Reflection
John D. Sanchez

It is a horrible feeling to lose something. It is even worse when you lose something that has a deep meaning. I can't say that there was anything in my office that I absolutely loved or could not replace, until I realized I lost my bookends. Yes, my bookends. They may not sound very special, but they are. My wife gave them to me as a gift to keep in my office to remind me of her. They are also meaningful in that they were made by the CDPs. They are handcrafted in the shape of praying hands from the wood of the old pews that stood on holy ground within Sacred Heart Chapel before its renovation in 1995.

These hands were a precious bit of history, made of love and given in love. They were not burned in the fire. Damaged by water, yes. But I still have them.

Those bookends have come to epitomize my faith. My faith may have been shaken that very night, but it did not get burned or damaged in any way. It was only made stronger and more resistant than ever. I still have the love and memory of those bookends that will ever keep me strong and rooted in my faith. In the end, nothing was lost.