 Reading time: 1 min.

A man who had not entered a church for twenty years hesitantly approached a confessional. He knelt down and, after a moment’s hesitation, said through tears: “I have blood on my hands. It was during the retreat to Russia. Every day some of my people died. The hunger was terrible. We were told never to enter the isbas without a rifle in our hands, ready to shoot at the first sign of… Where I had entered, there was an old man and a blond girl with sad eyes: “Bread! Give me some bread!” The girl bent down. I thought she was reaching for a weapon, a bomb. I fired decisively. She fell to the ground.
When I got closer, I saw that the girl was clutching a piece of bread in her hand. I had killed a 14-year-old girl, an innocent girl who wanted to offer me bread. I started drinking to forget: Imagine!
Can God forgive me?”

Whoever goes around with a loaded rifle will end up shooting. If the only tool you have is a hammer, you end up seeing everything else as nails. And you spend the day hammering away.