The Spruce Tree Metaphor

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*(translated by Peter Schulman)*

I've been, and am still, fascinated by this tiny, often bare and frail tree that defiantly stands so straight and proud. Nothing can knock it down, not even fire, freezing cold or wind. It has an amazing capacity to withstand even the harshest weather, to preserve its crown, to keep its head high! I often like to say that human beings are like this spruce. When gusts of wind destroy everything in their path, when bombs rain on civilians, when human folly pushes humanity towards the abyss, there are always men and women of courage who stand tall in the midst of adversity. Life might well have slapped them with the most abusive calamities, ripped them away from all that was most precious to them, they refuse, nonetheless, to capitulate, in the name of their dignity and pride.