**The confession**

The elderly Italian man went to his parish priest and asked if he

would hear his confession. The priest assured him that he would, and

the two took up the customary positions on either side of the divider.

"Well, Father," began the old man, "At the beginning of World War II

a beautiful woman knocked on my door and asked me to hide her from

the Germans. So I hid her in my attic, and they never found her."

"That's a wonderful thing," interjected the priest, "But it's

certainly nothing you need to confess." "It's worse, Father,"

continued the elderly fellow, "I was weak and told her that she had

to repay me for hiding in the attic by providing me with sexual

favors."

The priest contemplated this disclosure for a minute and then

responded, "Well, it was a very difficult time, and you took a very

large risk. You would have suffered terribly at their hands if the

Germans had found you hiding her. I know that God, in his wisdom and

mercy, will balance the good and the evil of your acts, and judge you

kindly."

"Thanks, Father," said the old man. "That's a load off my mind. Can I

ask another question?"

"Of course, my son," said the priest.

The old man asked, "Do I have to tell her that the war is over."