 Celina stood, forced within the borders of Germany, less than two years after Auschwitz. The strike of a Nazi guard thrashed in her mind. Prejudice, beatings, and brutal murders were all she could remember. Hate festered in her heart.

Every day, as she went to the convent for school, Through the crowds of friends and families of those who hurt her, She saw one woman who stood apart. Hate began to feel threatened.

On a dim afternoon, she was approached By the woman, a nun, with kindness in her eyes. For once, since the war, Hate was afraid.

The woman became a mentor for young Celina, And she presented her with not only education and time, but love. Although she was German, she had Celina’s best interest at heart. Hate faded with each passing day.

Her contempt for Germany began to dwindle, For she knew that “evil can happen anywhere, with any human being,” But it is not all consuming. Hate was defeated.

A flower began to bloom in Celina’s soul. The petals blossomed with love for the world. Celina’s mind, emotions, and spirit had altered completely. Hate became invisible.

When I look over my life throughout the pandemic, I may see pain, I may feel hurt, and I may hold resentment. Yet, I will take inspiration from the life of Celina. Hate will never win.