



KEPT SAFELY IN THE DARKEST NIGHT...

1940-1945

Stories for youngsters about the Second World War

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Stories of God's Mercies to His praying people during
the German occupation of Holland in World War II

Translated from the Dutch
'Beveiligd in de duist're Nacht'

By
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Foreword

More than once I have heard people relate the wonders of God displayed in their lives during the Second World War. The works of God which still stirred the souls of those who told them and which made me silent with amazement - incidents which are worth hearing, reading and re-reading, to show that it is Israel's God who worked wonders and who still works.

Now that it is more than 60 years since the Liberation, and the generation which experienced the war now begins to leave us, we shall hear less and less about these things. It is therefore good that a number of these incidents should be recorded in book form. The stories in this book are based then on facts.

The book is primarily written for young people. A distinction has been made between age groups up to 12 and over 12. For each age group the whole war period is covered chronologically by the relevant stories.

Again and again it is demonstrated that the Lord reigned and not the Germans. The over-ruling power and the care of the Lord in those difficult days is recorded. That same God lives still, and for us too it is so essential that we know our need of that God for time and for eternity.

We owe our thanks to those who were willing to relate incidents from their lives and to have them recorded thus. There are also many others who have helped in shaping and correcting these stories and have assisted in other ways, to whom thanks are due. For all concerned however, the chief aim was to pass on to the next generation a record of God's mercy.

(In addition the publication of "Beveiligd in de duist're nacht" - the Dutch original of this book, was intended to support the fund for the new church building for the Gereformeerde Gemeente in Barendrecht - a building needed to replace the one in Mijnsherenplein, Rotterdam South which was used between 1928 and 2004)

Rev. L. Terlouw

1. A Hiding Place in Time of Danger

In the distance a resounding explosion is heard. A woman collapses on the pavement from fright. She is terrified as she hears more and more reports. Rotterdam is no longer her good old reliable city now that war has broken out. A few days since, that which few Dutchmen could believe, became a fact: Germany is at war with the Netherlands. On May 10th flying boats landed on the broad Maas river. She shudders - what will it all come to? The fire service is extremely busy. A bomb has destroyed houses over there, and further on an office block. In another street are heaps of rubble. The little streets in the centre are so narrow that the fire engines cannot do their work properly.

Deaf C'nelia lives in Blackhorse Street. Everyone calls her Deaf C'nelia, but her real name is Cornelia de Vries. If any should ask what her real name is, hardly a soul knows the answer. They would shrug their shoulders. For them she is Deaf C'nelia, with no surname. She has lived for years in Rotterdam and at one time had a little shop, but now she has a weak heart and can no longer keep a shop. People who never go the church consider her a little peculiar, for she is an out and out Christian. She is different from others - but they have deep respect for her. Why? They find that difficult to explain.

And now the whole city is in turmoil. She is very deaf, but C'nelia does not miss much. Her neighbours explain: "C'nelia, it is all very tense. It is highly doubtful whether the Netherlands will hold out, for the German army is so strong - and what then?" Yes, what then? Above all, Deaf C'nelia loves the Lord. He directs all things, even this fearful war. She spreads all her cares before Him. Though she is deaf, the Lord always hears.

At New Year in 1940 the Rev Lamain preached from the text in James 5. 9 "Behold the judge standeth before the door." This sermon made a deep impression upon many, and among the little group with whom she regularly met, so C'nelia too had heard about this sermon.

It appeared that that time had now come.

In spite of everything, Deaf C'nelia remains very calm. She has much to occupy her mind, for the Lord has promised her that her little home will be spared, and she firmly believes this to be true. She feels that God is nigh. Bombs have already fallen on the city and the rumours are not without foundation; if Rotterdam does not capitulate there will be a huge bombardment. Many citizens move to other parts of the city where they think they will be safer if such a serious raid takes place.

C'nelia has lots of friends - people with whom she can talk concerning the Lord and His service. She loves to do this. Sometimes the friends write this or that on a slate to make their meaning clear to her. She is stone deaf ...

One of these friends happened to be with her when hostilities began. He heard the people were leaving; were seeking a safe refuge. Those bombs ... he dared not think about them. This man is a boatman and he has no fear of water, but he does dread the fire that could come.

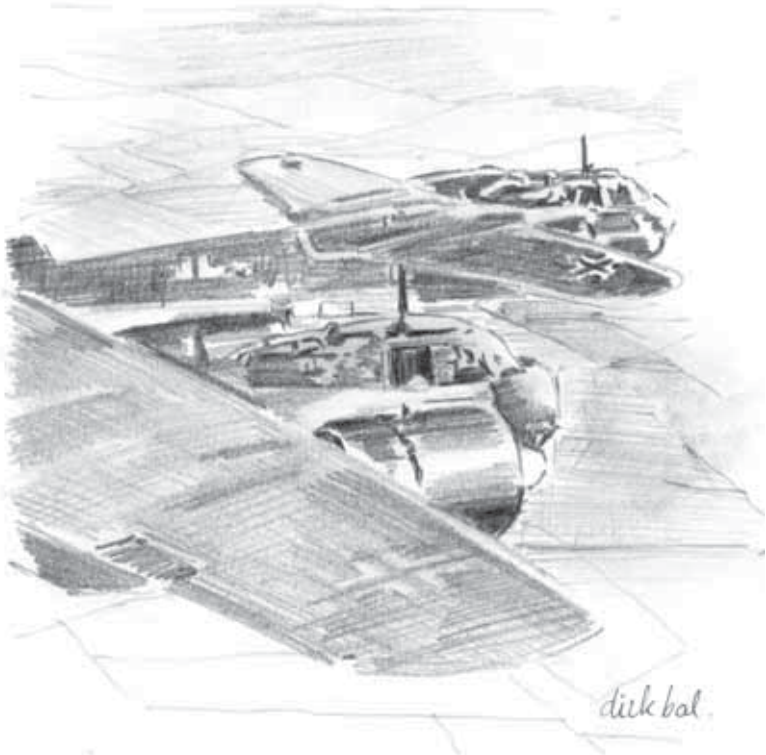
"Let us go too, C'nelia, to a place where there is more protection" he begins to say anxiously. Under her pure white bonnet she shakes her head decisively and her eyes look at him kindly but resolutely. "I am staying here, for the Lord has promised me that nothing shall happen to my little house. He has said 'There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling' (Psalm 91 v 10 - though the word came to her from the Dutch rhymed version of the psalm 'Thy tent shall be secure' - 'Uw tent zal veilig wezen').

Secure? That is a strange word in context with the words "tension" and "anxiety". He hesitates. Could it really be true? After some thought he believes that she is right. C'nelia lives so close to God and he knows himself that she has laid all their cares before the Lord. He says: "Then I shall stay too" and at once he feels more calm.

Some acquaintances come by and ask, "C'nelia, wouldn't it be better to leave?" The boatman tells what Deaf C'nelia so strongly believes. The friends tell it to others and the little house of C'nelia gets more and more crowded. All sorts of people come there -

children of God and and people who make no profession at all. It must be safe here, if things go wrong ...

It is twenty past one on Tuesday afternoon. The air throbs and reverberates. Now is coming to pass what everyone feared. Ninety Heinkels, large German aeroplanes, open their bomb doors over the great city. Incendiary and high explosive bombs find their way below. Like great birds of prey those bombers circle above Rotterdam.



Deaf C'nelia sees it too. It gets dark as though night has fallen. People run out into the streets but they are not safe there either. The fire races through the streets and it seems as though this bit of land is changed into a great oven. None can breathe normally. Rotterdammers taste smoke and soot and the air they breathe is hot,

all of which gives them a great thirst. Two streets close by Blackhorse Street are quite ablaze and Deaf C'nelia sits there in her little house with all kinds of friends and acquaintances. The house is completely full; fathers, mothers and children are sitting on the stairs.

Everyone is now really frightened. One direct hit will mean the end for them. Deaf C'nelia has said with complete confidence that nothing will happen to her house - but what if she has been mistaken? You can no longer see properly through the windows; they are covered with soot and if you touch them, they are glowing hot!

Deaf C'nelia's faith also undergoes a test of fire. Each of those people in her house has a never dying soul. This greatly concerns her and weighs her down heavily. If ... If ... It could for all present be eternity in a moment. Her trust in God was stronger when there were no bombs falling here. "Let us all kneel," she cries.

They do so, and the boatman, who is still there, begins to pray. He tells of their great fears and pleads with the Lord to spare them. Will He look down upon them? They seem to be forsaken by all. Outside there is a deafening noise, but because God is almighty He can hear a feeble human cry.

And then - the bombardment ceases. The wind, which was increasing the spread of the flames, drops. It is almost four o'clock and the ravaged city capitulates; there are hundreds of dead and countless houses lie in ruin. The fire went round the street where C'nelia lived. God drew an invisible boundary. Hitherto, and no further. Those in the house are amazed indeed. The Lord always speaks the truth and He certainly fulfilled His promise to C'nelia. Later her friends often recalled these incidents and there is still that deep sense of wonderment that the Lord held His protective hand over C'nelia's little house.

For Him indeed nothing is impossible.

Nelleke Wander

2. In the Shadow of Thy Wings

“Wim! Wim, you must get out of here! At one o’clock they are going to start bombing the city! I just met a soldier, who said that we must get out as quickly as possible!” Uncle Jacob is standing in the room panting. “I came straight here when I heard it. It really is war now you know! Get ready quickly. I am off!”

Uncle Jacob has disappeared so quickly that it is almost as if he had never been, as though it was all just a dream. Bombs on the city? War? It had all seemed so distant.

Little Janna stands in her play-pen and surveys the room with big eyes. She is too small to understand it all, but she realises that something is brewing. Hendrik and Pieter are sitting on the sofa quietly. Helena is there, duster in hand, and looks enquiringly at her father. But he says nothing. He is rooted to the floor. It is very quiet in the room. Mother comes out of the kitchen and walks slowly to her chair. With a pained face she sits down. Then her quiet voice is heard: “We are staying here. It is written in the Bible: “For my soul trusteth in thee: yea in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.” Father still says nothing. He just nods, walks to the window and stares outside.

A strange monotonous sound is heard in the distance. It is a frightening noise, even when heard through closed windows. Then all of a sudden - a whistling sound, a loud explosion. The ground trembles ... “It is the chemist,” cries father. “A bomb has hit the chemist’s shop over the road. O, my boys, we really must go now! The next one may fall on our house! Hendrik, Pieter, get the bicycle from the back garden and take mother to the air raid shelter. Helena, you take Janna and come along with me!”

Helena looks in alarm from her father to her mother. Mother had said, after all... “Helena come, we must go!” Helena picks up Janna and looks at her mother, who now nods assent: “Go, Helena, go.” It

had been so quiet in the room, and now it is as full of turmoil and agitation. Hendrik and Pieter are helping mother, who cannot walk so well. Carefully they bring her outside and sit her on the bicycle. Hendrik holds the machine steady and Pieter walks alongside his mother to support her. Helena takes Janna with a sigh and follows her father. Once outside she sees that they are not the only ones who are fleeing from their home. There are many more on their way to the shelter.

With a pounding heart Helena crosses the road with Janna. The drone of aeroplanes still fills the air, and people are still screaming in the street. The continuous wail of the air raid sirens makes things even more threatening.

It is awful in the shelter - much too small and far too full. People are packed in close together. Anxiety and despair can be seen in their faces. Helena notices their neighbour who is holding his arm comfortingly about his sobbing little daughter. Next to her sits a boy whom she has more than once seen cycling. She looks ahead in silence. She knows a few people by sight, but most of them she has



never seen before. She observes the lady opposite her who is screaming loudly, but Helena cannot understand what she is saying. Janna looks at her anxiously and her little mouth begins to quiver. She is not at all happy about all those strange people and all that noise! Helena hugs Janna tightly. She should really be comforting her sister, but she herself finds it frightening here too. She closes her eyes briefly. Her heart is full of questions. Did not mother say that they must stay at home, that they should wait until everything was over? And now look where they are! No, she cannot understand it at all!

She looks in amazement at some men, who have tied the big lids of wash boilers to their chests and backs - a sort of home-made armour. A wave of anxiety pervades the shelter when another loud explosion is heard. People exchange glances. Whose house will now have been hit?

Helena has no idea how long she has been in the shelter. When she comes out she blinks, relieved to be in the fresh air once more. And yet the smell of burning is becoming more and more persistent. The smoke clouds are getting thicker. No, this is no longer her old, familiar city.

Father, who had promptly gone to look at their house, is back already. "Well now children, we cannot go back home. We are not even allowed into the street. I have been told that we must go to the Kralingse Plas. Give Janna to me." Father takes Janna from Helena. "It is too much for you to carry her such a distance. And boys, you will look after mother again, won't you?" So off they go. They walk together with a long line of other people, all driven out from hearth and home. Many have no idea where they have to go. Helena can see that the doors to many houses stand wide open as they pass - if any debris should start falling, you can quickly run indoors.

At the Kralingse Plas there is enormous activity. Hundreds of people have gathered here. Helena can scarce believe her eyes, there is so much to see. Many have tried to bring some belongings with them. She sees some with fully-loaded handcarts. Over there is someone with a pram full of stuff. Helena even sees someone sitting on an armchair, which makes her think of her own home. What will

be left of that? She has brought nothing away - she is even wearing her oldest dress.

All at once a loud voice cries "Take cover!" Helena drops down as quickly as she can. She lies flat on the ground with her hands over her head. In the distance there is a drone. More planes are coming! Helena's heart palpitates. What next? Are they going to drop bombs here? Is there nowhere safe? She hears the planes get nearer. She looks about carefully for her father. Happily he is next to her with Janna under him. In front lie Pieter and Hendrik with mother between them. She sees people all around her. Great and small, young and old, all lie flat on the ground, waiting to know what will happen.

There is a sigh of great relief when it appears that the planes are just flying over.

Helena gets up slowly and brushes the grass from her dress. She looks about. Close by are some soldiers with sombre faces. What must they be thinking? Perhaps for them too it is the first time they have experienced such things. This then is war. And what can they do? Who can be a match for this? Who can hold back the bombs?

Helena and her family walk on a little further. At the end of the Kralingse Plas there is a long queue. Helena observes that soldiers are distributing water. Only then does she realise how thirsty she is. She has had no thought of thirst all this time. No, there were so many other things to think about! She joins the queue. Meanwhile she looks about and listens to tales people have to tell. She hears that the whole city is ablaze, that it is life-threatening to go back. Houses could collapse. Fire can sometimes rush through the streets. She sees people pointing. She follows with her eyes and can see great grey clouds hanging over the city.

What now? What are they to do? They must find somewhere to go and sleep tonight, surely? "Pa" says Hendrik "Can't we go to uncle Pieter and aunt Geertje's? Perhaps they can find us a place?" "Yes my boy" says father, "that is a good idea. Come along, not much further to go!"

They walk the length of the Kralingseweg and at the end stands Uncle Pieter's and Aunt Geertje's house. They are not a bit surprised

to see the whole family at the door. "I heard the planes too," says uncle Pieter, "but happily nothing has happened here. Come along in quickly!"

It is now evening. Everything is dark and quiet. Helena strains her eyes in the darkness. What a lot has happened today! It is strange to think that this morning she was still at home. This morning she was about with a duster in her hand. And now ...

She still cannot understand it properly. Why did mother say this morning that they must stay at home? And why has all this happened to them today? She tries to settle down. Ouch, the ground is a bit hard, and how tightly they are packed together! But of course, there was no more room indoors and now they are all together in the chicken house. Who ever would have thought that they would be sleeping in a chicken shed? It was a good thing that uncle Pieter had only just given it a good clean.

Helena smiles as she thinks of what Pieter had said: "Now we are really going to roost like the chickens!" Oh, it's not exactly comfortable, but they are thankful if they can sleep a little! And here at least they are safe. Next morning they are all early awake, at least insofar as any of them were able to sleep. Helena can see her father standing at the end of the garden. He is looking towards the city, sunk in thought. Then she realises what holds his attention - the sky above the city is blood red! The place is still like an inferno.

Helena sees her father's face. How tired he looks! He has almost certainly not slept the whole night long. All at once he turns. "I am going into the city to see what has happened to our house." Mother looks anxious. "Do be careful, it is very dangerous there."

The day is almost over before father gets back. His face shows great concern. "My dear, there is nothing left of our home. Everything is burned! Wait, just one thing I have found." Father feels in his trouser pocket. "Here, look. This was under the window where the organ was." He hands a piece of paper to mother. Helena looks over her shoulder. It is a page from the psalm book which stood on the organ. Helena sees that it is Psalm 25.

Mother looks at the page in silence. Then she looks up with tears

in her eyes. “Here it is:

“Lord O make Thy ways unto me,
Through thy Word and Spirit known.”

The Lord’s way is often so different from ours. Yesterday we were at home. Now we are here, but we are still alive. The Lord has spared us.”

Helena looks enquiringly at her mother. “Mother, why did you say yesterday that we had to stay at home? Now our house is not there. We had to leave, surely, or we should have all perished?” Mother pauses and then replies: “Yes, Helena, you are quite right. I thought too that it would be a different outcome. Yet it is true you are only safe under the shadow of His wings. But, you know Helena, that applies not only in our house. It must be everywhere, it must be always.”

Mrs J. W. Roukens



3. “Thy Every Word of Promise Shall Prevail”

How warm it is in the classroom. The sun shines hot on the windows. Mr Fisher, the teacher, has closed the windows partially, but it still seems to get warmer. The children are bent diligently over their written work. Josh still has two lines to write and then his lesson will be finished. But it is just as though he cannot think straight. Frowning, he looks around the class. He cannot think of the word he needs. He keeps thinking of that letter to father. He looks across at his friend Karel. They have had a letter too. Karel is chewing the end of his pen. They give each other a quick nod and bend once more over their work. “Just two minutes left boys”, says the master’s voice all of a sudden. Oh, then he must hurry up!

As the master stops by his desk he gets the last word down. “That was a close thing Josh, that’s not like you.”

“No sir, but my father has had a letter.”

“Yes, and my father too.”

“And Peter’s brother has to report at the Grebbeberg with the man who lives opposite,” cries Willie.

It is not long before the whole class is in great commotion. Yesterday, 29 August 1939, many men and boys between the ages of 18 and 40 received such a letter. They were called up, because the government wants the army to be alerted in case there is war with Germany. In 1933 Adolph Hitler came to power there, and from then on there has been so much unrest in Europe. Hitler wants every land to submit to him. And he has such a fearful hatred towards the Jews. Last year he annexed Austria and everyone fears that he is going to wage war with other lands too, until at last all Europe is under his sway!

“My daddy has got to become a soldier too”, sobs Marieke.

“Yes children” says the master, “we live in a difficult time. We do not know how it will fall out in the world. Adolph Hitler is a dangerous man.”

In a city square a group of men stand with sombre faces in deep conversation. “Jan, my lad, have you got to go to Rhenen too? Then perhaps we can go together.” “Yes Gerard, but I dread the whole thought of it. How will it be with our parents and the little brothers and sisters? What is going to happen?”

“If only I knew we would come home again safely,” sighs an older man. “The future looks so dark.”

“How right you are”, remarks Gerard, “but shall we go and ring the Pastor’s door bell? I have already seen several going in there.”

They walk with heavy hearts to the door of their pastor’s house. They have scarcely rung when Mrs Lamain opens the door.

“Come in, come in,” she says kindly.

The room is crowded with men. Seventy-nine men from the Rotterdam South congregation have been called up and many of them have made their way to the “pastorie” this evening. They all want to say farewell to their beloved pastor, before leaving for the barracks. As soon as they have all found somewhere to sit, Mr Lamain takes a place in the middle of the room. He looks round the circle of faces and says: “Dear friends, my wife and I are pleased that you have come to visit us before you depart. What a lot will be going on in your hearts. The future is uncertain. We may indeed fear that the Lord is coming with His judgments! And, be honest, would the Lord be unjust?”

Lovingly he refers to the words in the ninety first Psalm: “He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty,” and he adds, with feeling: “And that is my heartfelt wish for all of you. That is the only Refuge where we are safe, for time and for eternity.” Gerard looks around him. How good it is to be here together. It is almost as though none of it is true. The threat of war seems for the moment less serious. If only they could stay here!

He listens attentively to the warnings and to the encouragements

of the minister. Before they know it the clock shows half past nine. Mr Lamain suggests that they pray together and the men bow their heads reverently. Some of them cannot restrain their tears as their minister lays their needs earnestly and lovingly before the Lord. He pleads that He will keep them in the dangers which now threaten. He supplicates too for God's protecting hand over the families and all those they are leaving behind. "And Lord" he prays, "It is undeserved, but wilt Thou have mercy upon our land and people?"

When the guests depart shortly afterwards, the minister stands in the hall to give each one a hand. He has a personal word for each. In silence they walk home through the darkness - to meet an unknown future. Each has his own thoughts, but they all take the memory of this evening to the war front.

It is Tuesday, 14 May 1940. At half past two in the night Rev Lamain is sitting behind his desk. He cannot sleep. What a lot has happened in the past few days! It seems as though a week has gone by since he preached in Goudswaard on Thursday evening 9 May. The Elder, Mr Schelling, had strongly advised him to stay the night, but it was just as though a voice within him had said that he must go back to his wife and children in Rotterdam. That night it had begun. At five minutes to four the drone of hundreds of aeroplanes was heard above, and shortly after the Germans dropped the first bombs on Waalhaven Airport. It was fearful. It seemed like the end of the world. Children sprang crying from their beds; neighbours were screaming in the street. Clouds of smoke rose above the city and sirens howled. At five o'clock Mr Kersten telephoned. "Brother" he said curtly, "Nederland is at war."

The following morning German soldiers stood at the street corners. Last Sunday had been a strange day. It was Whit Sunday but the church doors stayed shut. Yesterday too, Whit Monday, was the same. None dared to go into the road without good reason. Because of the great dangers it had been decided that there would be no church services that day.

They have prayed much together these past few days. This evening too they had besought the Lord that he would spare the congregation and the citizens of Rotterdam. Exhausted, he had fallen

asleep at midnight, but not for long. At one-thirty he was wide awake again. He just cannot sleep. He keeps seeing the seventy-nine men from the congregation who have been called up to fight the enemy. It seems as though they call to him “Beseech the Lord for us!” O, how his heart is burdened. Each of those men and boys has a soul - for eternity!

The pastor can refrain no longer. So as not to wake the others he pushes back his chair quietly and falls upon his knees. “Lord, is there with Thee yet deliverance for these poor sheep? Wilt Thou keep them in the midst of great perils? O, deliver their souls from death!”

All at once his anxious heart is wonderfully calmed. He can scarcely believe it! The Lord powerfully assures him that all those men will return safely. Not one shall be missed! He gasps, as it were: “Unworthy, unworthy! If the Lord should reward us as we deserve ...”

How thankful the people are when the church doors open again on the next Sunday, 19 May. The Rev Lamain preaches a solemn sermon! There is not a sound among the hearers. Even the children listen attentively, though they do not follow every word. Josh and Karel are there too. They sit a few pews apart.

“Friends, last week I could not sleep,” says the minister all at once. He pauses a moment before proceeding. It is almost as though he is thinking, “Shall I say it ... ?” Josh bends forward a little and waits tensely for what his pastor is about to say.

“I will not hide it from you”, he goes on, much moved. “I have been enabled to storm the throne of God’s mercy, and the Lord has promised me that all our men will be preserved!” It is very quiet for a moment, but then a wave of emotion goes through the congregation. Karel glances quickly back to Josh. It is as though he would say: “Do you hear that! All of them safely back!”

The remainder of the sermon goes for the most part over the heads of the two boys. They do not know precisely where their fathers are at this moment. They are prisoners of war, but they have no other information. Yet now their spirits rise - for has not the Lord promised it to their minister!

After the service, while Rev Lamain is walking from the consistory to his home, there is turmoil in his soul. "My dear" he says, stepping into the room, "If only I had not spoken. The devil whispers that these men will not come back. He insinuates that only one of them has to perish and then there is no truth in what the Lord has promised. Was it my own imagination? O, if I had but held my tongue. Now everybody knows it and it is expected that all will return. I shall be revealed as a liar and God's name will be reviled because of me." Mrs Lamain looks at her husband encouragingly. "I fully understand," she says, "But is not the Lord mightier than the strongest power? The Lord is a Fulfiller of His word, my dear!"

A boy is racing through the streets of Rotterdam. He is running as though for his life. It is Josh. He must see Karel. Father has sent a message that he is coming home tomorrow! He can keep it to himself no longer. He wants to know if they have heard anything at Karel's house. Panting and puffing he stands soon after in the third floor kitchen at his friend's. What a climb - all those stairs!

"Fa.... father's coming back," he cries. He is almost out of breath.

"My dear boy," says Karel's mother, surprised. "You gave me a fright. But we have had a letter too. How amazing. Our father is coming home on Friday!"

All at once the room door flies open. Karel rushes to his friend and together they spring through the little kitchen. They are ecstatic! Father's coming home!

When they have calmed down a little, mother says, "You may go along to the Pastorie" and tell it there, boys. How happy and surprised the minister will be." Soon the two boys are running in that direction.

A week later it is Thanksgiving Day. In spite of much sadness there is great cause for thankfulness. Of the seventy-nine men who had been called up from Rotterdam South to fight against the foe, seventy-seven have returned in the mean time! There is a hush in the church as Rev Lamain speaks to his hearers. The Lord has supported these men and boys in all the strain, strife, difficulties and anxieties which attended them. The Lord has done great things. Not one boy



or man from our midst has met death on the battlefield. God has not taken them away. And as for the two men who have not yet returned, of them I cannot believe that they have been snatched away by death. The Lord has granted our men supporting grace. They have found Him to be a Refuge. The Lord has shown himself a Fulfiller of His word.”

It is Sunday morning, five years later. The war is over. The congregation is streaming out of the church in Mijnsheerenplein. Karel and Josh are among them, walking together, as they usually do, towards home.

“Well” says Karel, amazed. “To think that those boys of Vink the baker and Bogerman the Elder have come back - from England!”

“How right you are,” agrees Josh “Can you remember that time when Rev Lamain preached here, after he had taken the pastorate in Rijssen, and how he told from the pulpit how often he was assailed. How the devil kept saying: “Yes, seventy seven of them have indeed come back, but even if only one of them is missing then what the Lord has promised has failed.”

“Yes, now you mention it, I do remember.”

“It must mean a great deal to the minister, now that they have both come back.”

“Certainly, and what about the families? Suppose it had been your son or brother who was still missing.”

“Indeed, but it is also of great significance to the church and congregation. I found it really moving when we sang together from the ninety-third Psalm:

“Great is thy might, thy truth shall never fail,
Thy every word of promise shall prevail”

How truly our pastor spoke on Thanksgiving Day 1941: The Lord is a Fulfiller of His word!”

Mrs J.Kranendonk-Gijssen