

OVER 2 MILLION COPIES SOLD

The extraordinary adventure of one
courageous Christian woman who became a militant heroine
of the anti-Nazi underground.

THE HIDING PLACE

THE TRIUMPHANT TRUE STORY OF
CORRIE TEN BOOM
WITH JOHN AND ELIZABETH SHERRILL



THE HIDING PLACE

by Corrie ten Boom

**With
John and Elizabeth
Sherrill**



BANTAM BOOKS

NEW YORK • TORONTO • LONDON • SYDNEY • AUCKLAND

*This edition contains the complete text
of the original hardcover edition.*

NOT ONE WORD HAS BEEN OMITTED.

RL 6, IL age 13 and up

THE HIDING PLACE

*A Bantam Book / published by arrangement with
Fleming H. Revell Company*

PUBLISHING HISTORY

Chosen Books published November 1971

Bantam edition / October 1974

All rights reserved.

*Copyright © 1971 by Corrie ten Boom and
John and Elizabeth Sherrill.*

*No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted
in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical,
including photocopying, recording, or by any information
storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing
from the publisher.*

*For information address: Fleming H. Revell Company,
Subs. of SFN Co.'s Inc., 184 Central Ave.,
Old Tappan, N.J. 07675.*

If you purchased this book without a cover you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as "unsold and destroyed" to the publisher and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this "stripped book."

ISBN 0-553-25669-6

Published simultaneously in the United States and Canada

Bantam Books are published by Bantam Books, a division of Bantam Doubleday Dell Publishing Group, Inc. Its trademark, consisting of the words "Bantam Books" and the portrayal of a rooster, is Registered in U.S. Patent and Trademark Office and in other countries. Marca Registrada. Bantam Books, 1540 Broadway, New York, New York 10036.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

RAD 70 69 68 67 66 65 64 63 62 61

**"WOULD YOU BE WILLING
TO TAKE A JEWISH MOTHER
AND HER BABY INTO YOUR HOME?"**

Color drained from the man's face. He took a step back from me. "Miss ten Boom! I do hope you're not involved with any of this illegal concealment . . . It's just not safe! Think of your father!"

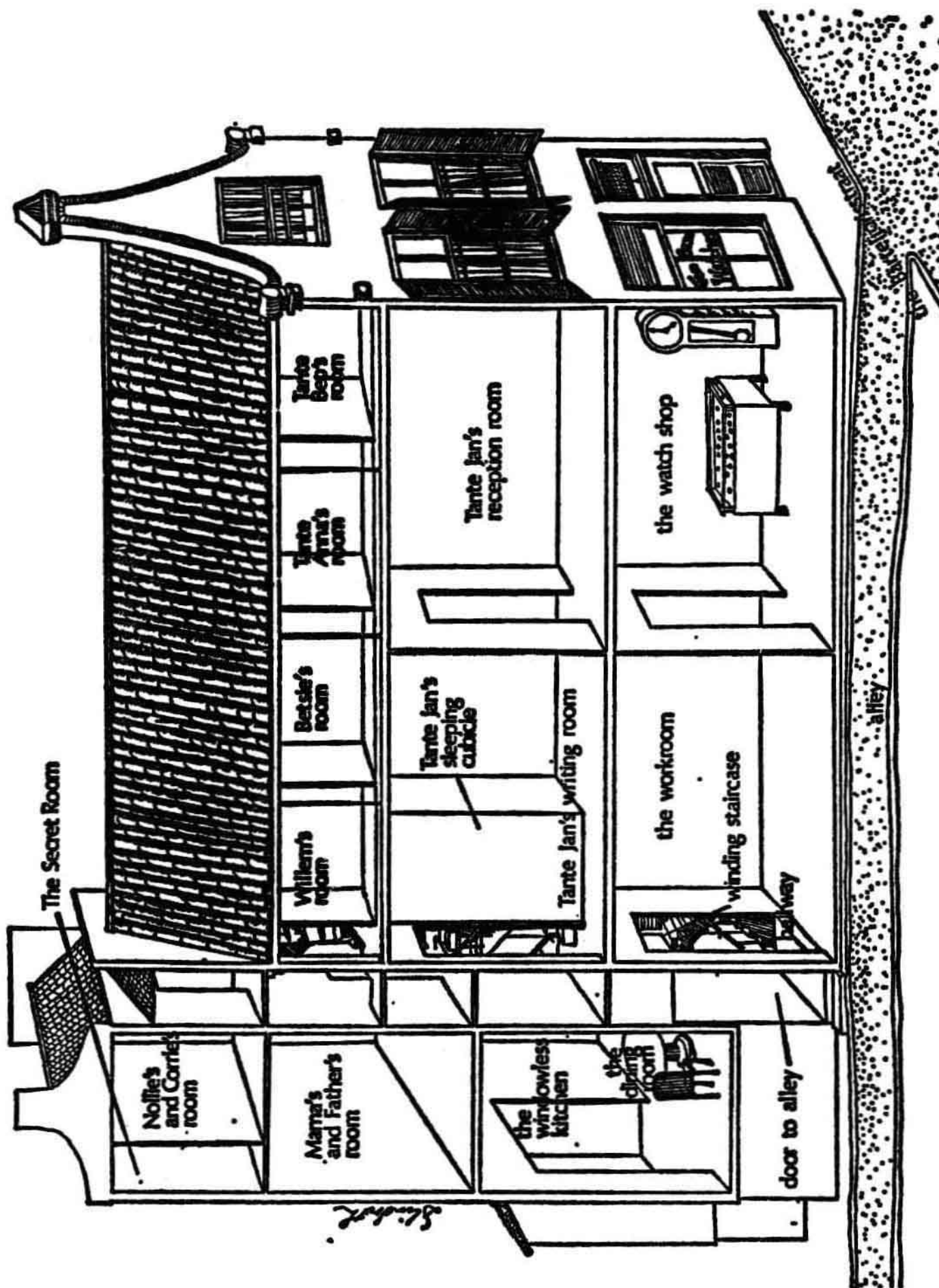
I pulled the coverlet back from the baby's face. The man bent forward, his hand in spite of himself reaching for the tiny fist curled round the blanket. For a moment I saw compassion and fear struggle in his face. Then he straightened. "No. Definitely not. We could lose our lives for that Jewish child!"

Unseen by either of us, Father had appeared in the doorway. "Give the child to me, Corrie," he said.

Father held the baby close, his white beard brushing its cheek, looking into the little face with eyes as blue and innocent as the baby's . . . "You say we could lose our lives for this child. I would consider that the greatest honor that could come to my family."

THE HIDING PLACE

THE HIDING PLACE



THE BEJE (pronounced bay-yay).
Schematic drawing of the tilting, centuries-old house still
to be found in the center of Haarlem, Holland.

Preface

When we were doing the research for *God's Smuggler*, a name kept cropping up: Corrie ten Boom. This Dutch lady—in her mid-seventies when we first began to hear of her—was Brother Andrew's favorite traveling companion. Brother Andrew is a missionary behind the Iron Curtain; his fascinating stories about her in Vietnam, where she had earned that most honorable title "Double-old Grandmother"—and in a dozen other Communist countries—came to mind so often that we finally had to hold up our hands to stop his flow of reminiscence. "We could never fit her into the book," we said. "She sounds like a book in herself." It's the sort of thing you say. Not meaning anything.

It was in May, 1968, that we attended a church service in Germany. A man was speaking about his experiences in a Nazi concentration camp. His face told the story more eloquently than his words: pain-haunted eyes, shaking hands that could not forget. He was followed at the lectern by a white-haired woman, broad of frame and sensible of shoe, with a face that radiated love, peace, joy. But—the story that these two people were relating was the same! She too had been in a concentration camp, seen the same savagery, suffered the same losses. His response was easy to understand. But hers?

We stayed behind to talk with her. And as we did, we realized that we were meeting Andrew's Corrie.

Cornelia ten Boom's world-wide ministry of comfort and counsel had begun there in the concentration camp where she had found, as the prophet Isaiah promised, "a hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tempest . . . the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

On subsequent visits we got to know this amazing woman well. Together we visited the crooked little Dutch house—one room wide—where till her fifties she lived the uneventful life of a spinster watchmaker, little dreaming as she cared for her older sister and their elderly father that a world of high adventure lay just around the corner. We went to the garden in south Holland where young Corrie gave her heart away forever. To the big brick house in Haarlem where Pickwick served real coffee in the middle of the war. . . .

And all the while we had the extraordinary feeling that we were not looking into the past but into the future. As though these people and places were speaking to us not about things that had already happened but about the world that lay ahead of us in the 1970s. Already we found ourselves actually putting into practice how-to's we learned from her about:

- handling separation
- getting along with less
- security in the midst of insecurity
- forgiveness
- how God can use weakness
- facing death
- dealing with difficult people
- how to love your enemies
- what to do when evil wins

We commented to her about the practicalness of everything she recalled, how her memories seemed to throw a spotlight on problems and decisions we faced here and now. "But," she said, "this is what the past is for! Every experience God gives us, every person He puts in our lives is the perfect preparation for the future that only He can see."

Every experience, every person. . . . Father, who did the finest watch repairs in Holland and then forgot to send the bill. Mama, whose body became a prison,

but whose spirit soared free. Betsie, who could make a party out of three potatoes and some twice-used tea leaves. As we looked into the twinkling blue eyes of this undefeatable woman, we wished that these people were part of our own lives.

And then, of course, we realized that they could be. . . .

John and Elizabeth Sherrill

July, 1971

Chappaqua, New York

*Extraordinary true tales of courage
from these remarkable people*

ANNE FRANK: *The Diary of a Young Girl*

"One of the most moving personal documents to come out of
World War II." —*The Philadelphia Inquirer*

Discovered in the attic in which she spent the last years of her life, Anne Frank's remarkable diary has since become a world classic—a powerful reminder of the horrors of war and an eloquent testament to the human spirit. _____29698-1 \$4.99/\$5.99

ALICIA: *My Story* by Alicia Appleman-Jurman

The award-winning memoir of the thirteen-year-old girl who courageously led Jews to safe hideouts through Nazi-controlled Poland. "A compelling voice, lucid prose . . . a luminous testimony to the heroism and humanity of one remarkable person." —*San Francisco Chronicle*
_____28218-2 \$6.99/\$8.99

THE HIDING PLACE by Corrie Ten Boom

Sent to a concentration camp for helping Jews escape, Corrie Ten Boom was sustained through times of profound horror by God's strength. This is an extraordinary tale of one courageous woman who became a militant heroine of the anti-Nazi underground. _____25669-6 \$6.99/\$9.99

THE WAR AGAINST THE JEWS: 1933-1945

by Lucy S. Dawidowicz

"A major work of synthesis, providing for the first time a full account of the Holocaust . . . a work of high scholarship and profound moral import." —*The New York Times Book Review* "If any book can tell what Hitlerism was like, this is it. . . . A book that one reads in tears, in despair, but above all, with gratitude." —Alfred Kazin _____34532-X \$16.95/\$23.95

Ask for these books at your local bookstore or use this page to order.

Please send me the books I have checked above. I am enclosing \$_____ (add \$2.50 to cover postage and handling). Send check or money order, no cash or C.O.D.'s, please.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Send order to: Bantam Books, Dept. NFB35, 2451 S. Wolf Rd., Des Plaines, IL 60018
Allow four to six weeks for delivery.

Prices and availability subject to change without notice.

NFB 35 1/99

The triumphant, inspirational autobiographies of

Patty Duke

CALL ME ANNA: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PATTY DUKE

Patty Duke and Kenneth Turan

The public saw her as a gifted child star. What the public did not see was Anna Marie Duke, a young girl whose life changed forever when tyrannical managers stripped her of nearly all that was familiar, beginning with her name. She was fed liquor and drugs, and relentlessly drilled to win roles. She became notorious for being wild and uncontrollable. Until a long-hidden illness was diagnosed, and her amazing recovery began. **CALL ME ANNA** is a harrowing, ultimately triumphant story told by Patty Duke herself—wife, mother, political activist, President of The Screen Actors Guild, and at last, a happy fulfilled woman whose miracle is her own life.

____27205-5 \$7.50/\$10.50 Canada

A BRILLIANT MADNESS: LIVING WITH MANIC-DEPRESSIVE ILLNESS

Patty Duke and Gloria Hochman

"Informative . . . comforting . . . a thorough and touching exploration of mental illness." —THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"A groundbreaking guide for those who are manic depressive or who live with or love someone who is." —PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

Patty Duke joins with medical reporter Gloria Hochman to shed light on this powerful, paradoxical, and destructive illness. And through Patty's story, which ends in a newfound happiness with her cherished family, it offers hope for all those who suffer from mood disorders and for the family and friends who love and care for them.

____56072-7 \$7.50/\$10.50

Ask for these books at your local bookstore or use this page to order.

Please send me the books I have checked above. I am enclosing \$_____ (add \$2.50 to cover postage and handling). Send check or money order, no cash or C.O.D.'s, please.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Send order to: Bantam Books, Dept. NFB 34, 2451 S. Wolf Rd., Des Plaines, IL 60018

Allow four to six weeks for delivery.

Prices and availability subject to change without notice.

NFB 34 2/96

*The fascinating true stories behind these
extraordinary public figures*

IT DOESN'T TAKE A HERO: *The Autobiography*

by General H. Norman Schwarzkopf with Peter Petre

Rarely does a figure appear of such compelling leadership and personal charisma as to capture the imagination of an entire nation. Now, in this candid, outspoken, and eagerly awaited autobiography, General Schwarzkopf reveals the full story of his remarkable life and a career spanning nearly four decades.

____56338-6 \$7.50/\$9.99 in Canada

YEAGER: *An Autobiography*

by Chuck Yeager with Leo Janos

From his humble West Virginia roots to his role as the test pilot who first broke the sound barrier, this is the story of the man who rose to lead America into space.

____25674-2 \$7.50/\$9.99

MARINE! *The Life of Chesty Puller*

by Burke Davis

This is the explosive true story of the most courageous and controversial commander of them all--the only marine in history to win five Navy crosses. Here is the fabulous tale of a real-life hero.

____27182-2 \$6.99/\$8.99

Ask for these books at your local bookstore or use this page to order.

Please send me the books I have checked above. I am enclosing \$____ (add \$2.50 to cover postage and handling). Send check or money order, no cash or C.O.D.'s, please.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Send order to: Bantam Books, Dept. WW 9, 2451 S. Wolf Rd., Des Plaines, IL 60018
Allow four to six weeks for delivery.

Prices and availability subject to change without notice.

WW 9 10/98



SANDRA VOSS

1197 Lime Drive, Sunnyvale, CA 94087



BANTAM BOOKS

ISBN 0-553-25669-6

US \$6.99 / \$9.99 CAN



The One Hundredth 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: forty-five 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'.

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 pocketwatches 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 o'clock, 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 a 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 mellowed 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