Grace was an 11-year-old girl living in Holland during World War II. Her father was taken away as a prisoner of war.

After Dad was taken away, Mom took care of Grace, her two brothers, and two of their cousins. There were many mouths to feed and not enough food to go around. Their family only got a small amount of flour, vegetables, and potatoes.

One day the doorbell rang. Grace followed Mom to see who it was. When Mom opened the door, there on the doorstep stood a young Nazi officer. Grace’s heart started beating faster, and she held her breath. What did he want?

“How many people live in this house?” he asked gruffly.

“It’s myself, my three children, and my two nephews,” said Mom.

“You have no husband here?” the officer asked.

“No,” Mom answered. “He was taken away.”

The officer looked around the house. “Do you have a radio? We don’t want you listening to programs from our enemies in England and America.”

Mom got the radio and gave it to the officer.

“This is a big house,” he said, glancing around again. “Too big for just the few people who live here. You will have to leave by tomorrow. We are going to take over this house.” He turned sharply and marched away.

Grace couldn’t believe what she had heard. She watched Mom’s eyes widen in shock. Then Mom closed the door and went straight to the back of the house.

Grace followed slowly behind, her heart racing. Could the soldier really come back and take their house, just like he’d taken their radio? What would they do? Where would they go? How would Dad know where to find them again?

Grace stopped outside Mom’s door and peeked inside. Mom was on her knees, praying. Grace quietly went back to the sitting room until Mom came back.

“Oh, Mom, what will we do?” Grace asked.

Mom sighed. “All we can do is pray and trust in the Lord that He will protect us.”

The young Nazi officer didn’t come back the next day or the next. He never came back! Grace and her family were able to keep their house.

Grace knew that God was helping her family. Even though the war was not over, He was still watching over them.

To be continued . . .

The author lives in New Jersey, USA.