

The Hiding Place: The Life of Corrie Ten Boom

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[0 : 0 0] So today we're going to take you back in time and Corrie Ten Boom will come to the microphone just as she would have during her lifetime and share with you her story. And as she talks we're going to get very creative with our storytelling techniques and we will bring the story to life for you with music and drama.

So we invite you to use your imaginations as we share this story. Some of us will play multiple characters and we will take you back in time and I know that this story will be a blessing to you.

It certainly has changed our lives. We are the shining light players and it's our desire that our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven.

We hope that everything we say and do today will be pleasing to our Lord Jesus Christ. So before we begin let's pray. Dear Father I thank you so much for this opportunity to look back at your power in the life of one believer and how she has impacted the world Lord just through her faithfulness and through her family's faithfulness.

Father I pray that you will inspire us Lord. I pray that you will touch our hearts and I just pray for the power of your Holy Spirit Lord that you will be at work here on the stage and in the hearts of the audience Lord.

[1 : 1 3] Bless us now in Jesus name I pray. Amen. Amen. Why do bad things happen to God's children?

People ask me that on every continent, in every country. The world seems full of sadness and suffering. Why?

I have no answer for you. But I can tell you that joy runs deeper than despair. I am Corrie Ten Boom, a simple watchmaker from a little village in Holland.

You are wondering why you should listen to an old maid watchmaker. Don't feel bad. I wonder that myself. But before I was released from the concentration camp at Ravensbruck, Germany, my sister Betsy said, you must tell them, Corrie.

Tell them there is no pit so deep that he is not deeper still. They will listen to you because you have been here. And so, if you will humor an old woman, you will learn as I have that memories are the key, not to the past, but to the future.

[2 : 3 8] Step with me into the past. January 1937. Dark clouds hovered across the border in Germany, but in our little corner of Holland, we excitedly prepared to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Ten Boom Walk Shop.

At 45 years old, I couldn't quite make it down the spiral staircase from my bedroom as quickly as I once had. But I tried. I'm not growing younger myself.

Betsy, Betsy, isn't it wonderful, a sunny day for the party? Yes, the only sunny day we've seen this January.

Oh, Corrie, your dress. Here, let me help you. Oh. I never was good at such things, Betsy. Ah, there.

Now you look beautiful, Corrie. Have all these flowers come already? Everyone in Harlem wants to be the first to congratulate Papa. Just think, Corrie, the 100th anniversary of Ten Boom Watches.

- [3 : 52] A hundred years ago, on the street in downtown Cairnham, it was on this very day, it was in this very room, a tradition was made.
- When this workshop was opened by an honest man, by the name it had Boom.
- And from that day, the moments passed, and each became another. And soon the days turned into years, and so it goes forever.
- But those days are still here. For each became a memory, living in my heart, waiting in this room.
- Time goes by, never changing, now becomes a memory again.
- [5 : 05] Oh, good morning, Father. Father, a sunny day for the party. My dear Corrie, dear Betsy. Congratulations, Miss Ten Boom. Oh, beautiful. Oh, wonderful.
- Oh, beautiful. Oh, beautiful. Like the ticking of a clock, like the rising of the sun, for as long as I remember, every morning has begun.
- With a greeting and a smile, from an old family of friends. In the clock shop on the corner, hidden just around the bend.
- It's a charming little show. What a lovely day. What a grand occasion. What a grand occasion. Sharing in the joy.
- It's a never-born and far. Of one hundred years. A petition, mother. All of Harlem waves. To join the celebration. And the hope that we can come to.
- [6 : 13] With a love so sad and dull. Oh, so dear. Time stands still for a moment.
- If that moment now becomes man. Looking to the past, I see it all around me.
- On this very day. In this very room.
- You both look lovely. Oh, the telephone. Your mother would be so proud to see you dressed in these modern styles. And looking so pretty. Mother would have loved everything about today.
- How she loved occasions. She could have coffee on the stove and a cake in the oven before most people could say best wishes. Hard to believe she left us behind. Eighteen years ago.
- [7 : 20] That was Willem on the telephone. He'll be late to the party. Oh dear. There's been trouble at the nursing home. More Jewish refugees from Germany. Well, it won't seem like a party without Willem.
- Remember when this house crowded with us children? And Aunt Jans? With Aunt Jans, the royal palace would seem crowded.
- When was the last time we were all here together? Let's see.
- That must have been before Aunt Jans got sick. Yes, it would have been 1898. I was only six years old. And so, as families do on anniversaries, we thought back over time gone by.
- As we talked, certain memories stood out against the blur of the years. My mother's sister Jans came to live with us when she became ill.
- [8 : 22] Her coming greatly disrupted life at the Bayeux. For use in her charity work, she took the two largest rooms on the second floor. The world naturally made way for Jans.
- Jans, whose fear of death drove her to work fiercely to earn her place in the hereafter. Then one day, when I was about six years old, the diagnosis came.
- Diabetes. In those days, a death sentence. Father decided we must tell her together. Jans, come in and shut the door before I catch my death of drafts.
- Jans, what is it? If you have something to say, say it. If not, let me get back to my writing. The doctor has returned his test results.

And? Diabetes. Does he know how long? Three weeks, at the very most.

[9 : 30] All these tests and tubes. What do they really prove? Doctors can be wrong. And I still have so much work to do. My dear sister-in-law.

No. No. There is a joyous journey that every Christian, every child of God, must take sooner or later. And Jans, most of us will go to our Heavenly Father with our hands empty.

But you, you will run to him with your hands full. All your clubs, your writings. Your talks. The funds you raise. Empty. Empty. How can we bring anything to God?

What does he care for our little tricks and trinkets? If I had a moment's privacy, I might get some work accomplished.

Not that the work matters, Casper. Not that the work matters at all. That I won't leave an untidy desk for someone else to clean up.

[10 : 35] I thought that I could make it.

I did. I did my very best. Oh, my goodness failed me when God put me to the test.

I thought that I could earn salvation in the foolishness of youth.

I thought that I could do it. Now I know the truth. Nothing I could do. Nothing I could say.

Jesus did it all when he gave his life that day. Nothing I could give to add to all he gave. It ended once for all when he rose up from the grave.

[11 : 45] Nothing I could add to all he's done. When he gave us Christ his son.

Nothing I could do. Nothing I could do.

It seemed it would be easy to do it on my own. I failed soon after trying.

Now I'm left crying all alone. When I see your face. I hear forgiveness in your voice.

I run to you hands empty. And in you I rejoice. Nothing I could do.

[12 : 48] Nothing I could say. Jesus did it all when he gave his life that day. Nothing I could give to add to all he gave.

It ended once for all when he rose up from the grave. Nothing I could add to all he's done.

When he gave us Christ his son. Nothing I could do to earn a home in heaven.

That's already done. Now dear Lord, I will praise your name. You gave your life.

The battle has been won. There is nothing I could do.

[13 : 45] Nothing I could say. Jesus did it all when he gave his life that day. Nothing I could give to add to all he gave.

It ended once for all when he rose up from the grave. Nothing I could add to all he's done.

When he gave us Christ his son. Nothing I could do.

What're you, ■■■, how those larms were it? Is that not a sin we can sashade?

A natural proxy plays with eyes, later fill it in a fire. And then build the headwater's mother's mother. Aaring and their ship is alive. A home to join, runner fill it out from the grave. Many Men, a woman...

[14 : 51] gorgeous kiss each ross of the grave. Cornelius. Father, I'm frightened about Aunt Jans. Oh, Cory. Aunt Jans will be with us for a little while yet.

And when she goes to heaven, she won't be sick anymore. But if Aunt Jans could die, so could you. Her mother, her bestie, you can't die.

I need you, you can't die. So, Cory, when we take the train together to Amsterdam, when do I give you your ticket?

Just before we get on the train? Exactly. And your wise Heavenly Father knows when you're going to need things too. When the time comes when one of us has to die, you will look in your heart and you will find the strength you need just in time.

The memory of Father's words that night never left me. I would often cling to them in times of fear. It was one of the keys I was to need in years to come. I can see the light, the light of Jesus' love.

[16 : 13] Shining in the dark, through the clouds above. I feel its warmth upon my face.

Rest in the light, the light of Jesus' love. Rest in the Savior's loving grace. When the night is dark, when I'm on my own.

Jesus sends his light. Jesus sends his light. And I'm not alone. Jesus is watching from above.

majestic in heaven monte Provost. loves and cannot resist. You know what it means. Jesus calls from above. From above. Standing the sunlight of his love.

When the night is dark. Jesus is watching from above Spending the sunlight of his light My mind continued its journey through the years I watched myself grow older I saw myself grow taller Until I stood in the year 1914 A young lady It was the spring my brother Willem was married That I learned about love Corrie Ten Boom

[18 : 21] Carl You're so grown up It's this dress You've become a young lady I've enjoyed every letter you wrote, Carl I looked forward to them each week It was a beautiful wedding My congratulations to your brother Willem Would you like to go for a walk?

I could show you Harlem's famous cherry trees in full bloom Well, I'm afraid I haven't much time But perhaps a short walk My train leaves at noon Of course Miss Corrie, what are you thinking?

A church in Hilversum offered you a position Yes Will you take it? Well, I hadn't completely decided yet It is a good offer Well paid, nice parsonage White picket fence and all that I've dreamed of a cottage with a white picket fence Yes, our cottage So these are the famous cherry trees of Harlem Yes, the big one here is the oldest They call it the bride of Harlem Lovely Carl I'm not beautiful But you are beautiful I have no dowry It is enough Is it?

Is it? Is it? Is it? Is it? Is it? Is it? Is it? Is it? Take my hand and I'll be here beside you Take my heart and always hold me dear Take my love It's all I have to give you Let it be enough to know that I'll be here You must see we're meant to be together You must know that God has brought you to me Take my hand to have and hold forever Take my love to know that I'll be here You must see we're meant to be together You must know that God has brought you here Let it be enough Don't rush into your love

A promise never made A promise never broken Take my heart and I'll be here beside you You can feel my love And always hold me dear There's no one to be there Take my love It's all I have to give you Let it be enough To know that I'll be here I must catch my train But write to me, Cory About the baying I want to know every detail Of that beautiful, ugly, old, crumbling house And write about your father How he repairs the watches And forgets to send the bills Cory It's the happiest home in Holland And so letters continued to fly

[21 : 53] On rosy wings from our little post office My life at the baying Had always been a happy one But now each event seemed to glow Because I could share it with Carl Then that summer Mama suffered a cerebral hemorrhage It brought about a paralysis That seemed to affect her hands first Traveling from them to her arms And then down to her legs Her consciousness was the last thing to go Her eyes remaining open and alert Looking lovingly at each one of us Mama's love had always been the kind That acted itself out with soup pot And sewing basket But now that these things were gone Her love seemed as whole as ever She sat in her chair by the window And loved us And so I learned that love is larger Than the walls which shut it in Then one day in her sleep

With a smile on her lips Mama slipped away from us Forever And God shall wipe away All tears from their eyes And there shall be no more death Neither sorrow Nor crying Neither shall there be any more pain For the former things are passed away And there shall be no night there And they have no need of a candle Neither the light of the sun For the Lord God giveth them light And they shall reign Forever And ever Looking back

Into yesterday All the sorrows of this moment Seem so far away And how I long to return To yesterday You reached out And you took my hand Side by side We made a vow That we would always stand Till death should make us part But now I feel you slipping from my grasp I know I can't hold on to what is past But someday you'll take my hand Once again we'll be together We will hear the angels sing And we'll walk the streets of gold

For whatever trials we face Whatever joys we're coming from In the light of Jesus' grace We will always know The best is yet to come But whatever trials we face But whatever trials we face Whatever joys we're coming from In the light of Jesus' grace We will always know The best is yet to come Dearest Carl I've not heard from you in so long

Write to me please Life has been difficult at the Baye Since Mama died But the Lord gives us strength Still I wish I could talk to you in person Sharing my thoughts and feelings Would somehow lighten the burden Father you're back Any letters today?

[26 : 29] For you For you At last!

It's from Carl! Carl! No! Cory!

Cory! Cory! He's engaged! Papa!

He'll marry some rich girl in Amsterdam You know what hurts so very much?

It is love Love is the strongest force in all the world And when it is blocked Brings pain There are two things we can do when that happens Cory We can kill the love And that will stop the pain But a part of us dies too Or Cory We can find another root for that love You know God loves Carl even more than you do Yeah Yeah He does Yeah He does And if you Asked him He would give you A love for that man A love that could not be blocked That could never be destroyed Oh Cory When we cannot love in our old weak human way

[28 : 54] God can give us His perfect way Our time on earth is short And our days are full of hardship Little joys that never last And the tears that see us through But whatever trials we face Whatever joys we're coming from In the light of Jesus' grace We will always know The best is yet to know The best is yet to know Now " Zuunch to my soul' He deserves Whether and provin' All death Chapel Gary syndrome Michelleucci Eric Pandemic Season warnDay We passed that sunny day in January 1937, sharing memories.

With the many friends who crowded our home to share in the celebration. So many memories woven into the tapestry of our lives. As the party came to a close, that special day becoming a memory itself, could we have known what was in store for our little family?

How could we have known that we were about to be given adventure such as we had never dreamed? Adventure and anguish. Horror and heaven were just around the corner and we did not know it.

Oh father, Betsy, if I had known, could I have gone ahead? Could I have done the things I did? Look how I did it!

Exactly what I did! You don't look 100 years old. Oh! Bill, you've come! We were getting worried.

[31 : 13] I am so sorry I am late. Congratulations, father. Now our joy is complete. Oh, thank you. I got it last weekend. But where is Tina? She won't be able to come.

We had another refugee from Germany. Refugee? From Germany? Yes, a Jewish man. Some teenage boys on the street side in Munich set fire to his beard.

He was unable to get medical attention in the German hospital, so he fled to Holland. Hoodlums, young hooligans. It's the same in every country. The police will catch up with him.

You'll see. Germany is a civilized country. Well, I'm afraid civil is not the word used among Hitler's youth. What does Hitler want? What does he want? This man in Germany, does he want war?

What does it matter? Let the big countries fight it out. Germany left us alone in the great war. It is to their advantage to keep us neutral. There will be no war for Holland.

[32 : 07] It is wrong to base faith upon wishes. There will be war. Germany will attack. And we will fall.

There will be war. There will be war. There will be war. There will be war. There will be war. There will be war. Well, I must be going. Yes, seven o'clock. Where has this gay gone? Congratulations again.

A wonderful party. Thank you. pongal. Good night. Good night. Day is dawn.

And the sunset's here. Here Every moment Every second Brings a new day here And the sun Will rise once more And time Goes marching on As we look Into tomorrow Will it bring us Joy or sorrow Will it bring us Smiles or tears So we take it To the Father As we give him All our fears He will lead us Through tomorrow As he's led us Through the years Father was right

Germany attacked Holland in 1940 For five days We held off The invader Then Over the radio We heard the news We had been dreading The Queen had fled Holland had surrendered The Queen Has left Our nation's Fallen Our country Poins The end Of that age All hope Has gone That day For Holland The Queen Has surrendered That day Farewell

[34 : 54] To freedom That day I would have fought I would have never Given up That is good King For Holland's Troubles Have just begun I pity Poor Dutchman Today Who do not know The power of God For we are beaten But he Is not Father above Ruler of all Nations will rise Nations will fall Battles are lost Victories won Thy will be done Amen

Amen Amen Father O Christ In heaven Above Give us Your grace Teach us Your love Help us To learn Your way To live Help us Forgive Amen Amen Amen Yellow star

The star of David In your glory I am shamed They have cursed God's chosen people They have cursed His holy name They have torn away Our children They have dragged Away our wives They have burned Our holy places They have village They have village Through our lives Yellow star I wish to curse you Wish to see Your shame no more Tear away This mark of hatred Give me peace Just as before Let me live My life without you Will they God

Please hear my cry After all We are your people And the apple Of your eyes They have gone I am going to turn But why Not here Coming to the back Where they can't see In the windows They heard shots And saw you hiding From the shop window Who were those men NSB National socialist bond But why were they chasing you Because I am a Jew They say I am a threat To national security My wife Yes where is your wife Hiding on a farm In the country But they refuse To take me Because I look too Jewish Even without this Cursed yellow star Sewn on my clothing Yellow star Here you are welcome

Please sit down And don't ask why After all You are God's people And the apple Love is I Yellow star We wish to bless you Wish to have you On your way We will do our part To keep you In this evil Desperate day Two nights later The same scene was repeated This time a Jewish woman Fleeing for her life Of course we must help But we knew that the Baye Was too dangerous a location It was time for a visit To my brother Willem Corrie

[40 : 09] What are you doing here Brother I came to tell you We have guests Stay with us At the Baye A man and woman They are Jews Corrie I I know it is dangerous But what can we do It isn't safe for them there Too many houses nearby Only a half block From police headquarters Can you find them Hiding places in the country It's getting harder Harder every month They feel the food shortage Now Even on the farms I still have addresses Yes a few But they refuse to take anyone Without a ration card But Jews aren't issued Ration cards I know I know And ration cards Can't be counterfeited either They're changed too often And too easy to spot I know several printers Who counterfeit identities Willem If Jews aren't issued Ration cards And they can't be counterfeited What do you do Ration cards You steal them Willem Could you steal

I mean Could you get No Corrie I am watched Can't you understand this Every move I make is watched Already They have Raided the nursing home Twice And I avoided Arrest Only because I am a clergyman.

Even if I can continue working for a while, you must develop your own sources. My own sources? Why, Willem, of course, we know half of Harlem. Be careful, Corey. You don't know their political views.

But God does. Already he's reminded me of someone in the food office who is a ration card. Don't tell me. Don't. The less connection with me, the less connection, Corey, with anyone, the better.

You're right, brother. We will trust God to be the connection for all of us. Perhaps we will call ourselves God's Underground. And so they came to us, one and two at a time.

[42 : 03] A knock at the door, a frightened look, the same tightly clutched bundle of possessions, always the same story. A friend arrested or simply disappeared, and the fear that they would be next.

Our little family grew behind the blackout curtains in the upstairs rooms of the bay. My hands are empty.

What have I left to call my own? My heart is broken. My heart is broken. Am I to end my days alone?

My dreams are fading. Lost in a cloud of empty days. My hands are empty.

My hands are empty. What is there left to strip away? We love every last possession, torn from everything we love.

[43 : 18] Caged by fear and deep depression. Nothing left but will to live.

We live as ghosts behind these walls. Echoes of whispers, echoes of whispers, echoes of whispers, shadows in the halls. Never be heard, never be heard, never be seen.

Soon we'll just fade away. We live as ghosts behind these walls. Those of the shadows in the halls.

Never be heard, never be seen. Soon we'll just fade away. Every smile could speak of danger.

Every sound could warn of doom. Stripped of friends and trusting strangers, this hiding place will be our tomb.

[44 : 25] In the hidden hidden hidden hidden. In the dark in shadows. Contest, contest, contest, contest, contest.

Kindest probes must be our prayers of thee. Kindest haunts must be our heart. Scared to breathe, what fear of dying.

Scared to speak, someone may hear. Scared to feel, what fear of crying. If we're seen, we'll disappear.

Set us free from evil's prison. Calling God to you we pray. After all, we are your people.

You won't let us fade away. You won't let us fade away.

[45 : 45] It was 1942. Two years after Holland's surrender. Each month, the occupation grew harsher.

Restrictions became more rigid. The Germans grew bolder. Raids of private homes and deportation of Jews were now a daily occurrence. Jews were not the only ones taken captive.

Any able-bodied young man could be seized at any time by the Razzia and taken to forced labor in the munitions factories. Our guests lived in constant fear of discovery.

And as our operation grew, so did the danger. Miss Telbone? Yes? Mr. Slurring tells me you do highly specialized work storing unwanted watches.

I'm here to inspect your shop. So you're the man Herman Slurring told me about Mr. There's only one last name in the underground, Smith. Now, I understand that there's no, you have no secret room in this operation.

[46 : 41] Operation? I don't think it sounds so professional. We are in the profession of saving lives, Miss Tinboom. If you're not planning to take it seriously, you'd better get out. Now, please, show me what precautions have been taken, hm?

Well, when our agents report, we signal to them that it is safe by placing this sign in the window. Very good. But we must also install an electric buzzer in this room to warn those higher up in case of rape.

Please, show me the rest of the house. Ah, this is my father, Caspar Tenboom. Father, this is Mr. Smith. Ah, I know several Smiths in Amsterdam.

Perhaps you would be related to the Smiths on the north side of- Father, this is the man I told you about. He's come to inspect the shop. Oh, a building inspector. Well, you must be the Smith on Grote Hausstraat.

I have wondered that we never had an opportunity. Father, father, father. Father, father. He's not a building inspector, and his name is not Smith. Not Smith?

[47 : 43] No, he's a friend of Mr. Slurring. Excuse us. I knew a Smith on Konigstrasse. Oh, he told the most wonderful stories about his time in the South Sea.

The house is very old. It's actually two houses joined together more than a hundred years ago. That's why the floors are at different levels. What an impossibility. What an improbable, unpredictable, unbelievable impossibility.

Crooked walls, uneven floors. Miss Ten Boom, if all houses were constructed like this one, you'd see before you a less worried man. We have several empty rooms.

Aren't you sleeping? Let's go all the way up. You want your secret room as high up as possible. It gives you the best chance to reach it while it searches on below. Mealtimes. That's a favorite hour for a raid. Also the middle of the night. They must watch waste baskets and ashtrays.

If a raid should come in the middle of the night, they must not only take their sheets and blankets, but also get the mattress turned. That's a favorite trick of the SD, filling for a warm spot under the bed. Ah! This is it.

[48 : 46] But this is my bedroom. The false wall will go here. That's as big as I dare. It will take a cucked mattress, though, quite easily. There are four other empty rooms downstairs.

This room is at the top of the stairs. Those stairs will buy us time while the Gestapo searches. A few seconds. Seconds that save human lives, Miss Tenloom.

Of course. Now, if you'll allow me to take a few measurements, I'll begin work tomorrow. Whatever you need. Excuse me, I may be needed downstairs. Good morning.

How may I help you? Miss Tenloom? Yes. Mr. Slurring sent me. My name is Smit. Miss Smit. Won't you please come in. I work in the hospital, and I've kept this child there far too long.

She is a Jew. The little darling. Oh. I am told you have connections. You may find her a hiding place in the country.

[49 : 48] We will do what we can. God will show us what to do. Thank Jesus for protecting his little one. What about me? I'm the one who risked my life to bring her here.

Yes. Bless you. You are an angel. Good day, Miss Tenloom. Ah, yes. Goodbye. Are you crazy? Why didn't you tell me someone was here? It's all right. You'll get us all killed.

God will protect us. If there were a God, he wouldn't have allowed the devil into our country in the first place. But there is a God, and he is working here even now.

The Bible tells me that God—I've stayed here far too long already. You trust your God? I've got brains enough to take care of myself. We must pray for her, Corrie, that God will reveal his truth to her.

Who knows? He may even use this war to bring Dutchman to himself. Oh. Days grew increasingly tense.

[50 : 55] We were too big. The operation too large, the web too widespread. For a year and a half now, we had gotten away with our double lives. Ostensibly, we were still an elderly watchmaker and his two spinster daughters living above their tiny watch shop.

But in actuality, the Beyer was now the center of an underground ring that spread to the farthest corners of Holland. To our workshop daily came workers, reports, appeals.

We were bound to make a mistake. But as days grew tense, night times were eagerly awaited. Under Betsy's careful direction, evenings became the door to the wide world.

In the few hours that electricity was available, she organized games, talks, and musical concerts for the benefit of our guests. Oh, me too. This evening, we have a very special treat.

Meyer Mosel will share with us an original composition. Oh! Oh! Opa! Miss Ten Boom, Auntie Cory.

[51 : 58] Jews come and go through this house, shipped out to other safer hiding places, but you have accepted the orphan children. The ones no other hiding place wanted because we look too Jewish.

Meyer Mosel. Mosel. There's no reason your name should give you away too. You mean that I should deny my heritage, change my name?

I've always liked the name Eusebius Mosel. Oh! Eusebius Mosel! No! It's not quite right! Eusebius Gentile Mosel! I almost... Don't be a goose. You must change both names.

How about smit? Of course. That seems like a popular name these days, doesn't it, Father? Yes. Extraordinarily popular. Oh, Cory. Eusebius Smit, it is.

And now, on behalf of our little family, I have composed a special blessing for the family, Ten Boom. May the Lord bless you.

[53 : 04] Lie, lie, lie, lie, lie. May he protect you. Lie, lie, lie, lie, lie. Make his face shine upon you.

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah. Our Lord in heaven gave us Rahab, who hid his spies and got them through.

Down through the ages, he's kept his people, and now he keeps us here with you. No.

Gleich breaths. Yes. Yes. Highway repeated on Johnnön MORE With Dad in the empire, he's ready to come with you.

When David hid inside a cavern When Saul pursued him through the gloom Down through
the ages He's kept his people And now he keeps us in this room La la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la La la la
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la la through the ages. He's kept his people and now he keeps us by your hand.

[55:29] There was a knock at the door. It was a neighbor.

Corrie, could George you seem a little quieter? You can hear them right through the walls. And there's all kinds of people on the streets.

Are they gone? Is it safe? Is it ever safe? Will it ever be safe for us again?

Say, now, all the neighbors and I were keeping juicy. Oh, thanks the Lord for good neighbors. Oh, Betsy, there are far too many people coming and going. No white shop could do such wonderful business.

All of Harlem must know what we're up to. We must stop. But we cannot. Who else would do the work of God's underground? Opa? Miss Ten Boom?

[56 : 33] You aren't Jews. You needn't risk your lives. You could be killed. I would consider that the greatest honor ever to come to my family.

We do what we can. It makes life worth living. Giving a hand to someone in me.

We give what we have. And God just keeps giving. If I don't help you, then who would help me?

This is life, and we've tried to make it better. Help the weak, sure that God can make them strong.

This is war, and we all must stand together. This is war, and we all must stand together. Side by side, hand in hand, we must stand till we write every run.

[57 : 41] I confess that sometimes fear grips my heart, and I wish to lock the door tight, and protect only myself.

But this is God's work, and I fear him far more than the Germans. We must follow God's commands. We must leave it in his hands. If we win or if we lose, this is not for us to choose.

We will continue on as God leads us, and trust him to keep us. In the face of such danger, we knew we should stop the work. But how could we? It was only a matter of time.

I had been sick with a fever. Lying in my bed, something disturbed my sleep. In my fever dream, I heard a buzzing sound. On and on it went by wooden stuff.

Then I heard voices. Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry. People racing past my bed. The Jews racing for the hiding place. I sat bolt upright. I helped them enter the seat of the room and shut the panel.

[59 : 05] I just made it back to my bed, but the door flung open. What's your name? What? Your name. Cornelia Tan-Boo. So you're the ringleader. On your feet.

Tell me, where are you hiding your Jews? I don't know what you're talking about. Where are your Jews? Where is your secret room? There are no Jews. Where are your Russian cards? Oh, Narcissus, protect me!

You say that name again, and I'll kill you. On your feet. Betsy, he heard you.

Yes. I feel so sorry for him. Prisoners will remain silent. You, old man, you believe in the Bible.

Tell me, what does it say in the Bible about obeying the government? Fear God. Honor the Queen.

[60 : 16] It does not say that. The Bible does not say that. No. It says, fear God. Honor the King. But for us, that is the Queen.

It is not King or Queen. We are the legal government now, and you are lawbreakers. On your feet. Let's go. From the banging and thumping upstairs, we could tell they had not discovered the secret room.

As we were pushed out the door, Father paused to pull the weights on the old Frigian clock. We must not let the clock run down.

Oh, Father. Did you really think we would be back when next the chain ran out? There was a measure.

There is a measure. There is a price. There is an theory. Let us try this. It has a much larger Age of Newfiber. Large Age of Newfiber. It seems British environments here. The Project has formed theacle in the morning.

[61 : 46] There is a measure four cents per meter. rotary fusel is spring. The wild seren is spring. The infrared■ boanch ■■■ ■■■. fury gasp.The man Hot Seen The Miracle X Is Un Uber The Tax Thymers The following season The cú■ When the night is dark, when I'm on my own, Jesus sends his light, and I'm not alone.

Jesus is watching from above, sending the sunlight of his love.

Stella! Princess, remain silent! Cornelia Ten Boom? Yes? I have come for your hearing. I understand you have been ill.

They have kept you in solitary confinement for several months now. Is that why I've been kept here? Your illness is contagious. If it is not punishment, why are they so cruel? Why can't I not even speak? A prison is like any institution, Miss Ten Boom, certain rules and regulations.

But I'm not sick now. I've been better for weeks and weeks, and my own sister Elizabeth Ten Boom is in this prison somewhere. If only I could see Betsy! I would like to help you, Miss Ten Boom.

[63 : 27] But you must tell me everything. I may be able to do something, but only if you do not hide anything from me, yeah? I understand. Do you know a man named Hermann Slurring?

Yes. He's been a family friend since I was a small child. The Gestapo arrested him for stealing ration cards and counterfeiting documents. I'm sorry to hear that. Have you ever received stolen ration cards from him?

I have not. Has anyone in your family received stolen ration cards? I do not know. When was the last time you saw Hermann Slurring? About a week before we were arrested he came by our shop. His watch was losing time. Is that so?

Yes. There was some dust in the main spring that was slowing it down. Do you know a man named Johann von Tuss? No. He runs a tailoring shop in the Grotermarkt.

My sister Betsy does our sewing. Your other activities, Miss Ten Boom. Would you like to tell me about them? Other activities? Oh, you mean you want to know about my Sunday school? Every Sunday afternoon, before the war, I held the class for the feeble-minded.

[64 : 32] I taught them about God. What a waste of time and energy. Surely, if you want converts, one normal person is worth all the half-wits into words. God's viewpoint is sometimes different from ours, Lieutenant.

In the Bible, I read that God values us not for our strength or our brains, but because he made us.

Who knows, in his eyes a half-wit may be worth more than a watchmaker or a German lieutenant. There are some interesting ideas in that book of yours.

What else does it say, dear? It says that a light came into this world, so that we need no longer walk in the dark.

Is there darkness in your life, Lieutenant? I'm a busy man, Miss Ten Boom. I do not have time for religious debates. Jesus is the light the Bible shows to me. The light that can shine even in such darkness as yours.

[65 : 38] What do you know? Darkness like mine. But yet God... How can you believe in God now? What kind of gods would allow an old man to die alone? Here, in Schoveningen.

Father. Yes. Caspar Ten Boom died four months ago, only ten days after his arrest.

He taught you of this God, didn't he? Now he lies buried in some unknown grave. Lieutenant. I know where my father is.

Together with Mama. Walking those bright streets. That will be all, Miss Ten Boom. You will be deported to the concentration camp at Ravensbrück. You and your sister, Elizabeth Ten Boom, will be transported together.

Ravensbrück. The dreaded Nazi death camp. A city of low, grey barracks surrounded by concrete walls from which guard towers rose at intervals.

[66 : 49] In the very centre, the unspeakable squat concrete building with a large square smokestack that emitted a thin, grey vapour into the blue sky. Beneath the vapour, the pale, thin women prisoners struggled to level the ground just inside the prison walls.

How are we to live? Here! Do what you can. Fight for survival. Lie, steal, or kill, but come out alive.

Your fellow man. Now is your rival. Only a few of the strong will survive.

This is war, and each day becomes a battle. And will fight every woman for herself.

This is war, and the casualties are many. And it's sad, but you're glad when it's someone else.

[68 : 00] We do what we can. Each day we keep living. Each threat that we take, a small victory.

We harden our hearts. We're cold and forgiving. They've murdered our souls, but our hatred runs free.

Fella! Can't you work any faster? No, for lazy swine!

Just look what Madame Baroness is carrying up. Sure is, she overexerts herself. That's me, alright. But you'd better let me totter along with my little spoonful, or I'll have to stop altogether.

I decide who's to stop! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No!

[69 : 04] No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No!

No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No!

No! No! You're fucking on purpose, Bridget! Our fellow man, once was your rival.

Now, hand in hand, we fight to survive. This is more, but we know who has the victory.

This is life, and God holds it in his hands. When we're tired, when we're tempted or discouraged, we can know that our Jesus understands.

[70 : 10] Our Savior came down, his hand was his people. Our his tempted, despised, and made your dream.

If he did not, that his temptation, he suffered in flesh that our souls might be free.

He suffered and died, and he set us free. To your barracks!

Inside the barracks, light filtered through the cracked and broken windows.

Our noses told us first that the place was filthy. Somewhere the plumbing had backed up. The bedding was soiled and rancid.

[71 : 17] There were no individual beds. Only piers stacked three tiers high. Nine women shared the reeking straw and swarming fleas that filled our mark.

So you get worse and worse. We should take you to the infirmary. They would come to the hospital, maybe even release you. No, they never release sick prisoners.

The old and the sick are killed—with the Jews. If you're ill, you'd better suck it up! What's that? A Bible.

A Bible. A Bible? Get rid of it. Get caught with the Bible and its double sentence. Maybe even the gas chambers. My sister Nolly smuggled this to me in Sheveningen.

God miraculously hid it from the guards when we entered Ravensbrück. To give it up would be worse than death. You too have it changed a bit.

[72 : 19] I'm sorry. No you wouldn't recognize me now. I worked in the hospital. I brought a Jewish baby to your watch shop. Miss Smith. My real name is Mien.

Will you join us? No thank you. I plan to live long enough to get out of this rat hole. Go on Betsy.

Comfort the feeble-minded. Support the weak. Be patient toward all men. See that none render evil for evil unto any man, but ever follow that which is good both among yourselves and to all men.

It was written for Ravensbrück. Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks. For this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

That's it, Cory. That's what we must do. In everything give thanks.

[73 : 32] We can start right now by thanking God for every single thing about these barracks. Thank him for this? We must thank him that we're here together.

Oh yes. For Jesus, after four months of solitary confinement, thank you for bringing Betsy back to me and for what I hold in my hands.

Thank you that we have our Bible here. Thank you for all the women who will meet you in these pages.

Thank you for the crowds. Because they pack us so close together that many more will hear. Thank you for the jammed, crammed, packed, suffocating crowd.

And thank you for the lice and the fleas. The fleas. Betsy. Not even God can make me grateful for a flea.

[74 : 30] In everything give thanks. It doesn't say in pleasant things. Fleas are a part of this place where God has put us.

All right. Thank you, Jesus, for the fleas. In fact, no! No! If you're going to keep that Bible, don't worry about talking about it.

You're hiding it in the barracks. I've been in this camp three months, and I've never seen a guard step through that door. Why? We're scrutinized everywhere else. Why we live alone in our barracks?

Don't ask questions. Just enjoy it. Then we heard it. Sound of hell itself. Not the sound of anger or even pain.

Not the sound of any human emotion at all. But a cruelty altogether detached. Blows landing at intervals. And screams keeping pain. We covered our ears.

- [75 : 25] What is it? What is it? What is it? What is it? What is it? What is it? barracks nine.
Punishment barracks. Lord Jesus, help us. All that talk about love won't last long in a place like this.
- The only way to survive here is to hate. No! When we can no longer love in our old, weak, human way, we must ask God to give us his perfect way.
- He will show us how. A thankful Father is in heaven today. I must tell Jesus all of my trials.
- I cannot bear these burdens alone. In my distress he surely will help me.
- He ever loves and cares for his own. I must tell Jesus.
- [76 : 52] I must tell Jesus. I cannot bear these burdens alone.
- I cannot bear these burdens alone. In my distress he surely will help me. He ever loves and cares for his own.
- I cannot bear these burdens alone.
- I must tell Jesus. I must tell Jesus. I must tell Jesus. I must tell Jesus.
- He ever loves and cares for his own. I must tell Jesus.
- [78 : 01] I must tell Jesus. Jesus alone.
- Jesus alone. Jesus alone. Jesus alone.
- Jesus alone. Jesus alone.
- I must tell Jesus. Jesus alone.
- I must tell Jesus. You are not difficult. She weighed no more than a child. Oh Lord help me. Cory. I can't stand here anymore. Hang on Betsy.
- [79 : 09] It can't be much longer. We've been standing here for three hours. I'm so cold I can't feel my feet. Prisoner 66730 request permission to help her sister sit down.
- She's very weak. Prisoners who cannot attend a roll call must report to the infirmary. But she's only very tired. Prisoners are only saying a during roll call. Oh Cory.
- I'm sorry. I tried to stand in my own strength. I'm all right now.
- Jesus has reminded me he will never leave me or forsake me. We've been in this prison five months.
- You're ill. I don't understand why God keeps us here. When will he free us?
- [80 : 21] Someday barbed wire and prison walls will no longer surround us. Wicked men will not shout at us. These people trained in cruelty will not hold death in their clutches.
- Someday we shall see colors. Trees. Grass. Flowers.
- We shall walk freely wherever we want. We shall sing and hear music. If only.
- Oh. There are no ifs in God's kingdom, Cory. He has put us here. Without us, who would bring these women hope through Christ?
- Then you think we shall never be free? No. God has showed me we will both be free before the new year. But it is wrong to wish for it now.
- [81 : 23] We are not ready. Wishes only take us from the work God gives us now. Dismissed. Prisoners to your workstations.
- Dismissed. Get that sick woman inside and let her lay down. How my Jesus cares for me. What?
- This? This is how he cares for you. Everything dies here.
- Everything good crumbles away. Any thought of human kindness.

Any little act of care. Must be crushed before it blossoms. Never brought to bear.

[82 : 28] Bleeding black and dark and hopeless. The color of despair.

They took my family. They took my children away. No more visions of the future.

Tears have all been cried. Shorn of every spark of beauty. Stripped of every shred of pride.

If there was a soul within me. When they brought me here. It died.

Now they've got me in this hell. And they will put me through. My body just an empty shell.

[83 : 38] And they will take that too. For everything dies here.

Everything good crumbles away. Calling out. Crying out. Death would be a mercy.

Singing out. Screaming out. Take me from this pain. Crying till there's nothing left.

Nothing left. Everything within me. If there was a spark of heaven left. I searched for it in vain.

And the ones who still believe are dead. Their ashes fall. Their ashes fall. Like rain.

[84 : 43] For everything dies here. Everything dies here. Everything dies here. Everything dies here.

Everything dies here. Even my soul has crumbled away.

My soul has crumbled away.

How do you feel? My strength comes from the Lord. I brought you your soup. Royal turnip water can hardly be called soup. But it's hot.

It feels so good to my cold hands. Lord bless this food for Jesus' sake. Amen. How many times I prayed that if I found them without thinking what it meant. But if the Lord will bless this soup it can make you well.

[86 : 00] We've had so little to eat here. When we get home we shall have to eat small bits of food at a time until our stomachs unread.

Oh no. God, we'll see to it that we can eat foods of all kinds right from the start. A dream of tasting? Yes. Now I won't say it. It will only make me hungry.

I have something to tell you. Good news then. You seem very pleased. You know we've always wondered why the guards give us such freedom in this room.

We hold bible studies every day and they never try to stop us. Yes. Well, today I was so weak I could hardly move. But I was so thirsty so I called out to a guard passing by that I needed water.

She screamed at me. I'm not stepping foot in that place. It's crawling with please. So that's why they leave us alone.

[87 : 01] Thank you, Jesus, for the please. Corrie said you were sick. I saved my bread rationed for you.

Thank you. You are very kind. You are very kind. Are you going to read that bible tonight? Why, of course.

But Corrie, you read tonight. My eyes can hardly see. Of course. When did we leave off? Corinthians. Second book, chapter four. Corinthians.

Second book, chapter four. But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.

We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed. We are perplexed, but not in despair.

[88 : 02] Persecuted, but not forsaken. Cast down, but not destroyed. Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body.

For which cause we faint not, but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding an eternal weight of glory, While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.

For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. Dear Dear was course.

Honest without me Cory. No, I won't leave you here. You know, if I have to stay, find you still in bed. It won't matter.

[89 : 24] It won't be long now. I'm going home. What do you mean?

Home. To Jesus. God strengthens me, even in this place, but to lose you.

I couldn't bear it. It's Papa's train ticket, Cory. Remember. What are you talking about? Think back.

Aunt Janz was sick. You were scared. You were crying. Papa said that if the time should come that one of us has to die, that God will give you the strength, you mean, just in time.

Just in time. I wish that we could be together always. Cory, but you must stay.

[90 : 33] You must tell them. Tell them there is no pit so deep that he is not deeper still.

Betsy. Tell them they will listen to you because you have been here.

Betsy.

Betsy! Betsy?

And there lay Betsy, eyes closed as if in sleep, her face full and young, the grief lines, the care lines, simply gone.

[91 : 47] Even her hair was graciously in place, as if an angel had ministered to her. Lord Jesus, what are you saying?

What are you giving me? There lay Betsy, bursting with joy and hope. This was the Betsy of heaven.

Betsy was so kind to me, though I never gave her reason to be. It is easy in a place like this, watching murder and unspeakable cruelty, to think that we are not really so bad.

But the Bible says there's none righteous. No, not one. What did Betsy ever do wrong? Nothing bad enough to deserve this. We all deserve eternal damnation in hell.

Ravensbrück can only hold you until you die. Hell will last forever. God save us all. He will. If you ask him. In the Bible, I read that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

[93 : 16] You see, Jesus paid the price for our sin when he died on the cross. All you must do is accept his free gift of eternal life.

I cannot believe in a God that would allow Betsy to die in such filth. I believe in myself, and I'm paying for my sin every day.

Betsy is with the one who loves her more than we are able to. He has taken away her pain, wiped away her tears.

In the light of his glory, the suffering of Ravensbrück is no longer even a memory. I will be with Betsy again.

I will be with Betsy again. But he is here now. I will be with Betsy again.

[94 : 30] But he is here now. God gives me his strength.
 Just in time. You are my hiding place.
 In you I am made whole. When trouble comes my way, you're the keeper of my soul.
 When my days seem so black, hear the music of deliverance you send me to console.
 I may not understand. But I know who's in control. You are my hiding place.

[95 : 40] When life is bare. All else is stripped away. Still Christ is there.
 Though others turn away. They hide their face. I run to Jesus.
 My hiding place. You are my hiding place.
 In you I am set free. Though they may lock the door. I know who holds the key.
 And you're here and you're now. I can feel you all around me. And you're all you said
 you'd be.

[96 : 53] My world may fall apart. And yet to you I flee. You are my hiding place.
 When life is bare. All else is stripped away. Still Christ is there.
 Though others turn away. They hide their face. I run to Jesus.
 My hiding place. I run to Jesus.
 Thy hiding place. I run to Jesus.

[98 : 28] They've kept us standing here for five hours this morning. The sun makes it colder. Days
 like this make me glad that he isn't here anymore. It's selfish I know.
 But I miss her. The world just isn't the same without her. She left us the secret of her joy,
 Mian. And it's yours for the asking. What's that? Her hope in Jesus Christ.
 You don't give up, do you? God doesn't give up, Mian. I turned my back on God long ago.
 God doesn't care what you've done. What matters is what he did for you.
 Prisoner 66730 Ten Boom Cornelia. Remain after roll call. What does it mean?
 Death sentence? No. Release. Release. I dare not believe it. Just thank that God of yours.
 If only. If only. What?

[99 : 31] You're going home. If only Betsy had lived a few more weeks. We would go home
 together. No. They never would have released Betsy. She was too sick. There is only one
 way out of Ravensbrück for the week. Then Betsy was right. We are both released for the
 new year. Dismissed. Prisoners to your work stations.
 You follow me. Come. too sick. There is only one way out of Ravensbrück for the week.
 And Betsy was right. We are both released for the new year. Dismissed! Prisoners to your
 workstations. You follow me.
 Wait! I want what you have. I want Jesus. He's waiting for you. What do I do? Ask him.
 Just ask him.
 It's a very good day. I want Jesus. I want Jesus. I want Jesus.

[100 : 49] I want Jesus. I want Jesus. I want Jesus.
 He's been. He's been. I want Jesus. He's been.
 He's been. He's been. He's been. He's been.
 He's been. He's been.
 Corrie. Willem. Oh, brother.

[102 : 02] It's so good to see you. I got your letter. Betsy was very ill. And our unofficial guests?

They were sieged for three days, but finally the Gestapo left and all were taken to safety. Thanks the Lord. Tina and I have a room, all ready for you at our home.

You're very kind. You could use a good supper. And a bath. Shall we go? You wait in the car. I'll be right there. For nine months I've wanted nothing more than to be home.

The house itself has called to me. Of course. But Corrie, you won't need that anymore. You're home. What? Your train ticket.

I'm coming toon. So very soon, that I'm very proud of the Lord across the foreword. Everyone she never has a nous-m warto.

[103 : 32] Here you are already. Herr is a weak bottle. After her home, the coming superintendent of 1 to 2, this year ispicated on 1.

Time goes marching on, and we look back where we started, and we see our ways have parted, and the past is dead and gone. But the Lord sees all our sorrow. He will help us find our way. He will lead us through tomorrow by the things we've learned today.

What I had been longing for could no longer be found at the Bayeux. It was time to move on. I learned later that my release was a clerical error.

All prisoners my age were killed a week later. But God makes no mistakes. Betsy's words to me echoed through my mind.

You must tell them, Cory. Tell them there is no pit so deep that he is not deeper still.

[105 : 05] And so I share with you my story. And even with some of the German guards that held us captive at Ravensbrück, I tell them that joy runs deeper than despair.

when we want to get to chunk up action with them. Tonine 14th joined by Rick James Colever so dear to me as soon as it is.

Jim, he is. He is, for many of us to be■■ and naive are ending in pain between Steve its VOICES. Remember the Stephen Anderson to search up the road or construction? I hope you enjoyed things tonight.

I think the biggest question that all of us have to answer is, if we were put into some kind of situation like that, would we be ready? Death faces all of us. All of us have an enemy.

It may not be the Gestapo. It may not be people killing Jews. But the truth is, you will one day die. And somebody can save you and rescue you and give you hope beyond the grave.

[106 : 19] No matter what you've been through or what's going on in your life, He loves you and He died for you. I want to ask you to have a word of prayer with me. If you'd bow your heads, we're going to thank the Lord. If you're not saved, if you do not know that you go to heaven, even there where you're seated, why don't you tell the Lord, I know that I have sinned.

I know that I deserve the punishment that we talked about tonight. The Bible says, for the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Our sin separates us from God. And for that, we will pay or we will accept what Jesus did on the cross of Calvary when He died in our place.

And so tonight, if you've never trusted Christ right where you're seated, I ask you to invite Him into your heart and to trust Him. To say, I know I've sinned. I trust you, I believe in you, and I'm accepting what you did on the cross of Calvary.

For with the heart, man believes. With the mouth, confession is made. You say, I believe in my heart that Jesus died for me. To pay my sin that you could be saved.

[107 : 24] Father, I thank you for this opportunity to be here tonight and to have this drama and to have you speak to our hearts.

And there might be someone here tonight that does not yet know the free freedom and the freeness of forgiveness that comes through what you did on the cross of Calvary. And I would like to ask you, if you would, to touch their heart and help them tonight to trust you and to believe.

God will give you honor and glory for all that you do. Save somebody here tonight. With your heads bowed and your eyes closed, if you have trusted Jesus tonight, you are saying, I want to put my faith and trust in Christ, would you hold your hand up and let me pray with you?

I will not embarrass you. I won't bother you. I just want to pray with you. I want to rejoice with you. Would there be anybody? Father, I thank you for these that are here tonight. I thank you for decisions that have been made to trust you.

And I pray that you would work in each of our lives, and we will give you praise and honor and glory for all you do. In Jesus' precious name, amen.