



The

HIDING PLACE

AN ENGAGING
VISUAL JOURNEY

CORRIE
TEN BOOM

ILLUSTRATED BY JILL DeHAAN,
DANIEL STRANGE & NICOLA EVANS

WITH ELIZABETH
& JOHN SHERRILL

THE HIDING PLACE



VISIT TYNDALE ONLINE AT TYNDALE.COM

Tyndale, Tyndale's quill logo, *Living Expressions*, and the Living Expressions logo are registered trademarks of Tyndale House Ministries.

The Hiding Place: An Engaging Visual Journey

Originally published in the U.S.A. under the title *The Hiding Place*, by Corrie Ten Boom with Elizabeth and John Sherrill.

Copyright © 1971 by Corrie Ten Boom with Elizabeth and John Sherrill. *The Hiding Place: An Engaging Visual Journey* © 2022 by Tyndale House Publishers, a division of Tyndale House Ministries, with permission of Chosen Books LLC. All rights reserved.

Cover and interior illustrations of hand-lettered quotes and spot embellishments copyright © Jill De Haan. All rights reserved. Interior illustrations of patterns by Nicola Evans. Copyright © Tyndale House Ministries. All rights reserved. Interior spot illustrations copyright © Daniel Strange. All rights reserved. Interior photograph of "Fairest Lord Jesus" art by Joy Books/VintageVerses.com, used with permission. Interior photographs of Corrie ten Boom used by permission of Buswell Library Archives & Special Collections, Wheaton College (IL). Bio photograph of Elizabeth Sherrill copyright © Elizabeth Sherrill and used with permission.

Unless otherwise noted, interior images are public domain from Wikimedia Commons. Ration stamps © Sander van der Molen; women's camp © ho visto nina volare; women workers © Bundesarchiv, Bild 183-1985-0417-15/CC-BY-SA 3.0; hiding place © Noord-Hollands Archief/Fotoburo de Boer; roman numerals on alarm clock by Ales Krivec on Unsplash; propaganda art by Ludwig Hohlwein; De Adriaan windmill © Frits Hendriks Fotografie; newborn baby © Sander van der Wel from Netherlands; tobacco pipe © RenseNBM; Arvin radio © Deseronto Archives; coin © Sijtze Reurich; watchtower © Tiago Fioreze; halt sign © Jorge Lásçar from Australia; pink tulip © Rawpixel; tulips Edwards_Plate_66/The Biodiversity Heritage Library.

Designed by Libby Dykstra

Scripture quotations are taken from the *Holy Bible*, King James Version. The ten Boom family read the Bible in Dutch, and later, when Corrie and Betsie read it aloud in Bible studies, they translated it for their audience. The KJV is, therefore, an approximate translation.

For information about special discounts for bulk purchases, please contact Tyndale House Publishers' at csresponse@tyndale.com, or call 1-855-277-9400.

ISBN 978-1-4964-5610-6

Printed in China

28	27	26	25	24	23	22
7	6	5	4	3	2	1



CONTENTS



Preface by Elizabeth Sherrill *v*

1. The One Hundredth Birthday Party *1*
2. Full Table *11*
3. Karel *18*
4. The Watch Shop *29*
5. Invasion *39*
6. The Secret Room *48*
7. Eusie *57*
8. Storm Clouds Gather *69*
9. The Raid *78*
10. Scheveningen *85*
11. The Lieutenant *98*
12. Vught *103*
13. Ravensbrück *117*
14. The Blue Sweater *129*
15. The Three Visions *137*

Special Thanks *150*



CORRIE TEN BOOM, 1974
© CORRIE TEN BOOM HOUSE FOUNDATION





PREFACE BY ELIZABETH SHERRILL

These fifty years since the publication of *The Hiding Place* have seen unimaginable change. Who, in 1971, could have foreseen a world connected by cell phone, where we “googled” our questions for answers? Who could have envisaged being socially distanced behind our masks in the grip of a global pandemic?

In any individual life, too, fifty years means constant change. In my case, for example, in 1971 we had teenagers at home; today I text Oregon, Florida, and Georgia for news of my great-grandchildren. There’ve been losses: Corrie’s death in 1983 on her ninety-first birthday. The death of my beloved husband of seventy years. There’ve been moves—we left our house in suburban New York for an apartment in Massachusetts. Today I live in a retirement community.

Amid all these changes, though, the wisdom Corrie gained in the crucible of a concentration camp remains true. Through all the displacements, all the moves of my own life, I have carried with me three gifts she gave me because they signify to me this wisdom.

The first is an old brass kettle.

The kettle speaks to me about priorities. Corrie’s sister Betsie was on her way to the meat market when she caught

sight of it, dented and soot encrusted, on a pile of old bicycle tires. She bought it with the meat money.

“Sister!” cried Corrie when Betsie arrived home with her prize. “What are we going to do with that old thing? It won’t even hold water!”

“It’s not *meant* to hold water,” said Betsie.

“Well, what’s it for then?”

“It’s not *for* anything. Oh Corrie, wait till I get the grime off and polish it awhile! Can’t you just see the morning sun glowing on this spout?”

“And Mr. de Groot at the vegetable stand gave me a special price on potatoes,” Betsie added hastily, because Corrie kept the accounts for the family, and the little watch shop never took in much money. “Oh Corrie, this kettle will go on



shining long after we've forgotten what we had for dinner tonight!"

And so it did. Not only for Father and Betsie and Corrie but for the hundreds who during the Nazi terror found shelter in their home. It shone for Corrie when she returned alone from the concentration camp where Father and Betsie had died. It shone on respites at home between Corrie's tireless trips to Russia, Africa, Vietnam. It shines for me today, telling me, *What feeds the soul matters as much as what feeds the body.*



The second of the gifts Corrie gave me is a rectangular wooden frame, six inches wide by seven inches long, with a carved, gilded border.

In the frame is a piece of yellow cloth, cut in the shape of a six-pointed star. Across the star are four black letters: JOOD. This is the Dutch word for "Jew." During the German occupation, all Jews in Holland were required to wear such a star stitched to their clothes.

When I was working with Corrie on the story of her life, she took me to meet a number of the people for whom Father and Betsie had so willingly given their lives. At the home of Meyer Mossel—christened "Eusebius" by the ten Booms during the days when a person's very name could mean death—we sipped tea while he and Corrie reminisced about the secret room concealed behind a wall of her bedroom.

"You'd take your pipe with you when you ran in there, Eusie," Corrie reminded him, recalling the practice drills they'd hold against a potential raid by the Gestapo. "But you'd forget your ashtray and I'd come running after you with it."

Meyer Eusebius Mossel set down his teacup and crossed the room to a massive antique sideboard. From the bottom drawer, buried beneath a pile of table linen, he drew out a scrap of yellow cloth cut in the shape of a star.

"All these years I wondered why I saved this thing," he said. "Now I know it was to give it to you, Corrie."



Corrie and I picked out the frame for Eusie's star that very afternoon. For years it hung on her wall as it hangs now on mine—a symbol as bittersweet as a cross. To me the star says: *Whatever in our life is hardest to bear, love can transform into beauty.*



The third of Corrie's gifts to me is the smallest, but perhaps the most precious.

It is a small round frame four inches in diameter. It holds a piece of cloth, ordinary white cotton, the kind underwear is

made of. In fact, it *is* underwear: a fragment of the undershirt Corrie was wearing when the Gestapo raid came and she and Father and Betsie were hustled to prison.

The Jews who were in their home at the time of the raid—including Eusie with his ashtray—got safely to the secret room. But Corrie was sentenced to solitary confinement where, as the weeks went by, idleness eroded her courage. Someone had smuggled a needle to her, but without thread, without material to sew on, what use was a needle?

Then she remembered the undershirt. By unraveling a hem, she worked free a length of thread. And now! Animals, houses, people—what could she not embroider on that shirt! The design in my frame is a flower with a graceful stem and six elegant leaves.

You have to look close to see the flower; the thread, of course, is the same color as the cloth. And underwear—even a dear friend's—well, it isn't the most costly of the things Corrie gave me. But it's the one that speaks most clearly in this time of isolation and utterly altered future.

The circle of white cotton tells me that when we're alone, when we're powerless, when we seem to have nothing left in the world we can be sure of—that's when God says, *Look closer: My provision enfolds you like a garment. You are wrapped forever in My embrace.*





VIEW OF HAARLEM FROM THE ROOF OF THE BEJE
© CORRIE TEN BOOM HOUSE FOUNDATION



THE ONE HUNDRETH BIRTHDAY PARTY

I jumped out of bed that morning with one question in my mind—sun or fog? Usually it was fog in January in Holland, dank, chill, and gray. But occasionally—on a rare and magic day—a white winter sun broke through. I leaned as far as I could from the single window in my bedroom; it was always hard to see the sky from the Beje. Blank brick walls looked back at me, the backs of other ancient buildings in this crowded center of old Haarlem. But up there where my neck craned to see, above the crazy roofs and crooked chimneys, was a square of pale pearl sky. It was going to be a sunny day for the party!

I attempted a little waltz as I took my new dress from the tipsy old wardrobe against the wall. Father's bedroom was directly under mine but at seventy-seven he slept soundly. That was one advantage to growing old, I thought, as I worked my arms into the sleeves and surveyed the effect in the mirror on the wardrobe door. Although some Dutch women in 1937 were wearing their skirts knee-length, mine was still a cautious three inches above my shoes.

You're not growing younger yourself, I reminded my reflection. Maybe it was the new dress that made me look more critically at myself than usual: 45 years old, unmarried, waistline long since vanished.

My sister Betsie, though seven years older than I, still had that slender grace that made people turn and look after her in the street. Heaven knows it wasn't her clothes; our little watch shop had never made much money. But when Betsie put on a dress something wonderful happened to it.

On me—until Betsie caught up with them—hems sagged, stockings tore, and collars twisted. But today, I thought, standing back from the mirror as far as I could in the small room, the effect of dark maroon was very smart.

Far below me down on the street, the doorbell rang. Callers? Before 7:00 in the morning? I opened my bedroom door and plunged down the steep twisting stairway. These stairs were an afterthought in this curious old house. Actually it was two houses. The one in front was a typical tiny old-Haarlem structure, three stories high, two rooms deep, and only one room wide. At some unknown point in its long history, its rear wall had been knocked through to join it with the even thinner, steeper house in back of it—which had only three rooms, one on top of the other—and this narrow corkscrew staircase squeezed between the two.

Quick as I was, Betsie was at the door ahead of me. An enormous spray of flowers filled the doorway. As Betsie took them, a small delivery boy appeared. "Nice day for the party, Miss," he said, trying to peer past the flowers as though coffee and cake might already be set out. He would be coming to the party later, as indeed, it seemed, would all of Haarlem.

Betsie and I searched the bouquet for the card. "Pickwick!" we shouted together.

Pickwick was an enormously wealthy customer who not only bought the very finest watches but often came upstairs to the family part of the house above the shop. His real name was Herman Sluring; Pickwick was the name Betsie and I used between ourselves because he looked so incredibly like the illustrator's drawing in our copy of Dickens. Herman Sluring was without doubt the ugliest man in Haarlem. Short, immensely fat, head bald as a Holland cheese, he was so wall-eyed that you were never quite sure whether he was



looking at you or someone else—and as kind and generous as he was fearsome to look at.

The flowers had come to the side door, the door the family used, opening onto a tiny alleyway, and Betsie and I carried them from the little hall into the shop. First was the workroom where watches and clocks were repaired. There was the high bench over which Father had bent for so many years, doing the delicate, painstaking work that was known as the finest in Holland. And there in the center of the room was my bench, and next to mine Hans the apprentice's, and against the wall old Christoffels's.

Beyond the workroom was the customers' part of the shop with its glass case full of watches. All the wall clocks were striking 7:00 as Betsie and I carried the flowers in and looked for the most artistic spot to put them. Ever since childhood I had loved to step into this room where a hundred ticking voices welcomed me. It was still dark inside because the shutters had not been drawn back from the windows on the street. I unlocked the street door and stepped out into the Barteljorisstraat. The other shops up and down the narrow street were shuttered and silent: the optician's next door, the dress shop, the baker's, Weil's Furriers across the street.

I folded back our shutters and stood for a minute admiring the window display that Betsie and I had at last agreed upon. This window was always a great source of debate between us, I wanting to display as much of our stock as could be squeezed onto the shelf, and Betsie maintaining

that two or three beautiful watches, with perhaps a piece of silk or satin swirled beneath, was more elegant and more inviting. But this time the window satisfied us both: it held a collection of clocks and pocket watches all at least a hundred years old, borrowed for the occasion from friends and antique dealers all over the city. For today was the shop's one hundredth birthday. It was on this day in January 1837 that Father's father had placed in this window a sign: TEN BOOM. WATCHES.

For the last ten minutes, with a heavenly disregard for the precisions of passing time, the church bells of Haarlem had been pealing out 7:00 and now half a block away in the town square, the great bell of St. Bavo's solemnly donged seven times. I lingered in the street to count them, though it was cold in the January dawn. Of course everyone in Haarlem had radios now, but I could remember when the life of the city had run on St. Bavo time, and only trainmen and others who needed to know the exact hour had come here to read the "astronomical clock." Father would take the train to Amsterdam each week to bring back the time from the Naval Observatory and it was a source of pride to him that the astronomical clock was never more than two seconds off in the seven days. There it stood now, as I stepped back into the shop, still tall and gleaming on its concrete block, but shorn now of eminence.

The doorbell on the alley was ringing again; more flowers. So it went for an hour, large bouquets and small ones,



elaborate set pieces and home-grown plants in clay pots. For although the party was for the shop, the affection of the city was for Father. “Haarlem’s Grand Old Man” they called him and they were setting about to prove it. When the shop and the workroom would not hold another bouquet, Betsie and I started carrying them upstairs to the two rooms above the shop. Though it was twenty years since her death, these were still “Tante Jans’s rooms.” Tante Jans was Mother’s older sister and her presence lingered in the massive dark furniture she had left behind her. Betsie set down a pot of greenhouse-grown tulips and stepped back with a little cry of pleasure.

“Corrie, just look how much brighter!”

Poor Betsie. The Beje was so closed in by the houses around that the window plants she started each spring never grew tall enough to bloom.

At 7:45 Hans, the apprentice, arrived and at 8:00 Toos, our saleslady-bookkeeper. Toos was a sour-faced, scowling individual whose ill-temper had made it impossible for her to keep a job until—ten years ago—she had come to work for Father. Father’s gentle courtesy had disarmed and meliowed her and, though she would have died sooner than admit it, she loved him as fiercely as she disliked the rest of the world. We left Hans and Toos to answer the doorbell and went upstairs to get breakfast.

Only three places at the table, I thought, as I set out the plates. The dining room was in the house at the rear, five steps higher than the shop but lower than Tante Jans’s rooms. To me this room with its single window looking into the alley was the heart of the home. This table, with a blanket thrown over it, had made me a tent or a pirate’s cove when I was small. I’d done my homework here as a schoolchild. Here Mama read aloud from Dickens on winter evenings while the coal whistled in the brick hearth and cast a red glow over the tile proclaiming, “Jesus is Victor.”

We used only a corner of the table now, Father, Betsie, and I, but to me the rest of the family was always there. There

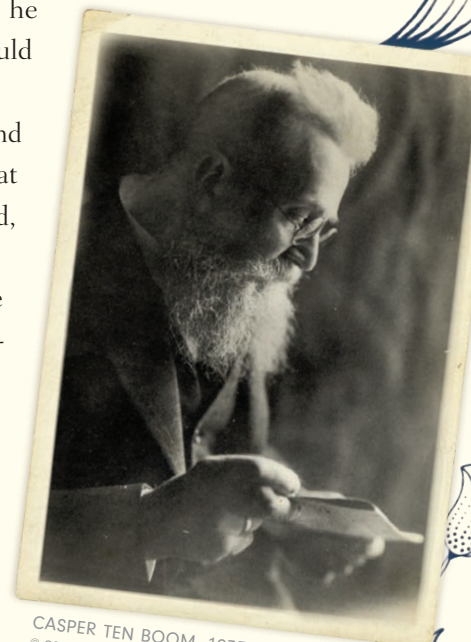
was Mama’s chair, and the three aunts’ places over there (not only Tante Jans but Mama’s other two sisters had also lived with us). Next to me had sat my other sister, Nollie, and Willem, the only boy in the family, there beside Father.

Nollie and Willem had had homes of their own many years now, and Mama and the aunts were dead, but still I seemed to see them here. Of course their chairs hadn’t stayed empty long. Father could never bear a house without children, and whenever he heard of a child in need of a home a new face would appear at the table. Somehow, out of his watch shop that never made money, he fed and dressed and cared for eleven more children after his own four were grown. But now these, too, had grown up and married or gone off to work, and so I laid three plates on the table.

Betsie brought the coffee in from the tiny kitchen, which was little more than a closet off the dining room, and took bread from the drawer in the sideboard. She was setting them on the table when we heard Father’s step coming down the staircase. He went a little slowly now on the winding stairs; but still as punctual as one of his own watches, he entered the dining room, as he had every morning since I could remember, at 8:10.

“Father!” I said kissing him and savoring the aroma of cigars that always clung to his long beard, “a sunny day for the party!”

Father’s hair and beard were now as white as the best tablecloth Betsie had laid for this special day. But his blue eyes behind the thick round spectacles were as mild and merry as ever, and he gazed from one of us to the other with frank delight.



CASPER TEN BOOM, 1937
© CORRIE TEN BOOM HOUSE FOUNDATION



“Corrie, dear! My dear Betsie! How gay and lovely you both look!”

He bowed his head as he sat down, said the blessing over bread, and then went on eagerly, “Your mother—how she would have loved these new styles and seeing you both looking so pretty!”

Betsie and I looked hard into our coffee to keep from laughing. These “new styles” were the despair of our young nieces, who were always trying to get us into brighter colors, shorter skirts, and lower necklines. But conservative though we were, it was true that Mama had never had anything even as bright as my deep maroon dress or Betsie’s dark blue one. In Mama’s day married women—and unmarried ones “of a certain age”—wore black from the chin to the ground. I had never seen Mama and the aunts in any other color.

“How Mama would have loved everything about today!” Betsie said. “Remember how she loved ‘occasions?’”

Mama could have coffee on the stove and a cake in the oven as fast as most people could say, “best wishes.” And since she knew almost everyone in Haarlem, especially the poor, sick, and neglected, there was almost no day in the year that was not for somebody, as she would say with eyes shining, “a very special occasion!”

And so we sat over our coffee, as one should on anniversaries, and looked back—back to the time when Mama was alive, and

beyond. Back to the time when Father was a small boy growing up in this same house. “I was born right in this room,” he said, as though he had not told us a hundred times. “Only of course it wasn’t the dining room then, but a bedroom. And the bed was in a kind of cupboard set into the wall with no windows and no light or air of any kind. I was the first baby who lived. I don’t know how many there were before me, but they all died. Mother had tuberculosis you see, and they didn’t know about contaminated air or keeping babies away from sick people.”



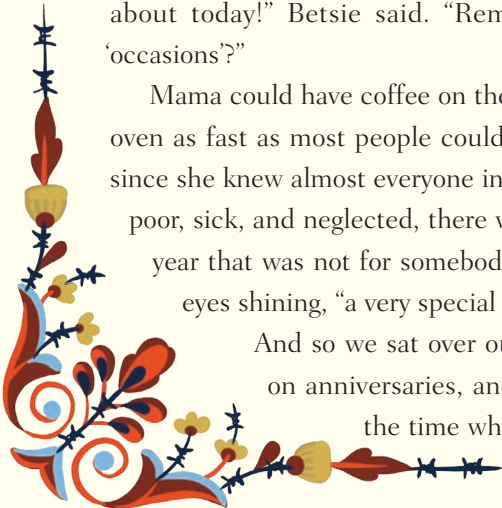
CASPER TEN BOOM WITH GRANDCHILDREN
© CORRIE TEN BOOM HOUSE FOUNDATION

It was a day for memories. A day for calling up the past. How could we have guessed as we sat there—two middle-aged spinsters and an old man—that in place of memories were about to be given adventures such as we had never dreamed of? Adventure and anguish, horror and heaven were just around the corner, and we did not know.

Oh Father! Betsie! If I had known would I have gone ahead? Could I have done the things I did?

But how could I know? How could I imagine this white-haired man, called Opa—Grandfather—by all the children of Haarlem, how could I imagine this man thrown by strangers into a grave without a name?

And Betsie, with her high lace collar and gift for making beauty all around her, how could I picture this dearest person on earth to me standing naked before a roomful of men? In that room on that day, such thoughts were not even thinkable.



Father stood up and took the big brass-hinged Bible from its shelf as Toos and Hans rapped on the door and came in. Scripture reading at 8:30 each morning for all who were in the house was another of the fixed points around which life in the Beje revolved. Father opened the big volume and Betsie and I held our breaths. Surely, today of all days, when there was still so much to do, it would not be a whole chapter! But he was turning to the Gospel of Luke where we'd left off yesterday—such long chapters in Luke too. With his finger at the place, Father looked up.

“Where is Christoffels?” he said.

Christoffels was the third and only other employee in the shop, a bent, wizened little man who looked older than Father though actually he was ten years younger. I remembered the day six or seven years earlier when he had first come into the shop, so ragged and woebegone that I'd assumed that he was one of the beggars who had the Beje marked as a sure meal. I was about to send him up to the kitchen where Betsie kept a pot of soup simmering when he announced with great dignity that he was considering permanent employment and was offering his services first to us.

It turned out that Christoffels belonged to an almost vanished trade, the itinerant clockmender who trudged on foot throughout the land, regulating and repairing the tall pendulum clocks that were the pride of every Dutch farmhouse. But if I was surprised at the grand manner of this shabby little man, I was even more astonished when Father hired him on the spot.

“They're the finest clockmen anywhere,” he told me later, “these wandering clocksmiths. There's not a repair job they haven't handled with just the tools in their sack.”

And so it had proved through the years as people from all over Haarlem brought their clocks to him. What he did with his wages we never knew; he had remained as tattered and threadbare as ever. Father hinted as much as he dared—for next to his shabbiness Christoffels's most notable quality was his pride—and then gave it up.

And now, for the first time ever, Christoffels was late.

Father polished his glasses with his napkin and started to read, his deep voice lingering lovingly over the words. He had reached the bottom of the page when we heard Christoffels's shuffling steps on the stairs. The door opened and all of us gasped. Christoffels was resplendent in a new black suit, new checkered vest, a snowy white shirt, flowered tie, and stiff starched collar. I tore my eyes from the spectacle as swiftly as I could, for Christoffels's expression forbade us to notice anything out of the ordinary.

“Christoffels, my dear associate,” Father murmured in his formal, old-fashioned way, “What joy to see you on this—er—auspicious day.” And hastily he resumed his Bible reading.

Before he reached the end of the chapter the doorbells were ringing, both the shop bell on the street and the family bell in the alley. Betsie ran to make more coffee and put her taartjes in the oven while Toos and I hurried to the doors. It seemed that everyone in Haarlem wanted to be first to shake Father's hand. Before long a steady stream of guests was winding up the narrow staircase to Tante Jans's rooms where he sat almost lost in a thicket of flowers. I was helping one of the older guests up the steep stairs when Betsie seized my arm.

“Corrie! We're going to need Nollie's cups right away! How can we—?”

“I'll go get them!”

Our sister Nollie and her husband were coming that afternoon as soon as their six children got home from school. I dashed down the stairs, took my coat and my bicycle from inside the alley door, and was wheeling it over the threshold when Betsie's voice reached me, soft but firm.



“Corrie, your new dress!”

And so I whirled back up the stairs to my room, changed into my oldest skirt, and set out over the bumpy brick streets. I always loved to bike to Nollie’s house. She and her husband lived about a mile and a half from the Beje, outside the cramped old center of the city. The streets there were broader and straighter; even the sky seemed bigger. Across the town square I pedaled, over the canal on the Grote Hout bridge and along the Wagenweg, reveling in the thin winter sunshine. Nollie lived on Bos en Hoven Straat, a block of identical attached houses with white curtains and potted plants in the windows.

How could I foresee as I zipped around the corner that one summer day, when the hyacinths in the commercial bulb flats nearby were ripe and brown, I would brake my bicycle here and stand with my heart thudding in my throat, daring to go no closer for fear of what was taking place behind Nollie’s starched curtains?

Today I careened onto the sidewalk and burst through the door with never a knock. “Nollie, the Beje’s jammed already! You ought to see! We need the cups right now!”

Nollie came out of the kitchen, her round pretty face flushed with baking. “They’re all packed by the door. Oh I wish I could go back with you—but I’ve got batches of cookies still to bake and I promised Flip and the children I’d wait for them.”

“You’re—*all* coming, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Corrie, Peter will be there.” Nollie was loading the cups into the bicycle bags. As a dutiful aunt I tried to love

all my nieces and nephews equally. But Peter . . . well, was Peter. At thirteen he was a musical prodigy and a rascal and the pride of my life.

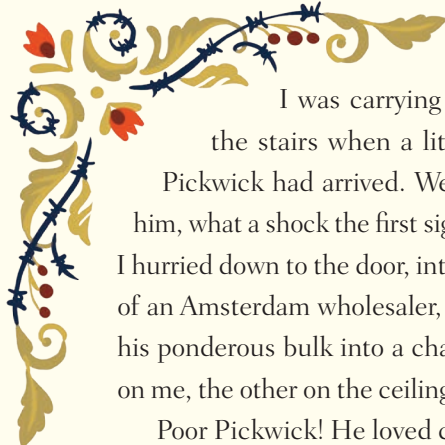
“He’s even written a special song in honor of the day,” Nollie said. “Here now, you’ll have to carry this bagful in your hand, so be careful.”

The Beje was more crowded than ever when I got back, the alley so jammed with bicycles I had to leave mine at the corner. The mayor of Haarlem was there in his tailcoat and gold watch chain. And the postman and the trolley motor-man and half a dozen policemen from the Haarlem Police Headquarters just around the corner.

After lunch the children started coming and, as children always did, they went straight to Father. The older ones sat on the floor around him, the smallest ones climbed into his lap. For in addition to his twinkling eyes and long cigar-sweet beard, Father ticked. Watches lying on a shelf run differently from watches carried about, and so Father always wore the ones he was regulating. His suit jackets had four huge inside pockets, each fitted with hooks for a dozen watches, so that wherever he went the hum of hundreds of little wheels went gaily with him. Now with a child on each knee and ten more crowded close, he drew from another pocket his heavy cross-shaped winding key, each of the four ends shaped for a different size clock. With a flick of his finger, he made it spin, gleaming, glinting. . . .

Betsie stopped in the doorway with a tray of cakes. “He doesn’t know there’s anyone else in the room,” she said.



A decorative floral border in the top left corner, featuring gold and red flowers, green leaves, and a blue vine with small red berries.

I was carrying a stack of soiled plates down the stairs when a little shriek below told me that Pickwick had arrived. We used to forget, we who loved him, what a shock the first sight of him could be to a stranger. I hurried down to the door, introduced him hastily to the wife of an Amsterdam wholesaler, and got him upstairs. He sank his ponderous bulk into a chair beside Father, fixed one eye on me, the other on the ceiling, and said, "Five lumps, please."

Poor Pickwick! He loved children as much as Father did, but while children took to Father on sight, Pickwick had to win them. He had one trick, though, that never failed. I brought him his cup of coffee, thick with sugar, and watched him look around in mock consternation. "But my dear Cornelia!" he cried. "There's no table to set it on!" He glanced out of one wide-set eye to make sure the children were watching. "Well, it's a lucky thing I brought my own!" And with that he set cup and saucer on his own protruding paunch. I had never known a child who could resist it; soon a respectful circle had gathered round him.

A little later Nollie and her family arrived. "Tante Corrie!" Peter greeted me innocently. "You don't *look* one hundred years old!" And before I could swat him, he was sitting at Tante Jans's upright piano, filling the old house with melody. People called out requests—popular songs, selections from Bach chorales, hymns—and soon the whole room was joining in the choruses.

How many of us were there, that happy afternoon, who were soon to meet under very different circumstances! Peter, the policemen, dear ugly Pickwick, all of us were there except my brother Willem and his family. I wondered why they should be so late. Willem and his wife and children lived in the town of Hilversum, thirty miles away: still, they should have been here by now.

Suddenly the music stopped and Peter from his perch on the piano bench hissed across the room, "Opa! Here's the competition!"

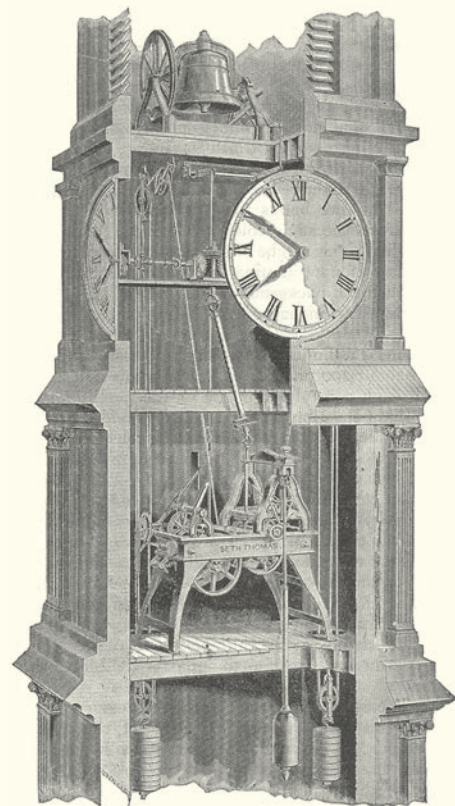
I glanced out the window. Turning into the alley were Mr. and Mrs. Kan, owners of the other watch shop on the street. By Haarlem standards they were newcomers, having opened their store only in 1910 and so been on the Barteljorisstraat a mere twenty-seven years. But since they sold a good many more watches than we did, I considered Peter's comment factual enough.

Father, however, was distressed. "Not competitors, Peter!" he said reprovingly. "Colleagues!" And lifting children quickly off his knees, he got up and hurried to the head of the stairs to greet the Kans.

Father treated Mr. Kan's frequent visits to the shop below as social calls from a cherished friend. "Can't you see what he's doing?" I would rage after Mr. Kan had gone. "He's finding out how much we're charging so he can undersell us!" Mr. Kan's display window always featured in bold figures prices exactly five guilders below our own.

And Father's face would light up with a kind of pleased surprise as it always did on those rare occasions when he thought about the business side of watchmaking. "But Corrie, people will save money when they buy from him!" And then he would always add, "I wonder how he does it."

Father was as innocent of business know-how as his father had been before him. He would work for days on a difficult repair problem and then forget to send a bill. The more rare



and expensive a watch, the less he was able to think of it in terms of money. “A man should pay for the privilege of working on such a watch!” he would say.

As for merchandising methods, for the first eighty years of the shop’s history the shutters on the streets had been closed each evening promptly at 6:00. It was not until I myself had come into the business twenty years ago that I had noticed the throngs of strollers crowding the narrow sidewalks each evening and had seen how the other stores kept their windows lighted and open. When I pointed this out to Father, he was as delighted as though I had made a profound discovery. “And if people see the watches it might make them want to buy one! Corrie, my dear, how very clever you are!”

Mr. Kan was making his way toward me now, full of cake and compliments. Guilty for the jealous thoughts I harbored, I took advantage of the crowd and made my escape downstairs. The workroom and shop were even more crowded with well-wishers than the upstairs rooms. Hans was passing cakes in the back room, as was Toos in the front, wearing the nearest thing to a smile that her perpetually down-drawn lips would permit. As for Christoffels, he had simply and astonishingly expanded. It was impossible to recognize that stooped and shabby little man in the glorious figure at the door, greeting newcomers with a formal welcome followed by a relentless tour of the shop. Quite obviously it was the greatest day of his life.

All through the short winter afternoon they kept coming, the people who counted themselves Father’s friends. Young and old, poor and rich, scholarly gentlemen and illiterate servant girls—only to Father did it seem that they were all alike. That was Father’s secret: not that he overlooked the differences in people; that he didn’t know they were there.

And still Willem was not here. I said good-bye to some guests at the door and stood for a moment gazing up and down the Barteljorisstraat. Although it was only 4:00 in the afternoon, the lights in the shops were coming on against the

January dusk. I still had a great deal of little-sister worship for this big brother, five years older than I, an ordained minister and the only ten Boom who had ever been to college. Willem saw things, I felt. He knew what was going on in the world.



BETSIÉ, NOLLIE, FATHER, WILLEM, MOTHER, AND CORRIE TEN BOOM, 1902
© CORRIE TEN BOOM HOUSE FOUNDATION

Oftentimes, indeed, I wished that Willem did not see quite so well, for much that he saw was frightening. A full ten years ago, way back in 1927, Willem had written in his doctoral thesis, done in Germany, that a terrible evil was taking root in that land. Right at the university, he said, seeds were being planted of a contempt for human life such as the world had never seen. The few who had read his paper had laughed.

Now of course, well, people weren’t laughing about Germany. Most of the good clocks came from there, and recently several firms with whom we had dealt for years were simply and mysteriously “out of business.” Willem believed it was part of a deliberate and large-scale move against Jews; every one of the closed businesses was Jewish. As head of the Dutch Reformed Church’s program to reach Jews, Willem kept in touch with these things.

Dear Willem, I thought, as I stepped back inside and closed the door, he was about as good a salesman of the

church as Father was of watches. If he'd converted a single Jew in twenty years, I hadn't heard about it. Willem didn't try to change people, just to serve them. He had scrimped and saved enough money to build a home for elderly Jews in Hilversum—for the elderly of all faiths, in fact, for Willem was against any system of segregation. But in the last few months, the home had been deluged with younger arrivals—all Jews and all from Germany. Willem and his family had given up their own living quarters and were sleeping in a corridor. And still the frightened, homeless people kept coming, and with them tales of a mounting madness.

I went up to the kitchen where Nollie had just brewed a fresh pot of coffee, picked it up, and continued with it upstairs to Tante Jans's rooms. "What does he want?" I asked a group of men gathered around the cake table as I set down the pot. "This man in Germany, does he want war?" I knew it was poor talk for a party, but somehow thoughts of Willem always set my mind on hard subjects.

A chill of silence fell over the table and spread swiftly around the room.

"What does it matter?" a voice broke into it. "Let the big countries fight it out. It won't affect us."

"That's right!" from a watch salesman. "The Germans let us alone in the Great War. It's to their advantage to keep us neutral."

"Easy for you to talk," cried a man from whom we bought clock parts. "Your stock comes from Switzerland. What about us? What do I do if Germany goes to war? A war could put me out of business!"

And at that moment Willem entered the room. Behind him came Tine, his wife, and their four children. But every eye in the room had settled on the figure whose arm Willem held in his. It was a Jew in his early thirties in the typical broad-brimmed black hat and long black coat. What glued every eye to this man was his face. It had been burned. In front of his right ear dangled a gray and frazzled ringlet, like

the hair of a very old man. The rest of his beard was gone, leaving only a raw and gaping wound.

"This is Herr Gutlieber," Willem announced in German. "He just arrived in Hilversum this morning. Herr Gutlieber, my father."

"He got out of Germany on a milk truck," Willem told us rapidly in Dutch. "They stopped him on a streetcorner—teen-aged boys in Munich—set fire to his beard."

Father had risen from his chair and was eagerly shaking the newcomer's hand. I brought him a cup of coffee and a plate of Nollie's cookies. How grateful I was now for Father's insistence that his children speak German and English almost as soon as Dutch.


Herr Gutlieber sat down stiffly on the edge of a chair and fixed his eyes on the cup in his lap. I pulled up a chair beside him and talked some nonsense about the unusual January weather. And around us conversation began again, a hum of party talk rising and falling.

"Hoodlums!" I heard the watch salesman say. "Young hoodlums! It's the same in every country. The police'll catch up with 'em—you'll see. Germany's a civilized country."



And so the shadow fell across us that winter afternoon in 1937, but it rested lightly. Nobody dreamed that this tiny cloud would grow until it blocked out the sky. And nobody dreamed that in this darkness each of us would be called to play a role: Father and Betsie and Mr. Kan and Willem—even the funny old Beje with its unmatched floor levels and ancient angles.

In the evening after the last guest had gone I climbed the stairs to my room thinking only of the past. On my bed lay the



*I know that
the experiences of our lives,
when we let God use them,
become the mysterious
and perfect preparation
for the work He will give us to do.*

CORRIE TEN BOOM

new maroon dress; I had forgotten to put it back on. *I never did care about clothes*, I thought. Even when I was young. . . .

Childhood scenes rushed back at me out of the night, strangely close and urgent. Today I know that such memories are the key not to the past, but to the future. I know that the experiences of our lives, when we let God use them, become the mysterious and perfect preparation for the work He will give us to do.

I didn't know that then—nor, indeed, that there was any new future to prepare for in a life as humdrum and predictable as mine. I only knew, as I lay in my bed at the top of the house, that certain moments from long ago stood out in focus against the blur of years. Oddly sharp and near they were, as though they were not yet finished, as though they had something more to say. . . .



It was 1898 and I was six years old. Betsie stood me in front of the wardrobe mirror and gave me a lecture.

“Just look at your shoes! You’ve missed every other button. And those old torn stockings your very first day at school? See how nice Nollie looks!”

Nollie and I shared this bedroom at the top of the Beje. I looked at my eight-year-old sister: sure enough, her high-buttoned shoes were neatly fastened. Reluctantly I pulled off mine while Betsie rummaged in the wardrobe.

At thirteen, Betsie seemed almost an adult to me. Of course Betsie had always seemed older because she couldn't run and roughhouse the way other children did.

Betsie had been born with pernicious anemia. And so while the rest of us played tag or bowl-the-hoop or had skate races down frozen canals in winter, Betsie sat and did dull grown-up things like embroidery. But Nollie played as hard as anyone and wasn't much older than I and it didn't seem fair that she should always do everything right.

“Betsie,” she was saying earnestly, “I’m *not* going to wear that great ugly hat to school just because Tante Jans paid for it. Last year it was that ugly gray one—and this year’s is even worse!”

Betsie looked at her sympathetically. “Well, but . . . you can't go to school without a hat. And you know we can't afford another one.”

“We don't have to!”

With an anxious glance at the door, Nollie dropped to her knees, reached beneath the single bed, which was all our tiny room would hold, and drew out a little round hat box. Inside nestled the smallest hat I had ever seen. It was of fur, with a blue satin ribbon for under the chin.

“Oh, the darling thing!” Betsie lifted it reverently from the box and held it up to the patch of light that struggled into the room over the surrounding rooftops. “Where did you ever—”

“Mrs. van Dyver gave it to me.” The van Dyvers owned the millinery shop two doors down. “She saw me looking at it and later she brought it here, after Tante Jans picked out . . . *that*.”

Nollie pointed to the top of the wardrobe. A deep-rimmed brown bonnet with a cluster of lavender velvet roses proclaimed in every line the personage who had picked it out. Tante Jans, Mama's older sister, had moved in with us when her husband died to spend, as she put it, “what few days remain to me,” though she was still only in her early forties.

Her coming had greatly complicated life in the old house—already crowded by the earlier arrivals of Mama's other two sisters, Tante Bep and Tante Anna—since along with Tante Jans had come quantities of furniture, all of it too large for the little rooms at the Beje.