting future! May your days be as thrilling as the time we found the missing filing cabinet behind the sofa and as joyful as turning in your patrol car at the end of a shift.

Thank you, everyone, and remember: keep your radios charged and your sense of humor sharper than ever. Cheers!