

The ten Boom House

From 1942 to 1944 the ten Boom house became a hiding place for Dutch Jews and others who opposed the Nazi regime. Shortly after the Nazis invaded the Netherlands in 1940, they set up a pro-Nazi government and began arresting Jews and sending them to concerntration camps.

Moved by their faith in Christ, watch maker Casper ten Boom and his family became active in the Dutch underground resistance, which rescued people from the Nazis. For two years, Casper and his grown daughters Corrie and Betsie hid and cared for people before sending them onto greater safety.

In 1944 the Gestapo (Nazi secret police) raided their home and arrested Casper, his daughters Corrie and Betsie, and several other family members and friends.

Although the Gestapo found evidence of the ten Booms' involvement in the underground,

they didn't find the six people who were hiding in the house that day! A small space behind a false wall in an upstairs bedroom protected four Jews and two members of the Dutch underground from the Nazis. This le

"There is no pit so deep that God's ove is not deeper still." - Betsie ten Boom A curamary of details found at www.corrietenboom.com/history.htm To orde

Dive



Locked up for Showing Love

After their arrest, the ten Booms were taken to a prison, where Casper died after only ten days. A few months later, Corrie and Betsie were transferred to a concentration camp in the Netherlands, and then to one called Ravensbruck, in Germany. Corrie describes what the camp was like in these excerpts from her book *The Hiding Place*.

Living in Hell

By 4:30 a.m. we had to be standing outside in the black predawn chill, standing at parade attention in blocks of one hundred women, ten wide, ten deep. . . Barrack 8 was in the quarantine compound. Next to usperhaps as deliberate warning to newcomers—were located the punishment barracks. From there, all day long and often into the hight, came the sounds of hell itself. They were not the sound of anger, or of any human emotion, but of a cruelty altogether detached: blows landing in regular rhythm, screams keeping pace. We would stand in our ten-deep ranks with our hands trembling at our sides, longing to jam them against our ears, to make the sounds stop. . . .

From morning until lights-out, whenever we were not in ranks for roll call, our Bible was the center of an ever-widening circle of help and hope. Like waifs clustered around a blazing fire, we gathered about it, holding out our hearts to its warmth and light. The blacker the night around us grew, the brighter and truer and more beautiful burned the word of God.



Above photos © United States Holocaust Memorial Museum





How Can We Live Here?

We stepped out of line . . . and stared at the long gray front of Barracks 28. Half its windows seemed to have been broken and replaced with rags. . . .

Because of the broken windows the vast room was in semi-twilight. Our noses told us, first, that the place was filthy; somewhere plumbing had backed up, the bedding was soiled and rancid. Then as our eyes adjusted to the gloom we saw that there were no individual beds at all, but great square piers stacked three high, and wedged side by side and end to end with only an occasional narrow aisle slicing through....

At last [our guide] pointed to a second tier in the center of a large block. To reach it we had to stand on the bottom level, haul ourselves up, and then crawl across three other straw-covered platforms to reach the one that we would share with—how many? The deck above us was too close to let us sit up. We lay back, struggling against the nausea that swept over us from the reeking straw....

Suddenly I sat up, striking my head on the cross-slats above. Something had pinched my leg.

"Fleas!" I cried. "Betsie, the place is swaming with them!"

We scrambled across the intervening platforms, heads low to avoid another/bump, dropped down to the aisle, and edged our way to a patch of light.

"Here! And here another one!" I wailed. "Betsie, how can we live in such a place?"

"Show us. Show us how." It was said so matter-of-factly it took me a second to realize she was praying....

"Corrie!" she said excitedly.
"He's given us the answer! Before we asked, as He always does!
In the Bible this morning. Where was it? Read that passage again!"

Iglanced down the long dim aisle to make sure no guard was in sight, then drew the Bible from its pouch. . . . "Rejoice always, pray constantly, give thanks in all circumstances..."

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"That's it, Corrie! That's His answer. 'Give thanks in all circumstances!' That's what we can do. We can start right how to thank God for every single thing about this new barracks!'

I stared at her, then around me at the dark, foul-aired room.

"Such as?" I said.

"Such as being assigned here together."

I bit my lip. "Oh, yes, Lord Jesus!"

"Such as what you're holding in your hands."

I looked down at the Bible.

"Yes! Thank You, dear Lord, that there was no inspection when





we entered here! Thank You for all the women, in this room, who will meet You in these pages."

"Yes," said Betsie. "Thank You for the very crowding here. Since we're packed so close that many more will hear." She looked at me expectantly. "Corrie!" she prodded.

"Oh, all right. Thank You for the jammed, crammed, stuffed, packed, suffocating crowds."

"Thank You," Bets e went on serenely, "for the fleas and for—"

The fleas! This was too much.

"Betsie, there's no way even God can make me grateful for a flea!"

"Give thanks in every circumstance," she quoted. "It doesn't say, 'in pleasant circumstances.' Fleas are part of this place where God has put us."

And so we stood between piers of bunks and gave thanks for fleas. But this time I was sure Betsie was wrong.

Under the Lightbulb

The work . . . was sheer misery. Betsie and I had to push a heavy handcart to a railroad siding where we inloaded large metal plates from a boxcar and wheeled them to a receiving gate at the factory. The grueling workday lasted eleven hours. . . . Back at the parracks we formed yet another line . . . to receive our ladle of turnip soup in the center room.

Then... Betsie and I made our way to the rear of the dormitory room where we held our worship "service."... A small lightbulb cast a wan yellow circle on the wall, and here an ever larger group of women gathered.

They were services like no others, these times in Barracks 28. A single meeting night might include a recital of the Magnificat in Latin by a group of Roman Catholics, a whispered hymn by some Lutherans, and a...chant by Eastern Orthodox women....

At last either Betsie or I would open the Bible. ... And then we would hear the life giving words passed back along the aisles in French, Polish, Russian, Czych, back into Dutch. They were little previews of heaven, these evenings beneath the lightbulb. ... In darkness God's truth shines more clear. ...

So many now wanted to join us that we held a second service after evening roll call. There on the Lagestrasse we were under rigid surveillance, guards . . . marching constantly up and down. . . . Yet in the large dormitory room there was almost no supervision at all. We did not understand it.

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After a while, Corrie and Betsie were assigned to the knitting crew where they had many opportunities to minister to other prisoners and share the gospel.

One evening I got back to the barracks late.... Betsie was waiting for me, as always.... Her eyes

were twinkling.

"You know we've never understood why we had so much freedom in the big room," she said. "Well—I found out."

That afternoon, she said, there'd been confusion in her knitting group about sock sizes and they'd asked the supervisor to come and settle it.

"But she wouldn't. She wouldn't step through the door and neither would the guards. And you know why?"

Betsie could not keep the triumph from her voice: "Because of the fleas! That's what she said, 'That place is crawling with fleas!'"

My mind rushed back to our first hour in this place. I remembered Betsie's bowed head, remembered her thanks to God for creatures I could see no use for.

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Home Again

Though Betsie dreamed of life after the war, she wouldn't live to see it. Betsie became very ill and died at Ravensbruck. Corrie was released and returned to Holland, where she carried out Betsie's three dreams: establishing a place for released prisoners to go to be healed; providing a home for people who had sided with Germany and were now hated by most people; and turning a concentration camp into a home for Germans whose homes had been destroyed by the war.

Corrie spent the rest of her life writing, traveling, and speaking about her experiences in the concentration camps. She told how Jesus can turn even the worst imaginable situation into an opportunity for growing in faith and helping other people. Corrie died in 1983 on her ninety-first birthday.

Taken from, *The Hiding Place* by Corrie ten Boom with Elizabeth and John Sherrill. Permission granted by Chosen Books LLC.

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Gaining Courage

Deuteronomy 31:6 Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid or terrified because of them, for the Lord your God goes with you; he will never leave you nor forsake you.

Philippians 4:12-13 I know what it is to be in need, and I know what it is to have plenty. I have learned the secret of being content in any and every situation, whether well fed or hungry, whether living in plenty or in want. I can do all this through him who gives me strength.

LOOK UP:

Romans 14:8

Exodus 4:10-12

Psalm 46

Daniel 3:16-30

Matthew 28:19-20

Finding Comfort

LOOK UP:

Psalm 23

Romans 8:18, 26 I consider that our present sufferings are not worth comparing with the glory that will be revealed in us. . . The Spirit helps us in our weakness. We do not know what we ought to pray for, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us with groans that words cannot express.

Romans 8:35, 37-39 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution or famine or nakedness or danger or sword?... No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.



Praying the Psalms

Psalm 16:1-2 Keep me safe, O God, for in you I take refuge. I said to the LORD, "You are my Lord; apart from you I have no good thing."

Psalm 71:1-2 In you, LORD, I have taken refuge; let me never be put to shame. In your righteousness, rescue me and deliver me; turn your ear to me and save me.

LOOK UP:

Psalm 25:1-6

Psalm 91

Psalm 116:1-9

Psalm 121

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God Is Our Hiding Place

Since, then, you have been raised with Christ, set your hearts on things above, where Christ is seated at the right hand of God. Set your minds on things above, not on earthly things. For you died, and your life is now hidden with Christ in God. When Christ, who is your life, appears, then you also will appear with him in glory. —*Colossians* 3:1-4

The triangular "Alpina" sign was a signal that it was safe to enter the ten Boom house.





Who else can you pray for this week who needs to know the peace and hope of belonging to Jesus?

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Who Are You? Create Your Profile Below.

My name

What I like to be called

My birth date

My skills and talents

My personality and style



• send message

add friend



Sidney

Jameela

Leader: Powerful God, it's great to know that every "body and soul" detail of our lives is in your care.

Group: Even the hairs on our head!

Everyone: Thank you for loving us from head

Amen!

to toe, inside and out.

My favorite place to be

My closest friend

A few thing about my family

Things I believe

Things I wonder about

One person I admire

One thing I'm looking forward to

One challenge I'm facing

One of my dreams

Two things I'm proud of



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Shaken and Set Free

The miraculous earthquake that set Paul and Silas free left the jailer shaking with fear—if the prisoners escaped he would lose his job and probably his life! Was he ready to meet his maker?

The jailer blurted out one of life's biggest questions to Paul and Silas, and they gave him the answer he needed: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and you will be saved" (Acts 16:31). That night the jailer and his whole family put their trust in Jesus and discovered what Paul and Silas as well as Corrie and Betsie ten Boom (from last week's story) already knew. Whatever joys, fears, or dangers we encounter, our greatest comfort in life and in death comes from knowing that we belong to Jesus Christ, our Savior.

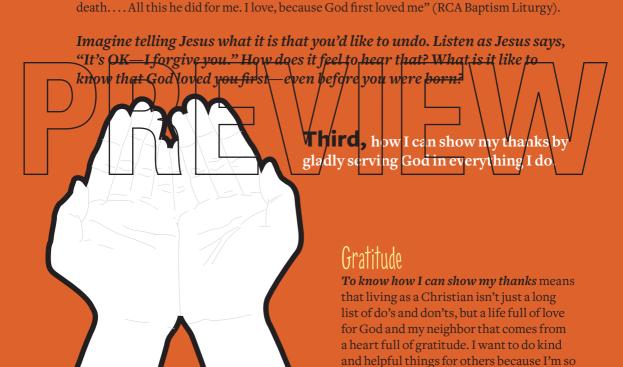
Today's story leaves us with an important question:



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To know how Jesus saves me from sin means that not only do I know the story of Jesus' death and resurrection in my head, but I believe in my heart that I'm part of that story. That it was "for me that Jesus Christ came into the world.... It was for me he died and conquered



Is there something kind or helpful you could do for someone this week?

grateful for what God does for me!

assure us we belong to Jesus.

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Imagining that you are **Cain** (the oldest) . . .

- What do you do fon a living?
- How would you describe your relationship with Abel (at the beginning of this story)
 Why did you want to sacrifice something to God! How did you choose what you
 would offer?
 - How did you feel when God accepted your brother's sacrifice but rejected yours?
 - Why do you think God did that?
 - What did dod warn you about? What did you think of that advice?
 - Why do you think you killed your brother Abel?
 - How did you expect God to treat you after that?
 - Why didn't you tell God where your brother was?
 - How did God punish you? Do you think it was fair?
 - Did God show you any mercy at all?
 - Do you ever confess your sin to God? Ask for forgiveness?
 - If you could go back, what would you do differently?

Q. How do you know you are a sinner?

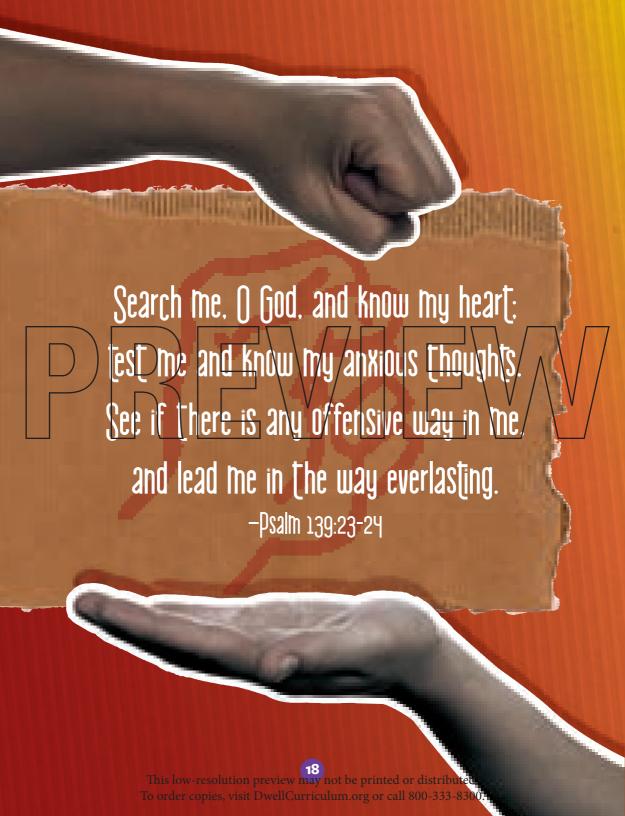
A. Christ's summary of the law tells me I should love God with all my heart, soul, and mind and my neighbor as myself. But I do not do this.

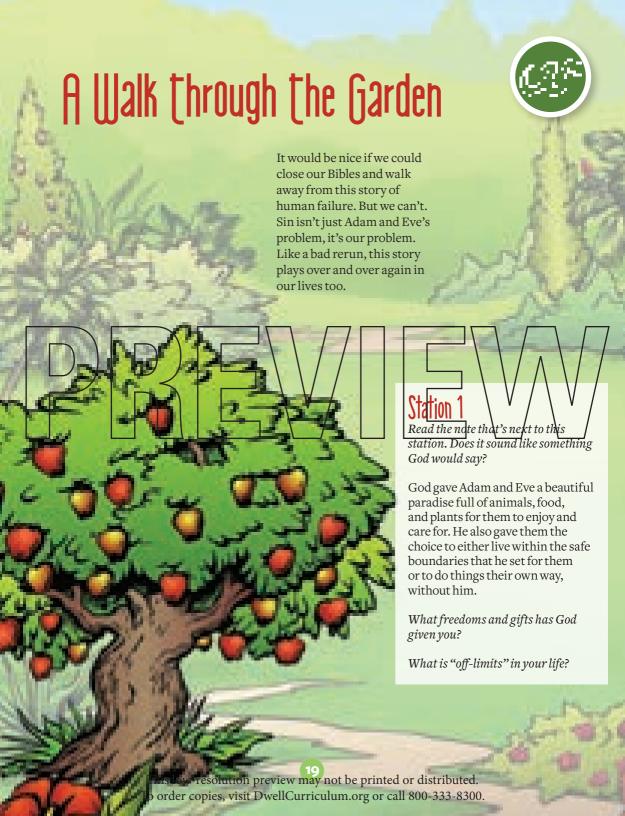
-Q&A3 (Q&A:A

Summary of Biblical Teachings)
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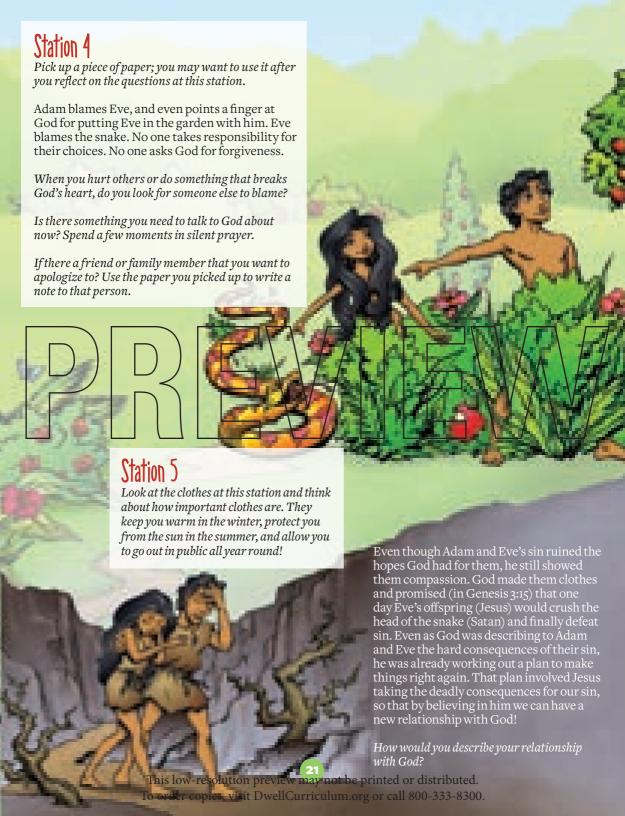
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The Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil

Did you ever wonder why the forbidden tree in the garden was called the tree of the knowledge of "good" and evil? Why "good"?

Why not just the tree of the knowledge of evil? We don't know for sure, but perhaps it is because we cannot really understand and appreciate what "good" means without also having experienced evil. For example, the idea of peace only makes sense if you also know what war is like.

Unscramble the "good" and "evil" words below and write them in the blanks. Then pair them up and write them on the tree so the letters fit in the boxes. The first example has been done for you.

| Knowledge of Good eapec: P E A C E | Knowledge of Evil |
|---|-------------------|
| ovle: | kisssecn: |
| thlaeh: | soorrw: |
| itluhmiy: elif: skendriis: | heta: |
| руј: | elcrytu: |
| fderns: | rediaps: |
| accceapetn: | eesneim: |
| eoph: | rpedi: |
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Q. Why don't you do what God wants?

I naturally tend to sin, sometimes on purpose, sometimes without thinking. I am like this becouse the first man and woman, Adam and Eve, chose to disobey their Creator and became sinners. They did this even though they were made in God's own image, good and obedient.







Notes from the Ark..

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have redeemed you; 743:16 30 DO Who can save you? I cannot save myself. Only Jesus Christ can save me. -Q&A 7 As a true human being, although without sin, and also true God, he was able to bear the guilt and punishment for the sin of all humanity. -Q&A 8 This low-resolution preview may not be printed or distribute To order copies, visit DwellCurriculum.org or call 800-333-8300.

God's Promises for My Life

Remembering Your Baptism

were created to be!

[Name], Romans 6 says that you were buried with Christ Jesus through baptism into his death in order that, just as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, you too may live a new life! **[Name],** the words God spoke at Jesus' baptism are for you too—you are God's child, and he loves you so much! Every day the Holy Spirit is working

within you, shaping you into the person you

Looking Forward to Baptism

[Name], Psalm 139 says that God knit you together in your mother's womb—before you were born God already loved you! You have tasted and seen that the Lord is good. God has already begun a good work in you, [Name], which he will carry to completion on the day of Christ's return! Your baptism will be a

sign, seal, and celebration of the grace God has given you!

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Seeking God's Blessing

[Name], Psalm 139 says that God knit you together in your mother's womb—before you were born God already loved you! In fact, he loved you so much that he sent his one and only son so that if you believe in him you won't perish, but have everlasting life. This is God's promise to you: ask and it will be given

to you seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives; those who seek find; and to those who knock, the door will be opened.

Prayer (for each person)

[Name], I pray that out of God's glorious riches he may strengthen you with power through his Spirit in your inner being, so that Christ may dwell in your heart through faith. And I pray that you, being rooted and established in love, may have power, together with all the Lord's people, to grasp how wide and long and high and deep is the love of Christ, and to know this love that surpasses knowledge—that you may be filled to the measure of all the fullness of God (Ephesians 3:16-19).

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