



The Disciples of
SANDY HOOK

BY JOE DAHUT

Lighted the laces of my boots and trotted from the parking lot to the beach, the gravel below me crunching. Passing by hordes of exhausted runners and bikers in their colorful spandex, I looked out at the Atlantic Ocean, the red sun barely brimming over the horizon line. Rising from the sand dunes, birds sang hopeful songs, glorious in the morning light.

INCENT PHOTO - GETTY IMAGES.COM