Unseen Love

It was a cold winter night on an old farm in Germany when my mother gave birth to a baby girl. It was February 1938. My brother was less than a year old and here I was. My father was happy and proud. That angered my mother. She had carried the baby and given birth and he took the prize. They could not share or enjoy anything together. They were at war with each other just about all of the time. I never saw any expression of love between them though they were very religious. I heard a lot about love and god loving you. But little did I know what love is or how it feels. We sure were outsiders in our little town. We didn’t belong to the Lutheran church, and my father never joined the Nazi party. He had his own little church at home on Sunday afternoons. He was able to keep it going all through the Nazi years. A feeling a danger always lurked around us.

I was less than three years old when I became aware of the war. I remember it all to well. It was the winter of ’40-’41. My mother, my older brother, my little sister and
I were sitting around the kitchen table when all of the sudden we heard a man's voice blast over the radio. I did not know what it was about but he sounded scary. My mother listen to him then put her head on the table and wept. I wished I could help or put my arms around her and say something nice, but in our house we never expressed such tender feelings. I put my head on the table and cried with her. Later than day I learned our country was at war and the soldiers had no food or winter clothes. They were far away in Russia and the Russian army surrounded the city they were in. The train full of supplies was stuck in deep snow on the railroad tracks. This became known as Stalingrad. I had three uncles that were German soldiers fighting in Russia and we had not heard from them in a long while. My Father was not in the war. He had a long scare across his stomach from an operation, which labeled him "unfit for war".

My Father rode his bike eight miles to work everyday through the rain, snow, and blazing hot sun. To keep food on the table, he bought two baby cows. We raised them for their milk, and we also used them to pull
our plow and wagon. We didn’t suffer as much as other families because we had food on the table.

There was war inside and outside our house, which caused fear within all of us. But then there was a light on the horizon. My father arranged for a lady to come and tell us bible stories. She was a wonderful, noble woman who walked three miles every Sunday to tell us stories. She told us about how Jesus loved and healed the poor and the sick and also the children. She sang children songs with us, which no one else had ever done before. My heart opened; now I had a friend. Now I knew what love is and it gave me a sense of safety during this terrible time. Jesus was my new unseen friend and I knew his love was real.

By Heidi Trebbow
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