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Children and Firefighters

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I am looking out the window of my house, waiting for the fever of Sonsoles, my ten-month-old daughter, to go down. Vicente, my husband, checks to make sure that four-year-old Rocio and her two-year-old brother, Nacho, are still sleeping. It is almost midnight and no one is on the street. In the distance I

can make out the cross on the parish church of St. Josemaría.

In the peacefulness of the Valencian night, that cross gives me the assurance that we are not alone in this adventure. Tomorrow morning we will have to find someone to stay with our little girl, because we won't be able to leave her in the day-nursery. As for myself, another day awaits me at the Provincial Fire-fighters' Association where I have been working for seven years.

My enthusiasm for my work grows when I think that all of us working there are collaborating with those who actually fight the fires and often save the lives of people like myself.

Tomorrow, between meetings and my office, I'll call to see how my daughter is doing. When I finish work, I'll pick up my children and begin a totally different day. I will exchange fires and hoses for toys and

baby bottles. I think of some words from *Passionately Loving the World*, a homily of St. Josemaría that I especially like: "Everyday life is the true setting for your lives as Christians...there where your yearnings, your work and your affections are, is where you have your daily encounter with Christ. It is in the midst of the most material things of the earth that we must sanctify ourselves, serving God and all mankind."

I learned from St. Josemaría that my life should have only one goal: to love. Then everything begins to make sense. Everything that is done for love, everything that I do for my family and at work, takes on great value.

I continue looking out the window as I check my daughter's fever. In many of those buildings, outlined against the light of the moon, perhaps other

women like myself are looking after a sick child and trying not to disturb the others who are sleeping. And I ask God that they too may find in their lives the interior light that God has given me.

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