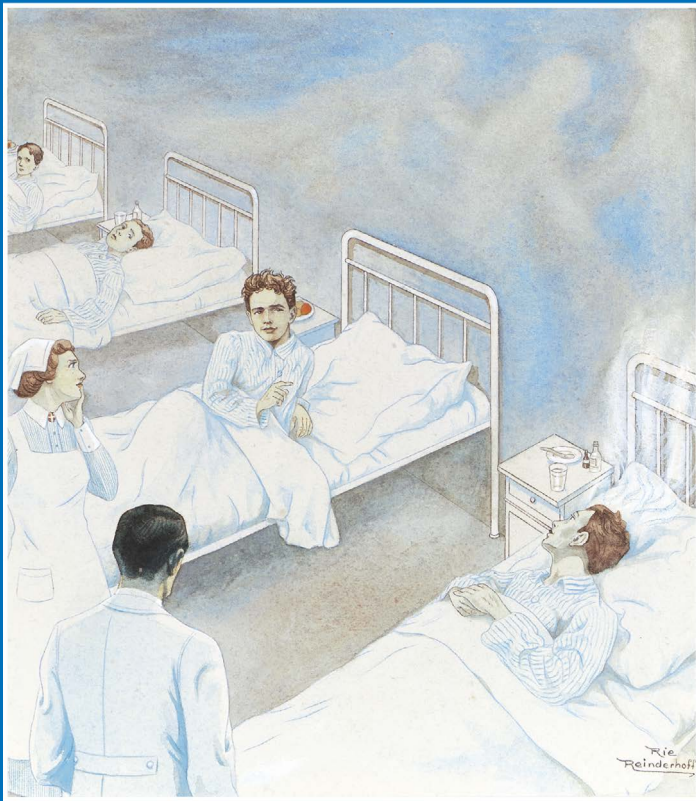


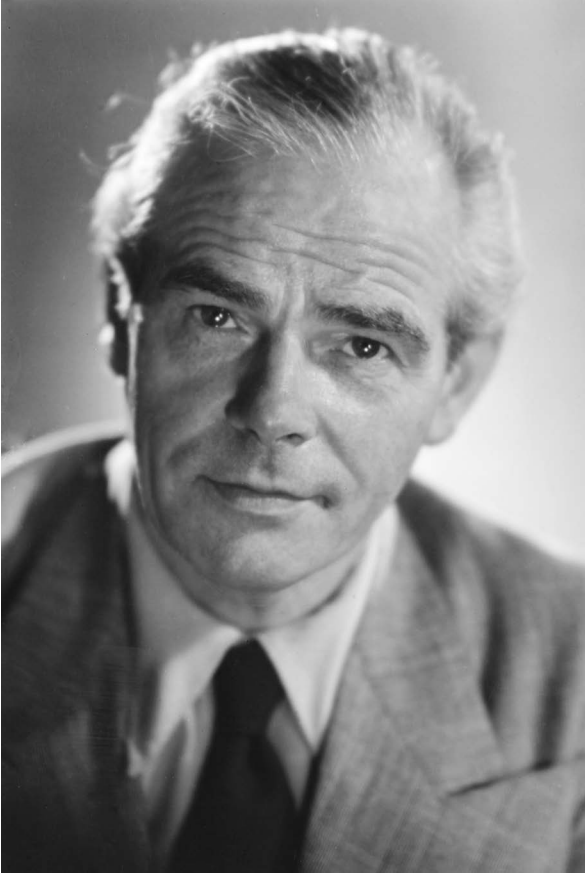
Jozef Rulof

Jeus of Mother Crisje

Part 2



The Age of Christ



Jozef Rulof
1898-1952

Jozef Rulof

Jeus of Mother Crisje

Part 2: Jeus among the people



The Age of Christ

Contact and copyright

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On the cover you can see the original drawing as it was printed for the first edition.

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Word by the publisher

Dear reader,

This book belongs to the series of 27 books which came to earth via Jozef Rulof between 1933 and 1952. These books are published by Foundation Spiritual-Scientific Association “The Age of Christ”, which was set up in 1946 by Jozef Rulof. As the board of this foundation, we guarantee the original text of the books which we are making available today.

We have also published an explanation for the books, which contains 140 articles. We consider the publication of the 27 books and this explanation as an inextricable whole. For some passages from the books, we refer to relevant articles from the explanation. For instance (see article ‘Explanation at soul level’ on rulof.org) refers to the basic article ‘Explanation at soul level’ as you can read that on the website rulof.org.

With kind regards,

The board of directors of the Foundation The Age of Christ
2020

Book list

Overview of the books which came to earth via Jozef Rulof in the sequence that they were published, with the years in which the content of those books was realised:

A View into the Hereafter (1933-1936)
Those who came back from the Dead (1937)
The Cycle of the Soul (1938)
Mental Illnesses seen from the Other Side (1939-1945)
The Origin of the Universe (1939)
Between Life and Death (1940)
The Peoples of the Earth seen by the Other Side (1941)
Through the Grebbe Line to Eternal Life (1942)
Spiritual Gifts (1943)
Masks and Men (1948)
Jeus of Mother Crisje Part 1 (1950)
Jeus of Mother Crisje Part 2 (1951)
Jeus of Mother Crisje Part 3 (1952)
Questions and Answers Part 1 (1949-1951)
Questions and Answers Part 2 (1951-1952)
Questions and Answers Part 3 (1952)
Questions and Answers Part 4 (1952)
Questions and Answers Part 5 (1949-1952)
Questions and Answers Part 6 (1951)
Lectures Part 1 (1949-1950)
Lectures Part 2 (1950-1951)
Lectures Part 3 (1951-1952)
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 1 (1944-1950)
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 2 (1944-1950)
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 3 (1944-1950)
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 4 (1944-1950)
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 5 (1944-1950)

Explanation of the books by Jozef Rulof

The foreword of this explanation is:

Dear readers,

In this 'explanation of the books by Jozef Rulof', as publisher we describe the core of his vision. In this way, we answer two types of questions which we were asked during the past few years about the content of these books.

Firstly, there are the questions about specific subjects such as for instance cremation and euthanasia. The information about such subjects is often distributed over the 27 books with a total of more than 11,000 pages. This is why, for each subject, we have put relevant passages from all the books together and summarised them each time in an article.

The distributed information is the result of the knowledge building in the book series. In the article 'explanation at soul level', we distinguish two levels in this knowledge building: the social thinking on the one hand and the explanations at soul level on the other hand. For his first explanation of many phenomena, the writer limited himself to words and concepts which belonged to the social thinking of the first half of the previous century. As a result, he attuned himself to the world view of his readers at that time.

Book after book, the writer also built up the soul level, whereby the human soul is the main focus. In order to explain life at soul level, he introduced new words and concepts. In this way, new explanations came, which supplemented the information from the previous round about particular subjects.

However, usually the explanations at soul level did not supplement the first descriptions, but they replaced them. In this way, for instance in social terminology it can be spoken about a 'life after death', but at soul level the word 'death' has lost every meaning. According to the writer, the soul does not die, but it lets go of the earthly body and it then passes onto the following phase in its eternal evolution.

The unfamiliarity with the difference between these two explanation levels ensures a second type of questions about words and views in the books about which current social thinking has changed in relation to the first half of the previous century. In this explanation, we explain those subjects from the soul level. As a result, it becomes clear that words such as for instance races or psychopathy no longer play a role at soul level. These words and the related views were only used in the book series in order to connect with the social thinking in the time period that these books were realised, between 1933 and 1952. The passages with these words belong to the then spirit of the

times of the readers and in no way represent the actual vision of the writer or the publisher.

When currently reading these books, that is not always clear, because the writer does not usually mention explicitly at what explanation level the subject is dealt with in a particular passage. This is why, as publisher, for a number of passages we add a reference to a relevant article from this explanation. That article then explains the subject dealt with in that passage from the soul level, in order to express the actual vision of the writer on that subject. For cultural-historical and spiritual-scientific reasons, in the 27 books we do not make any changes to the original formulations of the writer. For the readability, we have only adapted the spelling of the Old Dutch. In the online version of the books on our website rulof.nl, all the linguistic changes can be requested upon demand per sentence.

We consider the publishing of the 27 books and this explanation as an inseparable whole. This is why, on the cover of each book and in the ‘word by the publisher’, from now on we will refer to the explanation. For a wide availability, we have published the 140 articles of this explanation as e-book (visit rulof.org/download), and all the articles are on our website rulof.org as separate web pages.

The relevant passages from all the books by Jozef Rulof which we have based the articles on are also an integral part of this explanation. Together with the articles in question, these passages have been combined in book form and are available as the four parts of ‘The Jozef Rulof Reference work’, in the form of paperbacks and e-books. Furthermore, on our website at the bottom of most articles a link has been included to a separate web page with the source texts of that article.

With the publication of the 27 books and this explanation, we aim to contribute to a substantiated understanding of the actual message of the writer. This was worded by Christ with: Love one another. At soul level, Jozef Rulof explains that it concerns universal love which is not engaged with the appearance or the personality of our fellow being, but focuses on his deepest core, which Jozef Rulof calls the soul or life.

Kind regards,

On behalf of the board of Foundation The Age of Christ,

Ludo Vrebos

11 June 2020

List of articles

The explanation consists of the following 140 articles:

Part 1 Our Hereafter

1. Our Hereafter
2. Near-death experience
3. Out-of-body experience
4. Spheres in the hereafter
5. Spheres of Light
6. First sphere of light
7. Second sphere of light
8. Third sphere of light
9. Summerland - Fourth sphere of light
10. Fifth sphere of light
11. Sixth sphere of light
12. Seventh sphere of light
13. Mental regions
14. Heaven
15. The Other Side
16. Children spheres
17. Meadow
18. Dying as passing on
19. Death
20. Spirit and spiritual body
21. Cremation or burial
22. Embalming
23. Organ donation and transplantation
24. Aura
25. Fluid cord
26. Euthanasia and suicide
27. Apparent death
28. Spirits on earth
29. Dark spheres
30. Land of Twilight
31. Land of Hatred and Lust and Violence
32. Valley of Sorrows
33. Hell

34. Dante and Doré
35. Angel
36. Lantos
37. Masters
38. Alcar
39. Zelanus
40. Books on the Hereafter

Part 2 Our Reincarnations

41. Our reincarnations
42. Memories of previous lives
43. World of the unconscious
44. Aptitude and talent and gift
45. Child prodigy
46. Phobia and fear
47. Feelings
48. Soul
49. Grades of feeling
50. Material or spiritual
51. Subconscious
52. Day-consciousness
53. From feeling to thought
54. Solar plexus
55. The brain
56. Exhausted and insomnia
57. Learning to think
58. Thoughts from another person
59. What we know for sure
60. Science
61. Psychology
62. Spiritual-scientific
63. Universal truth
64. Connection of feeling
65. Loved ones from past lives
66. External resemblance to our parents
67. Character
68. Personality
69. Sub-personalities
70. Will
71. Self-knowledge

72. Socrates
73. Reincarnated for a task
74. Reincarnated supreme priest Venry
75. Alonzo asks why
76. Regret remorse repentance
77. Making amends
78. Reincarnated as Anthony van Dyck
79. Temple of the soul
80. Books about reincarnation

Part 3 Our Cosmic Soul

81. Our cosmic soul
82. Explanation at soul level
83. There are no races
84. Material grades of life
85. Human being or soul
86. Against racism and discrimination
87. Cosmology
88. All-Soul and All-Source
89. Our basic powers
90. Cosmic splitting
91. Moon
92. Sun
93. Cosmic grades of life
94. Our first lives as a cell
95. Evolution in the water
96. Evolution on the land
97. The mistake by Darwin
98. Our consciousness on Mars
99. Earth
100. Good and evil
101. Harmony
102. Karma
103. Cause and effect
104. Free will
105. Justice
106. Origin of the astral world
107. Creator of light
108. Fourth Cosmic Grade of Life
109. The All

110. Animation of our cosmic journey

Part 4 University of Christ

- 111. University of Christ
- 112. Moses and the prophets
- 113. Bible writers
- 114. God
- 115. The first priest-magician
- 116. Ancient Egypt
- 117. Pyramid of Giza
- 118. Jesus Christ
- 119. Judas
- 120. Pilate
- 121. Caiaphas
- 122. Gethsemane and Golgotha
- 123. Apostles
- 124. Ecclesiastical stories
- 125. Evolution of mankind
- 126. Hitler
- 127. Jewish people
- 128. NSB and national socialism
- 129. Genocide
- 130. Grades of love
- 131. Twin souls
- 132. Motherhood and fatherhood
- 133. Homosexuality
- 134. Psychopathy
- 135. Insanity
- 136. The mediumship of Jozef Rulof
- 137. The Age of Christ
- 138. Illuminating future
- 139. Ultimate healing instrument
- 140. Direct voice instrument

Jozef Rulof

Jozef Rulof (1898-1952) received all-embracing knowledge about the hereafter, reincarnation, our cosmic soul and Christ.

Knowledge from the hereafter

When Jozef Rulof was born in 1898 in rural 's-Heerenberg in the Netherlands, his spiritual leader Alcar already had great plans for him. Alcar had passed on to the hereafter in 1641, after his last life on earth as Anthony van Dijck. Since then, he had built up a vast knowledge about the life of the human being on earth and in the hereafter. In order to bring that knowledge to earth, he wanted to develop Jozef into a writing medium.

After Jozef had established himself as a taxi driver in The Hague in 1922, Alcar first developed him into a healing and painting medium, in order to build up the trance that was needed for receiving books. Jozef received hundreds of paintings, and by means of their sales the publication of the books could be kept under their own control.

When Alcar began passing on his first book 'A View into the Hereafter' in 1933, he gave Jozef the choice of how deep the mediumistic trance would become. He would be able to put Jozef into a very deep sleep and take over his body in order to write books outside the consciousness of the medium. Then Alcar would be able to use his own word choice from the first sentence in order to explain to the reader from that time how he himself had got to know the reality at soul level, which the eternal life of the human soul is central to.

Another possibility was to apply a lighter trance, whereby the medium could feel what was being written during the writing. That would enable Jozef to grow along spiritually with the knowledge passed on. However, then the build-up of the knowledge in the books series would have to be attuned to the spiritual development of the medium. And then Alcar could only give the explanations at soul level if the medium was also ready for that.

Jozef chose for the lighter trance. As a result, Alcar was somewhat limited in the words which he could use in the first books. He let Jozef experience this by writing down the word 'Jozef' in trance. At that same moment, Jozef woke up from the trance, because he felt he was being called. In order to prevent this, Alcar chose the name 'André' in order to describe the experiences of Jozef in the books. Alcar also changed or avoided other names and circumstances in 'A View into the Hereafter', so that Jozef could remain in trance. In this way, the reader does indeed learn in this first book that André

was married, but not that this happened in 1923 and that his wife was called Anna.

In order to remain in harmony with the life of feeling of Jozef, Alcar allowed his medium to first experience for himself what was described in the books. For this purpose, Alcar let him leave his body, so that Jozef could perceive the spiritual worlds of the hereafter for himself. The books describe their joint journeys through the dark spheres and the spheres of light. Jozef saw that after his transition on earth, the human being ends up in the sphere to which his life of feeling belongs.

In an out-of-body state, he was also witness to many transitions on earth. By means of the description of this, it is recorded in the books what exactly happens to the human soul upon cremation, burial, embalming, euthanasia, suicide and organ transplantation.

Jozef gets to know his past lives

The name André was chosen by Alcar, because Jozef had once borne that name in a past life in France. Then André was an academic, and the commitment to investigating everything thoroughly could help in order to deepen the explanation level of the books step by step.

For instance, in 1938 Jozef was able to receive the book 'The Cycle of the Soul' from master Zelanus, a pupil of Alcar. In this book, Zelanus described his past lives. In this way, he showed how all his experiences in his past lives have ultimately built up his life of feeling, and ensured that he could feel more and more.

In 1940, Jozef had developed far enough in order to experience the book 'Between Life and Death'. As a result, he got to know Dectar, his own past life as a temple priest in Ancient Egypt. Dectar had increased his spiritual powers in the temples to a high level, as a result of which he could experience intense experiences in an out-of-body state, and in addition he did not neglect his earthly life. Those powers were now necessary in order to reach the ultimate grade of mediumship: the cosmic consciousness.

Our cosmic soul

In 1944, Jozef Rulof was so far developed as 'André-Dectar' that he could experience spiritual journeys through the cosmos together with Alcar and Zelanus. By means of the descriptions of those journeys in the book series 'The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof', the highest knowledge from the hereafter was brought to earth.

Now the masters Alcar and Zelanus could finally describe the reality as

they had got to know that as the truth themselves. It was only now that they could use words and terms which describe the core of our soul and thus reveal the essence of the human being.

In the cosmology the masters explain at soul level where we come from and how our cosmic evolution began because our soul split itself from the All-Soul. André-Dectar now got to know his past lives on other planets, and the gigantic development path which his soul has gone through in order to evolve from a rarefied cell on the first planet in the universe to the life on earth.

In addition, with the masters he visited the higher cosmic grades of life which await us after our earthly lives. The cosmology describes where we are going, and in what way our lives on earth are necessary in this. This casts a cosmic light on the meaning of our life and the essence of the human being as soul.

The University of Christ

The masters could travel all the cosmic grades and pass on this ultimate knowledge because they were helped themselves by their order of teachers. This order is called 'The University of Christ', because Christ is the mentor of this university.

In his life on earth, Christ could not pass on this knowledge because the mankind there was not ready for that. Christ was already murdered for the little that he was able to say. However, he knew that his order would bring this knowledge to earth, as soon as a medium could be born that would no longer be killed for this.

That medium was Jozef Rulof, and the books which he received heralded a new age: 'The Age of Christ'. Christ himself should have limited himself to the core of his message: the selfless love. In the Age of Christ, through Jozef Rulof his pupils could give a detailed explanation of how we raise ourselves in feeling by giving universal love and as a result reach higher spheres of light and cosmic grades of life.

Under the assignment of his masters, in 1946 Jozef set up Society The Age of Christ, in order to manage the books and paintings. In that same year, he travelled to America to make his knowledge received known there, in collaboration with his brothers who had emigrated. Just like in the Netherlands, he held trance lectures and painting demonstrations there.

Back in the Netherlands, in addition to the hundreds of trance lectures, he also held contact evenings for years, in order to answer questions from readers of the books. In 1950, master Zelanus was able to write the biography of Jozef entitled 'Jeus of Mother Crisje' with the name 'Jozef' and the child-

hood name 'Jeus', without breaking the trance.

The masters knew that mankind would still not accept the University of Christ, despite all the knowledge and efforts passed on by Jozef. Science will only accept a proof of life after death if that is achieved without a human medium, so that influencing by the personality of the medium can be excluded.

That proof will be supplied by what the masters call the 'direct voice instrument'. They predict that this technical instrument will bring a direct communication between the human being on earth and the masters of the light. At that moment, Jozef and other masters will be able to address the world from the hereafter, and be able to give mankind the happiness of the certain knowledge that we live infinitely as a cosmic soul.

In order to prepare himself for this task, Jozef passed on to the hereafter in 1952. At the end of his book 'Spiritual Gifts', master Zelanus had already mentioned that, after the transition of Jozef, Jozef and the masters will no longer approach human mediums, because the ultimate knowledge from the hereafter can already be found in the books which Jozef was able to receive during his earthly life.

1951

Jeus calls to you:

Believe it: there is no DEATH.

Dying is going further.

Dying is EVOLUTION!

And God does not damn!!

*I dedicate this trilogy to my dear Crisje, her Tall Hendrik, my wife Anna,
my brothers Johan, Bernard, Gerrit, Hendrik, Teun and my sister Miets.*

So, are you already standing staring now

People are strange creatures. They race through life without thinking, have their fun and their troubles, of course, they also talk nonsense, feel and think in their own particular direction. They also lie and cheat consciously and unconsciously, sometimes, they do not hear what is going to happen in their immediate vicinity, but are open to good and evil, to a thousand matters, but, at the end of the day, they do not know themselves! And, that also applies to Jeus!

He had passed the brush factory at least a thousand times, but he never heard the terrible screeching, which he is now confronted with. However, he could have heard this horrible noise upstairs in the attic, but it never got through to him. No, Crisje, Jeus did not hear anything, but now he has to learn to think humanly, because he has become a trivial part of society. I assure you, Crisje, if the familiar: 'Oh, that Jeus', from the men who knew him, had not softened this inhuman screeching; then you would have seen him back home in ten minutes. Nevertheless, Jeus is not as pathetic as that, after all, he knows that a heavy task now rests on his shoulders, and he possesses a strong willpower to conquer life. His brain is already working at full power, Crisje, and, in addition, he understands that he has stepped from a heaven into this stinking hell. But, dear Crisje, do not worry, he is looking at his long trousers, as a result of this wonderful gift from Bernard he feels that he has now become a man.

"Ha, that Hent."

"Good day, Jeus. Are you coming to work with us?"

"Yes, Hent, I have to start now! Of course, I have to earn money."

"I can understand that, Jeus. Your mother can use it now."

"Yes, Hent, we have our fill of worries."

You see, Crisje, it is going wonderfully well, it is happening of its own accord, there is nothing to it, he thinks. Just a kind word, a talk with the men and he has got it. A thrust like that gives him inspiration, and with that inspiration, come the feelings to think further; a smile like that from the men does him good and it does not cost anything. He feels, Crisje, you are now suddenly stronger on your feet, and the human machine chugs along more strongly, there is now no question of human shaking.

However, dear Crisje, now he has to learn to think, in the way that the big machine of his life wants it to. And that terrible thing will determine this for his life, he will have to bow his head for all kinds of things and that, as you know, is not so simple. But he has already learned something and the latest

blow has not done him any harm, which can be seen clearly. In addition, he feels that if the big life has something to tell him, he is still there himself as well! Isn't he?

Jeus thinks, why did I not hear this terrible screeching before? Does he not know anything then about what these men experience here? Yes, Crisje, he knows very well, the men here have to slave, and he is already aware that they do not get their money for nothing; yes, they would like that. He must now really and truly admit, he did not live in this environment, but the brush factory had already been there for years. Isn't that the case, Jeus?

He sniffs in a strong smell, but he does not yet know where this annoying atmosphere comes from, but he thinks it is from the combers. It always stinks there; Bernard has told him that, he knew all about it, after all, Bernard was with the pullers for a while. He thinks, you can smell that stench as far away as the Plantage. He is now resting for a moment and is hanging there against these big poles, which he knows the men will make brushes from. But first, dear Crisje, they saw these poles into pieces and Antoon van Bree does that, he thinks, but afterwards the turners start, then the drillers, the pitchers and the pullers, only then is it a brush. You can hear it, Crisje, he has already learned something, his life is thinking and Jeus wants to learn, he wants to make progress directly towards one objective, there, where money rolls into his pocket. And is that not worthwhile, Crisje? But where is the master servant?

And, Jeus, what do you think about adult life now? A while ago, you thought that you could avoid adult life and it would not get you, but that will now be different. Adult life thought; I will get to see him, that little lad will walk into my hands on his own. However, you did not see anything then, Jeus, but life winked at you. A short while later, it sat down behind its own stove to rest; that life was dead tired and there were worries enough. Is that so hard to understand, Jeus? Believe me, after all, there are only a few people in this big world who know 'adult life'. They know nothing about left, right, forwards or backwards, about upwards or downwards, they also, all those learned and illiterate people, Jeus, still have to learn this, and it is not so easy.

I am telling you now, when you meet people who try and kid you that they know about life, make sure that you get away quickly, and watch out, or you will fall into their muddy ditch with your head under. And that is the worst thing there is! But of course, now and again, you will see their open-heartedness, however, it is usually misery, it is then that you will experience their mean side, and will be faced with these adult men which you will now have to deal with, now you must decide for yourself: left or right, forwards or backwards! You do not usually get much time to have a proper think, you have to learn to decide immediately, or adult life will continue to pursue and

torment you. But, do not forget, Jeus, all those men once had to start and they also got a smart blow from merciless life, which they also had to accept. If you want to think about that, nothing will happen!

The men follow their path. A few of them have a word with him and then he hears:

“Good day, Jeus.”

“Good day, Bad.”

“You are coming to the sawmill, aren't you?”

“Yes, Bad, I must start there now. I think I have to carry shavings.”

“Is that not too heavy for you then, Jeus?”

“No, I am as strong as anything. Are you also in the sawmill, Bad?”

“No, I am in the sample room.”

The fifty-year-old man shuffles along. That life is also a part of what he knows and is called the Grintweg. However, it gives him the courage and the strength to accept life, Crisje.

“Good day, Varwieck.”

“Good day, Jeus. Have you put on long trousers?”

“Yes, Varwieck, it had to happen.”

“I realize that, of course, that is understandable, isn't it? But I will see you again soon.”

“Yes, Varwieck, see you soon.”

Without thinking, the men are a great support to him, Crisje. It takes a while yet before the master servant comes, but he experiences all kinds of things. Really, he knows that all these men have wives and children. He does not know if they also possess their suffering and sorrow, but they have to slave, Bernard has told him that, and he can understand. He will also slave soon, but he knows very well, dear Crisje, you earn piles of money with that.

Yes, Jeus, all those men represent their own world, but it is one of sweat and blood. Certainly, of course, it is like this, they have their food and drink, but nothing else, and you will also learn that soon.

At twelve o'clock, Jeus, you will go back to mother, which is nice, and then you can tell her about your new life. You will have earned the food this morning yourself which your mother will then give you, and that is also worthwhile, it gives you a rich feeling of independence and that means something, after all.

Crisje, he does not understand why father looked for work in Emmerik, this is so nice and near home. However, Jeus, most men work in Emmerik, there is a bit more to be earned there, more space to experience. Anyone, who has accepted life at the brush factory, will be stuck there for life, because the work here is easy, and, you do not need to get up so early in the morning. There is not much more than that to experience. And now you have become

an insignificant cog in this machine. You do not yet realize, Jeus, but you will be taught that here, and only then will you be faced with your own decision! And now what? You must go left or right; it does not really matter what your thoughts are then, but you will walk, really run, harder and faster; you will calculate each footstep, or you will be faced with a pile of misery.

But what is keeping the master servant? Has that man forgotten him already? He looks at the packs of wood which are piled up here, Crisje. Jeus now knows, he has discovered this for himself, when they later talk nonsense here, he can say: 'Mother has the same brushes!' And dear Crisje, if you did not use any brushes, everything would be at a standstill here. 'Of course', he thinks, 'the brush factory really exists from his money. What does the big boss want now?' Nothing, Crisje, but we know who runs the show here. He knows that he will earn a pile of money, and he feels happy. Just give him his own space, just let him go, he will make it

Jeus thinks: 'At least a thousand people work here.' Now that he has been added, there are far more. But how much is a thousand, Jeus? He has learned a lot in his short life, but try asking him how much $24 + 36$ is. He doesn't know!

"Good day, Jeus!"

"Good day, Van Bree."

Tall Antoon van Bree shuffles onwards. Jeus now suddenly knows infernal life already has him. He can now bow to it, he may greet people politely, bow his head in respect and nothing else, dear Crisje. However, he should have known that yesterday, Jeus is already moaning: 'My God, I should have known that yesterday.' Can you hear it, Crisje? He had not thought of this possibility. He has experienced his life in such a fickle way. He now knows, Crisje, why he is shaking, also trembling, it is already in his heart, in his blood, it goes to his head; it is so bad.

'Good gracious, I should have known that yesterday ...' he sends into space, but not a soul hears him crying. And that also means something. Adult life really has him, and that is through his own fault. He did not tell you that, Crisje, but he is now faced with this wink, with a decision already, with a pile of misery and more, which just said 'good day' to him, but which gave Jeus the creeps. You will not believe it, Crisje, but it really said 'good day' to him and then shuffled into the sawmill. It is Antoon van Bree! Now the name-calling has already started. Life is rotten, a sour carry-on, it is a mess! He has learned name-calling, and he will learn words, Crisje, which will make you tremble and shake, then you will see him differently. He will not learn much here, but you know that anyway.

'Good gracious', he complains to himself, 'I should have known that yesterday.' He would have made off immediately and caught the Zutphen-Em-

merik tram. He is shaking inside and his heart really hurts, Crisje, but he cannot get out of this, he must accept it. You see all kinds of things have already happened here, but he has not lifted a finger yet, his boss is not there either. And is this all Antoon van Bree's fault?

Yes, Jeus, then you should not have called Antoon van Bree a tall idiot. He and Gerrit called Antoon a tall idiot, however, afterwards they ran away and hid in aunt Trui's garden. Antoon ran after them, but could not find the boys. Now Jeus has to work in the sawmill where Van Bree is. This is why he is trembling inside. He now realizes that he should not have done it! And Jeus, can Antoon van Bree help it that he has become so big? Did you ever dare to say 'tall Hendrik' to your father or 'tall idiot'? Your reckless outburst will now cost you a hiding, and fair's fair, because you earned it. You are now walking right into his hands; it is Van Bree you have to work with.

Laughing to himself, Antoon van Bree disappears into the sawmill. Jeus is becoming suspicious. The tall Van Bree thinks: 'Now we will have it, we will have real fun and that does not cost anything either.' But how good Our Lord is to people. He does not forget anything. Antoon had already forgotten the episode, but now he must also accept it, this is a 'God-given opportunity'! Suddenly, a small person is standing in front of your nose, and then you have to act. What direction are we going in now? Antoon chews his tobacco; he also spits away from him, Jeus sees it and he will also have fun with that, if he is able to experience it as human enjoyment. Antoon van Bree feels a tickle inside, and he is a merry-maker. You continually experience something new, he thinks, and if that was not the case, life would mean nothing, but it is always there! Jeus does not get any more time to think, the master servant is there.

"Good day, Muhlenhof!"

"Good day, Jeus. So, I am here now. But are you already having a rest, you are having a nice lean against the poles?"

Do you hear that, Jeus? What do you have to say now? This is wrong. Muhlenhof continues:

"We will teach you not to do that here, Jeus. And that will not take long, because you do have to work hard here. Just come with me."

The man is right, Jeus, they do not need lazybones here. They pay you real money here, but for this, they require your sweat and blood. You should have shown a different attitude, they like that here and then you can show what you want. Now you are a dead loss in their eyes. They now think, you are only interested in the money. He also gets to hear from Muhlenhof:

'I will just give you some work, Jeus', and now Jeus shuffles along behind the master servant, who takes him straight to Antoon van Bree. Is that not a bit of a shock? He breaks out in a sweat, and almost goes through his knees

from anxiety.

“Van Bree, here is Jeus of mother Crisje”, says Muhlenhof. “Give him his work!” and then to Jeus:

“He is your boss here. You must listen to what he tells you.”

So, that’s it now. Would you ever have imagined this, Jeus? Van Bree is your boss. Now you have to deal with the tall idiot and no one else! You will soon get to know that as well. Muhlenhof disappears; he is now faced with the tall idiot from the Grintweg and does not dare to look Van Bree in the eye. However, Antoon reassures him. He gets to hear:

“So, Jeus, now we will begin, won’t we?”

He timidly looks that life in the eye. Has Van Bree forgotten that incident perhaps? He mumbles something to van Bree, and utters very politely:

“Of course, Van Bree. We must now begin.”

Antoon fathoms Crisje’s lad. He has already heard one thing and another about this life, but he does not know everything. Nor does he believe it either, they can tell him more. Now that this life source is standing in front of him, he does want to know something about it, and this life must explain to him humanly and sincerely what is true. Van Bree feels very well this morning, life always gives you something different to experience again and he likes that. Jeus hears from him:

“That hanging around like that in the evening in the dark, Jeus, is no way of doing things anyway, is it?”

He gets a fright. It is bad. He is also trembling, Crisje. So Van Bree has not forgotten. On the contrary, the miseries of life have just started. And strike him right in his face. What do you want, Jeus? Antoon has even more, just listen:

“Calling adults names who have to work really hard to make it and who have worries which buckle them under, they have to slave from early morning until late in the evening and are perishing from hunger and thirst, that is bad! But that is the worst thing there is, Jeus, a person cannot believe that, but I had to just swallow it then. Do you think I am right, Jeus?”

What can he say now? But he looks Van Bree in the eye and a while later he utters:

“You are right, Van Bree. Of course, you are right.” He immediately thinks: ‘This is the moment that I must become good friends with Van Bree.’ As fast as lightning, he considers his situation. It must happen now, otherwise he will be sorry. Antoon now hears:

“Will you forgive me, Van Bree?”

He is like an old person, Antoon thinks. Van Bree is still not at that stage inside. Jeus thinks: ‘Now just beat me up, then I will be done with it immediately.’ However, Antoon has plenty of time and has his own opinion. He

wants to experience his satisfaction, Jeus. Antoon does not want to know anything about inner sorrow. Even if Jeus touched him for a moment and the inner life of the child stroked his tall body, it is not yet at that stage anyway. Antoon also tells him:

“Now we are faced with each other, Jeus, and we must settle that with each other. And we must work together. But I just thought to myself, when you and Gerrit thought you could call me a ‘tall idiot’, he will walk into my hands yet. And now look, here we both are.”

“Yes, Van Bree”, is all that he has to say now; he can bow his head politely. Antoon already knows they will have fun with him, this lad has something to say to you, and the boy is irritatingly reckless and assured. Or is it something else, Antoon? Jeus looks around him for a moment, the rage touches his soul, here all kinds of things live. You are really beaten from all sides, he thinks, and the most inhuman things can happen to you. He will watch out for it, but all those things interest him intensely. It has to say something to your life and now you are something, you can represent something. However, one thing turns another upside down. And why are people so snappy towards each other? He thinks he can pull the wool over Antoon’s eyes with this and then he will probably forget that incident. He tells Van Bree:

“That is all heavy work, Van Bree. And it is enough to drive you mad here.”

Antoon knows what he is getting at and those ‘excuses’ mean nothing to him.

“So, did you think that. But you will get used to it, won’t you?”

“Of course, Van Bree”, he replies quickly and thinks, it is going really well. Antoon says to him:

“Just come with me. There in that corner are your basket and your spade. But you must have your tools.”

“Of course, Van Bree, I must have my tools.”

Antoon gives him his things. He looks at them and thinks: ‘Is that everything?’

“Is that not yet enough, Jeus?”, Van Bree asks.

He has to think for a moment, Antoon. A spade and a basket? Does he not need any chisels then? Nothing else? What can you start in life with a spade and a basket, Van Bree? Just tell me that. Nothing! He thought that life in society was much more difficult. Is that all? He looks Van Bree in the eye, he wants to know whether Van Bree is trying to cheat him and is giving him everything, which is rightfully his. A hundred thoughts fly through his head, he sees Crisje, Teun and Miets, they also have to do with it. Antoon follows him and thinks: ‘What does this small life from the Grintweg want?’

Yes, Antoon, you had not thought that, had you? Jeus wants more than a spade and a basket; he is not satisfied with these things. His life is open

to more complicated matters, and you will also get to know that about him later. And only then will you probably start to like his life. His thoughts and feelings are infectious, Antoon. You live through them, and it gives you something else, because it links you with real life! This is just a starter, Van Bree. Look for yourself and you will know.

Jeus looks at the turners and the sawers, and Van Bree understands what he wants.

“That will only come later, Jeus. You have to learn the beginning first.”

He gives in, he is already bowing to it. Antoon gets to hear:

“Of course, Van Bree, I can understand that.” Now he can begin. “Now, you must listen carefully, Jeus. You see all the turners, don’t you? When they start properly the shavings will fly around your ears. And they have to go to your uncle Jan’s boiler house. You surely know, he is the engineer there.”

“Yes, Van Bree, I know that.”

“The shavings have to be brought to him, everything here works as a result of the shavings.”

“I understand, Van Bree.”

“That is all, Jeus. Have you understood me?”

“Yes, Van Bree, I know now.”

“But come with me, then I will just explain.”

Now that he wants to follow Van Bree, he changes his mind and says:

“Let’s just take a basket full of shavings with us immediately, Jeus, then we will not be going there for nothing, will we?”

“Yes, Van Bree.”

Antoon fills the basket and flings it onto Jeus’ little back. Which almost feels broken, but he does not let it show. He has already seen and concluded that he does not need to think with this. Uncle Jan’s boiler house is just round the corner, three minutes from here; uncle Jan, who is Crisje’s brother, has some authority at the boiler house. And for some unknown reason, has been given the nickname of sultan and lion, he has known that for a long time. They will undoubtedly also give him such a nickname, he can understand that, everyone has got one. However, he wants to learn everything he sees here. Each thing has something different for his life, and he will take in his own part of it. But why did people get nicknames? They called father ‘Tall Hendrik’, but you should have tried that when father himself was there. Then there was a hiding, because father was not afraid of anyone. No one dared to say to father’s face: Tall Hendrik. Only mother was allowed to, but that is understandable.

Antoon shuffles along to the boiler house, and Jeus follows the tall Van Bree. But uncle Jan is a sour puss. That is a man who can never really laugh excitedly. In fact, he has never ever seen uncle Jan laughing. And if he ever

did, it would be a miracle. Why can't uncle Jan laugh? However, uncle Jan has a lot to say here or they would not have made him an engineer. That is probably the case! If uncle Jan was not here, the whole thing would stand still. Of course ... then they would not be able to work. Uncle Jan makes sure that things keep operational. But through his shavings! Of course ... Van Bree shuffles along sneezing, coughing and spitting from chewing his tobacco, they approach the boiler house where he can get rid of his shavings.

"Here, Jeus", Antoon says to him, "you can get rid of your shavings. Just throw them on the ground, we will go straight back."

He looks uncle Jan in the eye, but he does not see Jeus yet. Does uncle Jan not wish to say good morning to him then?

"Good day, uncle Jan."

"So, Jeus. You can throw the shavings down here."

Is that everything? Does the sultan have nothing else to say? See, uncle Jan is grouchy. The sultan is now already furious. He can feel it. He sucks in uncle Jan's feelings and then he knows. But what does the sultan want? He says to the big man of the boiler house:

"Of course, uncle Jan. I will take care of it."

He does not like the surliness of his uncle. But it doesn't touch him either, at least he thinks that. In any case, it is clear to him, he must watch out for adults, or they will get him into trouble. You must be careful here. But in his house uncle Jan can 'drop dead'. He does not understand how mother can talk to uncle Jan for so long. You do not see a smile on that ugly face, which has become yellow from the heat. Then he should not have become an engineer either. It is his own fault. However, uncle Jan always behaves as if tomorrow he will no longer have food to eat, and that is pathetic. Mother said it herself and father could not stand uncle Jan. He once heard father telling mother:

'But what an idiot he is, Cris.' He laughed loudly; it was so funny. Then father left mother alone with her brother. And father did not do that for nothing, he knew that man would bring down your house. Father said something else, but what was it again? Then mother also said that father should not say that when the children were present. But still he heard it and father was right. Uncle Jan is a 'sour puss'. When he also wanted to say something about it, mother said to him:

'Shut your mouth, Jeus, that is my brother and your uncle Jan.' And when he wanted to ask Crisje why they called him a 'lion' and 'sultan', mother walked away from him. But uncle Jan is an idiot of a man, a 'doddering idiot'! And does he also have something to say about him? He already realizes; here he is faced with a pile of bosses, of whom he has not even seen the big boss yet. However, it will come as well, Jeus. But now, just explore all these

new things for a moment.

“My God”, the tall Van Bree hears him moaning, “but what kind of fires and wheels are they. You must be afraid of them.”

Uncle Jan wanders about here day and night and nothing happens. Nevertheless, he has still become yellow from it. Of course, that must be because of the hot fires. Of course, that is a good one! But life is good, life is great, Crisje, he has discovered it, he suddenly knows. It is enormous what he sees and will experience here. And Crisje, uncle Jan can laugh! Jeus sees it, he is standing with his nose on top of it. Did he not know uncle Jan then? Van Bree tells his uncle a joke and the sultan laughs. How is it possible? Really, mother, uncle Jan can laugh. It is a great miracle.

Antoon goes back to the sawmill. Jeus can start. He has learned the work; at least he knows what he has to do. If he now makes sure that the shavings reach uncle Jan, Antoon also tells him, then no one can order him about, then no one can get onto him. Van Bree also adds:

“What is lying there, Jeus, is from Saturday. The turners still have to start. They are now sharpening the chisels.”

“I can see that, Van Bree. Thank you. I will take care of it, Van Bree.”

He thinks, with politeness you can achieve everything in the world. And if he is very polite, Van Bree will probably think differently of him and forgive him for that other thing. Or has Van Bree perhaps already forgotten? He hears nothing from van Bree, he doesn't know yet for sure, that feeling inside tells him nothing. With other people it happens of its own accord. If you look at those people from inside, then they tell you everything. However, not Van Bree, he is completely closed inside. Yes, Crisje, he has already discovered that for himself. How nice life is, life is great. But he has to think. He works it out for himself that he is a small cog in the big society, And the work is easy. A child can do it. He does not yet understand, Crisje, that he will soon have to operate such, as adult life will determine for his soul. Then Jeus, there will no longer be a question of going left or right, you can now only take one path and listen and bow to the men who now have something to tell. In a few hours, you probably won't want any more to do with it, but it is in your own hands.

He fills his basket; flings the whopper onto his narrow shoulders, takes a step forward and then has to accept that this cursed thing will not behave as he meant it to. The basket and the shavings hit the ground and he has to start from the beginning again. He is already grumbling:

‘Good gracious, that's something. I will teach you not to do that. Did you think that I had nothing to say? You would want that, wouldn't you?’

They hear him grumbling, but he tries again to toss the basket with shavings onto his shoulders. It is not so easy. The men follow him and have re-

spect for his life, but they must not laugh.

“Look at that”, he utters. “Have you nothing else to do? Do you have to laugh at me? Didn’t you have to start yourself?”

Well done, Jeus, just let them look at themselves; then they will have troubles enough. Won’t they? Jan Lemmekus follows him. Jeus knows, Jan is the best turner and the first polisher, Bernard also told him that. They now see that he manages it. For a moment he looks at the turning again, because it is the most beautiful thing there is, he would like to learn to do that. It is great! Something completely different from what he has to do here. This is nothing! Even Teun could do that. The basket is full and now he must be off to uncle Jan. He manages! Yes, of course, just look for yourself, Van Bree, he suddenly manages. He holds his basket firmly in his hands, the thing slides about his back to the left and right, but that will change. Uncle Jan is not about. He will just take a look and then go back. He will start with Jan Lemmekus.

“Good day, Jeus.”

“Good day, Jan.”

“It is good, Jeus, that you have come to work with us. I knew your father well, didn’t I? Yes, I did not come to your house so often, but your mother knows me all the better and you will hear that.”

“Yes, Jan, of course, I know.”

“Do you know how to do your work yet, Jeus?”

“I still have to get used to it, Jan.”

“That is understandable, Jeus. You must just think like this, every beginning is difficult. But once you know it, it takes place of its own accord.”

“Yes, Jan, I know that and I will make sure of it.”

Jan puts on his chisels and wants to have a chat, but he cannot permit himself that, he has no time for it. The men want to talk, he notices. Jeus does not know that the highest boss does not tolerate, and cannot stand that hanging about. Here you must always have something in your hands. If Lumwald has seen that once, then that man will no longer leave you alone and the torture will start. Lumwald is strict, Jeus, and harsh. He is a German. When you hear that man talking you want to laugh out loud, but if you try that, you will be out of a job immediately. He can’t get enough of it again. Everything captures his interest, because he wants to get on in the world. What the men are doing there is a profession. This is nothing! But he must earn money for Crisje and his household. And a machine like that is wonderful.

Yes, Jeus, that is the case. But all those nice things operate through the human machine and a person lies and threatens as a result of this, commits murder and arson, through which he loses himself, but you do not understand that yet. If you know all of this, Jeus, then you will probably feel very unhappy, and you will no longer want anything to do with all those nice

things. I would say to you: watch out and think about everything. One thing is certain, if you want to get on in life, then it will cost you your flesh and blood, and you will sweat until you can sweat no more. You do not get a single cent for free, Jeus, not one!

Antoon van Bree comes and stands beside him for a moment and listens, he winks at Jan, but he also has something to say.

“Are you managing, Jeus?”

“Yes, Van Bree. I have already learned it, haven't I? I can sing while doing this.”

“That is damn quick, Jeus. Isn't it, Jan? I must say, Jeus, your head can work.”

Jan has known Jeus for years. Mina, who first put nappies on Jeus, is a good friend of Jan and Anneke's. Jeus looks into Jan's lovely eyes, whom they called the learned one here, but Jan was also given a blue smock to wear. Jan is a child of nature. For himself, his wife, and two daughters, he has built up a small paradise and Jan is tuned to Jeus' inner life. Jeus will gain a good friend in Jan. Jan was also hit by life, or what is it really? Why may you not learn what you would like to, and what you are suited for in life? Money is needed for that, and there wasn't any. Jan follows Jeus. That a child like that has to go to a factory is a shame and a scandal. Adult life gives Jeus something to experience, the laws of which Jan knows, but he does not like them. But he has also had to bow to this; he had no other choice. Jan wanted to be a doctor, he has a talent for studying, but they do not understand that here. Jeus has to work, all that talking is not going to get him anywhere. The shavings from Saturday have to be taken away. He will not get it done by chatting. But the men do not let him go, they all have something to say and ask him. Goodness, he sees Johan, his own cousin as well. The sultan's Johan is a turner and he had already forgotten that. Jeus gets to hear from him:

“Good day, Jeus.”

“Good day, Johan.”

“Now you are one of us, aren't you?”

“Yes, Johan, of course, it had to happen.”

Jan and Van Bree smile. Antoon feels that this child can think. He is just like an old man. Johan asks again:

“Do you like it, Jeus?”

“Yes, Johan, that is understandable, isn't it? But I have to earn money.”

“That's true, Jeus. Mother can use it now. There are worries enough there. I know all about it.”

“Yes, Johan.”

“That is good of you, Jeus, that you started immediately. But I was a bit late this morning and I want to make up for it.”

“I can understand that, Johan. I can imagine that.”

Antoon already feels a tickling inside. You should hear that lad talking. Johan also thinks. He knows that Jeus is an old man, because this life continually gives you answers with incentives. For Jan Lemmekus, Jeus is like honey to sick children, he cannot get enough of this life, Mina told him everything, and now Jeus has come to his environment. That miracle now has to carry shavings and has to accept this rotten life. Jan will soon drink a glass of wine from Our Lord, and it will be given to him by another life. The men know, today Our Lord is happy. The more people accept everyday life, the quicker happiness will come, and peace and quiet to earth, and work in society will be divided honestly. There are still enough people walking about who do not lift a hand, and are too lazy to work, who do nothing else but suck the life out of another person. Is that not the case, Van Bree? And Jeus will soon learn that as well. The men teach Jeus how he has to treat the basket. It goes: one, two, up you go ... with one try the basket is resting on his shoulders. But two metres further on, the thing is lying on the floor again. Van Bree says:

“You must do that with a ‘schwung’ (swing), Jeus. Just look at me, then I will teach you it in one go.”

He knows now, he suddenly understands it, but he has to laugh at that word ‘Schwung’. That is German, of course. He tries it again, and he manages it. Now out that big door, bend over a bit, it is necessary for the basket because then that thing does not roll back and forth. Stumbling, he comes to the door which opens on its own and then closes. However, some men give it a kick, others do it a bit more calmly, as he will also, because kicking is nothing. You only break your clogs with kicking too hard, and there is no money yet for new ones, first, he must earn that money. Now quickly to uncle Jan, he can probably have a chat there, for himself. There are all kinds of things to be learned and to see in this place and the turners have already started, he also has to take that into account, Crisje. He really has no peace any more and life has already accepted him, but it demands his soul, his sweat as well. He knows now, Crisje, life is like a dirty monster for him, and it is a provoked animal!

He sees that as well and has to accept it. Uncle Jan keeps shovelling away. The shavings fly into the oven and that greedy beast gobbles them up, that animal cannot get enough. And uncle Jan, he sees, remains sullen, but that is his own business. Just look at that face. It is like Miets’ dirty apron, it is a dirty rag! What kind of terrible fire is that? It looks just like hell! However, it is not that, he does not believe that you have to burn in there, Our Lord cannot approve of that, and that was the argument with Father. It is also like purgatory, but then again not like it; because you are damned there, and he does not want anything to do with it. Dirty sultan! That crackling would

make you anxious. Ugly sultan! He calls uncle Jan names under his breath, but uncle Jan does not hear it.

'If you could only hear me now, sultan!' He calls uncle Jan, the sour puss, names, Crisje. No one can do anything about it; the Lion does not hear anything either. Great, he can call those sour pusses names in their presence and they cannot hear. You do not get any thanks. Yellow devil! Why do they call him sultan? Just get lost then, sultan! He thinks further. He shuffles back. Jan Lemmekus is the learned one. They call Van Bree tall Antoon. That one there, they call the drunkard, that man sometimes drinks all his week's wages and people know that. And they call that one there the roasted chestnut, because he likes roasted chestnuts and nothing else exists for him. They call that one there the ...'be blowed, I have to work'... he hurls at the life of all those men, gossip is no use to him. But why did they get those nicknames? Just get lost ... he utters as well, some day, they will also give him a nickname like that. His little back, Crisje, is roasting hot, the tension is eating away at his soul, his heart is thumping, but his brain is working at full power. Even if his legs are shaking now and again, he still manages to keep himself upright, but a boy of sixteen took off from here. He sees red and green and that is also on his face. There is one fortunate thing today, the weather is good, otherwise you would get him back with a horrible cold, but that danger is not present now.

If only it was already Saturday, then he would come home with a pile of money, because he would have earned a guilder and fifty cents. It is an enormous sum; you can buy all kinds of things with it. Teun, Miets and mother need something new. But he will have money left, Crisje. It will work out fine, do not worry yet. The men now see, he has learned the art. He flings his basket onto his shoulders, as if he has never known any different. It is now just bending, going through his knees, turning his right arm a bit, and then putting all his force into his left arm and then immediately keeping his back in balance in order to catch the basket, once that is accomplished, he immediately turns around and takes the first step in the direction of the boiler house. That's right, that is the way to do it. Just bend at the knees and 'Schwung'! Another step and the shavings are at uncle Jan's. That 'Schwung' is of course from Stein, he is also a German. That man lost an arm through his sawing and still does it. Stein is a good man. There is Willy. He is also a turner and he has carried shavings as well, but now he has a great profession. If those prospects were not there, Crisje, believe it, then he would already have taken off, because this is nothing! The word 'Schwung' is an amusing thing. You can suddenly say a lot with it and he will not forget it. It is true as well, his gait has to change. The aim is, Crisje, more confidence, quickly thinking about everything and then they will have nothing to say here. He

will work out his job. Chit-chat is no good to him and supernatural matters now no longer interest him, 'those' people must now look elsewhere, he is no longer open to it. Beautiful paradise no longer means anything, you cannot eat from them; they are only good for small children. He also knows people here laugh at such matters. Only Jan Lemmekus doesn't. He has forgotten his Tall One and José. He is occupied with opening himself up to life completely and giving everything for it, Crisje. He has already buried his youth, and that in less than half an hour?

There are men who have to laugh at Father, that man has no understanding of their sweating and bleeding. And he feels, Crisje, the distressing truth as well, because he has stepped from a sacred world into a dirty stinking cesspool and comes out with it honestly, he is frank. He wants to look life right in the eye, Crisje, and he knows he has to take in all this mess, but that is a great scandal for Jan Lemmekus. What does this little Harp of Our Lord want? Uncle Jan calls him to a welcome halt; uncle Jan's whistling gives him a moment's peace. He may now eat his sandwiches and drink his coffee; it is a miracle. It is something supernatural. It belongs to the men, and it is a moment in your life never to be forgotten. And he wants to really enjoy it. Johan and father have spoken all about it at home.

But what is Antoon van Bree doing with his basket? Van Bree is doing something, he sees it and wants to understand Van Bree. Van Bree is right. That is a better place for the basket. Van Bree is a good man. Not so bad after all, but he shouldn't have called him a 'tall idiot' and he is now really sorry about it. Does Van Bree not feel that? He will never do it again. Now eat. That is true, as well, he is now a part of the big guard. Gerrit Noesthede always talked about the big guard and the old guard. He now knows what it is. However, a guard is also a broody hen with chickens, a pile of children and a teacher, but that is also a guard, isn't it? But children have nothing to say. However, he thought he saw something else in tall Antoon's face. He must have been mistaken, it is not there now, but it has something to do with his basket. Van Bree must want to let the basket have a rest as well; he can understand that. And now, a nice bite to eat and a nice drink, Crisje, because now, he wants to enjoy this precious moment, and wants to thank you for every bite, every sip of coffee, because all of this is a part of being grown-up. Does it taste good for the men as well? Probably not, because they gobble up the lot and think it is very ordinary. What do they want from him now? May he not experience his happiness for a moment? There you have them already.

"Does it taste good, Jeus?"

"Yes, Jan, of course, it tastes really good."

"I can see that, Jeus, you are taking such big bites, aren't you? Good heavens, Jeus, what do I see? Eggs from your own chickens?"

“Of course, Jan, who doesn’t have their own chickens?”

Van Bree has to laugh again. This is a quarter of an hour to have a bit of fun. Jeus’ words tickle his tall body, the immediate reaction of the boy has something different about it, and there is a swing to it. Antoon has something for him and Jeus will now have fun. He utters:

“Just tell me, Jeus, which one of you took off the Sunday suit of aunt Trui’s cockerel, you or Bernard?”

He thinks: ‘What does Van Bree want now?’ However, Antoon wants an answer. It is taking too long for him, and he asks again:

“Now, come on. Do you have to think about it for so long? My God, how the people had to laugh. But they also talked about it as a scandal. True or not, Jan?”

He says nothing, he thinks: ‘Get lost, Van Bree, leave me alone.’ Nevertheless, the tall Antoon wants to know more from him: “Now? Who was it? Will you answer me? I am asking you something, Jeus.”

Then he utters: “What can I say about it, Van Bree, that is so long ago.”

“That is so to speak, completely forgotten, or not? But you cannot fool us with that. Could you not find the cockerel in heaven then? Did Peter not throw him out of heaven? People said that, Jeus. They did not need bare bottoms there, and that was your fault, and I want to know now.”

He feels hurt. Van Bree wants to pester him, and he does not want to talk about that particular subject now. It is true, Jan. Antoon always comes out with the little human dramas and then connects them to an ordinary thing, which one person laughs about, and is accepted, which is not appreciated by others. Jan does not want anything to do with it either. Usually households are talked about, and the men enjoy themselves. Van Bree does not pay attention to anyone and asks again:

“And who did it now, Jeus? You or Bernard? You can look so well, after all?”

Had Jan not thought so? Of course, Van Bree wants to enjoy himself at Jeus’ expense. Van Bree wants to make this life ridiculous and Jan wants none of it. For his personality, the feelings of Jeus are sacred. Antoon is dragging all those sacred matters through the mud, Jan knows, and is ashamed of nothing, as long as there is fun. Usually it concerns the suffering and sorrow of others, and then the torture is banal, it means nothing more to you, it is sullyng the good things of a person. Jeus reacts sharply. Anton hears:

“Now what have heavens to do with bare bottoms, Van Bree?”

It is the invitation for Van Bree; the fight has started. The boy reacts, Jeus asks himself: ‘Why does Van Bree want to link him to sacred matters? Does Van Bree perhaps know something about his life? If Antoon really wants to know who plucked aunt Trui’s cockerel, he utters:

“Are you trying to tell me, Van Bree, are you trying to fool me, that you have an understanding of the heavens?”

Antoon takes this as an insult. The other men have to laugh, and Jan Lemmekus thinks it's brilliant. Antoon bites back:

“Do you know anything about the heavens then, whippersnapper?”

He thinks: ‘Just get lost ...’ and feels painfully hit. But what does that Van Bree want with his life, why does that man not leave him alone? Antoon has something else, he now hears:

“Are you trying to say, that we don't have a Lord?”

He has to think for a moment. Antoon continues and says to him: “Now? Do we have a Lord, yes, or no?” And that is ten minutes in the sawmill. ‘Heavens, that is bad, I have never had the likes of it in my life’.

He thinks, he looks along the row and then he utters something, which Antoon does not even think about, and Jan can enjoy himself again.

“I will tell you something, Van Bree. Even if you are a thousand times my boss here, and then I still do not need to let myself be teased by you, do I? Why do you want to get me, Van Bree?”

That is an adult, Antoon thinks. And he just wants to tease that little person now. He still has a bone to pick with this old person. Nevertheless, fair is fair, Antoon, that got you. Van Bree laughs, the other men listen, there is something going on here. The week has got off to a good start, you have now quickly forgotten Sunday. Johan has to laugh as well. But can the sultan's Johan, his own cousin, not just help him now? Is he perhaps on the side of the tall Van Bree? Is Johan completely mad? He would never do that. He looks them in the eye one by one and bites back. Dirty tall brat, he grumbles to himself. You can drop dead, tall idiot! Antoon does not hear anything, he is swearing. And do these folk really have to laugh at this? Just look at those men there, you could give them what for. Are they really people? Now Johan also hears from him: “Why do you have to laugh, Johan?”

“Am I not allowed to laugh any more, Jees?”

“But it is as if you are enjoying it, Johan.”

“That's a good one, Jees. Are you now starting to argue with me as well?”

“Are you trying to say then”, he reacts, sticking up for himself, “that I started the argument, Johan?” Van Bree speaks, the rest are laughing and having fun.

“That's something, Jees, are you already becoming angry? But it was a mean trick. Now tell me, did your father not beat you black and blue, such as Bernard got from him when you took off the cockerel's trousers? And who stole those big pears from Hosman, Jees? You or Bernard? You now already know for certain, we know all about you, the whole of 's-Heerenberg knows.”

Antoon gets to hear something and then he suddenly knows. Jees puts

everything at stake, now that he comes out with:

“You can get lost, Van Bree! As long as you know that.”

When he now thinks that Antoon will give him a good hiding, suddenly rescue and help comes, uncle Jan whistles, the lovely quarter of an hour is past and there is an end to the torture.

Nevertheless, he still hears from Antoon:

“I will tell you something, Jeus. You fling it at me that I can get lost, don't you? But I thought to myself that you were just another boy, but you are just like the rest, as rotten as anything is. I was badly mistaken about you. I will tell your mother about it. I certainly haven't finished with you yet, have I? I am called Antoon van Bree and not Roelofse (Familyname of Jeus), understood?”

He looks, Van Bree is now angry, but then he just should not have started. That man cannot stand talk and he provokes it himself. It is still not enough, he gets:

“I haven't finished with you yet. The whistle saved you, otherwise I would have had something to say to you.”

So, is that so, Antoon, Jeus thinks: the ‘droadles’ (his way to say or think ‘get lost’). But what a brute of a man that is. That man looks for an argument and cannot take it. He also answers Van Bree:

“Then you just should not have started, Van Bree. It is your own fault, as long as you know.”

Antoon no longer gives him an answer, he is already sawing, but he still follows him for a moment, soon they can laugh again. The wonderful quarter of an hour, Crisje, has been a complete washout. They have spoiled it for him; he has not enjoyed a single bit of it. Because of that tall Van Bree. His sandwiches are finished, the coffee is lying in his stomach, he lapped all of it and a pile of arguments. Life is rotten, Crisje, life is just a dirty mess, and it is terrible! But Van Bree can get lost. He must watch out for that man, he thinks. If he does not watch out for that man, then he will experience a lot of trouble. However, he wants to make it up to Van Bree again.

“Van Bree, but you are not still angry with me, are you?” Antoon quickly answers him:

“I will tell you something, Jeus. We are all hard workers here, and have to take care of our wives and children. You can see it yourself, we have to slave really hard to make it. But words like that which you flung at me are even worse than all this slaving and I got a shock from it. Honestly, that is too much for my body. I am, even if I say so myself, very soft inside. I cannot stand such harsh words. You should be ashamed of yourself. My own wife would not do that and would not dare to say that to me either. No, I cannot understand that from you. When my wife hears this from me, you will be

sorry.”

He thinks he must deal with this for a moment. What does Van Bree want? What did he do to that life? Did he not start this himself? He answers Antoon:

“Of course, Van Bree, I know your wife, I will be careful now.”

He now feels, Van Bree is greatly exaggerating. That man wants to cheat him, Van Bree is exaggerating and now it is no longer nice, when Antoon is given the reply:

“Oh, yes, Van Bree, I will never do it again. I did not know that you were so sensitive, of course, I should have known.”

He looks Antoon in the eye. He is really hanging about, leaning nicely against van Bree’s machine and is waiting, whether Van Bree perhaps has something else to say. Good heavens, Jeus, it is not Van Bree, the big boss is here and now you will hear it. The man storms towards him and Jeus hears:

“So, are you already standing staring now? Do you have nothing else to do?”

“But”, he had wanted to say, “Van Bree asked me something and then I have to answer,” however, that ‘but’ is just enough for the boss and he immediately comes out with:

“No buts here! None, understood? Understood? Work and quickly, or get out of here. Quickly! Quickly, get out of my sight ... hurry!”

He hears it, the boss is furious. But is Van Bree not going to say anything? He will also certainly get a hiding now. That boss is just like a wild animal, he thinks. Why does Van Bree not say something now? Why is Van Bree still following him? He got a hiding on his bottom there, it strikes home as well. Unexpectedly life hit him right in his face, And all that through Van Bree. ‘My God,’ he groans, ‘from where did that ghost suddenly appear? Is that man crazy? Mother, they are already kicking me out the door and that is that tall idiot’s fault.’ Van Bree does not say anything, but Antoon looks sideways, he sees it. Could he not just tell the boss what it was about? He gets his basket, suddenly the thing is lying on the ground again, Van Bree and the men laugh at him. That as well, he suddenly knows now why Van Bree put the basket there. There is a lump of dirty fat smeared onto the handle. Is that funny? Now don’t show anything at all, and then Van Bree cannot laugh either. He wipes the dirty fat off his hand, grasps the basket, swings the whopper with a tug onto his shoulders, and meanwhile calls Van Bree all kinds of names.

“You can go to hell, tall idiot ...” Dirty mess! Van Bree pulled that on him. The men have their fun; he does not like it. Now out of here. He shuffles to the boiler house, walks bent, and looks at the ground; he sees nothing of the other life. Suddenly he feels a bang and at the same time, the basket is lying

on the floor. Who pulled that on him this time? My God, now he will be thrown out, it is the boss. He almost ran this life off its feet. Can that man not even understand that he has to think of ten things at once, Crisje? No, this life does not understand that. At the end of the day, he only has two eyes and not ten. He looks the terrible monster right in the face, but the spirit wants none of it. He is now yelled at:

“Can you not watch out? Can you not use your eyes?”

That is saying the same thing twice, and he hadn't even expected that from such a big boss, but it cuts through his soul. Nevertheless, that monster has much more for him now he answers him with a 'yes'.

“But I had to look at the ground, boss, didn't I?” He said it very politely, Crisje, but you know Lumwald, he does not accept that. “When I speak, my dear man, you can keep quiet! Understood? You will be quiet! Understood? Be quiet!”

“Yes, boss, I will make sure of that.”

“Are you one of Tall Hendrik's children?”

“Yes, boss, that was my father.”

“But not anymore?”

“Yes, boss, of course, but my father is dead, isn't he?”

Do you think, Jeus that you can have a nice conversation with your boss now? You should have thought of your shavings immediately. Now you will hear it.

“What do you want? To chat with me here? Have you gone completely mad? Quickly, we do not pay you for nothing!”

He grasps the basket by its handles and pulls the thing over the ground. He thinks: 'But I am close by.' For the boss that is cursing the work. How difficult life is, Jeus! He breaks out in a sweat; the boss almost eats him up when he now gets to hear: “You stupid goose. That is destroying the basket. And one basket costs more than you can earn in a full week. Are you completely mad then?”

He doesn't know any more. The shavings fly over the floor, he is nervous from it; it is enough to drive you mad. He also hears:

“Lift that basket up, otherwise you will be the worse for it!”

“Yes, boss ...” he answers him politely, with his good intentions towards the big boss, but it does not help him at all. The boss does not want to hear any talk from your life, Jeus, just get on with your work! But that man is talking to him. Shouldn't he answer him then? No, not here, Jeus, Only when the boss asks you to say something, then you may answer him. He does not understand any of it and it is really bad, Crisje. He has never experienced anything like it in his life. This is enough to drive you mad. His best intentions leave him, but the boss does not see that!

“Shut your mouth, I said”, he says, and Jeus can leave. However, he is thinking again. ‘Prügel? What does Prügel mean, mother?’ That word thumps in his head, it has hit him. He must not forget it, it is something special, he feels that really well, but it also sounds ridiculous! Prügel? It is enough to die laughing about. Now he has to be careful. With that man, you do not know any more whether you still possess your own life. With that man, you are faced with a tomb. That man digs a grave for you, he then kicks you into it, and you have to deal with his worms. He does not want to go in that grave, so he must jump across it, and try to get that man to fall in himself. The tall Van Bree as well, otherwise he will have no life any more. Well done, Jeus, that’s it! They are good thoughts, if you follow this for a moment and play it out for the men, then they can tell you more and they will no longer get you. Where these thoughts suddenly come from, he does not know, but they are there! Because of this, he feels those lives, he is starting to understand the inner lives of those men. They are not up to much, he already knows that, Crisje! They suck the blood out of your ribs, and they have no sympathy for anyone. The boss throws him in the pit and then the sand of the boss goes over his body, And that dirty kraut would like that. You can drop dead, German nonsense! Dirty dog. Drop dead for all I care!

Now that he is faced with uncle Jan and he also starts, that is the limit for him, Crisje. As if it is not bad enough, the blood now flows away from his little ribs. Does that ugly sultan perhaps have a share in the profits? He thinks he will become the boss now, of course, when this one has gone the sultan wants to rule. ‘Drop dead! Go to hell, dirty sultan! Yellow face! Get lost!’ When the sultan says to him:

“The boss is right, Jeus. That is throwing away money for nothing! And a basket like that costs a lot of money”, the blood rushes to his head and in his misery, he spits the fire straight into his dirty face. That animal also has to do with it, and that boss is like a dirty devil and the sultan is no different. He is trembling inside because of so much injustice, so much misunderstanding in one person, because of so much mud; you would say ‘sir’ to pigs, but not to these people! They are worse than pigs! They stink, mother! But ... the ‘droodles’! They can go to hell! He also says silently to uncle Jan:

‘If you come to our house again, I will kick you out the door!’ and the lion can make do with that. Now he suddenly knows why they call uncle Jan lion. That is because that man is so lion-like. Now he has learned something as well. Dirty lion! Sour puss! He knows the sultan is also dangerous. He is a hypocrite, he is a bootlicker! They could not have given him a greater disappointment. Life is becoming uncertain. In his thoughts, he still trudges along through the machine room. Wrong again, Jeus. You should have made sure that you left here quickly. The boss is keeping an eye on you and you

are behaving as if nothing has happened. There you have him already, Jeus, now you will hear it.

“Are you still standing here staring? Do you really think that we are crazy? Come with me!”

Now that he does not understand that ‘Komm mit’ immediately, the boss flies at him and pulls him out of the boiler house, straight to a pile of baskets. What does the boss want this time? He notices the wild man is looking for something. What does that bit of poison want with him this time? Is his basket not good? Crisje, what is that good for, they are consciously trying to destroy him. Has he now not stepped into a muddy hell? Are these not devils? Is life not terrible? Good heavens, boss, you should have tried that when Fanny was looking. Fanny would have torn you to pieces, Fanny cannot stand snapping, and Jeus thinks it is frightening, you are now hitting all respect out of the life. And he now has to accept that, Crisje, but don’t worry yet, he knows exactly what he wants, and Jeus will take care of this little business himself. Yes, Crisje, it is not yet twelve o’clock. All kinds of things can still happen, we aren’t finished yet.

“Here”, the boss says and snarls at him: ““this is a better one for you. You can fit more into that, can’t you? Now get on with it. Don’t stand around wasting your time. Make it quick, hurry up, out of my sight.”

He grasps the bigger basket and shuffles away. The man has not even touched him. He will fall into that grave himself. A word like that again of which you can taste the poison, and it tastes like fish, which has gone off.

‘Verpumpelen?’ He is bursting inside; he has to laugh loudly. ‘Verpumpelen?’ All German nonsense, he does not want to learn a word of it. In our house, they throw that to the pigs!

‘That is enough to drive you mad’ he sends towards the great danger, and now understands that you can hate people. Everything here is rotten! Only Jan Lemmekus is a good man. Van Bree will end up in the gutter and uncle Jan must be hung. Fanny, now you could have helped me, but we will get our own back on those bullies another time.

Peter Smadel’s German is heavenly. Peter could not speak dialect either, but this is more pathetic than the ‘rumbling pot’! This man can do nothing but make people’s lives sour. What kind of man is that anyway? Just look at his nose. How beautiful father was then, mother. I would never want a man like that.

In the sawmill, the men see that they have got him. One guilder fifty like that takes on significance. They have also sucked up his sweat and blood, but they will not destroy him. Antoon sees it but he can also get the ‘droadles’, he does not want anything more to do with anyone. Dirty, filthy Van Bree. You will be out! You only kick a person into misery. Antoon does not waste

a second.

“So, Jeus, of course, they have cottoned onto you. I must say, now you can prove how strong you are.”

Get lost! He does not even glance at Antoon; it is all his fault. All those men are rotten. No, Varwieck and Stein are really good people. Johan and Willy did not do anything to him, but Johan should have helped him. And now, the shavings have to go and as quickly as possible. Each shovelful must disappear completely into the basket. Completely full or he will be playing with the shavings. Those dribbles of just a moment ago must change. He will put in a good tempo; otherwise he will lose too much time. Now go! When he comes to the door, which opens and flies closed on its own, that cursed thing slams exactly the wrong way and against his head. Jeus goes crashing to the ground with the basket and shavings. With that on top of everything, what he gets to hear is the pathetic:

“That’s a pity, Jeus. I didn’t know that you were coming from the other side. Can you understand that, Jeus?”

A big lump in the middle of his head, one nostril bleeding, a little dizziness, Crisje, is what he now has to deal with again. He races into the sawmill, grasps a broom, and brushes the lot into a pile. Antoon van Bree is grinning. Of course, Jan Lemmekus does not see anything and the sultan’s Johan does exactly the same. The men understand he is hit from all sides here. If only there was purgatory, Jeus, then you could have them doomed one by one, but you do not believe that yourself! What they get to hear, Crisje, is terrible, all those ugly words now become significant for his life and he is grateful that he has learned them.

‘You can drop dead! You can drop dead! Misfortunate wretches! Lousy men!’

There, that is just enough again for now, and now, he can carry on. He pulls himself together, throws the whopper onto his neck, and still skips, despite all this misery, to uncle Jan. Inside he feels an itchy feeling. Yes, you would say, it even caresses him and now he can say to himself, I am not even angry. Not even with uncle Jan. Moreover, in order to prove that, he says to Crisje’s brother:

“But what kind of fires are they, uncle Jan?”

Is it not enough to drive you mad, Crisje? The sultan does not want to know anything about his ‘begging’, your own brother turns his back on him and makes off. He has to think for a minute, he has to deal with this, it is another blow and it strikes home as well, right in his face, right on his nose. He rubs his bump for a moment, it felt it, and he also barks: “Just get lost then for all I care ... Just get the ‘droadles’ then if that’s what you want. But you will not get into our house any more! Dirty lion!” People are not interested in

children, Jeus. They do not need your complaining. They do not understand you, but stand on your own two feet now and do not say another word to them. Not a thought, Jeus, you will only get misery in return. Just have a look, all of this is worthwhile, he thinks, it softens the other feelings inside. When his uncle Jan sees this, the monster comes back and he hears, Crisje:

‘You should do your best a bit more here. All that nonsense about things, which you do not understand anyway, is only wasting your time.’

In other words, Jeus, get the hell out of here! Uncle Jan does not want you here. From inside, the sultan gets another hiding. He hits him right in his face, he calls Crisje’s brother names, and the sultan does not hear it, which is good. But, did you see that, Crisje? He sees, now that he has given the sultan a hiding, he rubs his face with his hands and that is, of course, because he hit him properly. He has now found out something, as a result of which you can hit the men and they do not see any of it, which is good. You are standing there with your nose in it. You give them from all sides in their faces and they do not even know from where they got those blows. Did you see that, yellow sultan? Darting, hopping with the basket, there is music to it; he walks into the sawmill. However, Crisje, in ten minutes he has aged by ten years. That was a great hiding. When Jan asks him why he is laughing to himself, then he first has to think about it, he cannot tell Jan just like that, but it was great fun. No, Jan, that lump, and that nosebleed do not matter a jot to him. That is just stuff and nonsense, that means nothing, Jan. But adults are as poor as church mice are. Because of this certainty he has become stronger. But why do those men work so hard?

He has already been on his way for an eternity, Crisje. He is sweating badly, but now and again he has five minutes to spare and then he can learn a lot. Uncle Jan’s big wheels hold his attention. He honestly admits, even if there is a lot of misery, he can learn something. Antoon has something else, he signals to him to come.

“What is it, Van Bree? Have I done something wrong again?”

“No, Jeus, that is not what it’s about now. You must listen. But you know that you got me? That you hurt me inside. And now you can feel yourself how much pain I have inside. I can let you feel that, and then you can feel my pain in your own stomach. Here, just hold my finger. Now press, Jeus. Press harder, that is not pressing.”

Jeus looks Van Bree in the eye. Antoon again says to him:

“Press harder, Jeus, only then will my pain come into your body.”

He presses harder, but at the same time, he hears, at the bottom of tall Antoon’s trousers: whoosh ... whoosh ... and another, whoosh ... and a tremendous noise. Antoon already hears: “Good gracious. What a rotter you are, Van Bree. What a dirty man you are. You are a rotten person, as long as

you know.”

Antoon had not thought that Jeus would give him such a talking to. Van Bree is becoming ticklish inside. Antoon also hears:

“Dirty scoundrel! Filthy skunk! What a dirty animal!”

Is that enough, Antoon? Van Bree really becomes furious. He can make do with it. Jan follows everything, he hears that Jeus stands up for himself, but he also sees that Antoon is seeing red. And that is envy. Now you will hear it, Jan thinks. The men laugh, now Van Bree looks to see whether his trousers are torn. That is for something else, Jeus. Antoon can come away with more nonsense or he would not be the tall idiot, the inexhaustible seeker of some joy in life, the ‘get out of it what you can’. He has thought of something else for your life as fast as lightning. Then it comes.

A well-aimed piece of chewing tobacco flies into Jeus’ right eye. Antoon now hears:

“My God, oh my God, I am completely blind. That on top of everything! But my God!”

That is for Our Lord. Van Bree now gets to hear something else. Like a gale, Jeus throws at him:

“Dirty dog! Dirty mean dog! Nasty piece of work! Stinking turd! Dirty tall idiot! Bloody tall idiot! Dirty piece of turd that you are!”

He feels, his eye is still there, but he is blind. Antoon can make do with it. He does not even laugh, he cannot laugh. With all the men present, Jeus has called him a ‘dirty turd’. However, Jeus should not even have tried that this morning. The men laugh, yes, of course, but they look at Van Bree, and feel sorry for him. No, Antoon, there is no fun in this any more for you. You have got a good hiding and you have lost. And Van Bree feels it. He feels hurt, Jan sees. Now Van Bree will show himself, but then he is faced with Jan Lemmekus who says to him:

“Antoon! Do not lift a finger to him again or you will have me to answer to.”

Jeus wipes the tobacco juice out of his eye, the dirty juice bites away at the tissues for a moment, but it will be okay. Now that he can see with his other eye, and hears that Jan Lemmekus is on his side, he has forgotten that terrible misery again. Antoon and Jan have something to say to each other. Antoon is powerless, he knows Jan. If Van Bree now lifts a finger, there will be victims. Jan cannot stand injustice and is now fighting against ten men. The tall one knows that. Van Bree makes some excuse, but Jan also says to him:

“Antoon, you know. This is just enough. You can stand being thrown back, Antoon. However, he is too smart for you. Is that not the case, Van Bree?”

Antoon has become speechless. He is already sawing, and a strange silence is felt, how is silence possible with all this violence, you could hear a pin

drop, it was because of the envy and the hiding given to the tall idiot. It is the sacred truth, Crisje. Jeus has conquered Van Bree. Imagine this. If Jeus had flung this 'tall idiot' at Van Bree this morning, then you could have taken Jeus to the hospital. Now Van Bree has had to accept it, in the presence of the men, and that has hit him now. Van Bree had not thought of this, Crisje. This fun gives you a nasty feeling; it is unpleasant fun, which leaves an after-taste for hours. However, Antoon is not so crazy, and Jan Lemmekus is not so insane, otherwise there would have been victims. Jeus has hit the tall idiot of the Grintweg right in his face. Nevertheless, Crisje, he now thinks back on his good life. It is just a dirty mess here; it is poison. Van Bree will not get him, he fills up his basket and leaves. When he understands all of this properly, Crisje, then he can make up his balance around twelve o'clock and be satisfied. Clearly and consciously, he saw adult life in the eye, Crisje. It is a gain, believe it.

The small drama is over. The men work hard, each one of them follows what happens for themselves. A child of twelve conquered a man of forty. That is the case, Van Bree! Despite all of this, Jeus still wants to become good friends with adult life. When Van Bree sees that it doesn't matter a jot to him, then he will stop of his own accord. Now he closes himself off to everyone and everything. Is that all now, Jeus? No, not yet, Antoon van Bree has something else again.

It is someone's birthday. Antoon talks to the person who's birthday it is, he wants to rinse away his bitter taste. Now and again, there is a drink. The combers drink once in a while on Monday, and then the boring Sunday goes up, and that is no fun. Antoon calls to Jeus. Crisje's life gets a fright, what is it this time?

"Jeus", Van Bree has forgotten the past events, "you must go along to Jan Hieltjes. Here's the money. Jan knows what we want."

Think for a moment. What does the tall Van Bree want from him this time? What should I do? Then he suddenly understands, and he says resolutely to Van Bree:

"What do you want from me, Van Bree? Do you want me to go and fetch jenever? Do I have to fetch jenever for you? I will not fetch any jenever for you. I have never done that in my life, and I will certainly not do it for you."

Antoon still wants to put the money in his hands, but he lets it fall to the ground. Van Bree is furious. Jan is already watching. Now that Van Bree still puts out his hand to give Jeus a wallop, and once again, Jan and Antoon are faced with each other. Antoon angrily addresses Jeus:

"What do you want, ugly whippersnapper? Not to fetch jenever?"

"No", Jan says, "Antoon, but you heard what Jeus said to you, he will not fetch any jenever. Now that's quite enough, Antoon. And one more word,

Van Bree, and I will lash out.”

The men look. Jan gets foam on his lips. Now there can be a fight, and Jan is ready. However, the tall Van Bree still chooses the best path, he mumbles: “We could drink it all day, Jan, if you don’t want any jenever, well, we do,” but Jan gives him in return:

“That is all true, Antoon, but he is not fetching any jenever. Understood, Antoon? Do not lift another finger to him, Antoon, or you will have me to answer to. You can also pull a child’s heart out of its ribs. I will strangle you, Antoon.”

Van Bree knows. If he lifts a finger, then life will stand still for Van Bree today and at a dead end. Jeus looks Jan in the eye, Jan says to him:

“Come on, Jeus, get to work.”

“Yes, Jan. But, thank you.”

He goes away, he has to think. When he comes back, the men are at work. There will be no jenever this morning. Mother Crisje’s Jeus put paid to tall Van Bree’s plans in a dirty way. However, Van Bree is not as bad as all that, and that will Jeus get to know. But, he has almost reached the end, another few minutes and it will be twelve o’clock, Crisje. Then you will hear all kinds of things and you will no longer know him. What time is it? Since this morning, when he left the house, centuries have passed. What do the heavens think about it? Where is the tall Hendrik? Where are his angels this morning? Have they left him alone? That does not matter to him and he does not want to hear anything about it, this is for himself! Now that he comes to Jan, he hears:

“I must say, Jeus, you know what you want. And stick to that, then everything will be fine.”

“Yes, Jan, I will make sure of that. I am very grateful to you.”

Jan understands. And feels that Jeus gives you everything. He feels emotional, because he thinks of Jeus’ heavens. Still, no Lord can change anything here. Jeus has to decide his direction himself, and if he can do that, he is the one who decides, and adult life can look on. Jan feels, no tall idiot can scramble up against this; Jeus can be satisfied. Van Bree took a wrong step, he slipped and fell in his own tobacco, and the sparks flew around his nose. You have to laugh whether you like it or not, but a child is a child and a man cannot forget his own space. There was much blood and a lot of sweat this morning, but still? The day is not yet over.

Can he work in peace now? Has he conquered everything? No, but still? Now that he meets the big boss again, the mumbling of that life already comes towards him from a distance. What does that man want this time? Is that whining still not finished? Inside he can no longer be approached. Does that man always have to have something to say? He already hears:

“Quickly, and use your eyes ... understood?”

He has learned something. The man will no longer get the slightest thing to experience from him. He is as silent as the grave, Crisje. He does not intend to play a tomb for him, or a dull fellow, that man can tell him more. The ‘doodles’! A while later it rises up from his inner life: ‘Hooray ... long live the Grintweg! Fanny, I am here! Hooray ... I am here!’ He immediately tosses the shavings off. The sultan can drop dead! What do those stinkers want? I have worked it out! The sawdust flies about the sultan’s ears. And that dirty beast there, will now swallow everything that he gives it to eat. Here, is a piece of wood of the tall idiot. Just eat it, if I wasn’t here, you would go to your grave, because you would not get anything else to eat. Get lost! Go to hell! You can perish! Is that enough? More? I am laughing right in your face. Dirty carry-on. Yellow monster, if you want to say something to me now, then I will not even answer you. Who else? Is there anybody else with something to say? No, not here, then just go back to the sawmill.

Space, a child of twelve conquered your society in only a few hours. Jeus has soled the tall Van Bree’s shoes, and he hammered nails through them; the tall idiot is already standing mewling. A boy from the Grintweg stood up for himself, because life also hit him. Mother Crisje’s Jeus played with adult consciousness and threw it in the oven. You can hear it screaming there. That is temporary purgatory, Crisje. The eternal one has nothing to say, the temporary one has been consciously conquered and put out of action. Then Antoon van Bree fell into his own misery, and stank to high heavens.

This is art, Jeus! Just kick the dirty head, the ugly face of life to bits, more boys and girls wish to help you with it, but the way you do it is fine! How good life is. How great life is, if you understand it. Well done, Jeus, many people followed you this morning. All of them have something to say to you, and you will hear that later. He is faced with the big boss again. It is still not twelve o’clock. Why does he have to meet that man again? Did Our Lord saddle him with that life or does that man remember that he once had to start out? Or what is it? Nevertheless, he sees that life is now very differently tuned. It is a wonder, he feels, or is he completely off the mark? What does the boss say?

“Are you getting on a bit better?”

Jeus says nothing. He now waits patiently. And refuses to talk, Crisje. The boss looks him in the eye. Jeus feels something, but he does not let the boss see it. What does the boss want now? Then he utters:

“Now, are you getting on a bit better?”

Jeus now feels that he may talk:

“Thank you, boss. Yes, of course. I have now learned it. And I will continue to do my best. You can count on me, boss. I will work hard.”

Is that enough yet, Lumwald? Is this enough? The boss smiles, Jeus feels the boss has understood him now. Another lion has lost its teeth, he no longer knows what biting is. How is it possible, Crisje. Still, you have the proof here. The drum major is satisfied. But the scolding which Jeus made him experience, rose out above his life and then, Crisje, a human heart melted, the envy inside changed as a result of real human feeling, it was not sympathy, but real understanding. You know, that feeling, with which you always blessed life yourself. Fair is fair, Crisje, the boss has now consciously accepted his 'orchid' This morning. Now there is nothing more. Life is wonderful! Jeus sends upwards:

'My Lord ... You have them all. And thank you.'

He lets a few tears fall, it is fertile juice, his little soul is busy sharing bliss, and adult men accept that from a child. Of course, Jan, this morning the world was consciously upside down, and you can tell Anneke and Mina, Jeus has conquered life, at least this, this really bad one and now further! The boss suddenly puts him on his own two feet. The blow between his ribs felt like honey, it was so delicious; blood no longer flows, on the contrary, Crisje, now a state of purity has come. They had their fun, the adult men. What is 'verpumpelen' Crisje? Life is called 'Schwung'. Certainly, 'Prügel' was said ... of course. When Jeus asks the tall idiot:

"Van Bree, do you know what 'Prügel' means?" and Van Bree said: "We will not talk about that any more, Jeus," it was then that the devil was also flung out of the saw mill, Crisje, and another Van Bree stood before Jeus, and tears of happiness streamed down his cheeks. Antoon then heard from the bottom of his heart:

"But I am not angry with you, Van Bree."

Van Bree reaches out to him with his four fingers. Jeus lays his hand in them, now they have become friends. Van Bree replies:

"I am not angry either, Jeus, of course not, at the end of the day, we both live in the Grintweg, and are children of Our Lord."

But when Jeus immediately continues with:

"Then we are even now, Van Bree," Antoon realizes, once more, that Jeus can think, and is just one step ahead of him. Really, the tall idiot thinks, we are 'even'; fair is fair, and it is horrible sawing with only half your mind on the job, because that can cost you even more fingers! It is a 'university'. But a monkey like that, thinks Antoon. He has children of his own, but this one of Crisje cannot be bought for all the money in the world. This one will make it, tall Hendrik, and you are not even needed for it, this one is exactly like you were! Antoon had to agree to that this morning. He also learned something. And when Antoon had something else to say, the immediate reply from Jeus was:

“I have known you for so long already, Van Bree.”

“So, Jeus, is that it, I should have known.” Jeus got everything out of Van Bree that he could, and put his first thought of this morning under Van Bree’s nose: ‘I should have known all this yesterday, good gracious, then I would have been in Emmerik ... That is for Antoon van Bree, and now Antoon can decide for himself what he wants! Carry on sawing or take off now.’ Antoon tells Jan:

“He is just like an old man and smart with it.”

“Yes, Antoon, that is an adult, you are right about that. But what you think of as smart, Antoon, they are brains to me! He has brains, Antoon, and more than all of us put together. At least if you want to understand me, Van Bree. That is feeling!”

“So, Jan, is that it?”

“You can make do with it this morning, Antoon.”

They laugh about it. Jan also says to him: “He knows it, Antoon. And in addition to that, we adults must not destroy what is good,” and the learned man, who has had the final word, is standing in front of Van Bree, and then, of course, it is forgotten. Not Jeus, but Van Bree was covered in material mud. And saw worms as thick as snakes. Because of his own plug of tobacco! The learned man has said so. Jan Lemmekus knows that human intellectuality will one day overcome stupid coarseness, and only then will there be peace and quiet amongst people, and hearts will open to each other. But the plug of tobacco, Jan sees, is still biting, Jeus’ eye is scarlet. Because of this, Antoon stands in front of his mirror and sees himself. Crisje, you will get a different Jeus back, his personality has become stronger, and he has started another life. These hours amongst people have not done him any harm either! And he can say to adult life:

‘If you thought that you had got me, I can now tell you, I laughed behind your back.’

The sacred truth, Crisje! Jeus, compliments from above! While getting ready, the sultan could whistle at any time, he also just asks Jan:

“Jan, what is a contract?”

Jan gets a fright, why hadn’t he thought that? “Well, Jeus,

A contract is ... you must listen carefully ... the boss gives me so many of a ‘thousand’ brushes, doesn’t he? And if I can make more in that time, then he looks at my hands and thinks: just wait, Jan, tomorrow I will pay you so much and just you try that one again.”

“I understand already, Jan, thanks, I can imagine that.”

You see, Jan thinks, he is already thinking of his future. The misery went overboard. However, Jeus does not let himself be ‘teased’ or they would have pulled out all his feathers this morning. Antoon, would you like to ask him

again, who plucked aunt Trui's cockerel? You are now standing yourself in your bare bottom! Jan Lemmekus thinks, it is enough to make you die laughing, but there is too much deadly seriousness involved, and you don't do it. You are now thinking about something completely different. Uncle Jan has still not whistled. Antoon can still just reach him and asks:

"Jeus, will you not tell your mother what I did?"

"Of course not, Van Bree. But I am no longer a small child."

Antoon now has a lump in his throat and that thing is getting in the way, as well. And when Jeus says at the same time:

"But that business with your plug of tobacco, Van Bree, that really wasn't necessary. You could have destroyed my eye and you would not want that for yourself either."

"Will you forgive me then, Jeus?"

"Of course, Van Bree, but then we are even."

Van Bree is grinning inside. That boy always has to give you an answer for new and following thoughts. Jan listens, he winks at Jeus. And when Antoon says to him:

"You can now see, Jeus, that I also have a heart under my ribs" Jeus gives him back:

"I know, Van Bree! You are always laughing at the back of your head," then Antoon is faced with a new puzzle, and for other ideas he needs Jan.

"Do you know, Jan, what he said to me there?"

"Do you not understand it, Antoon?"

"No, Jan, I cannot get my head round it."

"Then I will just explain it to you, Antoon. Jeus thinks – and that immediately makes you realize that it is a shame that he works at the brush factory – 'you laugh at the back of your head' and this wants to say, you are not so bad, and he looks through your body, Antoon. He knows you better than you know yourself and that's it."

That is right, Jan. But a fly got the elephant. A trivial little mosquito from Our Lord stung his trunk and let the monster turn off to the right and then to the left, soon after Van Bree did not know how things stood and he was lost! Believe it, Jan, Our Lord gave you a first class perfume this morning. Something different from that of Antoon, you can sniff up that one of Jeus between life and death, and the angels are involved in it. You now get wings. You flap through the spacious life, and there is no one who thrashes you down, they will never get you! Life, Jan, is completely mad, it slips in and out of your soul and hits you, if you want that yourself. Fair is fair, you were in a paradise this morning. Van Bree as well. While the other men slaved. Then uncle Jan whistles. Jeus is the first one to leave. There is Fanny.

When Jan is worrying at the dinner table and his 'heaven' asks: "What is

the matter?" he can say:

"I thought this morning, Anneke, or I believed, that the angels were with us."

"I understand you, Jan. Do you mean, Jeus?"

"Yes, Anneke, it was Jeus!"

"That is understandable."

"He has given us another life, Anneke."

"I understand that also, Jan."

"I have nothing more to say, Anneke. He will make it of his own accord."

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"Fanny, but my dear Fanny. How has it been without me, Fanny? Be good, Fanny. You must not howl like that, Fanny, what will people think now? Be quiet now, Fanny. Did you hear me crying this morning? No, you didn't, did you? Come on, we will go to mother."

Antoon van Bree hears this. Antoon always goes straight to the Grintweg, it is a five minute walk, now Van Bree crawls through the corridor, around the back of the brush factory, homewards. He really has a tear in his eye and he doesn't even try to get rid of it. On the contrary it does him good; it tickles him inside. Is that not a hunk of life? Tall Hendrik, and Crisje, congratulations with your Jeus! That dog can howl like a person can cry, Antoon thinks, and he has never heard that before in his life. He did not know that all this lived in his neighbourhood. Mother Crisje's Jeus may now call him a 'tall idiot', but Gerrit must not try it; he will wring his neck, And that is understandable as well, Van Bree!

On the chair behind the table, where father always sat, Crisje hears about what happened to him. "How did uncle Jan treat you, Jeus?"

"May I tell you honestly, mother?"

"Of course, was he cruel to you then?"

"That is a sour puss, mother."

"And Johan?"

"Johan is different, mother. He can understand a bit. But uncle Jan is a sour puss!"

"Now, now, Jeus, but it is surely not as bad as that, is it?"

"No, mother, but when you see these fires, it frightens you."

"I know, Jeus, uncle Jan is a good engineer."

They talk for a bit and at the end of their conversation the sultan is allowed to visit again. Jeus admits that he grumbled something terrible at the adults,

called them names in a dirty, horrible way and the scales of Our Lord bring him back to showing his colours.

“Do you know Jan Lemmekus as well, mother?”

“Oh yes, Jeus, I have known him for so long already. Jan is a good person and adores Anneke. They have a good relationship and Jan is a good friend of Mina’s.”

Crisje tells him everything about Jan, and he can understand that as well. But she sees that he has suddenly become older in just a few hours, and because of one guilder fifty a week. How much of this child will remain when it is Saturday? The children get to hear everything from him; soon they will have to help him to earn money for mother. He has forgotten the teasing and there is nothing more to be seen of the plug of tobacco, he notices, because they do not ask him any questions. However, the little ones now have to listen to him; he has become father. True or not, Crisje? Now a bit of a frolic with Fanny, Fanny also has the right to know everything about him, and he does not want to neglect his friend. Not long after that, uncle Jan whistles and he can leave again. “Goodbye, mother.”

“Goodbye, Jeus, see you this evening.”

Despite everything, Antoon van Bree enjoyed his food, and he has had time to think. It tasted particularly good this day. Suddenly he reaches pure thoughts. He also knows pleasant thoughts usually overcome the inner man, and they are something which young and old are open to. Nice things ensure inspiration; now the heart speaks in its own language and sometimes in another language and is not so crazy. Antoon also thought, now you will have it. Then a living corpse sung a nice song and Van Bree felt stimulated, touched, and he gave in to it completely. Antoon does not yet know that a living corpse can sing, but Jeus knows all about it and is the ‘lecture’ for Jan Lemmekus! You are now walking in the environment of a person who knows life and death. It is the happiness that rises above everything and does not wish to have anything to do with ‘sullen’ carry-ons of people; it encompasses everything! Our Lord and His angels are involved in it. And now such heartiness is called human love! If you possess a lot of it, then you are a loved human being. But that Antoon, how does a person reach such thoughts? However, now the most wonderful things can happen. It is indeed a wonder, you no longer know yourself, and you had never thought that you were capable of such a thing. And now, Jan and Anneke see that today as well, there is no longer a right or a left, all of them follow one path, and Father can tell you a lot about it.

A person is now touched by paradise-like reality. Anyone who is not open to that is a stubborn human character; all of life in nature follows it, if there is a question of, do you love me? Do you want to build a nice house together

with me? Shall we two just lay eggs and breed them out for Our Lord as well? If people see us, they will start as well; and only then will we follow: go further, do as 'I' did and ensure procreation, but do not imagine that you know everything of it! And Mrs. van Bree now thought, that one of mine has gone mad, if that is still my husband, my name is no longer Daatje, but Theresia! Isn't that something?

Antoon shuffles along, with something under his arm, to the brush factory. Van Bree is laughing to himself, it is an adult who feels childlike and has become a child again. He feels a tickling inside; it is great to be able to experience it. It feels to Antoon as though he is already in the middle of the week. He was so far removed from everyday matters, but that does not matter, he feels every step and how it is possible; he has become younger. He also skates and hops along the Grintweg. Anyone, who is following him feels Antoon is going to a wedding, or, what is the matter with Antoon van Bree?

If Jeus had known this, then he would not have played so long with Fanny, he would have ran after the tall Van Bree, but Jeus is romping with his loved one along the road and does not know anything. But a while later they are facing each other again and Van Bree says:

"Now you must look, Jeus. I thought to myself this afternoon, Antoon, you have something to make up for. But is your eye still sore, Jeus?"

"No, Van Bree!"

"Did you not say anything to your mother?"

"No, Van Bree, but we agreed on that, didn't we?"

Antoon now feels tickled in a different way and answers him:

"Fine, Jeus, you are a man of your word I realize and I like that as well. And I will contribute something to it. Now look at that little cushion. Is that not something, Jeus?"

He has to think for a moment. What kind of thing is that? He flies inside the tall Antoon for a moment, so that he may know what this means. Now he feels what Antoon has made for him, he is flabbergasted with happiness and shouts at Van Bree with joy:

"My God, Van Bree, what a good person you are. I should have known it. I just didn't think of that?"

"Do you now understand, Jeus, what I have done for you in my spare time?"

"Yes, Van Bree, of course, I understand. I am really grateful to you, Van Bree."

Jeus sees now that Antoon is not so bad after all. He understands Antoon, and when Jeus says to him that he did not know this, that he thinks it is odd that he did not know it, they are in each other's hair again, when Van Bree utters:

“Well, you cannot know everything either, can you?”

“No”, he readily admits to Van Bree, “that is true, Van Bree, you are right, of course, I cannot know everything.” However, they understand each other and have found contact. Antoon now says to him:

“Do you now want to see, Jeus, what we do? Then I shall just tell you quickly, shall I? We will just pin this little cushion to your basket and then your back can bear more, and your late father will find that more pleasant, won't he?”

“Of course, Van Bree, father will like that. But he does see what you made for me, Van Bree.”

Now what is that boy saying this time? ... Antoon thinks. Will his father, who is dead, see this? Dead is dead! He cannot fathom it again and throws those thoughts from him, for his personality and world they still do not have any meaning. Antoon sews the little cushion onto the basket and when his work is finished, they look at the fine workmanship and Van Bree receives so much for his work that he falls about with happiness.

When Jeus says: “Now, Van Bree, I will earn my money for nothing!”

Antoon feels it; he has been well-rewarded for his kind-heartedness. He is also capable of having a good laugh; his soul feels like it is being stroked. Antoon winks at Jan, and they both understand that Jeus is like a ray of sunlight. Would you not think of everything for this boy in order to get him to converse? You get to hear such nice words that give you a glowing feeling from within, they are like nice chestnuts, roasted delicacies, of which Antoon likes to eat too and suddenly thinks they are delicious. However, Gradus there, does not know anything about it. Jeus feels life is great, and yet it can tell him more. And then further! Van Bree, thanks a million!

He is busy near Gradus and sees something. He does not know this man and he is the only one here whom he doesn't know anything about. He is a giant of a man and he has no contact with this life. This morning he did not even see Gradus, but still? How many baskets did he collect from him? Is there something the matter, Jeus? Do you see something in Gradus? Gradus does not accept that, and asks in a demanding voice:

“What are you doing keeping an eye on me? Go away or I will lash out.”

He does not hear anything, and continues to look, Jan Lemmekus follows him and feels, Jeus is no longer himself. What is the matter there, Jan thinks? Gradus becomes furious and makes a fist, but changes his mind, because he is looking Jan in the eye. Jan knows him well. Gradus has nothing to say at home, and does nothing, but constantly tries to give another person a blow in order to deal with his 'sullenness', he is irritable and really a big child. Gradus, again, puts out his fist, because Jeus continues to stare at him but Jan interrupts the situation with strong words.

“Hands off, Gradus, keep your hands to yourself. If you want to hit anybody, you must do that at home, she could do with some of that. But I can understand you.”

Gradus has been put out of action, Jan gave him understanding and power, also kind-heartedness. This is the wise character of the learned man. Jeus wakes up with a fright and shovels his basket full. Now when he comes to Jan, he immediately asks:

“What did you see with Gradus, Jeus, you were watching him so closely?”

“Yes, Jan, I was looking, he had his arm between the belt.”

“What did you see, Jeus?” ... Jan asks again ...

“Which hand?”

“He had his right hand between the belt, Jan, and he was screeching like a pig.” Jan feels that this is a prediction and he does not react strangely to it. Jan has read books of the occult; about Tibet and Egypt, and no longer believes that life ends in the coffin. It is because of this that they called him the learned one. Jan loves eastern wisdom and, as a man of feeling, is open to mother nature, his environment and is like a little paradise for his wife and children. Anneke thinks that her Jan is a priest himself, and she is also open to the mystique of life, and their inner attunement, how is it possible, and soaks up all this wonderful wisdom. Anneke knows you only have to put the robes on Jan and he is a priest! On top of that, Jan is also open to justice, he possesses a natural character, he does not tolerate injustice, and lashes out immediately if injustice dominates and wants to overwhelm the weak life of feeling.

Jan is always on the side of Our Lord and people here know that about him. And these two people live here as though in a paradise. They never go to church, which is the strangest thing of all, but they are loved by everyone! Jan follows what Jeus has and carries within. And with a few words, he can speak volumes; you find his kind-heartedness and understanding in it again and again, such as a while ago Gradus also felt from him. Jan yearns for worldly wisdom, he no longer believes that God damns HIS people, that does not exist for his personality, and is not possible! Then everything would collapse, Jan says, and life on earth would have no more meaning!

However, this is a prediction, he feels, and waits. He will ask Jeus whether he wants to see his creations, his little garden with cacti, birds, and flowers; then he will try to get Jeus to do some talking, about which Mina has already told him so much. Now he feels that is possible, Jeus lives in his neighbourhood. When Jeus thought this morning that he was alone in this big world, he was followed by Jan, Jan also felt beaten and caught, and in this way those souls became one. Now they are sitting under one tree and catch the fruits of Our Lord. They drink those life juices eagerly, even if Jeus is thinking about

something completely different, the life is now full of wonder for Jan and he wants to know all about it. Antoon van Bree also tasted a fruit like that from Our Lord, but it has not whetted his appetite yet and that can be explained. Jan knows you need feeling for that! And feeling is something special for a person. Lives pass, before a person has learned something. What do you want, Antoon? Jan has to go to the pitchers and asks Jeus whether he wants to go with him, where he can admire the factory.

“But”, Jeus utters, “will we not get any bother from the boss, Jan?” Jan answers, it is then that Jeus knows whom Jan Lemmekus is:

“When you are with me, Jeus, then he has nothing to say!” Did you see that, Jeus?

That is Jan, now you know. The boss has nothing to say, what Jan does is good, and you will get all the support you need from him. It is a heartbeat from Jan’s own heart for Jeus, and it does him good. The boss knows Jan Lemmekus. A while later Jeus is with the pitchers. Those men work under contract, he knows. He can’t get enough of it. One, two, three ... he sees, wrap a wire around the hair, now the pitch in there and then in the brush. And there you are! Nothing for him! Nothing! It stinks here of burnt sugar, but yet not quite; he will never be a pitcher. That work is too monotonous, he sees, you sit too much and he cannot sit on a chair for too long. However, these men are hard workers. They become yellow from the pitch, and also get freckles, Crisje. It is a strange carry-on, look at them shaking, those men; they dance on their little chairs. No I will not be a pitcher!

A while later they are with the pullers. What can a boy like that earn? Bernard was also a puller for a while, later he went to Emmerik, to Breitenstein and became a mechanic. Bernard could do it quickly, he believes, because Bernard could think. Bernard cannot sit still either, and soon took off from here. No, this is nothing for him, he wants to go higher up, but he wants to get a taste for the work. He follows the boys, absorbs, because he is following them from inside, and now he knows! These boys will never make it, they do not think! He must earn more; his household needs all kinds of things.

When Jan hears what lives in him, he already knows. He will not keep him in the sawmill. Jan is serious; he experiences his own life. However, how he would have liked to keep Jeus with him. Then they come to the drillers. Jeus sees that they are big men who make holes in each wooden brush when they push it against a drill. That rrrrrrt, rrrrt, rrrrt, is too monotonous; there is no ‘swing’ to it. He has no respect for this. Then that polishing of Jan is better. Now they go to the combers. It stinks of pigs’ hair and the men here also work hard, but because it stinks they earn more money. And that is understandable, even to a child. What do you earn? Two guilders fifty, or even more? Can I learn that? Of course, I can do that as well. What do you

earn? A boy, who is fourteen, maybe he gets three guilders. Is that not a pile of money?

Jan now knows, Jeus will join the combers; he can go higher up here. Jan thinks if he could do something for Jeus, but says nothing, because of this talk with his life day and night! Jan gets to hear:

“I will not stay in the sawmill, Jan. Can you understand that? Mother needs all kinds of things, Jan” It is as if he wants to comfort Jan. Jan answers him:

“I know, Jeus, I know!” It is a strength, and a cry for space; yet, it is more than that. Jan feels, he is losing something dear, that he does not want to miss for the world, it warms your life, and life is now good, you begin to think and Jan can do that. Children are born as a result of this. Because of this, a person celebrates Christmas and the angels sing, this is the true everything, which he longs for, which has rooted away inside Jan from his birth. It is not clear to him, where these feelings have come from, but he has them. Jan was born with them. He recognizes those feelings in Jeus, which enables him to understand this life. Jan Lemmekus feels something of the God of all life and because of this the human soul can sing and jump, you now start to understand something about the life. Jan thinks an awful lot about everything ... the life pushes him in one direction, and he sees and feels that from within Jeus.

They are now back. Gradus gives a scream. And Jeus goes to the boiler house. The men race over to Gradus and see that he is caught between a belt, it is Jan and Antoon who quickly release him and tend to his wounds. He is okay, but is given a few days rest. Antoon now gets to hear from Jan what Jeus predicted to him. The tall Van Bree asks:

“Is that the case, Jan? Are there people who can see into the future?”

“Yes, Antoon, those people live in this world. Did you not know that Van de Wal woman then, Antoon?”

“Of course, Jan.”

“Now, Antoon, that same woman said of Gerrit the gossip that he would die from an accident. She also said things about other people, Antoon, which later came true and these are predictions.”

“Of course, Jan, but who wants to think of accidents?”

“That is something completely different, Antoon.”

“And that is seeing into the future, Jan?”

“Did Jeus look back then, Antoon? I have known that for so long. I believe that there are people who can see into the future. I know that those things exist, Antoon, and even if I say so myself, I know one or two things about it. I am not so oafish about it as you, Antoon. But as long as you know that there is more between heaven and earth which we do not know the slightest

things about.”

“I can imagine, Jan, of course, but I want nothing to do with it. You can no longer sleep because of it, Jan!”

“Can’t you, Antoon?”

“That is in a manner of speaking too learned for me, Jan. That is above me, as long as you know!”

“But I like it, Antoon, and I cannot get enough of it, it is food and drink to me.”

“Probably, Jan, but I have to think about it first.”

“And that is why, Antoon, that I do not want us to ruin that young life”, Van Bree also gets to hear from Jan. It is the end of this event, but Gradus is the victim.

The first day that Jeus lived amongst people did not do him any harm either, good gracious no, all kinds of things happened, and it means a gain for his life. There were also great floggings, sly dogs, but also roasted chestnuts, which he really enjoyed, he saw sweat and blood, thoughtful and thoughtless people, gossips and learned people, people with a soul and people who did not get one from Our Lord, who were sent to earth to receive something or to make up for something. Yes, tall idiot, Antoon, why? However, this evening Jeus will visit Jan and Anneke. The daily task is finished, he can be satisfied, but, Crisje, he has aged by ten years.

Fanny knows exactly when his boss will come, he is already waiting at the gate. Fanny can tell the time on a watch and that thing, also a machine ... is inside his heart, his doggy soul. But it is Jeus who makes it ring. He does that by thinking of Fanny. Really everyone can do that and it is nothing special, but just try it. Fanny reacts immediately, as powerful, and swift as lightning, also as sure. He runs away from Crisje, straight to the brush factory, because his boss has called him. An invisible cord binds these lives to each other, but it is also as a result of this that everything has received a significance, and that the God of all life has so willed! They experience this unity! Due to this infallible power of feeling, one life speaks to the other, and only then does the spiritual life of the human machine act.

Gradus is home! There is suffering and sorrow amongst the people. Giants of men are just like children and children look further and deeper than an adult, from whom you would expect this, after all, but he is just like the living dead. Now that they are sitting at the table, Jeus sees, the sacred respect of father lies irrefutably on the table, he is on top of it, but this morning and this afternoon, he earned it. He has now become a man!

Does father know that he is doing his best? Probably. Nevertheless, he sends his feelings and his knowledge to the Tall One. Afterwards, he sends his experiences, his total possessions. Only then did he start to feel that fa-

ther knew everything about him and approved of his behaviour. Nevertheless, fair is fair, he was really in a bad mood there, Crisje. He swore in an unacceptable manner, he does not know where the words came from, but it was sometimes terrible. Could he have done it any differently, Crisje? Has he learned something else, Crisje? Can a rabbit sing? Did he learn to talk politely? Yes, of course, you taught him that, but were those adults any different? Did the adults not teach him it? The dialect is sacred, the dialect is wonderful, Crisje, you can say everything with it and it gives you more to experience than all those nice words, if you can experience the pithiness for it and of it or it means nothing to you! They do not like burnt porridge, really they don't, you can have a good laugh about this, there is a 'Schwung' to it ... believe it, he has done everything he could do, but the adults provoked him and then harsh words fell. Now they can send upwards:

'Good and great Father, will you accept our thanks?'

After dinner, when Crisje knows everything from him, he goes to the moorland for a while with Fanny. Fanny also has the right to know all about him. Lying between the woodpiles of the bakers where he used to play and went on the clouds, Fanny also gets to hear his worldly wisdom. They are one from soul to soul, the human heart speaks and pushes, and the animal inner life is open to this kind-heartedness and soaks it in. Fanny can do that! A lick from a dog is the answer, also the gratitude for Jeus, there is nothing else needed to understand this. "Yes, Fanny, that is the case, but you will hear the rest from me tomorrow. We have to go to Jan and Anneke."

Is Crisje not complaining yet? No, but she knows, she cannot make ends meet from it. Life is difficult, it is sickening, life will know how to show them the symptoms or the everyday things, and a person just has to put up with that. Perhaps they will be given clear wine, or they must accept everything, however it works out! And even if that is a sour wine and undrinkable, even if they are really used to it, fiercely and yet aware, 'life' then cuts into their inner life and they may bow to it again! However, we are not at that stage yet, we are getting ahead of things and that is not the intention either. That would be too much as well. Melancholia about nothing, it is being burdened beforehand and people with faith, Lord, do not do that, and Crisje does not like the idea.

Nevertheless, you would say so. Is a human cross so whimsical, sometimes so fickle and inhumanly dominating? Crisje will perhaps get a little cross of incense, but she does not understand that. If you want to talk about that and you can think, then your own 'little self' will rise above material welfare and then she will be faced with the spiritual proverbs of everything. But such a thing is now called a pound of coffee, also a land lease, clothes also have to do with it, but above all, all those other things due to which a person lives,

but which finally belong to Our Lord, because everything was created by Him and lives in His hands, according to the church's teachings. Then Crisje is faced with Divine help, isn't she? After all, faith sends you to providence, and that again to complete submission, which means, lay it in His hands, Crisje, and wait patiently, but make sure that the children do not go hungry. With what? Just say, where can you earn money? Where can you experience something so that you can keep your head above water with seven children? Now just carry on, and you are already faced with a thousand questions, but no one gives you an answer, which can be understood properly, you are faced with everything completely alone! Now just bow and starve to death, what is your faith like? Prove what you can do!

Those are thoughts! If those things get the feeling of the personality and know how to act, they can think, solve troubles, and achieve great things, then life is worthwhile again, and you can carry on. However, if they cannot do that, then you will be faced with another misery, and you will have to prove again what you can do, and what you really want. Crisje has always said: "If people have no more worries, then they will look for them and they will make new ones." That is the truth, and because of this, life becomes unbearable.

Jeus did not ask for troubles today, adult life gave him something to bear and to deal with. Yet, there is gain, Tall One ... you can be satisfied, or, are you not satisfied?

Our Lord says: "If you create your own worries, you will succumb. I will give you just as much as you can bear. If you do not want to listen, that is your own business, but you will accept My life, because you live as a person as a result of this and get to know My laws."

Is that not worthwhile, Jeus? One day all those eyes will close and people will enjoy a healthy sleep, only Crisje is awake and the worrying starts. It is a pity, it is terrible, and because she has to work so hard in the daytime, if she wants to make ends meet. However, what are 'pities'? Has the God of all life created 'pities'? You hear it daily, thousands of people talk about it: what a pity that is! What a pity, I should have known. However, you see Jeus also walked past it and had to accept it.

And behind all of this lives the real law, which humanity knows nothing about, because the human soul and the spirit still have to awaken.

But it is 'life', as a result of which you get to know those laws. And now continue, only do not let your own 'little self' be sullied or you will have nothing more to say and you will be as poor as a church mouse. Chin up, Crisje ...! Tomorrow is another day ... save your strength anyway!

Jeus the seer

Of course, when it is time Jeus leaves for Jan and Anneke's house. Jan has set up his paradise between Stokkum and the Quay, where no one can disturb him, and he can enjoy himself with his wife and his daughters of five and three. Jan is busy in his garden and is completely engrossed in his hobby when Jeus comes. Anneke is there, but the children are already in bed. Jan already knows the girls are nothing like him. Later they will marry and that is all. More is not needed either, but the youngest is ailing and weak, whereas he and Anneke are the picture of health. Nevertheless, he also gives in to these laws. Jan is not so blind or so stupid, that he demands everything from this life; he looks to the future. And that is the balance for him and Anneke, also the 'last judgement'. He knows that you are powerless against all these human miseries, if there is a question of 'karma' ... about which the books have told him. What did you say, doctor? Yet, Jan worries about all these mighty problems and cannot yet understand that you give sick children the light of life, whereas, you are the picture of health; even if he can accept everything, because it is the grandparents and great-grandparents who are guilty of this human breakdown. Jan Lemmekus thinks so deeply, and it goes without saying that they consider him a learned person here! Anneke asks Jeus to have a look at the children.

"Here is 'Jeus of mother Crisje', Anneke." It is the oldest child who is named after her. The girl knows Jeus and she can already chatter nicely. Mienieke is sleeping, but she awakens.

"Good evening, Mienieke. Will you give me a hand?"

He counts himself among the adults. The child gives him her hand and without really wanting to, he suddenly descends into this life. Now that he is one from soul to soul, he feels as the child feels, and that little machine speaks to his inner life. He does not know why this suddenly happens just like that and it does not matter to him either; it has happened! It is just flying into another person for a little while! Anneke has already heard about the small drama. She also knows about Gradus and considers all of this with regard to Mienieke. Jeus sees and feels something for her child, but then it happens, he tears himself loose from Mienieke's soul and he feels himself again.

"Good night, girls, sleep well." He has already forgotten the children, but Anneke has followed him and now asks:

"What did you see there with Mienieke, Jeus?"

Only now does he waken up with a shock. Really, he experienced a sleeping sensation for a few seconds, and saw peculiar things, and it was not so

nice for Mienke. He says to Anneke:

“What did I see? Nothing! Nothing, Anneke. What should I have seen?”

Jan listens sharply, and it is he who takes over the conversation, because this is happening too quickly. Anneke asks him straight, and that must not happen, you must approach these people differently. Jan knows that he can do that, he will get Jeus where he wants him in a roundabout way. Jan already begins:

“Let’s first just look at the birds, Jeus”, the sage tries. Jeus cannot get enough of them. Are they not just beautiful? They are just like the ones he saw with José. In the heavens, in the Forecourt of Our Lord he saw these beautiful species. They landed on his hand and were not even afraid. Yes, he will never forget that!

“I know this one”, Jan hears him mumbling. “This one as well, the colours are the same and its head as well. And that one was also there.”

The game begins! Anneke is all ears; she does not want to miss anything. She is also thirsty for spiritual space, for worldly wisdom from above. You do not experience that here every day and when it sometimes comes to you, it is like nonsense, raw cackling, it becomes an inhuman carry-on, if you think about it, but this? That is something else, they have known for so long already and they have heard from their friend Mina, who first changed Jeus’ nappies.

“Where did you see these birds, Jeus?” Jan asks. Yes, isn’t that something? What must he say now? Jan helps him when he says:

“But you can tell us everything of your life, Jeus. Mina has informed us.”

“Oh,” he says, “was Mina gossiping?” but he immediately continues.

“Where I saw these birds, Jan? In the heavens!”

Anneke opens her eyes wide. Her sweet heart now absorbs everything that comes for her soul and spirit. Jan enjoys it, he feels that he is now experiencing lessons. He sits down on a bench, quietly on his backside, between the flowers and the radishes, the beans and the lettuce. Only the ‘Tree of Life’ is missing or they would actually be sitting in the real paradise of Our Lord, but there is no snake present now! That monster – Jan has known that for so long – and the whole depiction of it is good for ‘herd animals’, not for right thinking and sensitive human children like him and his Anneke. They will enjoy these little apples which will soon, and totally out of the blue, roll in front of their feet, coloured by the rays of sunshine of Our Dear Lord, they will bite into them, and eat every single little bit of them, no skin or core will be left over. It is a delicious dessert, Sunday soup ... You can smell a nice smell and from inside, you do not believe it, you feel so happy, like the angels in heaven feel, since they are near the Source, so to speak, it was born there after all, and all life was given a core, also a soul and a spirit. Isn’t it true, after all?

And now you can feel a great and strong person, if you want to you can still shrug your shoulders at a couple like Jan and Anneke, Our Lord wants HIS children to examine everything from HIM and to keep the only good for themselves and HIS universe!

However, why has Our Lord planted a couple like that in the back of beyond? Should HE not have given these souls a place in the East where they belong anyway? They are like flowers of one colour, these two, man and wife, it is one body, also one thought. If you see them and experience them, you will cry inside, because you miss it yourself and do not know what millions of human children long for. Is that so hard after all; is Our Lord unjust? Does he give one life everything, and does He let another person, who is also HIS child, starve? You can see it, questions; who will answer them?

Jeus feels happy with these people! He feels that these people kiss each other every moment due to their loving thoughts, and they do that from inside. They are very like his Crisje. Mother Crisje could do that as well with her Tall Hendrik, his father, they were always kissing, but you never saw anything ... it is Life! This spiritual nobility is peculiar here in the 'Achterhoek' (part of the Province of Gelderland), it is supernatural and cannot be understood. Jan has already known Anneke since she was seven and they both knew then, they told each other, that they would become man and wife and it came true.

"Yes, Jan", Jeus continues, "I was in the heavens! I saw the heavens myself."

This is now a spiritual kiss for Anneke and Jan. They enter the paradise which they know is different from the way people have fashioned it on earth. Jeus feels these people are one unity like Father and the church. In addition, another consciousness which follows Jeus, says: Golgotha stands and lives between them, for which Jan and Anneke would live and die. Jan asks:

"Were there birds there like these, Jeus?"

"Don't you know then, Jan, that you can walk and look outside your body? No, not quite like that, Jan. I mean, there are even more beautiful birds than here, but these look like them."

It is going well, it couldn't be better, and the questioning has begun.

"What did you say to me just now, Jeus, that I can walk outside my body?"

"Yes, Jan, I can do that, but then I have to be asleep!"

"Is that just like when you went to play on the clouds?"

"Do you know about that as well?"

"Let's agree with each other, Jeus, that we know all about you, then it is easier to talk, isn't it? Mina has told us all about you. Do not be ashamed, you make us so happy."

"That is good, Jan. I like being with you, as long as you know that."

"We do know that as well, Jeus, and you can come whenever you feel like

it. Will you remember that?"

"Of course."

"Now, tell us." However, he has to think first, it does not take long and then he says:

"Yes, how can I put it. That playing on the clouds happened of its own accord."

"And that thing with your father?"

"That thing with father was different, Jan. Father came back, you know? But father could still talk to me. But then he was already lying in the coffin!"

"And did you hear him like you are now talking to me now, Jeus?"

"Exactly the same, Jan. There was no difference at all to be seen."

"What did you see just now with Mienieke, Jeus?"

He falls back and again experiences those thoughts. Can he tell these people that they will experience misery? Jan follows him and says:

"Do not be ashamed, Jeus. Forewarned is forearmed. But you know that. Don't you?"

Now he utters of his own accord: "I was sick with Mienieke, Jan. She is sick, Jan, she is not strong, I believe. I saw Mienieke somewhere else!"

Anneke becomes pale, Jan does not move a muscle, but they know now. This life will leave; they may not keep it. There is something, and they feel that. The feeling creeps into their hearts; it lives there and is felt as fear. It will not leave; it remains. It is as if it speaks to them day in day out ... until they want to accept the feeling, and only then will it say nothing more. It is strange, but you sometimes hear it from other people as well. Then, a while later, sometimes even years later, it happens. You then experience that fear. One chance in a hundred and now you are standing in front of the grave, or you see that other person, or yourself, again in a hospital and you are staring! You may now bow your head. Another power, which is stronger than you or whatever it is ... commands! You can bow to it, just cry until there are no more tears, but that power or that law does not pay any attention, not the slightest to your crying, even if you collapse, even if you would give all your possessions, everything, your castle and your money, your inventory as well and even if it includes some Rembrandts, it will not help you at all, because that character is never ever to be bought. He is called the 'Grim Reaper', and you know, he is not for sale. Jan and Anneke know this very well, and they accept it!

Jan continues, but he was also at a crossroads for a moment and did not really know which path he should follow, a while later they chose the most difficult one, but also the most certain one, the only path, which will lead them and all people to HIM and of which HE knows that it is the right one!

"So, Jeus, was that the case? Did you really speak to your father?"

Jan feels the conversation has been disturbed. He and Anneke have said all they can; it certainly was a terrible shock as well. They got an enormous blow right at the back of their heads. Almost like that, calculated and thought-out, which you cannot resist or do anything about. Because what human child has eyes in the back of his head that can see and receive this? Jeus probably, of course, he can do that and Crisje. And other people as well who are strong, have a faith in God, which moves mountains, or they also fall and feel a hefty blow inside in order to succumb for a while or for a long time. Anneke disappears for a moment. The good soul as mother undergoes this blow, to which Jeus reacts and says:

“I should not have said that, Jan, should I? Mieneke ... I mean, Jan?”

“Jeus”, Jan utters, “we are not afraid of the ‘Grim Reaper’, if you can only believe that. Yes, you do not want to miss her. Anneke is in a bad way. When you just have her, Jeus. You will understand me.”

Jan now knows, he is talking to an adult, age no longer means anything now; it is the feeling! In addition, Jeus gives Jan a beautiful flower, an ‘Orchid’ from a space, when he answers:

“Of course, Jan. However, as long as you know that there is no ‘Grim Reaper’. But, then why should Anneke get worked up?”

Jan calls Anneke back and when she is there, Jan asks:

“Say it again, Jeus, what you just told me a moment ago.”

“Exactly the same, Jan?”

“Yes, exactly the same.” He finds it strange, but he can understand Jan, and Anneke listens.

“But that is natural, Anneke, as long as you know, that there is no ‘Grim Reaper’, then you do not have to let him suck at your heart?”

Jan almost bursts out laughing, but he controls himself completely. Nevertheless, he will laugh about it later. What did he suddenly come out with again? Jeus does not bother about anything, and Anneke now gets to hear:

“As long as you know that he is only fooling people, you do not have to approve of that, Anneke. That is enough to drive you mad. No, that is so to speak, burying your head in the sand and calling out, I am not here. Of course, that is wrong! Good gracious, my father lay”, now he feels inspired, “in his own coffin and could talk to me myself. Then I laughed in the Grim Reaper’s face, Anneke. And he didn’t have anything else to say to that, he took off because of me, because he knew that I would not let myself be pestered. He cannot fool me, and when he realized that, Anneke, he took off and I did not see him again! Good God, I have not had to laugh so much in my life, Anneke. The sexton thought that I had gone mad. Aunt Trui let me smell at a bottle for my nerves. But I was not bothered by nerves. I was laughing at father, because he was fooling them all! He was there, Anneke.

He looked at all those people, who came to pray for father. He cheated all those gossips, now, do you still have to cry? Must you then think that they are dead? All those people are standing at the grave crying, they cry until their tears run dry and they can no longer go on. About that dead person, who is not dead, but remains alive. And he is standing there laughing at them. I know that, Anneke! I saw it from my own father! I was able to experience that! No one can take that away from me, that is from myself! I saw that with my father and mother!”

Over to you, Anneke, anything else? How does that apple taste? Jan says:

“Is that the case, Jeus? And you saw that clearly as well?”

“Clearly, Jan? Clearly, you ask me? There was no change in my father, if you want to know that, and you can believe me, Jan, that is the truth!” Jan continues, the spiritual iron is roasting hot when he asks:

“Why did you have to laugh so much behind the coffin of your father?”

“Oh, you mean when we brought father to his grave, Jan?”

“Yes, that is what I mean.”

“That’s a good one ... but I wasn’t messing around, Jan, that is not true. People said that, but that is a big lie. That was father, himself. Father came back to me as he had promised me as well. And that happened, Jan. Gerrit thought that I was playing silly pranks, because I wanted to keep up with father. He had those big steps. You know that anyway, don’t you?”

“Of course, and then?”

“Well, I wanted to keep up with father and Gerrit thought that I wanted to imitate father, and then we got into an argument. Father went with us to the church and then to the grave. But I do not want to talk any more about it now.”

Jeus sees Crisje before him and her tears for father, her Tall One, an event which affected him deeply, and from which he still feels the blows. However, Jan feels that they are now getting the chance to listen to knowledge; it is a space. He keeps him talking, and taking in these lessons in to the full. Meanwhile Anneke pours a glass of lemonade and Jan continues, but there is Mina as well.

“You see, Mina, Jeus was telling us about all sorts of things and that he talked to his father when he was lying in the coffin. I will just continue, okay or not?” And to Jeus he says:

“When you talked to your father, Jeus, when he was lying in the coffin, were you not a bit afraid then?”

“What would I be afraid of, Jan, that was my own father, after all?”

“That is all very well, Jeus, but he was different, after all, wasn’t he? He must have looked different.”

“No, Jan, he was exactly the same. He spoke to me and that dead face had

nothing to do with it.”

But it is now a revelation for himself. Never ever, he feels now for the first time, has he thought about it so deeply, Jeus continues: “No, my father was exactly the same, Jan, And had not changed a bit. Father could still laugh, and he still had his moustache, just as long as when he was here. He was no different, at all.”

“But do you not think that it is really something strange, Jeus? You must not forget we are just ordinary people. We do not have or could imagine that. We cannot see in there. That is another world, after all?”

“There is nothing to it, Jan, you can do it as well. That world is here as well, isn't it? However, there you have nothing more to complain about, Jan, it is finished. You have nothing more to say there. You can listen to Our Lord there and work hard as well, or you will not get anything to eat.”

Anneke also gets a little ‘orchid’ like that, when he says:

“And there are children there as well, Anneke.” She grasps this moment and asks: “So, are there children there, Jeus?”

“Of course, Anneke, otherwise José could not have played with me, could he?” “José”, Jan asks, “José? That is a nice name, Jeus.”

“Yes, that is true, Jan, that is a nice name. He got the name José from Our Lord. The Tall One told me that!”

“Your father?”

“No, not my father. The one I mean is another Tall One, but he looked exactly like my own father.”

Jan looks at Mina and Anneke. The gates to heaven are now wide open. They hear something, which contains heavenly music. Jan quickly continues:

“Who is that, Jeus? May we know?”

He asks from within his guardian angel, of whom he knows, if it concerns life, he will sometimes get a direct answer as well. He asks:

“Can I tell these people, tell them everything about you?” A while later he already has an answer and Jeus hears his Tall One saying:

“Of course, Jeus. That's what I just popped in for” ... and he can say:

“Here he is, Jan, here! He is standing there in the air. He is looking at all of you and he wants to come and listen for a moment.” It is for Jan and both women as if they receive Our Lord. They almost burst from happiness and bliss. Jan blurts out with enthusiasm:

“Isn't that something, Jeus? Have we got a visit from on high then?”

Jeus now feels very different. It does him good that these people want to understand him and feel sacred respect for his invisible friend. Jan already gets to hear:

“That goes without saying, Jan, doesn't it? That is a high up one! That is an angel, Jan ...”, and he now turns his spiritual eyes to his master and friend

to look and see whether everything is okay and he is not going too far. Jan now says to him:

“So, Jeus, is he here? Then we may consider ourselves fortunate. Has he nothing to say to you?”

“No, but I could already see him when I was three years old, Jan.”

“Tell us about it, Jeus.”

“Then he brought me small children whom I could play with. I played with those children, Anneke. And therefore I also know that there are children that live there!”

There! ... An ‘orchid’ of unprecedented beauty for Anneke. The flower did not fall at her feet, but was immediately planted in her heart, in order to bloom there further, and for later when Mienke will also experience her jump over the coffin, but where those divine flowers now come from and just like that are given to people, who are open to them and long to be able to receive them. Mina pushes the lecture into a direction determined by herself, when she asks:

“What was that story about that money, Jeus?”

“My angel took care of that, Mina.”

“And that money was there, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, Mina. I had a nice time at the fair then. I am still grateful to him for that money, Mina.”

“I can understand that, Jeus, of course. And you saw that lying in the woods just like that, Jeus, didn’t you?”

“Yes, Jan, but my angel brought me there.”

“How, Jeus?”

“A ... a ..., I will just say a white piece of rope came hanging down. And it went into the woods and I walked after it, until I saw that money lying there.”

“So that was a length of cord, was it, Jeus?”

“Yes, it was as though it was made of silver.”

“Can you not just ask him about that then, Jeus, now that he is here anyway?”

He listens and hears the words: “No, Jeus, not now, but later.”

Mina says:

“Do you not understand then, Jeus, that is the connection with everything. That guardian angel of yours found it, of course, and he gave it to you.”

“But what does connection mean, Mina?”

“Do you not understand then, he knows everything!”

“That is your contact”, Jan says, but he asks:

“What is contact, Jan?”

“Contact is, Jeus, that you can talk to him. That is contact.”

“Oh”, he says “then I understand”, and it is also new to him. Mina continues and asks:

“How did you know, Jeus, that your mother would have a girl, was that through your guardian angel?”

“Yes, Mina, of course, I suddenly got to know that and it happened of its own accord.”

“Have you talked to your father recently?”

“No, Jan, he must work for Our Lord, and he has other things to do than chat to me. But father will come back, won't he?”

Jan wants to know more, but he gets a slap on the wrist from that other world and closes himself off. Jan now shows Jeus his beautiful flowers. He intrudes in those lives now as well, because Jan feels that Jeus can experience those lives, and those lives bring him to the East, Jeus can say exactly where they come from, which Jan knows as well! Also through his birds, he gets this proof of feeling, being one with all of life, to which Jeus is sensitive and he possesses that sensitivity. He simply looks behind the life, which is amazing for their characters, and Jan knows, for the whole of this world. You can learn from it. Jan knows that behind all of this lives a prophet who can be found in the ‘Achterhoek’ of Gelderland, and this humanity gets still something to swallow from it. Certainly, Jan thinks, this life is infallibly conscious and has a great character!

Jeus also has a wander around, the visit has lost its attraction, and Fanny has got into an argument with Gerrit of Jan and Anneke. He has to leave and quickly. Fanny forces him to leave and this is a sign for him that the animal feels very unhappy, otherwise Fanny would not make any trouble. He must also have a romp with Fanny before they go to sleep and that is something completely different for him! It is better; talking about all those things does not mean a thing to him. He switches off from everything. He is now a boy again, a wild duck, a jump in the field, his boyish pranks take hold of him and that is also something completely different, which people do not understand. Jan does, so does Crisje, but later? Will people understand it then?

“Have I said too much, Jan?” Mina says when Jeus has left.

“No, Mina, you actually said far too little. Today we were already able to experience a prediction.” Mina now hears what Jan experienced, and then she can say:

“Believe me, Jan, he will give this world a present sometime! And it goes without saying that they will not understand him. You can work it out for yourself. Did you see how his face started to change, Jan? He saw what we could not see, and it was right under our noses! Is that true or not? You should have seen his eyes, Jan, when he was born. I saw that with him and so did Crisje. It was so obvious, he had eyes in his head like marbles.”

“Yes, Mina, you are right. And he saw and felt that our Mienke will get sick. What he saw with his father, he also saw that with Mienke. Mienke can soon play with Our Lord. But we, Anneke and I, we can still enjoy her, can we not? We are already grateful that we may know that, and we are not so crazy that we will bury our heads in the sand. What he was talking about, Mina, we aren’t as wretched as all that. We are not pathetic souls; we won’t buy that any more. And it goes without saying that Crisje would not miss him for the world, she told me ... and now I can believe it.”

“Of course, Jan, if nothing can be done about it, then you must both give in to it. I can no longer stand that monkey business of that priest. He only sees bad things for people. There is no light any more for those poor souls. But what is this then? That business of eternal damnation, Jan, is really terrible. Who can deal with that any longer as a healthy person? Nobody! Who can continue to believe in that? Can He here above destroy us? Does He want to let us burn for eternity? It is enough to make you die laughing! I won’t buy that any longer! That is in the past, Jan. That is poverty! Anyone who still wants to believe that belongs with the blind little sheep of the Saviour. But you won’t see me there. I don’t care a jot for that preaching, that is for other people, in my family they have other thirst and hunger!”

That is Mina for you! She is like all God’s life, blessed happiness. They talk this evening until deep into the night. They cannot get enough of it. They fall asleep dreaming and fly at the same time. Anyone who wants to follow them and experience that as well, must knock the ‘Grim Reaper’s’ crown from his cruel head and pull out his tongue, that horrible creature still lives amongst people and lets them cry until they become completely mad from it, but still that monster is tolerated by millions of people in this world. That frightening damnation must go, must be killed, you must cut off its throat. Our Lord thinks that is wonderful. Because now HIS child will get to know HIM, differently, and better! Now everything is love and happiness, eternal life! Does the adult not want that? Children do! And did HE not say once, a long time ago ... ‘become like a child and you will have ‘ME’.’ Jan, Anneke and Mina are those children, and believe it, definitely not childish. Mina is always ready to take care of HIS children. She, as a midwife, knows HIM, because each baby said to Mina, when it had its first cry: ‘Mina, greetings from Father. He said, thanks, Mina. It is going well like that. We know each other, Mina! Take good care of MY children!’ And who wishes to still fool Mina that HE, Our Lord, damns HIS own children? Now it is just a question of how you feel this, but there is something else! Now you must first bring yourself to the church. And then out again as well. You must want to rise above the top of the church, because it is above it where you listen to this inner life and can feel, and then HE will speak as a loving Father to your

‘self’! That other thing, says Mina, and she has known that for many years now, is ‘monkey business’! It is chattering ... and she does not want that any more, because it puts people in their own grave where they cry until their tears run dry, and waste their strength! She does not want that and Jan and Anneke don’t either!

“Where are Miets and Teun, mother?” Jeus asks Crisje when he arrives home.

“Yes, that is true, they have to go to bed.”

“Then I will just put them to bed, Mother.”

Five minutes later Crisje hears the screaming. “Come on and make it quick, get into bed. It is already too late for little children. Will you get on with it? No excuses. None, I want nothing to do with excuses, get to bed and that is all.”

Hendrik and Gerrit do not let him order them about. Yet, they will have to listen to father Jeus. He is now Crisje’s right hand. She is sitting there behind the stove dead tired. And having a nice little snooze. Crisje has been working for farmer Hosman all day on the land, in order to earn something, or she will not make it. Where will this ship strand? Where and how will it end? She cannot bear thinking about it.

Jeus tucks the youngest children into bed and they listen. They are well-behaved for him, because he gives them the feeling that he is father. He watches over these lives, even if Gerrit jeers at him and Bernard laughs. Johan doesn’t care. He is not interested. Jeus is playing at being father! He got those rights from the tall Hendrik, and he is an enormous support for Crisje. Now that the youngest children are sleeping, they start a conversation and Crisje gets to hear everything from him again. A woman has a right to this, he feels, and that goes without saying.

“Those ones, mother, knew all about me.”

“They know that from Mina, Jeus. Yes, they are good people and they are happy with each other. I know! Jan is so good for Anneke!”

He now sees tears. He feels Crisje’s suffering. When the tears are falling, Tall Hendrik is also standing in their midst, and they are sitting down at the table again with each other and father kisses mother. However, father is also yonder and is now playing his violins to pieces! Nevertheless, he understands really well ... that playing of his father means nothing. It is worthless! It is very nice to talk about it now and again. It is really good, of course, but father can tell him more! What can father earn for mother with his playing? Nothing! Not a cent! Now, that is the sacred truth! Can they live from it? Can father pay and earn the land lease by his playing? No! It is nonsense! But how will things work out, he contemplates further for himself and now

thinks for the whole house, it is the worries, it's surprising that adults make such a fuss about these matters, which are not worth anything, after all? When Crisje gets to hear:

“When I talk, mother, people like that, don't they, but what good is it to me?” now she knows and it is clear to her that Jeus is carrying all these burdens with her.

“What will it buy me, mother? Nothing! If I could only earn money with it, I would talk day and night and tell them everything. But that is something completely different.”

When Crisje says that he may not use the gifts of Our Lord to make money, he also knows that is so and they agree with each other cheerfully. They are now of one feeling, it is one thinking and understanding, but there are those cursed worries!

Today, Crisje knows, her Jeus has become older. He is already talking like an adult. No, even though father plays all his violins until they break, even though Tall Hendrik is still alive, there is nothing which can take away this love from them, they are hungry. There is misery! Then try talking cheerfully! Try laughing in a different way! That costs you your own heart. You are now cheating yourself and your love.

Tall Hendrik can play his violins until they break, as much as he likes, here they are faced with reality. They are up to their necks in it. The misery of it reaches their lips, it is almost there, almost ... Now the last part and then? Only then do people take action. However, that will be a while yet, but it will come! It is the stark reality, Crisje knows, Jeus is right! Should she have let Hendrik leave for the 'stage' after all? Then she would probably have had the money now to conquer this battle. Yes ... then? What would she have had then? She suddenly feels it. Does away with those horrible thoughts. Who wants to take her back to human destruction? It is digging up the past, scratching because of lice, which are not there!

The supernatural world of Jeus has no meaning for him, it lies like all the nice things in this world in the 'street gutter' on the Grintweg. They will die yet from hunger. Now, because he has to accept the stark reality, he has already forgotten his mighty guardian angel from just a while ago. It does not occur to his childish brain either to ask that man whether he knows of some more money lying about, which is there for the taking. That isn't there either. And why not? The question is not a conscious one. Those feelings are not there. The bare and naked truth places him on his own two feet. There is now a big hole between them, and they see that as well, because he feels that he cannot earn a cent with all that talk about heavens, angels, who can now 'drop dead'! Jeus feels hit right in his face. And there is also one there which he will have to accept from behind. Nevertheless, he fights back, consciously,

when he throws into space: 'Just play now, father, but don't make me laugh!' Is Tall Hendrik now still able to play his violins until they break? I think that he does not know what to do with himself and suddenly cringes from the pain, at least if he can feel this misery; after all, he is the father of these seven children.

What concerns Jeus, the angels also know that and the Tall One as well. They are the ones who possess the natural sense and life. Of course, also the consciousness, that is the case after all, Jeus knows, he has seen those truths, in order to understand everything, but they are powerless! Can those angels not manipulate his life now! There are enough possibilities, but this is something different, also for Tall Hendrik! Where the Tall One lives, they pay with notes of one million and they cannot be exchanged here, the Tall One knows now! They would only come to grief because of it. Still this life is manipulated. Despite all this misery, the wisdom is very much alive and shows maternal concern. If the child of the earth lies on that heart to have a rest for a moment, it feels surrounded by peace and happiness. Yet, even then there are worries, but you must now look at them differently. However, who is able to do that?

This 'Harp life', believe it, gets spatial strings. Soon this life will be played on, Jan Lemmekus! Then black will become snow white. And the night as the day! There will then be no hour any more and no time. Faith in everything will now become knowledge. And the Grim Reaper will lie at your feet in smithereens! Then people will do an about-turn and follow one path, will no longer mutter and complain and will not drink their fill. What they will now receive, is the pure wine of Our Lord! How the sounds will be then, which resound through this life of Jeus, they will come from the heavens! Of course, I am going too far. Mina knows all about it. However, the higher you go, the sweeter everything becomes, and we rise above all this human carry-on of the earth, your nice Grintweg, your Montferland as well, which is so dear to you! However, the Tall One will be there as well!

When Jeus waits for a kiss from Crisje, he gets to hear: "You are not yet father, as long as you know that." Then he knows that he must first earn that. Nevertheless, you would think, if you are father after all? And a while later all those eyes close. You can hear a soft zooming. And by the spinning of these souls garments are woven, their own colour for each one of them. But that Tall Hendrik ... This is also great work. I must say and agree, you are making progress there. Your eyes are now opened for eternity! It is worthwhile telling everyone about! Jan and Anneke, also Mina already know it. Now this misery is still to be sorted out and you will have made it, Tall Hendrik!

Jeus the healer

Now that they are sitting opposite each other this morning, drinking their cups of coffee and Jeus is eating his sandwich, it is as if yesterday is at least ten years ago, Jeus has to think that far back if he wants to enjoy the satisfaction of this precious moment, this being one with Crisje, but which he now experiences as 'father'. Crisje already sees that he has become older in one night.

When he went to sleep, he got the first feelings of difference. The way he was lying in bed was different. It started with the way he was lying then sleeping. His walk as he came down the stairs the next morning. Crisje sees that he has a different light in his eyes, Jeus now feels like Tall Hendrik felt, during his life next to Crisje and the boys, he has become father!

"Good morning, mother."

"Good morning, Jeus."

"Did you sleep well, mother?"

"Yes, Jeus."

"So did I and that does a person good, doesn't it, mother?"

"Yes, Jeus ..." Just listen to him talking, Crisje thinks.

"Is Johan not up yet, mother?"

"No, I believe he is still sleeping."

"Then I will just pull him out of his bed."

Father Jeus goes to Crisje's eldest. Johan feels like basking for a moment longer, but he has to get up immediately. Seconds later Johan is lying on the ground. Jeus pulled him out of bed. Johan laughs, but has something to say as well, after all:

"Ugly whippersnapper, you are not my father, as long as you know that."

"I am your father" Johan gets to hear. "From now on, you can listen to me. Will you remember that, Johan?"

Johan just laughs, that is the best way and the simplest, but he crawls back under the blankets for a moment. Why should a person be so worked up so early in the morning? He need not try that with Bernard, he would have something else to say to him. Bernard immediately hits him with his wooden leg and he has respect for that. Bernard is also different. However, you can do anything to Johan. He is too good. He just doesn't mind. Not one of the children is like Johan! No one knows whom he takes after!

What Bernard has had to accept through the loss of his leg, he gets back from Jeus with kind-heartedness and understanding. Now life is bearable again. It is a great love and Bernard knows that. They understand each other well! However, Jeus is also crazy about Teun and Mietske. He has now

taken the smallest children under his wing. The youngest ones are the most sensitive, but he, with Teun and Miets, represent the sensitive core of this household torn apart, this wreck that now has to sail the seas with a fishing rod as a rudder and, because what they see is not up to much, will soon have to battle against an unprecedented storm, and then prove where it will go and how strong it still is, since the captain, the Tall One had to accept the 'Grim Reaper'! But, how is it possible, Miets, Teun and Hendrik, now eat a nice little piece of fruit from Gerrit? Little Gerrit and Hendrik represent Tall Hendrik, and Gerrit is now the pincher. The pears, plums, apricots and delicious peaches find a place under the straw. And the children know all about it. They discovered the truth in secret, Crisje does not know yet. The question is whether Crisje would take action. That would not be so straightforward because Gerrit is not to be sneezed at, now that the field is his, he misses a firm hand.

Jeus knows that little Gerrit hides his possessions in a more refined way than Bernard was ever able to do ... But Hendrik, Teun and Miets are eating nice fruit. Crisje does not have a cent to buy something for the children, and in this way, Gerrit's pinching is really a blessing for the smallest children. However, it is not allowed by Our Lord. They are decent people. The Tall One did not want it either! Gerrit casually mentioned a few weeks back:

"Goodness, Our Lord is good to me. Now I can pick as many pears as I want, and I will not get a hiding either. Father is gone!"

Yes, Crisje, it is certainly not easy. Gerrit is not the artist either that Bernard was in his time. He does not have the guts, or the feeling to experience 'pinching' as a sport. Little Gerrit is a real pincher. Bernard enjoyed the hunt, he could talk for hours about how they were after him, and then you could hear:

"That is a good one, he wants to watch out for his pears. And he does everything for that. But I do as well." Even if there was a shower of bullets, Bernard did not pay any attention to that racket. They would not hit him anyway! "If they wanted to start shooting", Bernard said, "I will crawl along the ground and then they can no longer find me." Now he stayed, Bernard, and the farmer could moan as loudly as he liked, the nice wine apples were his. Bernard slipped over the little hedges, avoided mantraps and clamps, but made sure each year that he had a good supply for the winter. Now life was bearable, because you hardly ever got anything from mother, she could never afford it. There was no money. Bernard ate his pears and apples like any decent human child, but he also had his apricots, the best plums, lived in a paradise, which Our Lord had nothing to do with, and was completely outside of. This was for Bernard himself!

Gerrit is not capable of pinching Mrs. Aanse's grapes, he does not dare.

As Bernard was able to do, look Mrs. Aanse in the eye and then say: "Mrs. Aanse. I pinched your grapes. It was me", and afterwards showing Mrs. Aanse his little bottom beaten black and blue by the Tall One, *this* was real guts, but also the chance for Mrs. Aanse to give her enemy a beating. But what happened? A while later Bernard is sitting with Mrs. Aanse with a glass of lemonade in front of him. Crisje could not believe it, they had become friends! Isn't that something? Yes, Bernard is like that. A psychologist could not have improved him. It seemed like a university, and that was also the case. Later Tall Hendrik took his hat off to Bernard!

Gerrit pinches on the sly. The owner does not get a chance from him to protect his things. And now that the Tall One is no longer there, he went too early, little Gerrit pinches like there is no tomorrow. However, the children know, Gerrit is no use to them. If they don't pinch a pear or an apple from him on the sly, they get nothing. That is how mean Gerrit is. He is a real meanie. The only one of their brood of which the Tall One said:

"Cris, he is no good. He has tricks. And you will be really vexed with him as well."

And that is true, Tall One. You have been proved right. A fortnight before the Tall One passed over, Crisje got to hear:

"Cris, you will also get stomach-ache from this one, so that you do not know what to do any more." Then Crisje said: "But Hendrik. He is still a child." To which the Tall One again replied:

"Remember what I am saying now, Cris. When I am no longer here, you will have to watch out for that one." But Crisje does not make any distinctions and said to the Tall One:

"You can also exaggerate, Hendrik", to which she again got to hear:

"None of it, Cris, he has mean ways." And a while later, Crisje is now worrying about his words, he adds:

"If Our Lord gave me the opportunity, Cris, I would beat it out of him. But it is not up to me anymore."

Little Gerrit was two and a half years old then, and Teun and Miets were still to be born. Was the Tall One proved right or not? How did he know, Crisje now thinks, that he would die young? She also knows, her husband did not know it immediately. That is to say, he wasn't aware of it. However, he uttered those words two weeks before his death and she has to accept them. But there was something inside the Tall One that made him able to interpret such feelings. On the other hand, what was it really? Crisje now has to accept; Gerrit is a strange child. Because of this, little Gerrit is outside of the herd. When Crisje turns her back from Gerrit for just a minute he is fishing for the best bits of food, which is not allowed. Because precious soup is a divine delicacy for a person in these times. A little bone like that costs

a 'quarter', and a quarter is twenty-five cents. And for twenty-five cents, she has to drudge and slave for half a day at Hosman's. Do you understand, little Gerrit, what this is all about? And you, Tall One? Breaking cups just like that, then strangling the two little rabbits on purpose and pulling out their little tongues, pulling out the wings of a few doves, young creatures which need their wings, are pleasures for a brute, but are also rotten character traits, characteristics therefore, which make Crisje tremble and shake, because they belong to hell. However, a child is a child and you cannot beat it to death!

Children will be children, but when Gerrit came home later with a few chickens, pinched from the farmers, because they had enough anyway and they did not even have one, Crisje had to return the living goods herself. God preserve me! She would rather starve to death than to have that sin on her shoulders!

Now Gerrit does not tolerate it that the children follow his moves. He always buries his harvest in different places, because of which they know, this life has no kind-heartedness, possesses no love, is not so sensitive, is rock-hard, cold and ruthlessly calculating, but always towards himself. Crisje is aware of that and they know about his life. She still remembers it as if it happened yesterday. Gerrit is playing with Jeus, but the poor vagabonds, who Crisje gives food to and who came back to her every week, at the time when the Tall One was still alive, are sitting in the kitchen. And Gerrit wants to kick those dirty lousy men out the door. Jeus fights with Gerrit to give them a chance to eat in peace. Crisje comes between them to put an end to the fight. You would think now, a child like that will forget, but Gerrit is not like that. A few days later Gerrit calls from the hall at the back: "Jeus ... ssss ... Jeu ... ssss ... Come and look!"

Jeus, not aware of anything wrong, wants to walk out the door to go to him, but suddenly feels that he is being held back. It was just like he felt when father lay in the coffin and he wanted to kiss his father, and yet could not move an inch then either. There was a power stronger than he was that held him back. That power now forces him to remain where he is. However, a piece of stone immediately flies against the door. If that had hit his head, Crisje could have taken him to hospital. Little Gerrit is like that! Jeus does not think of that power, that invisible willpower, or whatever it was! He experienced too great an emotion through little Gerrit, but as a result of which Crisje's worries increased and grew deeper, at least now ... now that the Tall One is no longer here and she has to face everything alone.

Now Gerrit can annoy you until your blood boils; which he pays no attention to. Crisje actually has qualms about Gerrit. When she was still breast-feeding little Gerrit, she told it to the Tall One, which surprised him, because that was not characteristic of Crisje, when she told him:

“Hendrik, he is biting my breasts to bits and that means something”, Tall Hendrik was surprised. But now Crisje has the proof. How is it possible, Crisje thought. She also has to accept this. She knew for certain when her Hendrik said: “You must watch out for him”, that he was telling the truth, but children are children, a good mother does not want to hear anything about it. Now she is left to face the music and that is no fun for anybody, including the other children. It is real poison! Little Gerrit sucked her breasts to pieces. The other boys sucked the mother milk in a loving way. And that made her think, it meant something to her. You had to do with it yourself. But inside, inside you could feel it. You are not capable of explaining it! It is the truth! Crisje has experienced her own world with all the children. Little Gerrit’s wasn’t up to much. There was something spiteful attached to it, but then little Gerrit was two months old! Does all this mean something? Now you can admire the character of little Gerrit. That earlier greediness has now become his teasing, his argumentative inner life and his mean streaks, you never knew beforehand with this child, how you must protect yourself from them, they are thought up so humanly and in such an adult way.

Crisje now believes that the Tall One got those thoughts from Our Lord. A person is not capable of this with his own powers and cannot know that. However, she knows the phenomenon well. Before they died, many people got a dominating sensitivity to experience, and then they were able to tell everything, which later appeared to be the truth. Crisje is not that stupid. If you use your eyes, life continually has something new for you, and this is also a part of the Tall One, which reminds you of a higher power and is the case, because Hendrik was not like that!

It is exactly as her own feelings told her, and assured her that she would not have any more children, even if the Tall One had lived. Teun, she is certain of that, is also the last one! Crisje will not get married again. She feels that. And she does not want that either. Even if she was to re-marry, there will be no more children. This is a certainty, which lives under her heart and is given to her life and personality. She had also told her husband all of this when he was still alive and well. Many people, she knows, have their own experiences, which sometimes include ones which reach a height of which you would think that they come from the immediate vicinity where Our Lord lives, if you look at this thoroughly, it all becomes so supernatural.

Crisje sees Jeus and Gerrit as good and evil standing opposite each other. Johan does not interfere in anything and Bernard keeps himself to himself, so that Crisje is not able to control little Gerrit. It is a pity; Bernard could have done it. The accident, which Bernard experienced, changed his spirit and his strong personality in one blow. Because Bernard lost his leg, they now see and can easily accept it, he also lost some of his strong willpower;

his bubbly personality was broken! Bernard can control little Gerrit. But, the way he is now, the pleasure in life is lost. Even if you would not think so, Bernard goes his own way, his own path, even if he grabs little Gerrit by the collar of his neck now and again, for the rest Crisje is with Jeus, and that is an awful lot, too much even, it is no longer possible to experience a quiet day. After the accident, Bernard changed. They now have to watch out for little Gerrit. He leers at your life. Gerrit cannot forget or forgive, when you are not aware of it, you get such a blow, and he really gets you. Jeus therefore asked Johan:

“Can you not get angry then, Johan?”

“Why would I get angry. I am satisfied and happy in myself.”

“In yourself, yes, then what about us?”

Johan just laughs. He is still a child, but Crisje knows very well, Johan will remain such a child for all of his life. It is incomprehensible. Why does Our Lord make life so incomprehensible? But that is not from Crisje! Those are the words of other people. Crisje says: “Our Lord must know why it is like that. And a person does not need to interfere in the matters of Our Lord. People want to see everything differently. Do people not know that Our Lord is omniscient? You just have to resign yourself to it.” Criticising Our Lord is devil’s work, and she is not a part of that, and the Tall One also knew all about it. Day and night it was thrown at him: “Faith is faith and if you wish to believe, then do it properly, and lay off matters which belong to Our Lord, or there will be nothing left of all those beautiful things.” Those are Crisje’s words and she has to accept Gerrit’s ways, along with many other concerns that bring all this misery; it is awful!

Bernard and Johan come from Emmerik in the evening. Bernard teases Johan and says:

“Johan, our house is on fire, come on, walk as fast as you can.”

Johan answers him: “By then we’ll already be too late”, to which Bernard gives him a dig and gives the eldest strong brother a licking, which Johan laughs about. But that Bernard. You will not get Johan out of his world, even if you kick him and beat him day and night, his soul does not react. Nothing gets through to his personality, but still, Johan works until he drops. He is already working behind a butter machine and does the work of a man. Can you understand that, Crisje? No, no one can understand it, that is just Johan’s character. Johan already has friends and that is also really simple, but Jeus keeps an eye on him, he wants to know what his eldest brother is up to. As a father, you have the right to do that, but Johan does not accept it. However, one evening Johan had to swallow it when Jeus asks him in Crisje’s presence:

“Where were you yesterday evening, Johan? Will you just tell us that?”

Well Johan, what do you do now? If Crisje had asked him that, it would be a very different matter and he would have had a polite answer, but now, they hear him say:

“Is that any of your business, whippersnapper?”

Jeus feels attacked and grumbles back: “Whether that concerns me, you ask? What business did you have at Jan Hieltjes yesterday evening? I want to know, Johan! What business did you have there, and why did you need to drink there?”

Crisje now comes to her senses with a shock, she now also wants to know everything as well, Johan now hears:

“Is that true, Johan?” Her eldest avoids the question and Crisje now knows she is being beaten from all sides. Where must this ship strand? Has Johan to drink beer already? ‘While we have no food’, Jeus thinks. Does he not even think of his own household? A while later they tumble about the kitchen to Crisje’s dismay. Now she also has to swallow that as well. Jeus keeps watch, but he knows now. He cannot count on Johan. There are four long years between them, but Johan is just like a three-year-old, he has been taken advantage of by everyone. Tall Hendrik once said to Crisje:

“If they pull his trousers down, Cris, and hit him there as well, he will laugh. If they set his bottom on fire, he will still laugh.”

Then he added as well: “I believe, if they stole the light from his eyes, he would not go to the constabulary, he cannot get angry, and he is nothing like me. He is like you and I want nothing to do with him.” There you have it, Crisje thought, children take after father or mother, however, Gerrit is like neither, he takes after a wild dog, but does not even possess those loving doggy qualities which an animal sometimes has, and as a result of which you receive that affection. Gerrit has no qualities from her or the Tall One and that is a strange thing, but you have to deal with it. Crisje knows Jeus has the goodness of her, and the strong personality of his father. He will make it in life, you do not need to teach or say anything to him, and he sees everything. He is already carrying you! He is beside you all the way to take care of your life, to caress it as well; he keeps watch over it to lighten your heavy burden! He is a thousand times the opposite of Gerrit and Johan, all of them really, after which Bernard follows. Bernard also has the sensitive heart of Crisje, and it was not long ago that he also had the dominating thoughts of the Tall One, but they are broken now. That was buried, with that piece of leg and that good remainder of his physical body. It is a pity, but then again, what is a pity? Jeus is now alone at the rudder, he steers this household through fierce seas, he wants to steer the wreck to a peaceful harbour, but that is not easy. Especially not easy, when you see and have to accept that his fellow passengers are drilling holes in the ship, because that gives them pleasure, for

this same reason they throw the pathetic supply of food and drink to sharks and cuttle-fish and other animal rabble, not to mention all those other things which you see with your own eyes. Nevertheless, he and Crisje are not afraid of sperm whales or the threat of a shark. They carry the load. However, Johan does not feel or see that both of them are almost exhausted. Certainly, he also bears something, he is a part of the wheel so to speak, but Crisje and Jeus have the elbow power! Bernard is lying there, resting from the blow which life gave him to bear and deal with. Little Gerrit throws a spanner in the works every day, and gives your food a sour taste as if there is nothing else to be done.

This morning Jeus is one with Crisje. And that is just for the two of them. Johan and the others have no understanding of it, do not have the need for it. They do not have his paternal consciousness and cannot enjoy it either. Johan thinks: 'What is for you, is not nearly for me' and means: it is not nice. 'I am still young. I do not want to be a father. I do not want to act the part of father!' This is the case, Johan, but later? We will also follow and experience that later and then determine which one of you will make it the furthest in this world. We already know, and Crisje as well: Jeus will overtake you. What is nothing for you now, will later be everything humanly and socially! You will still live for a while, of course, but you will experience no emotions. Your nerves do not get a whack; you won't allow it. But later, Johan? Crisje senses that Jeus has something to say, he says in a very relaxed way:

"What will I get to experience again today, mother?" Then Jeus hears from his dear Crisje:

"Every day, Jeus, now gives you something to learn and to bear."

"That is true, mother. Yesterday I was still stupid, wasn't I? They should not try doing today again, mother", he called her mother when he really wanted to say Crisje, "what they put me through yesterday. It's up to me, isn't it? I learned a lot yesterday. Can you understand that, mother?"

"Of course, Jeus, you can take care of yourself."

She thinks, it is as though Hendrik is sitting in front of her. It is simply priceless. You would swear that Hendrik was sitting at the table in person and talking to her, just as the happy times in the past, and which made the morning already like a paradise. It is a wonder, if you see and hear how that child has taken her worries upon his shoulders. What grown men cannot think of, and do not have any feeling for, is simple to Jeus. Crisje knows, if she put her hand out to him, he would take over all the rights of the Tall One. He would lay himself down beside her in the evening and then chat about their worries. She also knows that Jeus must have a nice wife later, or life will destroy him. He must have one who understands, looks after, and kisses him with love, because his heart is so great and so deep, she knows all

about it and it is understandable. He has an enormous view of life, which her Tall One possessed and with love, otherwise it would still be nothing! Those are great qualities, it is because of them that you live and feel happiness.

“Yes, mother” he continues, “I will tell them a different story today. Yesterday, I worked out for myself that I must always have something in my hands there. That dirty kraut hit me once, but he will not get me a second time. If I have my hands full, he cannot grab me. Do you see what I mean, mother?”

“Yes, of course, that is the best thing, of course.”

“Good, isn’t it, mother, that we can have a chat together before I have to leave.”

You see, Crisje, ten years ago he already wanted to experience that. Do you still remember? Now he is on top of it and it has become his possession. Be assured he will enjoy it and he can appreciate these periods of a quarter of an hour, his heart is now thumping with happiness and bliss. As long as nothing ever comes between it, but that is not possible; after all, it is in your hands. Crisje says to him:

“Yes, of course, Jeus. I take pleasure in it.”

“And what is pleasure, mother? I can enjoy this and pleasure is something completely different.”

Crisje just has to smile. She feels he gets to the root of everything, she now has to bow to this again as well. She says:

“You know, Jeus, what I mean.”

“Of course, mother, we have known each other for so long already, haven’t we, we do not really need to say anything.”

Do you see, Tall One? Can you hear it? A big child is busy replacing you. With everything and so to see, Tall Hendrik, it is just as if he is surpassing you, only your money to go and you will no longer be missed here. For Jeus then, of course, your Crisje thinks differently about it, Gerrit as well. Bernard has not thought about it yet, and Johan will only get to it much later, but the smallest children miss you very much. Crisje, are you not kissing him yet? Jeus cannot yet lift you in the air like the Tall One could, but he does that now by talking to you, and his words, his love, send you upwards, straight to Our Lord. You can feel it, because inside you keep swallowing, and these are not nerves, Crisje, but that comes from this spatial kind-heartedness. Is that not the case? Jeus continues:

“Mother, yesterday I worked out that I can earn more there, and then I will be in charge of my own time. I will begin with contract work, what do you think? It is better; then I can work. I also have to slave now, mother, but then I can feel the money for it, and that is something completely different. Or I will be in Emmerik just like that. I’m not at all bothered about myself. I will take care of myself”, Jeus expresses the concern that Crisje is worried

about him and that must not be the case! However, you should hear a child like that; it has worries and deep feelings. Your heart is breaking. How purely this child thinks, but how wonderful it is; it is just like a prayer! Each word of this life is like a beautiful flower for your heart. Each word is a kiss and inspired by pure love. Your heart absorbs it, and it strengthens you completely. Each thought of Jeus lays new foundations. If you should weaken, he is here for you and inspires you again. If you think, I give up, you will get a slap in your face through his words and you will be ashamed of everything. Nevertheless, everything is going downhill here. Everything is being destroyed, there is no money to buy anything new. Moreover, as if Jeus feels this, he now says:

“If I manage four marks a week, mother, can we then live on that?”

Crisje looks ahead, she is thinking of a thousand other things, and was not really there when he spoke those words, but now then, he says:

“You are sitting sleeping, mother! Why can’t you give me an answer; can you not just listen to me for a moment? I was saying something to you. And I just asked a moment ago”, now Crisje is listening, “whether we can live if I manage four marks a week.”

“Four marks a week, you say, Jeus? That is a lot of money, an awful lot.”

“That is what I want to achieve, mother. And perhaps even more as well. I am trying to work out what I can earn. If you can just manage, mother, then I will make it. Let’s see. In four weeks’ time, I can join the pitchers. No, I’ve just remembered that is nothing for me. The combers, that is a different story! That seems better to me. But it is hard work, and it stinks there like with the pigs, like the plague, mother. I will have nothing to do with that. Those drillers, mother, are dead men. That work is nothing for me, they are just like dead chickens. They do nothing else all day drill holes in a piece of wood, which small children can do. But they can cackle as well, Jan but Lemmekus told me himself, and I can imagine that. You know those gossips, don’t you? And that pulling, which Bernard told you all about, mother, I cannot understand that, because those lads turn on their backsides like wild ducks do, and do not make any progress, that is nothing for me, so to speak. I want to horse about at my work; that is nonsense! I would go mad from all that shaking back and forth, it would make you laugh, mother. If you could see them work, mother, you would understand me. Just look, they sit like that at those tables.” He shakes himself back and forth, fiddles about with his fingers, so that Crisje can understand it. Then he continues:

“I think, mother, that I will join the combers, you can earn money there. But do you know why?”

“Because you can do that work so quickly?”

“None of it, mother, you would like that. No, that’s not it, mother, it is

something completely different. Because it is such a mess there, mother. It is that stench! And you destroy your fingers. On those sharp combs, mother. Because you have to quickly put that hair back and forth through the combs, you hit them as well and then your fingers bleed, but I have nothing to do with that.” Crisje also sees now how it must happen. Inside she kisses him, she presses that life to her heart, but she hears again:

“I want nothing to do with that stench, mother”, because he feels, it does not get through to her. He had thought that Crisje would fall off her chair, but that did not happen. He now also demands her full power of feeling, her sympathy and she can bow to it. It is now listening or sleeping, if you want to sleep, Crisje, I will go away! When Crisje replies:

“But I do not want that, Jeus, I do not want you to destroy your fingers for our household” He bursts out:

“That’s something, mother! What business of mine are a couple of dead fingers? What do fingers mean if you have no food? What does that stench matter to me if your children are hungry and need new things? Can fingers pay for the land lease? Do you not need any other things then?”

Johan is outside of this and if Johan wants to know, he may now sleep as long as he wants, he will just disturb him anyway. However, Crisje thinks, what did I do to deserve this. What a load of worries he has on his mind. Jeus will work himself to the bone for Crisje, his little brothers and sister, she thinks it is great, of course, but is that not going too far?

Now pay attention, Crisje, how dangerous this is becoming. When other times come one day, everything can change. You will completely absorb his love, a love that is supernatural. Which mother would not want to experience that? But there is danger attached to it. You will grow into each other; it is going too deep! Really you should call a halt to it now for him and yourself, because what can the future bring you? You will think what are you talking about now, but well, I am looking ahead. Things can happen, which you do not wish upon yourself, but life demands it of you! Then what? You think, ‘then nothing’, however, I thought about it for a moment, but then your hearts will be ripped apart, that means, you do something which you just do not want, which is for him and for yourself, a gulf. Now your blood is running away! You do not believe that anything can come between you, because that is what I mean. Do you know yourself so well and are you already convinced, Crisje, that your own life does not break any hearts, or neglect? If something happens as a result of which you lose Jeus, I mean, you will break his heart and it will be a battle of life and death for you both. He says to her:

“Mother?”

“What is it, Jeus?”

“As long as you know, that I want to work myself to the bone for you and

that I want to keep my children alive, you can believe me”, Crisje knows as well, how much that child loves her. And when he also presses her to his heart and kisses her like an adult, she presses this love to her maternal heart for a moment, but does not think of the future, what could happen? Nothing, Jeus is hers and he will remain hers, nothing can come between him and her, ever! She would not miss him for the world, never ever!

“I love you”, he adds quickly, before everything is upside down in the house, “I adore you, mother”, he also says, and that this is an expression of the Tall One and the last word as well, now he can start on his daily work. Johan and Bernard turn everything upside down. One after another, they get ready to leave, just like before, when it was the Tall One and Johan, then Bernard came along and he has also started to belong to that society now, a little cog in the big machine, that horrible monster! When they have all left Jeus tries to lift Crisje up like father did, but now has got to accept that he must wait a while with that, Crisje sits at the table and is still thinking about his talk, and is also crying, they are tears of suffering and real sorrow, also of happiness, of course ... but well, the Tall One cannot be replaced! She cannot get over Jeus’ happiness and if only, there was enough money! Of course, Hendrik, I miss you terribly, but then that would have been bearable. That child really does have everything. If he is gone just a bit longer than he said he would be, he already tells her why. The others do not do that! He means with that, she feels, do not worry, Cris. I had something to do there. Just like father was always able to do, which makes you feel the essential self, the anchorage. It tells you that you feel for each other, and think about each other. She was not out of Tall Hendrik’s thoughts for a second, her Hendrik was not out of her thoughts either and Jeus has that same feeling, that same love ... it is enough to make you cry! No, she would not trade Jeus for the world! When Chang wanted to take Jeus to Italy, no, she cannot bear thinking about it; she would not let anyone take Jeus away for all the money in the world.

Crisje, you do not give a thought to your own future for a second, Not a short moment, to what adult life thinks about it, or did you think that there is no life any more? Did you think that adult life had nothing else for you and that it was already completed? And what is the future? What do you know for yourself? What do you know for tomorrow and in two months’ time, what do you feel for later, in a few years’ time, for example? Nothing ... you feel nothing, Crisje, but life goes on, life asks you something, life always has something to tell you and has sometimes put something aside for you as well, which you are suddenly faced with then and then you must take a human, sometimes an inhuman decision. Life can confront you with bad and childish things, with sacred and terrible things. Are you shocked yet, Crisje? Did you not think of this? All people do that, Crisje, no one thinks of

the future. Even if the insignificant rest of those millions of people want to know all about it, and even if they run to the fortune tellers, this life cannot be seen. People are not so deep, not one person possesses this gift, because all those things belong to Our Lord. And would you think that Our Lord let HIS cards be looked at by human fortune tellers? Can you understand, Crisje, what I am getting at, then we go on, otherwise, at a later stage. Later, I will come back to this! I do not intend to increase your worries. But you might say, the great life is behind you. I am looking that life right in the face. I know it, because I see life!

Crisje, these are powers and strengths, of which a person does not know even the smallest foundation. Unless human beings were omniscient, and you do not believe that. I will help you to think, Crisje. When Bernard had to accept the accident, did he already know that a day before? You, felt it coming, but did you have that certainty as well? No, however, Bernard had to swallow this, and other people are like that as well. Now you are standing with your mouth wide open. That is life, the powerful ... and you are outside of that as a person, it cannot be seen beforehand, or you would be omniscient, but you are not so arrogant. Life sometimes has something for people and you will be presented with that, Crisje. It is the wine of God the Father ... do those cups pass us people now that we know that GOD allowed HIS son to drink? What do you want? To try and avoid all of this?

I am telling you this, that life is odd, strange actually. You do not know life! And because it is strange, you can expect a terrible hiding sooner or later. Do not worry, Crisje, undoubtedly I am being unduly sombre for you, but remember this, a human being remains a human being and life is life, as a result of which we people have to put up with happiness and miseries. It is as old as the world is, is that not the case? Sometimes, Crisje, you do things and you are faced with your own unreliability. You will not believe it, but you have become it! You were so sure of yourself, but tomorrow? You did not know yourself. Tomorrow and in a week, you will act differently. Yes, there are people who butcher lives, which they had never thought that they could do, but they still do it! They certainly did not wish to do it, but, nevertheless, they still did it. I love you is old timeworn nonsense. I love you, I love you so much, I cannot live without you, is the talk of an unaware person, Crisje. Tomorrow, the day after tomorrow you will talk differently after all, and that mighty love of today is not worth anything any more! Just go over the people, millions have been mistaken. Not only for themselves, but especially through their stupid talk. People are like that, dear Crisje, we do not even know ourselves!

In this way, millions of hearts were broken. Men abandoned their loved ones. During the first days, Crisje, that love was something great, nothing

else existed. However, after a time. Some give themselves over to others; we see one murder after another, not to mention the hangings. In short, as a result of thousands of possibilities people took their own lives, only, Crisje, as a result of that mad love, as a result of that empty talk: I love you, but tomorrow? How many people do not live on this great earth who renounced their words, but who, so to see, would stake themselves for their word? Did those people know themselves? They did not think, Crisje, that they would ever succumb. Did circumstances force them into such a decision? Nevertheless, there was always a human 'will' and that was like living dead for those people. Humanly speaking, they succumbed!

When life says to you: just you listen and don't do that; the spiritual life begins to think and will have to act. Now you are sometimes faced with what you have said, and you must renounce those words consciously or unconsciously. You hear then:

"Did I say that? ... That is impossible!"

Now you are faced with your pathetic self. Your inconsiderate talk. Now that love has become nonsense and does not mean a thing. Many people in this world already know that. They have beaten, trampled their words, and their love to a bloody mess, because they were too weak inwardly to fight for this happiness. Those people chose the easiest, the simplest way and just went away! Others know as well, they have reached that insight. I did that wrong, I should have done it like that. I should not have given myself completely; I am now destroying hearts. Then you think that you are going mad, but that is not true, you walk around with this misery alone, you feel weak and awkward, it is an empty carry-on!

Ask Bernard, Crisje. He can now tell you that life beat him. His condition tells us people: what do you want, do you not see your future? Do you not feel that you are allowing your love to die with those words? Other people make a fuss, but a while later one of those people moves his foot, slips and breaks his precious neck. Did that man not know that? No, Crisje, just as little as the Tall One believed that he would die at the age of forty. That is the unknown life, Crisje, that is what concerns us, a person wants love and happiness, but there will come a time when we have to fight for that happiness. If we are not able to do so, then there will be victims.

Once again, Crisje, everyone knows it. I love you! But tomorrow. Or the day after tomorrow? What remained of that love? One person now lives somewhere else, got another love, continues again to suck out that life too and will soon be faced again with these laws and problems which are enforced upon us by life, however, Our Lord knows the space and, dear Crisje, knows the necessity, and which means, will you never learn anything then? The talk, Crisje: 'We do not want to miss you for the world', became non-

sense! The begging: 'You will never leave us any more, will you?' became a cat meowing and means nothing! At least not for a human being! 'I want to die for you', means nothing, Crisje, it is nonsense! That, 'I want to die for you', is a well worn saying, one in a million people know something of it, yes, of course, but the rest? We people talk until the cows come home, we do not think. We are greedy creatures, like pigs! If only we were pigs, but we talk too much and that talk, Crisje, does not cost a thing! It happens of its own accord and we know!

Fair is fair, Crisje, do you know yourself? Are you so sure of yourself that you can say: nothing can happen between Jeus and me? What do you want to do with Jeus? Just imagine, Crisje, that you later renounce your own words? God preserve me, you will think, but we are only human, dear Crisje. Then what? Does it not exist for you? Is that not possible, you say? Again, we are only human, Crisje! I am telling you, then your contact and your unity with Jeus will become dangerous! Then it will break his heart, now physical and spiritual blood will flow, and that believe me, has to do with Our Lord and HE died for it. I would treat Jeus like you treat Johan and Bernard, but then, where are we really heading? You say yourself:

"He gives me everything, but he also want everything of mine", and that is your pure connection, your immense love, your support, but if you throw all of this away? Indeed, Crisje, if you get to know life, you have the laws to accept, gradually you will fight those laws and only afterwards can you, and may you say: I am like this now, I have proved it! I am a man of my word and a woman of character. And if that is the case, you are a fortunate human child, which this society needs. Believe me, those people are priceless! You are now like the 'Arc of the Covenant'... Crisje!... Or a 'Tower of David'... Also like the 'Gilded House' and like an angel in a heaven, if you have made the truth and the enduring your own, and if your word is a law, or everything will become frillery. Human pettiness, worthless nonsense! Do you love me? Of course! Oh, Crisje, Jeus will also still experience that in his life and then will probably bleed inwardly, but then he will also have to prove what he can do. After all, where is that inner life exactly which belongs to your own character, and is yours? A person with money searches the whole world, but he also returns with all kinds of troubles. I do not want to give you those things, Crisje, but hospitals are involved. To experience some human happiness, those people sought a paradise, which is not there. It is themselves, you must possess it inwardly, or you will find it nowhere! Just look at Aunt Trui and you will know!

There is one thing, Crisje knows, she will fight for Jeus. Of course, she loves all her children equally, Crisje makes no distinction, but one life possesses more than the other and is then your happiness, your life, and your

love.

However, the household is going downhill rapidly, Crisje is going downwards, she will never make it over that mountain! Jeus can talk as much as he likes, the Tall One can play his violins until they break, she is faced with this destruction and has to carry on. Love? It is great! But what can you buy with it? Nothing! What can you begin with universal love, if you do not have a cent? Nothing! The most down-to-earth mind also understands that, you are not given a look. An angel wearing clogs, that is it anyway, Crisje, is not worth a cent! Jeus is right when he says: 'Angels can now drop dead.' Who will pay the land lease, who will make sure there is something new now? Our Lord? All those things beat your love to smithereens. What does the Tall One want now? To pay the rent with this violin, make sure there is food? Seven stomachs suddenly eat everything up, there is nothing left; do you see those little faces, Tall One?

You see, Crisje, now we are faced with problems, which I told you about years ago. But the Tall One laughed good-naturedly, nothing could happen to him. Just play then, Tall One! Can you hear it, Crisje? Can you buy one black pudding for it? That is the very least! It is drive! Tall One, what do you want? This is sacred truth, don't make me laugh.

When there is no money, love is useless to you. Now you can suffer starvation, and it is heading that way! You, Tall One, would like to break little Gerrit's neck, but can you reach the child? Now you can lay the empty notes on the table, which we talked about then. There is no more than that! That demands life from you! It is the battle of Golgotha, Hendrik, and it is for everyone, but action must be taken here. Crisje and your children are faced with Christ's Passion. Watch out, Tall One, I will be proved right. Soon we will be faced with an inhuman drama. How will Crisje act then? Must she also renounce her love and her words? Do you not believe in it? For that matter, not one person in her neighbourhood does. Those people know your love, they know, Crisje is an angel! I can do nothing about it, Tall One, but this future lies open to me. You can break your violins over your own head. This is how miserable it will become! You will collapse from suffering, Tall One, but no God, no Lord, can help you. Yes, there is probably someone then who will show you the way and if you then hear 'go to the left', do it, because it is the only escape-route. You will then throw 'Towers of David' around and run away quickly because you know better, and no longer want anything to do with it now. But life will be really rotten then. Be aware, Tall One, it concerns you, Crisje and Jeus. It does not concern the rest of them who live here. It is you three!

Everything is going well at the brush factory. Fanny saw him off and will

collect him later; the animal is keeping watch and already knows uncle Jan's whistle. Yesterday Fanny did not know anything about these matters. Now it knows everything. Now that whistling is also a part of its life. And uncle Jan's whistle speaks volumes to Fanny. What a person does not think about and does not feel Fanny experiences on one hundred per cent power of feeling, and it has to do with Jeus. That is also something strange for tall Van Bree, because for him a dog is an animal and you cannot talk to it like to a person. Did you think that, Antoon?

If Antoon finds it something remarkable, how does Jan Lemmekus think about it, who is open to sensitivity? They are truths, Antoon, now the soul of life is speaking, or what is it, anyway? Antoon got a lump in his throat. Many people were impressed by it. The teacher at school also felt something inside, which brought her to human thinking. However, a dog's life has now risen into and up to human life. Since Gerrit is not human to Fanny, the animal does not like him either. Little Gerrit is angry, because Jeus possesses Fanny's heart and he has nothing. Is this so hard to understand, Antoon? Fanny is now like a person, he thinks, and feels. Human love speaks to the life and Fanny is open to it. Other dogs react differently.

You, Tall Hendrik, live in it. You live in the midst of those powers and strengths and you will have to acquire that love. Now you can experience miracles. However, Antoon van Bree does not understand that, but a person moves mountains because of this love. If you see Jeus together with Fanny, then you could cry for joy. Life now laughs at you and gives you divine things. They are feelings of happiness and kind-heartedness. If you do not possess it yourself, you do not believe that it exists, and then you will laugh at all those human pranks. You trample on those nice things. However, these are supernatural matters! It is the very highest thing for a person, Antoon! That will take you back to HIM and will bring you into harmony with all that other life. You make yourself loved now or you will be as poor as a church mouse. Tall Hendrik and Antoon van Bree, Fanny is a soul which will lie on your grave and die for you. Never heard of it? Fanny is such a doggy soul and also possesses that dependence. It is love!

Jan Lemmekus sees that it is going well in the sawmill. He watches out to be able to talk to Jeus for a moment. Jeus is thinking seriously! When Jan gets the opportunity, he immediately asks:

"Jeus, I have heard that you are going to write books, when you are big, is that the case?"

Jan now looks into a pair of eyes, which tell him: 'Good gracious just stop your nagging. I have had enough of it already!'...however Jeus says:

"Write books? Write books, did you say, Jan? Can I eat from that? Can we keep our household running with that? I am going under with worries, Jan!"

A moment later Jan hears him say:

“That is so long ago already, Jan. I do not know any more.”

So, is that the problem, Jan thinks. Worries! Worries take over life. Worries dominate! Worries destroy everything. Worries break soul, spirit, and body! Worries claim you and eat your heart to bits. Just continue, but this life is twelve years old, Jan thinks, and that is really terrible! This life can no longer think of sacred things. And those things and matters are supernatural, and necessary for all of this humanity. However, carrying shavings and earning money are more necessary. Rotten things in society mean more than universal lessons! Jan kicks himself and beats his soul; he hits wherever he can. This is enough to collapse! It is rotten! It is miserable! Enough to make you jump out of your skin, so to speak.

Jeus is a child prodigy to Jan. And those wonders are now lying there for the picking. Nevertheless, stupid worries, worthless carry-on, suck that life out of that world and he, Jan Lemmekus, must also accept that. You could do something to that cursed life! What do you want? Jan is not rebelling, but he lives through Jeus in a paradise. Now something beats him back out. This is not a snake, but they are worries. ‘Good gracious’, Jan also complains. Jeus has already gone away from him. Over there he is filling a basket with shavings and is thinking; who will give him, the boys and Crisje food? ‘Write books?’ How childish adults are, Jeus thinks. It is like nothing on earth. They live next to life. They are right on top of it and do not feel on what they are trampling.

No, Jan, now spiritual wonders no longer have any meaning. His father already knows that. Tall Hendrik, Jan Lemmekus, had had to accept that. That is also really terrible. After all, you know the bubbly personality of tall Hendrik? He thought he could play violins for Crisje until they broke. But can you eat from that? Jan knows Jeus would be a revelation to this rotten world, if people would just accept this life. Jan’s life is now beaten, consciously at that. It is really unpleasant.

Jeus thinks, he is doing his best and the boss can see that as well. Now that he meets the authority again, he gives it a flower. A little daisy and then the boss hears:

“Yes, of course, boss. I will continue to do my best.”

“Are you getting on a bit better? Have you learned your work already?”

“Yes, boss, I’ve managed it.”

I see, you can make progress here, can’t you?”

“Yes, boss, I already saw that. I would like to be with the combers, boss.”

“Really? Already? Now, after just one day?”

“Is that not possible then, boss, I want to earn money for mother.”

“Everything is possible, my dear, of course. We will see. But work hard.”

“Of course, boss, I will make sure of that.”

Jeus thinks the boss is a good man, a very different man than yesterday. Yesterday life was rotten; today the boss is an angel for himself and the people. It is also a ‘daisy’ for his life, it is hanging between his lips and everyone must see it. He does not know that Jan has already spoken to the boss. Does the boss see this life differently now? He is a great man! When Jan went to the boss with the samples, he asked him one thing and another about Jeus’ talk and chatting, the boss reacted after thinking about it.

“Is he intelligent, Jan?”

“Yes, Lumwald, he has brains, but Crisje is alone with all the children. If you would like to keep an eye on him. Then give him something else to do soon.”

“Jawohl, Jan, der hat ein Kopf. “Yes, Jan, he is intelligent. I won’t forget it.”

The boss knows now. You must not neglect such lives. He just looks at himself. Indeed if you think, you will get on better in this life, and Jeus can think. However, it is a mess with the combers. Jan advises him against it, but however rotten it may be there, he must earn money. “You will destroy your fingers, Jeus!” “I don’t care about that! What use are fingers if I do not have any food?” Nothing! Nothing has value, if you are bent double with worries. Only food and drink have meaning. Even if they drink so heavily there, that means nothing! A person may have a drink. “Even if it stinks there of pigs, it doesn’t make any difference to me.” “But those men will let you fetch jenever, Jeus.” “I can fend for myself as well. I want to earn money for mother! And just stop your nagging now, Jan Lemmekus.”

That’s right, Jan. You can still have a bit more fun with him, but then you will lose him. A pity, isn’t it? But the great true life, Jan, does not ask for human pities. It spins round in his head, it is in his heart, and his blood is boiling! What do you want? Miets needs clogs. Teun needs a new pair of trousers and clogs, and many other things are needed. Crisje has one old coat and she has to wear it to church. She needs a new one and pretty quickly too. The children have to go to church in their clogs, which is the worst thing you can imagine. Everyone looks at you in the church, because you are making such a noise with your clogs! It is horrible, Jan! They have already been abused by the good life. And this good life is no longer merely playing about with Crisje, it is really hitting her.

When Jeus comes home with Fanny, he hears about a little human drama. But what happened this time? Gerrit and Hendrik were going to go for a little walk with Miets in the pram. They played on the moorland, but when it was time to go back, Gerrit had an amusing idea.

“Do you know what we will do, Hendrik? No, you do not know, but I do. We will stand on the pram and let ourselves be driven along the Grintweg.”

Is that not a good idea? But the Grintweg is steep. Gerrit and Hendrik can no longer hold the pram and with Miets in it, the pram bumps into a tree. Miets crashes to the ground and is lying in the gutter. She has a big hole in her little head. And they come home in this state. Not Gerrit, he took to his heels. Miets is in a bad way and Crisje can put up with it. Little Miets is lying there! This had to happen when he, father Jeus, is not at home. It is really a miracle that Miets is still alive. Where is Gerrit? He is nowhere to be seen. Little Gerrit is not stupid. It doesn't bear thinking about. Jan Lemmekus also hears about the drama.

"But I will get hold of him yet, Jan", his friend hears, but Jan can't help laughing about it anyway, he can see the drama taking place in his mind's eye. The Tall One is gone, Crisje, and you are alone. Jeus and Gerrit have a tumble on the ground. But when black eyes are a part of it, it is quite enough. What no one had thought of, happened as well. Fanny bites a piece out of Gerrit's trousers and that is the worst thing of all. How will they get a new pair?

"But my God", Crisje moaned. "We go from one misery to another." And that is the truth. If you take hold of life in the wrong way, then it will hit back, it is a law, and everyone has to take it into account. Nevertheless, it is scandalous. Life hits differently! Differently to what you expected, Crisje, and you do not ever count on these things. Nor did Fanny! However, little Gerrit now watches out for Jeus and he has to be careful. It is bad, Crisje, but life goes on. Do not dwell on it for too long, there will be other problems, and you will complain then as well, until you are blue in the face, and you will think that the devil is after you. Johan is purring behind the stove and enjoying himself. What is the cause, Johan? When Crisje asks him whether he will do something for a change, she gets to hear: "What can I do now, mother, when I am in Emmerik?" Now Crisje knows. And can see his point, what can Johan do? Nothing! But it is Bernard who just grabs little Gerrit by the neck, gives him a good smack, but a little too hard in Crisje's opinion, she has respect for broken legs, because hospitals are like poisonous adders. But that Bernard! Just carry on purring, Johan, make a nice garment for yourself or a Sunday suit, and do not pay the slightest attention to all of this. Do you not look at the girls yet? However, Johan is not like that. He does not dare make a single move towards the girls. The boys see that he does not know whether there are any girls in the world. And what would you do with one of those girls? 'Not for me', Johan utters, and they can understand that, because that costs money. They know, when 'he' begins to 'court' girls, the world will be turned upside down. They are prepared to give two and a half guilders to see Johan kissing. Good gracious, what fun a person can have resounds through the kitchen, but then Johan laughs and his purring briefly

stops. There is peace now amongst the children of tall Hendrik, who must later decide their own lives one by one. Where must this ship strand? This is always the last word and Crisje's only thought, when she lies down to go to sleep after a day of trudging and worrying. Miets gets better, but after a few days, they have other troubles. The human water of life rises up to their necks, which is now 'awfully' salty and cannot be drunk. That as well, and that's something completely different. The children are sick inside.

'We will be destroyed', Jeus thinks, but they don't want that. They now have to do with the whooping cough and the measles, gifts of life, which no one likes. Jeus now no longer has a second's peace. Now he worries day and night. He does not know what to do any longer, and it was just going so well. Now the measles and the whooping cough are in the shavings. All that misery is in his hands and his spade, it is no longer going as he wants it to, life has got him. When he comes home, he sits next to the little beds to help his children, and then he completely absorbs those illnesses. Without being aware of it, because Jeus can heal. Now he is over-sensitive and wonders reveal themselves. Sitting like that on the little beds, he gives away his powers of life and they cure Miets and Teun.

Yes, Jeus and Crisje, we know the aura of life of a person. And that heals Miets and Teun. It is that aura of life which Teun and Miets now absorb, And that strengthens the sick tissue, which creates a change. That happened here now! In the East, many people heal through the aura of life. Also in the towns here and they call that magnetizing! Nevertheless, little Gerrit continues to tease him and that is just what he doesn't need. This has to stop.

It is Sunday morning. They are getting dressed for church. Jeus is looking for his tie, but it is gone. What does he see now? Little Gerrit, how is it possible, has at least ten of them. "Are you trading in ties? And how on earth did you get all those ties? Could you just lend me one of those? Are you selling your goodies to buy something else?" "It is none of your business!" Then it happened. They are already tumbling about on the floor in the best room. Exactly there, where the holy family is. A bit too close to the holy family, and then it happened. Tinkle, tinkle! Crisje thought she would faint. The holy family is lying in bits and pieces at mother Crisje's feet, and she can put up with it again. Just before it happened, Crisje heard a voice saying to her, as it were:

'Do not get a fright, Cris, but accidents will happen again.' And then? The holy family in smithereens. Gerrit holds his elbow in front of her eyes and Crisje respects that. She would only hurt her arms, and she doesn't want to beat a piece of wood! She complains to Jeus: "Why do you go and cause an argument with a good-for-nothing like that?"

"Do I have to accept everything from that brat, mother? I will give, buy,

you new statues.” Crisje does not hear any more. She does not get an apology from little Gerrit. He has already left. Will he pray for forgiveness? That is nothing for little Gerrit.

‘If you want to give each other a hiding, Jeus’, it is already raging in his head, ‘then you do not do that within the vicinity of the holy family.’ He hears it from Crisje, at least twenty times, and now does he have to go to church? Must he ask for forgiveness there? You can never be forgiven for such things, as long as you know that, or try to understand it. Our Lord has fallen from the cupboard. Mary and Joseph. It is enough to drive you mad!

‘Our Lord, Joseph and Mary’, it does not leave him alone for a second, ‘have ... – no, God preserve me’, he thinks, ‘then it will be even worse – broken ...’ Their necks, he had wanted to say. However, he only thought about it. But Jeus, is that not exactly the same? Good or bad, that does not mean anything for this moment, the statues are broken and through his fault. And the priest is talking this morning about self-control as well! How is it possible! Of course, Our Lord inspired it. The priest has received it, but why does he not moan at him and Gerrit? And Crisje thought that tall Hendrik was there himself. She was so sure that she heard his voice. What do you want, Crisje? Did Hendrik warn you? And then what? What good are such warnings to you if things become deformed, like Our Lord and the holy family? It is nonsense! That Tall One! You see, Tall One, let us now just accept that you were able to warn Crisje about this accident. Is that food and drink? Is that a new statue? Is that really help, Tall Hendrik? Do you not have to chuckle about it yourself? You are just making yourself ridiculous, Hendrik. Is this, I ask you, so that it penetrates your life, help, and human help for Crisje? Do you know anything else, Tall One? Are there no other means of protecting Crisje? Go back then where you came from. This is no good to them! This is nothing, Tall One, nothing. It is ridiculous! ‘But still’, Crisje thinks, ‘I could swear that father was here and he said it to me.’ ‘How will I get other statues’, Jeus thinks. ‘How will I get Teun and Miets better?’ Miets is improving; in fact, she has already recovered, but little Teun? Those statues pulled him out of that world for a moment, but now he is sitting next to Teun’s little bed and is holding his hand. He sees the holy statues sitting in Teun. Where he looks, he can see the bits and pieces of the holy family. When he has to fetch a pound of black pudding for Crisje the smashed pieces of Our Lord are also in it, it could drive you mad as well. Food does not taste nice. The little bit that they get has now been spoiled by that terrible accident, but to Johan, Bernard, little Gerrit and Hendrik it tastes really good. Only Crisje, he sees, is now eating differently, with her head too far bent, everything goes so slowly, it is sad! How will I get out of this, he thinks, and it churns through his head. His little life is now tense enough to burst. If there is no way out,

something else will happen here and that is a bit too much. This is more than enough! However, he does not forget his children. Teun must get better. Miets has already told him that his hands radiate a nice heat, which does her good. And then suddenly Miets is better. Now Teun as well. Now that he is sitting with little Teun, he feels that his chest is also tightening. Teun is full of dirty mucus, And that mucus has to go, but how can he do that? What winter radish with brown sugar could not do; human heat can bring about. A few days later a dirty lump of mucus suddenly flies out of Teun's throat, and little Teun is also better!

"Mother", he screams at Crisje. "Now look what I have in my hands!"

"That is mucus," Crisje says. "That is good, that had to go. My God, what a lot of mucus that is. How is it possible."

You see, Crisje, inside, that mucus started to slip and that comes from the human aura, which loosens the mucus. That is now everything. But I could certainly talk for hours about how nice it is, but also how spiritual-scientific it is as well. However, what good is it to you? None, Jeus will probably describe all of this later in his books, Crisje, because that will all come about! But the children are better! Through Jeus! It happened quickly. It was just like a miracle, but these things also have their very ordinary life. Jeus cured Teun and Miets, of the measles and the whooping cough through the power of Our Lord, however, on a larger scale, Crisje, Our Lord could say: 'Go and walk', as a result of that power, blind people received new light, and a deaf and dumb person got his hearing, yet humanity was still not satisfied. In short, you know that drama!

'That is all very well, it is great', Jeus thinks, 'but I am left with the shattered pieces. The holy family is broken!' Jan follows him, he feels it, Jeus is worrying. And of course, you tell friends everything. So, Jan thinks, is that the case, Jeus? Does he not have an old set of statues in the attic? Did Anneke not get them from somewhere? He believes that he can make Jeus and Crisje happy. Jan will have a look this afternoon. Jeus continues to think, but he cannot get away from it, he cannot find a solution. And when you have to hear:

'If holy statues fall, other accidents usually happen', you get a pile of despair to cope with, and you really do not know what to do any more. Crisje once heard, it happened to a farmer: 'Statues also fell from the cupboard there and a few days later the farm was on fire and that took four human lives!'

'Good gracious, mother, how can you say that now', Jeus thinks, however, where is the Tall One now? Do you not have anything, Tall Hendrik? Do you not have any solutions for this misery? Now Crisje did not hear how she could get new statues. Hendrik is certainly keeping quiet. Was he also

powerless? Do accidents happen, Tall Hendrik, when holy statues fall and break? Do you not hear anything? Have you now closed your ears? Are you deaf, Tall One? Pray, Jeus ... Pray now, until you are blue in the face and ask for forgiveness. Do just like Crisje, your mother, she is on her knees every morning in the church, goes to confession every morning and goes through life praying every day, however, what do you do, what do you do for this misery, how do you wish to make up for all of this with regard to the holy family? You have insulted the holy family and broken them. You should not have fought with little Gerrit; you do not do that in a holy place, that is really a terrifying sin. You will not get away from it. That will now follow you. You will not be able to sleep any more because of it. It will cripple you. It will break you, Jeus, you will scream out from sorrow and pain, whippersnapper that you are! It is bad! He thinks: 'I can no longer make up for this', he does not understand that Gerrit can still laugh about it, and still snores and can dream as before, that he cannot leave his pinching alone. That is what he calls inhuman! Gerrit not only has him, but Crisje and the holy family. Is nothing going to happen to Gerrit? It is scary! What does a smaller set cost? Jan Lemmekus sees that the statues need a new base. But he has found the statues, and the day after tomorrow he will, for once, make Jeus happy. Jeus meanwhile goes downhill, he has worries, and they are no longer human. If only he had controlled himself. However, he has understood everything. What are you still doing in a church? Nothing, you are mocking everything anyway. He can no longer forget the way that holy Mary looked at him on Sunday. Did you see how Our Lord looked at him? He was not so afraid of holy Joseph. He is closer to you, he does not know why but he definitely felt it. Whether that is the case, Crisje, He did not dare to ask you that. But holy Mary was the worst. And of course, she is the mother of Jesus. Does Crisje not suffer when something wrong has happened? Mother has no life any more. How long will it be, Jan, before the statues are ready? Do you not see then, Jan, that every second means suffering? At home he feels Crisje's downcast soul and that is something terrible again, you cannot look at it, you will be destroyed by it.

"Are you angry with me, mother?"... he asks, when it lasts too long.

"What can I say, Jeus. If you have had something which is dear to you, you would not want to miss it, would you?"

"I believe that, mother, I can understand that as well." Crisje now gives him the final blow. She does not know what she is saying; she does not know how this will affect him, when she says:

"Those statues, Jeus, were from your father. And I got them from your father, because he and I worked ourselves to the bone for them. With cents and ten-cent pieces, Jeus, we had to pay for the statues together. We worked

ourselves to the bone for them, Jeus.” ... that is bad, but when she continues:

“It is, Jeus, as if we have beaten father to death.” These words churn through his head and lightening strikes his heart. He almost collapses from suffering and Crisje gets a terrible fright again when he says:

“That is bad, mother, that is the worst thing there is. I cannot fight against it, and I cannot buy any new statues either. That is bad, my God, how bad it is.” Crisje could kick herself when she hears this from him. It is the moaning of a wounded animal, she feels. She should have controlled herself. How stupid can a person be. Now it is she who must help him. What has she done? Jeus became pale from it, his colour left him, his blood drained away. She quickly says to him:

“But do not take it so seriously, Jeus. I will get over it! Holy statues are not nearly as important as people. Do not think that this cannot be put right, Jeus. Adult life is something completely different. As long as you know.” But he does not hear that now. Crisje’s words creep out of the kitchen and have disappeared. He only holds on to that one thing and that is bad ... because his own father has to do with it and that is wretched! Did he not think it? It is father! Father fell from the cupboard with the holy family. Father is in it! It is terrible! Even if they are smaller, he must have holy statues for Crisje.

He goes upstairs early and lies down. Fanny now hears everything: “Yes, Fanny, I am a rotter. I should not have picked a fight with Gerrit. I should have thought before I hit him. We are now in a mess, Fanny, and mother is crying inside. It is bad, Fanny. Can you feel how much pain I have, Fanny? Do you feel what I mean?”

Everyone experiences the drama in a different way. One thing is clear to him, he will no longer fight near the holy family. Just look at those mice. Do they know nothing about the holy statues? That mouse there is not even afraid of Fanny. Fanny should have the courage to bite that little animal to death. If you want to live yourself then leave other life alone. Oh, liar, how many cats have you got hold of? However, it does not do that any more; it no longer bears thinking about. Just look at a mouse like that. Do they know nothing about the holy family? And the doves? No, they do not know anything, they are arrogant philanderers, really boring sticks; they think of nothing else but making love. He does not understand that he was so crazy about doves. Stop that cooing and leave your wife alone. Do you not see then that she does not want anything to do with you? However, that lad wants his way. It is a strange thing with those doves. They are old idiots! A dove like that can’t get enough. “Be quiet now, Fanny, Gerrit is coming, we will pretend to be asleep.”

What is Gerrit up to there? What does little Gerrit have to hide this time? A moment ago he was rummaging about downstairs, are there apples and

pears again? Gerrit is already sleeping. Is that not a smooth customer? You do not look for pears there, you will walk past them, and they are there for the taking. But that Gerrit. There is also delicious fruit above the rabbit hutch, good for everything, but mother has no money to buy fruit.

He is the first to wake up. Crisje looks at the clock.

“You are up early, Jeus. Could you not just have stayed in bed for a while?”

“You will get coffee in bed from me, mother. I have something to make up for, haven’t I?”

Did Antoon van Bree not say that, Jeus? Yes, Crisje, what he learns, he applies to himself and you see, he has also learned good things with all that dirty carry-on, as a result of which they beat him. But that affects Crisje in her turn and gives her food for thought. She knows, Jeus cannot bear any misery, any guilt, his soul finds that too difficult, it is as if someone is following you the whole day, and that is tiring. It begins to gnaw at your insides. She knows, he is worrying, what a pity, she should not have told him that about father. She has now made it much worse. She will never do that again. In this way, one life takes care of the other and the inner life feels carried. Their contact would weaken as a result of this, Crisje feels, and that must not happen, she will tell him.

“And now stop that worrying of yours, Jeus, otherwise you cannot work. I have worked it out.” They fly into each other’s arms, the suffering is over, he is already beaming and he answers her:

“How grateful I am to you, mother!”

“I know that, Jeus. Will you no longer worry?”

“No, mother, of course not, that is a weight off my mind. I can now look out of my eyes freely, mother.”

“Of course, Jeus”, Crisje also says and then he can leave.

Jan Lemmekus allows him to experience another miracle. Now he looks Jan in the eye and Jan asks:

“Do you not feel anything, Jeus? I have something for you which, you are completely mad about”, his inner life is already tingling with joy. Has Our Lord thought of something? Has the Saviour not forgotten him?

“Now”, Jan says, “do you still not feel anything?”

He descends into Jan, it is there, where Jeus feels and knows what he has for him. Jan has beautiful lights in his eyes, he sees, and those lights must tell him something. Suddenly he knows. Jan hears:

“That is a miracle, Jan, and I cannot believe it. That is a miracle. That cannot be, Jan. My God, how is it possible, Jan. My good Crisje.”

Isn’t that something, Jan? Aren’t you very happy? Jan gets tears in his eyes. Jeus’ happiness beams towards him. He quickly tells him:

“Yes, Jeus, you can believe it, it is true. This is not a miracle, but you got

those from my Anneke and myself for your mother.”

He throws his arms around Jan’s neck, the men see it, this kind-heartedness tickles the adult male consciousness, and a person is open to kind-heartedness, which is not so crazy after all. They all enjoy this moment, Antoon van Bree thinks it is a great day, you would allow yourself five drinks, and it is so stimulating!

After work, Jeus is standing in front of the holy statues. They are great. Jan gave the family an extra base, Crisje can be satisfied. They are even nicer than the other ones, Jeus sees, but he will not fool himself now, those other statues are still there, they were from father, is mother equally happy now? Jan relishes his own miracle. Jeus puts the holy family in gold; he makes a universe of it. But, how will he think about it later? In the future, he will pull the holy family apart, if you follow his thoughts and feelings you will see it. And then he will be faced again with the shattered pieces of the holy family. Did you not hear Our Lord cry then? These thoughts emerge for a moment, he just had to think about it, but then Anneke and Jan get to hear:

“Those are what I call statues. Aren’t they ...” oh, he had a wrong word on his lips ... this is not a set of statues ... this is the holy family and that is not a set, that is wrong again. He cannot release himself from Jan and Anneke, but Jan comes to his aid and gives him the space, he puts the statues on a small cart and then Jeus can leave. Behind the sun there is light and the living God was also there, Jan and Anneke see that!

“And, mother? Are you happy? Can you now laugh at me again? Isn’t that something, mother? Isn’t that a miracle for me, mother? Would you have thought it, mother? No, you wouldn’t, I hadn’t thought of it either. Can you now understand that Our Lord is not angry, mother?”

He knows, he definitely feels what he wants; does Our Lord not say anything yet? Are things okay again? No, there is no answer, so it still isn’t okay? Still angry? Still annoyed, because those other statues fell through his fault? However, how can you be left cold by something. Even Gerrit readily admits that the statues are really nice, he does not intend to cheat himself or Our Lord either, there is also a burden lifted from his heart. You cannot fight with Our Lord. That is becoming too dangerous, Gerrit thinks, but now he can steal again.

“And we, Gerrit, will never fight again, will we?” he says to the pincher and he also hears that back from Gerrit, no, they will not fight again in the room where the holy family is, that is lethal. In addition, when he cannot get over his happiness, Crisje utters dryly:

“Have these statues been blessed, Jeus?”

What is mother saying? Whether the statues have been blessed? Isn’t that something? Is that not enough yet? Does mother wish to destroy this happi-

ness? Can mother not accept it? In addition, he has his answer ready immediately, when Crisje now hears:

“Did you think, mother, that people like Jan and Anneke had unblest statues in their house? You must be able to understand that, mother.”

However, Crisje does not understand, unblest statues are dangerous, and you would be better with none, the devil could be in them, then terrible accidents will happen. Crisje replies:

“Oh, of course, I’m not so sure about that.”

Still, he feels, mother is right. Unblest statues are like devils. People like demons could have made them. But good heavens, what a lot of misery you can experience through the church. If the statues have been blest, they will shine and bring happiness. If that is not the case, then you are faced with misery. Is it not yet burning, Jeus? Because of unblest statues, people have experienced the greatest accidents. In the past, Crisje knows that, a farm was burnt down and that cost four people their lives. Because the devil was in the statues. Is it not reasonable to think seriously about this? However, Crisje believes that Jan and Anneke do not keep any unblest statues in their house, or she must have them blest and that is now not necessary, but she will pray for it. And now they see mother experience a silence, which has directly to do with the holy statues, and for which you must stake your soul and bliss.

A few days later, there is peace and order again, the statues were accepted, they are standing there. Is Our Lord now satisfied? Jeus does not know, at least he is not sure of it, but that will come. Now and again, he looks at the statues, does Mary not say anything? Will Joseph not give him that reassurance? He does not yet dare to ask Our Lord that.

And now your own father. You see that is a pity now. Father is still here, if only he could get father from that world, but is that possible? No, mother must give this up, and that remains a pity, but that other thing is also still there, he does not trust Our Lord!

Why will Our Lord not just laugh? Mary and Joseph give him their smile to experience, or is that perhaps nonsense? He cannot make any sense of it, then just wait patiently, you cannot force these matters, but the statues must talk or a lot of danger will remain here. Still, how good life is. How great life is, you are given a set of statues just like that and this set must have cost at least ... How much were the other ones?

Mary remains good-natured, she laughs, of course, a mother can forgive something more easily. Joseph as well, but Jeus feels he is a bit stricter. Another scene pulls him away from his worrying. Gerrit and Bernard are fighting. What’s the matter? He hears Bernard say:

“Yes, Gerrit, that is your own apple. But have you forgotten, Gerrit, that the whole house ate from my apples? You guessed correctly, Gerrit, but what

do you want from me?”

He knows little Gerrit is furious, he must hide his shop somewhere else, or Bernard will wring his neck and Gerrit is afraid of that. Jeus wanders about in the front room again, he wants to see Our Lord laughing, only then will the statues be blessed and he can forget this event. But who will give him this certainty? At night, he awakes with a fright, and then the statues begin to talk. And when Jeus prays in earnest, he gets no answer. Mother can pray, he must still learn it. Does Gerrit not feel anything special? No, he does not pay the slightest attention to the statues. However, does he not see that mother is thinking day in day out? Of course, that is about the offended statues. The statues feel beaten. These statues cannot replace the other ones. But then what? If you then buy new ones, accidents can still happen, all kinds of things can happen to the statues. After all, can't they? What is there really in those holy statues? Is that really Our Lord? Is that really Mary and the true Joseph? He must think seriously about that, Crisje. It does not give him any peace, it does not leave him alone, and the statues begin to talk. Good gracious, are these statues not good enough? Our Lord, did Jan not make these statues nice? Can You not forget this then? Must he be destroyed? Must Jeus waste away, pine away with misery because of the statues? Does He not have another choice? Have people not broken statues before, but it was an accident, after all, wasn't it? Away with those thoughts, then they must work it out for themselves. Nevertheless, it does not give him any peace, there is 'misery' in the front room, you feel that, you see that, he is not that stupid. Does mother know as well? Jeus begins to think. And those thoughts, Jeus, make you older, there is something, and that 'something' wants you to think ... Good heavens, this is worthwhile, you are building a Temple with it, even nicer than those statues of Jan Lemmekus. Just carry on, you have to carry on!

Jeus the thinker

Human sleep is a blessed thing. People do not know what it really is, but you badly need your sleep, because during your sleep, you acquire new strengths, or the organs of the human machine would succumb. People who cannot sleep well, you see that immediately, usually have one thing or another, as a result of which, the personality feels provoked, however, no one knows where these disorders come from; even the academic, your psychologist or psychiatrist, or the neurologist don't know; a thorough study is necessary for this purpose and then you are still faced with the human machine, of which you do not know the half! Fair is fair, where do those people live, who can say: I know the human machine, I have taken that thing apart thoroughly, I know each cog, each thing about it, you will get your health back from me? Not one learned person out of hundreds of thousands, Jeus, who now live on the earth, knows the human machine. Those people with knowledge of the soul must admit that, because for the soul and the spirit, therefore the inner life, they must still lay the foundations for their faculty. They think that they know something about it, but when they take the machine apart, they are left with, them of all people, a half-empty box of nuts and bolts, which they don't know what to do with, this is fatal to a sick and stressed person, of course, because now you are faced with your stripped down 'self', which has lived in desperation since childhood, because, this is the case at home, Crisje, the human being has not finished his thoughts; the personality thought: 'What difference does it make to me,' you just throw them away, they mean nothing. But still, it was an unfinished thought like that, such a problem as well, Jeus, as a result of which people at a certain age felt beaten and they could no longer sleep.

Then the academics became involved. People were given medicine to take, and those medicines, Crisje, brought about anaesthesia, they wanted to cure one thing with another, and it was nothing more than patching up, what they had were only potions ... no more than that, and when nothing reacted anymore, they had to accept a terrible feeling of powerlessness and felt broken in soul, life and spirit! There was nothing to be found in the world which could bring them back their health, their sleep, those medicines didn't exist, and learning now had no meaning, because those learned people did not know soul, nor life nor spirit! However, Jan Lemmekus knows: those fellows from the East knew a lot about it. They were able to take apart the human machine and put it properly back together, however, they did that in their own way and it was something completely different to what people here in

Leiden, Utrecht or Amsterdam knew. For Jan it was a fact: they would never make it! The means or methods, which people in the East used, reached the objective, those means penetrated the soul and the spirit of the machine and sometimes infallibly, the person as a personality recognized himself. But, those priests descended into the human machine, they turned the personality upside down and only now they saw what was wrong, and what the real 'self' had been forgotten, they created space between those trivial, but awe-inspiring cogs, and in this way earlier disorders dissolved completely.

For this purpose, they sometimes also used the powers of the sun and the moon, and Jan has read that they did it through hypnosis, they sometimes let people wander around in their world for months, so that they could forget those things about themselves, and that was completely successful. Then those souls got their normal sleep back and life became bearable and worthwhile again on earth and for society. However, what those priests established was that you did not think, you just lived aimlessly. You did not think that those thoughts would disturb you, but you see that is where it started! If you had experienced those thoughts naturally and according to the laws of space, and had wanted to think about them, then nothing would have happened, nothing, however, inside those thoughts piled up, until it became a mountain of un-formulated feelings, and then the personality was smothered. Do you see it differently, perhaps? Jan can tell you about it, are these people not right? It is remarkable; many learned people have already accepted these methods, because they understand: in this way you will be rid of your misery.

Millions of people, dear Crisje, are guilty of their own misery because of this. They did not think, they do not wish to think. Of course, strong bodies could put up with it, lives go by without thought, but still, the personality did not feel any physical disorders. They are the fortunate ones then, the people who just live aimlessly, who do not need to think, and they cannot think either, and it means that you can be healthy anyway, even if you are not aware of your everyday problems, it is true, there are people like that as well, But if you reach deep inner thinking, we enter the grades for human physical and spiritual sensitivity, then we are faced with very different problems; we also see those symptoms coming to us, and there is no longer a question of a healthy sleep.

However, thousands of people, Crisje, have experienced frightening things during their youth, as a result of which, later, as an adult, they underwent the merciless burden and then were faced with their psychologist, neurologist or psychiatrist, at this point they no longer felt suitable for society, they shook and trembled inside all day long, but no one knew where it actually came from. Nevertheless, those learned people asked the following questions:

'Did you not experience anything in your youth, which gave you a shock

or made you afraid? Think about it.'

Usually, Crisje, those people had experienced something. And now those learned people began to study the human soul, spirit and life, by examining the personality, they did it by going back to that situation, and completely or partly explained it, however, as a result of this the sick person felt a release, because the doctor cut away a bit of that mountain inside and, you will not believe it, that already brought about an improvement in that condition, and the daily consciousness was unburdened, and sleep sometimes came back! Is this not interesting? This is all true, Crisje. Now we will follow Jees. We know that there are lives which follow him in everything, we must accept that they do not want him to have any problems, which will later break him and skin his life. If you know what Jees will later stand for, then there may not be one thought in him which is not thought out, or that one undeveloped thought will later break the precious inner neck of his human machine. And many are watching out for that. Now they want him to think, to become a real thinker, it is urgently needed and he will learn as a result of it! Nerves already have to adjust and if they get that space, Crisje, the personality will soon be able to stand rough handling, which is the intention!

After a heavy day's work, you fall asleep, but suddenly you are wakened. What is it? Who wakened you? Are these Our Lord's statues? You sit up straight in bed. Now you have to start thinking. But the rest of these millions of people throw themselves onto their other side, the personality wants to sleep and nothing else. A person must decide for himself, you are lord and master over your sleep, but later? When you are older? If you possess this sensitivity? Will these feelings then return to your consciousness? You would like that, they are part of your subconscious, and there those dirty ill-considered feelings turn everything upside down, they will destroy you, they will undermine what is natural, your own so expensive and precious health!

What wakened him? He did not experience a funeral yesterday. The very smallest cog of the human machine can now waken you, because that thing is under high pressure and it is you yourself, Jees. Such a thought is now under the control of your feelings and that is understandable. What do you want? If he now thinks: 'What difference does it make to me, statues can drop dead, can't they', then this problem still attaches itself unclearly to his personality. If he later understands everything, then that will be a gain for his thinking and feeling. And Jees will later understand it, but now there is a possibility to learn to think and that, Crisje, is what it is all about now. Dirty thoughts destroy the spiritual life, Crisje, you know that very well yourself. Because of this, people have become psychopathic in the past. Fatherhood and motherhood, I have already explained those great problems to you, you later told Miets everything, little Teun as well, to the degree that the soul

or the personality asked, you answered and in this way you took away the child's own cares and problems. Is that not the case, after all?

You have experienced your joy and happiness as a result and the children could carry on again, this understanding and knowledge gave them space and personality, the knowledge for which they lived and are on the earth as people, an education as sound as a bell, but which you denied Jeus. However, we will not talk about that just now.

Anyone who thinks properly, Jeus, and that also applies to you, Crisje, this is for everyone, can possess love. And anyone who possesses love is also open to Our Lord. Then the person is loved, but he can now achieve something for his own life and give something to this humanity. By learning to think, Jeus, you can start to act like Socrates. A person, who thinks, obtains the possession of this world, and that always happens again through thinking. People, who do not wish to think, achieve nothing! That is really simple! Everyone who has achieved something can say that, and explain it to you! Because they have thought, it does not matter what, they have another more spacious personality and they usually became the social leaders. I already told you, Johan does not wish to think. It does not matter whether Johan is able to think; that is a completely different matter again, but as a result of this we see his personality. The willpower is not there and anyone who does not want to know, will be standing still! Something else again, because we now have to do with spatial problems, Crisje, each person possesses his own world, but also has to accept his conscience. Now you can widen your own conscience through thinking.

Jeus is interrupted again in his thoughts because the boys are dreaming aloud. Also something, he thinks, about which he would like to know everything. Gerrit steals in his sleep, that pinching during the day continues in his sleep, which makes him feel, Gerrit is therefore awake and at the same time not awake, and that is the strange part about it. Bernard is also dreaming, he used to race about the attic and hide. So Bernard jumped out of bed, hid in the attic, and then Jeus knew, they were after him and there were shots again. Johan dreams differently, he does it silently and peacefully, but the butter factory is also a part of it. Hendrik coos in his sleep, he whistles to the doves in his sleep and he knows exactly which doves flatly refused to listen to him today. Hendrik gets out of bed and goes to the doves in his sleep. He holds the eggs one by one, looks at them, talks nonsense to the doves then goes back to sleep, and was not awake at all. So you can be awake in your sleep? Isn't that something? Worthwhile knowing all about it, but he soon gave it up, he thought it would drive him mad. He knows that one day they will be fetching Hendrik off the roof, now and again Hendrik sits by the skylight looking outside, he whistles in his sleep, screams and is looking

for something, but does not really know anything about it. Gerrit says to us:

“What a lot of pinching I did last night. They almost got me. Little Teun van Bree as well.”

Jeus therefore got the proof that Gerrit dreamt and knew nothing at that moment and yet knew! It was a strange thing. He did not feel capable of working these things out, but they exist. Everyone dreams, but they have their own dreams, each one of them, everyone acts differently in their sleep. Jeus used to dream differently. It once happened that he walked out of the attic onto the edge of the roof and then, because he made a noise, the boys started to scream. When the Tall One came upstairs, he was back in bed again. In the morning, he had the feeling that he could float. But when he wanted to try that, took a jump from the fourth step of the stairs, and went through his knees, he gave up that strange carry-on. Nevertheless, the feeling inside remained with him, he had therefore experienced it physically, and that was something very strange. Last night he lay for hours worrying. He is the first again. Crisje already asks:

“Have you worries, Jeus?”

“No, mother.”

“You should not take things so to heart, Jeus’, she says to him.

“I don’t intend to either”, he utters and she cannot understand that, but he says so. Well, well, Crisje, now you know. Yes, of course he is worrying, he cannot get away from it, and the statues are chasing him, or is it something else? But it is there! She does not say anything more, he cannot be reached. She was mistaken again. She really thought that he was weighed down with her worries. Is that the case, Jeus? Nevertheless, she enjoys his words, he comes back to her life a while later, after all, when he lets her know:

“I wonder what will happen today, mother?”

She does not hear anything about his problems. But when Jeus shakes Johan awake and now takes a look at the holy family, he begs for an answer as well, from Our Lord, who looks so kind and is full of understanding, with regard to a human child, Mary and Joseph give him a smile, and he expects their mouths to open to say something kind to him this morning, things do not look as bad as he had thought. But now that he moves backwards while still looking and then suddenly bumps into the brick-hard door post with his head, he suddenly knows that those smiles from Mary and Joseph and the divine smile of Our Lord is a friendly carry-on, and are devilish thoughts, or they would have warned him. You are also cheated by the holy family, beaten down and brought to a hospital to die consciously and naked, because this strikes home! Now that he returns to Crisje and feels his head, she asks:

“How did you bump your head, Jeus?”

“I was walking in a dream, mother, and that’s all.”

The conversation this morning will not acquire any depth. She tells him that she is going to work for Hosman today. Teun, Miets and Hendrik are going with her, but there is no time yet for her own land, but that must also be done or they will have no potatoes later. It is now a question of working from early morning until late at night on her hands and knees, and Crisje is broken.

“Goodbye, mother.”

“Goodbye, Jeus, do not worry so much.”

“No, mother!”

His thoughts are stiff, the human machine is running, but is almost standing still. The inner life is now not open to anything either, it is just as if the thing wants to go backwards and forwards and that is not possible.

“See you this afternoon, Fanny.” He does not look where he is going, he does not know that he is neglecting Fanny. Fanny shuffles along beside him and is crying inside, the animal does not understand it. In five minutes he has arrived at the brush factory, which is at the bottom of the Grintweg and then just around the corner. Fanny does not get a word this morning, but now that he is nearly there, it gets through to him that he has forgotten his love, and he considers himself a beast. Now Fanny still gets to experience his kind-heartedness, and he presses this life to his heart.

“Fanny, understand me well, I am now thinking”, Fanny hears and he can be satisfied with that. Then he adds:

“And you certainly realize that, don’t you? We know each other after all, Fanny. But that will be okay again, Fanny. I must now think about myself or we will both be destroyed. Are you angry with me? No, you’re not, are you? See you this afternoon, Fanny. As long as you know, that they will not separate us, then you will have no worries about that. Will you take good care of mother, Fanny? And show me now how fast you can run.”

Fanny first gives him a paw as well, a kiss and then? Look for yourself! Fanny is there already. Just barking at the door and then inside. “So, Fanny, are you back already? Did you just see the boss off?” Crisje senses the beautiful life of Fanny and it puts her in a happy mood. If Fanny was not there, life would stand still and they could bury her along with Jeus. The animal talks to Crisje and understands everything. It already knows, this life, it is allowed to go with them outside, which is great, because Fanny lets Crisje know that she must not waste her time. Fanny has brains, and because of this he has won a place for himself amongst people.

Jan Lemmekus has established that Jeus is like a sage this morning. He works hard. He works like a Trojan, but does not see anyone. It is the shattered pieces of the holy family, he sees the family in everything today, also in the shavings. When he comes to the sultan, the holy family goes into the

oven.

“Ouch”, he hears them screaming, but he does not hear that he also calls out “ouch”, but uncle Jan hears it and asks:

“What is that ‘ouch’ about? Are you in pain?”

He sniggers inwardly. Of course, isn’t that something? The sultan gets to hear: “Pain? Pain, did you say, uncle Jan? Whether I am in pain?”

The sultan does not understand it and replies to him: “But you screamed ‘ouch’.”

“No, of course not, uncle Jan, but maybe in thought?”

You could do something to a whippersnapper like that, uncle Jan thinks. Is that ape face making a fool of him, his uncle? In his eyes, his sister’s boys are all ‘completely’ mad. Apart from Johan, he is a great boy; the rest are good for nothing. They are gluttons! In uncle Jan’s eyes, Johan is the very best, a normal child, the rest could just get lost. And this one is too inquisitive, too old for uncle Jan and has no respect for an old man; this one has too much talk and even if they say ‘uncle Jan’, they think anyway, ‘dirty sultan’. You feel it so to speak. Those other boys call you names under your very nose, but in thoughts. This one here is an impudent brat! And the impudence of this lad would make you sick! Jeus also feels it. The sultan is thinking now, but that does not mean a thing to him. Did he call out ‘ouch’ just a minute ago? That is not possible. Then it is that holy family; he saw them going into the oven. But is that possible? Then nothing will remain of the holy family. Is that not the case? The sultan thinks, but the sultan does not think any further. Thousands of people can look after an oven like that. The sultan does not need to imagine anything; he could easily be replaced there. Why does this man feel so important? That is all, there is no more to it! The sultan can drown in his own steam! The sultan is a swaggerer!

What rotten thoughts I used to have! About butchers and bakers, he continues, I thought wrongly. If those people were not here, people would not have food, and is that not worth more than steam, sultan? He also judged and treated Van Bree wrongly, and would now like to give him everything to make up for it. Can a person do anything about it if he gets a tall body from Our Lord? No, nothing! This is why he should not have called him names. Father was also tall, but you did not notice so much with father. Van Bree does not hide it, so to speak. In the future, he will be friendly to Van Bree, and he will feel this. It is a pity that he will soon be leaving the sawmill, because it will be a while, of course, before Van Bree feels that he is good for him. You do not see that suddenly. Nevertheless, the truth is the truth. When uncle Jan is too old to work here any longer, then there will be ten other men in the place of uncle Jan, and then he can clear off. What are you really in life? It is nothing!

If you think about something, then you are something! However, if you have no thoughts; then you are nothing. And those men do not think. Only Jan Lemmekus can think!

Gradus is turning wood again and now looks at him, but differently than before. He also wants to become good friends with Gradus. Will he just try it now? How should he do that, this is a different person? He must do it in a way that Gradus does not feel cheated. Shyly, he approaches Gradus and asks:

“Did you have much pain, Mr Gradus?”

“Mister, did you say to me? I really have to laugh at that. Yes, of course, that hit hard.”

Gradus heard from Jan that Jeus was not spying on him, and then Gradus got to thinking and felt mean. He had almost kicked the boy away from him. Gradus’ machine is now open to kind-heartedness and turns in a direction, which feels good. Then Jeus puts a finger in Gradus’ pie and takes a bite when he says:

“Will we be good friends, Gradus?”

“Of course, Jeus.” Gradus shakes his hand and he is happy but immediately starts his work. You must not overload a person with good deeds, that is too much at once and you also destroy the other thing. ‘That is so to speak’, he knows from his mother, ‘pearls before swine’ and this is heading that way, and that must not happen. However, Jan Lemmekus sees what was hatched there and looks Gradus in the eye. They know. Now carry on.

Holy statues are sacred! Because they are in the church and have to do with the church, they are sacred! He has started thinking!

Since they are Mary, Joseph, and Our Lord ...? Stop! He does not get any further. Again ... Mary and Joseph ... are the parents of Our Lord ... They have to do with the church. No, they are the church. No ... that is not it either. I mean something else. If you pray, then you pray before the holy family ... to the holy family and there is nothing greater! Nothing! They say that, and it is the case! Wham ... and the ‘doodles’, uncle Jan. I am not at home now. Did you see that sultan? That sneering is no good to you. I do not even see you, sultan! I know exactly what you are thinking, sultan. But I must carry on.

If you pray, then you pray to the holy family ... and those were his thoughts of a moment ago before he came to the boiler house. However, uncle Jan pulled him away from those thoughts and that must not happen again. But uncle Jan is more yellow today than yesterday. Of course, that is because uncle Jan is ‘more grouchy’ today than yesterday, because that’s it. Fanny prefers to run in the woods and prefers to go out with him than with little Hendrik and the others. Well, he has to work. And that yellow colour of uncle Jan is

now yellower. If you 'are sullen' you become yellow, it is uncle's own business, but now uncle Jan is also an ugly customer. He must admit, he cannot think, he constantly loses the thread and that must not happen either.

The first one guilder fifty cents have been earned and are now making it difficult for him, because there are miseries connected to it. It is a sickening feeling, because he only later understood that you cannot buy anything for that money. However, when he ran very fast to Crisje a while ago, in order to give her the money he earned, he almost broke his neck tripping over Mrs Peters' gutter and then rolled across the street. With a pair of skinned knees, a piece of skin missing from his hand, he stumbled into the kitchen. However, that did not matter, but the other thing did ... and then he knew that you could not buy anything for one guilder and fifty cents. A pound of coffee, something else as well, also a few rolls, but he could eat that on his own. The others still had nothing now and he realized that, and it made him sick. He cheated himself and is still irritated about it, because it is now between the holy statues, and it disturbs him now that the holy family speaks to his life. For the others, he is still not earning anything, and those stupid thoughts have to go, but he knows now, soon he will be with the combers and there will be more money in the chest for Crisje.

He should have strolled home leisurely and thought about those things properly, it would have been better. Then he would not have fallen and hurt his knees. If you think pure thoughts, then you will not get hurt. Who has cheated him now? It is himself! However, he does not allow himself to be cheated by himself.

I was so happy, Jeus thinks, but at the same time, I wasn't happy either! I was fooling myself; if I had thought it out carefully then, I would also have known it, but I wasn't thinking properly. And then mother would not have had to lie. Mother pretended she was very happy, but that is not the case, that was just an excuse. If he had thought it through, he would also have seen through mother, and he would have known, that one guilder fifty was 'cheating' ... slow-witted as well; you are now happy with nothing but he does not want to have that again. You break your neck, because of it you get a plug of tobacco in your eye as well, a pile of troubles for nothing, for that one guilder and fifty cents? Moreover, he had suffered a horrible Sunday; he called Fanny names to annoy himself, which is completely wrong and which no one wants. Soon Fanny will get everything again from him, definitely, he will not forget. Gerrit will not get Fanny, because he wants to cheat on her, and Fanny does not like that, therefore Gerrit does not see the real Fanny either! And the animal already knows. Why would he not know then? My God, what a lot I can learn, he now establishes, and he can be satisfied up until now. However, he still has something to add. I was happy, and I wasn't!

If you like people but you still feel something different, and you still behave now as if you want to see it like that, you are not only fooling yourself, but also that other life and that is bad! How wonderful life is, if you see it, or you are cheating yourself again and then it is muddy. A child does not want to be beaten, but if father had not given Bernard a really good hiding, father would have been a victim himself, and that must not happen either, Bernard would have laughed behind father and mother's back, and that must never happen, only now can he see and understand that, because you are cheating yourself. How big and strong Bernard is, because Bernard already crawled before in the darkness and did not fool himself now, but he did not understand that then. Mother and father are great, because they do not fool themselves about anything, because father always said where he had been, and life went on. Father could also always come to mother and kiss her, there was never anything else, and of course, you can always taste a kiss like that. Or there is misery between you and then you cannot kiss. When he is grown up, he will never kiss if he has been given a blow, then a kiss like that does not taste good. Of course not, he adds as well, and he can also be satisfied with this. Is this not just worthwhile, Crisje? Tall One, what do you think about it?

Mother is great, he begins again, and a while later, 'my God, how clearly I can think today', because mother has never cheated anyone. And Fanny now also flatly refuses to have any wrong thoughts. Fanny feels Gerrit through and through, and when Gerrit thinks that he has Fanny, he sees a nasty Fanny, just like he is himself! How good life is, good when you see and feel the truth, for you can carry on; or you will stand still, now you are nasty. Mother is true and because mother is true, she is also endlessly sweet, and people know that and that is why they now love her. Jan now interrupts him for a moment and asks, because it is taking too long for him:

"What are you thinking about this morning, Jeus? I can hear it right over here. May I know?"

He feels that Jan is begging for it, but can he tell him what is occupying him? And when Jan finds out a little later what it is about, he will know that the philosophies of Socrates are being treated here at the age of twelve, as the master himself was not even able to do. Jan now experiences his knowledge and waits for the lectures. He thinks: the great ones also started in this way and Jeus is a great one! He lets the life think for a moment, but follows it. And Jeus knows, Jan is waiting, but he cannot say anything yet, he walks with his head bent towards the ground and does not see anything. As if in his sleep, he fills his basket and carries away the shavings. He now no longer has to think about all these actions, these happens of its own accord. He almost knocks down the big boss, but that man does not say a word, he now thinks: 'Absorbed in the work, very good!' The boss actually gives him a

smile already and that does him good, even if it does not get through to his personality now. Jan already understands it, the problem is rooted, and it will not be all that long before he hears his share of it, however, the lectures will soon start, the scholarly foundation will then be laid, and he will certainly not be any the worse for it!

He forgets everything but the human machine is still running. He will explain that to his great friend later. Jan also knows that a prophet provides himself with light and does not need anyone, as a result of which life is brought to the human awakening. A while later Jan hears:

“Yes, Jan, the work is going of its own accord and gets a part of myself, I use the rest to think!”

Jeus now knows that. He uses part of his consciousness to carry away his shavings and the remainder is necessary to work out ‘systems’. It is a revelation! And Jan can understand that, he does not do anything else. Nevertheless, this is still a child. Jan knows, Socrates and Plato also started in this way, all those magical lives who did something for mankind, but this is ‘Jeus of mother Crisje’!

In that big door there, which opens and closes on its own, and which he is afraid of, that horrible thing will not fly against his head again, are now the shattered pieces of the holy family. Believe it ... and that is not a church. That is a door! A church and holy statues – the machine is now going in a particular direction, but he does not quite know this – have nothing and have everything to do with each other. However, a door is made of wood and those statues were made of stone. That is all! But that is not true, is it? There is much more and he must think about that.

Now something else. mother is like a cow. And the cow gives milk to its own child, and then the calf grows. I got milk myself from mother, but that isn’t it, I mean something else. Stop, start again.

Mother is ... mother is ... just like a cow, but father was the bull. That is a man! And I was born through father, but mother had to do the work. Men do not have any meaning. It is the mothers. They work! They finish everything! As a man you only have to take care of your wife and children, there is no more to it! That is clear, but I do not mean that. I mean something completely different! I have already known this for so long, I already learned that before, I discovered it through Hans the bull, he thinks back for a moment and then continues.

You make a house from wood and stone. It is a house, but not a church yet. A church is also made from wood and stone, and that is not a house, but a building where people come to pray and where they can find Our Lord, see HIM and talk to HIM. That is something completely different again! That is not laid away for a person just like that, you have to be Crisje for that; mother

can do that! But that is not what I mean. I mean something very different. Carry on, I must continue to think of just one thing or I will never make it!

Mother says, and that is the case: 'Our Lord lives in the church.' That is understandable or people would not build so many churches and there would not be so many people in the church either. That is finished, he can understand that. However ... Our Lord of stone is not Our Lord who is in the heavens, after all? That is a different one, isn't it? Is that the case? Also Mary and Joseph? But those statues are still holy. Are those statues holy? Is that the case? Yes, if they were not holy, there would be no accidents either. Think for a minute. If you squeeze such a piece of stone or a statue of the holy family, does Mary, does Joseph, does Our Lord feel it as well? Are you cheating Our Lord then? If you drop Our Lord, are you then beating Our Lord to death?

Now just wait ... is everything not collapsing yet? No, Antoon van Bree continues to saw. The shavings are not screaming, the sky is beaming, and he saw that a moment ago as well. There is nothing extraordinary happening. It is strange! He is standing still again, in the middle of this space and looking at the sky. He laughs at the clouds; at the great light in which Our Lord also lives, but of which people have made a stone statue. He experiences this great peace from above there for his small but mighty self ... and feels good. Then he shuffles straight to the boiler house, empties his basket, does a turnabout, and continues to think. He feels, he is nearly there, but those other thoughts won't come to him yet, and it is those thoughts, as a result of which ... yes, what does he really want? He is convinced that he will make it. But, for now, carry on!

People sit in that church, they pray and think. They beg Our Lord for mercy, they also go to communion, confess! Is Our Lord now in the church? He has to be, or there would not be so many people there. In addition, you can reach Our Lord more quickly there, says mother and he can immediately accept that. It is convincing! And the more holy the statues are, the more fervent and the greater the church, also the more beautiful, of course, and the quicker Our Lord is there as well.

No, Antoon van Bree, I have no time for you. Your nonsense means nothing to me, you can talk as much as you like, and I have no time now. He does not see that Jan and Antoon are following him and that Antoon asked:

"What's the matter with him, Jan? He is like a dead person, so to speak. He is working as if he is asleep"

"Of course, Antoon, he is now sleeping with both eyes open!"

The statues are sacred. But why is that really? Is it because those statues represent the holy family? Once those statues are blessed, says mother; no accidents can happen any more. Is that the case? If not, then you are connected

to good and evil. Now there is a devil in the statues. You can be hanged because of it and also burnt alive, the most terrible things can happen, but not when they are blessed. Then everything will be okay.

Our Lord is everything! He has known that for so long already. However, if you happen to be absolutely everything and much more, that Our Lord is, you are also supreme as well, can something happen to you, something terrible perhaps? No! That is not possible! Then how can people destroy you? Silence! Think for a moment, this is very good! And slowly but surely he takes himself to the final goal, he compares and analyses the material, for heaven and earth, but of which the human being is a part ... and is soul, spirit and life! Have you come so far, Jeus? It is not easy; you have to carry on, or you will no longer have any peace. And now?

If you take communion, you receive the flesh and blood of Christ. No, he changes his mind, he thinks of an event, and that is painful and terrible. He feels that he will now murder Christ. However, it happened without him wanting it to and then he bit on it! He once bit the life and blood of Christ, but he did not want to do it, he did not do it on purpose, it suddenly happened, he was not aware of it. One Sunday morning, he bit off a piece of it, the flesh and blood of Christ ended up between his teeth and then? That accident happened. At that moment he thought that he should die. And that the church screamed 'ouch', and people heard the 'ouch' of Our Lord, but nothing happened! He broke out in a cold sweat, he thought that people would drag him off to a scaffold and that Father would hear it, that the altar would wander through the church and that the people would stir up chaos, moreover, that mother would grab him by the scruff of his neck and she would say:

'Dirty brat! Dirty libertine! You are a hypocrite, a rotter, and a dirty thief. You have done the most terrible thing, which a person can do. You are a horrible murderer, you are a dirty dog as well, a dead loss and a good-for-nothing.' But nothing happened! In spite of that, this event haunted him, months passed, before he was rid of his fear, but nothing happened! He went to bed with it and got up again with it, still could occasionally sleep well; the sun also continued to shine and there was also rain and wind, the doves cooed and the pigs were always still hungry, people continued to talk nonsense, people continued to shout and scream, little Gerrit continued with his pinching, and no one, not one single person knew anything about it, no one! Didn't Our Lord know either? However, he was not so sure about that. Only much later did he dare to think about divine matters again, gradually his peace came back and he carried on. Nevertheless, was that Our Lord, on which he had bitten?

Carry on now, Jeus. He has not said anything to Crisje, because he un-

derstood that he would only cause her grief. However, isn't this, the statues falling and breaking, exactly the same thing? Is the flesh and blood of Our Lord not made by people? Of course! No, no, I have not worked it out yet! And people also make holy statues. Yes, that is the truth! But that is stone, and you can eat that other thing. It is a bit softer, but the meaning is exactly the same. That also belongs to Our Lord. But, did the Saviour feel that HE sat between his teeth? He did not hear any moaning, no one in the church felt any of it. Did the Saviour not feel anything?

He suddenly knows it, it is very clear, but he is almost crashing into something, but no one sees that he is thinking. It is going well, it is going really well, and there is nothing wrong. You have to think like this and then suss out what you thought about, then everything is going well. Our Lord definitely felt him, but Our Lord died on the cross and Our Lord did not even moan at all. It is clear, Our Lord must have thought: is that all now? Yonder in Jerusalem, that was much worse. He has not worked it out yet and he cannot get any further either, he is continually faced with another abyss.

If Our Lord thought: is that all it is! That could be the reason why the church did not collapse, and Father did not hear anything, or maybe Our Lord knew that he did not do it on purpose and everything is different, the forgiveness as well. However, he has not worked it out yet. It is the wrong image! It takes him too far from this life; he must remain in the church, closer to home. It happened in the front room. Now it is something else. Jan follows him and sees wrinkles on his forehead. However, Jeus must continue or he will no longer be able to sleep or eat, and then he will be destroyed, then those devils will have got him. It is bad, he does not want to fight with Gerrit again, if you have an argument with him, you have to do with the devil.

Father is dead! Jeus thinks up a new problem, but of which he knows a lot. He will probably come further as a result of this, but he does not feel that those thoughts reached him just like that, however, 'just like that' also has its own will, an own personality and, you will not believe it, Jeus, just like a person from your own world. In addition, this 'just like that' can think as well, the same as Jan Lemmekus and you can, but Antoon van Bree has none of it.

Father is dead! He is dead, and yet lives. That, what is lying yonder in the grave, has no more meaning. It will go away, after all, it must rot and is in the grave. His guardian angel once told him that, and not only told him, but also showed him it as well. He was standing above a grave looking from above to down below, and he looked into the grave of his own father. That was a great sensation for Jeus. Then he started to think. Father himself looked at what he was then, and what was now laid in the ground, there were the bones, father himself was on top of it watching, and you could laugh about it. Father could even talk as well – he experienced that when father was buried – even if one

thing and another had changed about father, about his corpse.

Father could play the violin and sing well, he continues ... but still father was dead. He saw father playing the violin yonder and heard him singing, but now for Our Lord. That father is as dead as a doornail, is a big lie! That is nonsense! Father is not dead; father is alive! Why do people make such a fuss about a dead person? A dead person is a corpse and they do not want to miss that corpse, but the other thing is forgotten. And yonder you cannot even do what you want yourself, Our Lord is the boss there over you yourself and that goes without saying!

No one dies! No one dies alive, because that is not possible! A death is something else; it makes people afraid. But what dies here, lives yonder and that, Jeus – hold onto this now – is the world of Our Lord ... he now utters and he has to laugh about it himself as well. Just think about it now, or it will be gone again, and he can start from the beginning. Jeus has almost worked it out and can now carry on. No, I have not worked it out yet. A garden on earth is a part of the Forecourt of Our Lord. That is true. He has seen the Forecourt; he was there with José, his friend from that place. A bird from here is also a bird from there. A sparrow can die, but can fly again there and can chirp as well, or father could not sing either. When Fanny later dies, it is already old, you can see that, that is already in its ribs, Fanny can no longer do what it likes just like that – and that also applies to people, as a result of this Antoon van Bree could not get him either, he is also old and stiff – then Fanny will live there as well! And when he gets there, he can romp about with Fanny again. He will see Fanny again there, many people can do the same if they want to work for Our Lord.

If you do not wish to see death differently – it is now going well ... just carry on, Jeus – death will remain your death and that is really the Grim Reaper. But he does not exist! Why do people cry about a dead person like that? The dead person, he saw that himself, stood above his own grave watching those people who cried, and had to laugh. However, that dead person was also angry, because his money remained behind and the dead person felt the hypocrisy of the family. And they are hypocrites; it makes him sick. When he talked to Crisje about it ... she had to bow to it, but not everybody is like that, are they?

Father is dead, but father is still alive. I must continue and begin again, this is nothing, and it is difficult. Our Lord, Mary and Joseph are made from stone. Our Lord is here and there. José is also there, and his guardian angel. Good gracious, where is he actually? I have heard nothing from him for a long time. That is true, as well, it is the work. I did not want anything more to do with him. It is my own fault. But, who spoke to me just a moment ago? Was it me? Or was it someone else? He heard talking inside him. Of course,

it was me, but it was different, after all. Just think about it. Just listen well and say something else again. It is, he feels, as if someone lives within him. It is just like before but still different. What is it? He does not know, but he works and he thinks, it is going well, but he has not worked it out yet, again, he hears something talking outside of himself, it is not from Jan, or Antoon, but it is inside his own body, it presses against his heart. You can feel it as well, it is just like there is a young bird crawling out of the egg and immediately peeping, however, this was not peeping, this was talking and now he hears very clearly:

“No, you will not make it, Jeus.”

“No?” he says; he now imitates this voice from inside, “I will not make it?” he now listens, because this is something new for his life. He now says, but also wants to listen, when there comes:

“No, it is enough to drive you completely mad. Good gracious, is that thinking?”

The voice replies: “I understand that, but you must carry on.” Now a conversation begins and Jeus asks:

“Am I not talking to myself then?” He now gets:

“No, of course not. It is I! I know what you are thinking about.”

“You know that?”

“Of course I know that.” He does not know what he should think about it, but he asks again:

“But who are you then?”

“Yes, that is something completely different, Jeus.”

“Get lost for all I care, you are driving me completely mad.”

Jan follows him and sees that he will not make it, but that he is talking to himself and he is absorbed in it. Jeus does not know what is the matter with him, but there is another person inside him who is talking to him. Now that he thinks about it, he hears:

“Of course, Jeus, I am that.”

“You thought even more quickly than me, didn’t you?”

“Yes, I did think more quickly than you, did you not hear that?”

“Yes, I heard it. But what is it then? Am I talking now?”

“Of course. But now I am talking”, and Jeus can agree to it, but he does not understand it. The voice continues:

“You will also hear and get to know that. However, you must think or you will not get any further. Do you know that?”

“Can you help me to think then?”

“Yes, I can do that, but then I am doing the thinking and not you, which will enable you to continue.”

“That is true, I understand you now. And you will not cheat me, will you?”

“Can I cheat you if I hear you thinking?”

“Of course not, but what was I thinking about before, do you know that?”

“You want to know whether the statues of Our Lord, Mary and Joseph are holy.” He hears it saying that from inside and almost faints from the shock. He comes out with:

“Get lost for all I care, yes, that is what I was thinking about.”

“And do you not understand it then?”

“Of course”, he pretends to know what he is talking about and now gets to hear: “Now, just explain it to me then.” ...after which he comes out as quick as a flash with:

“You would like that, wouldn't you? But do you know that for yourself?”

“That is something completely different, Jeus, and you would like to know that from me, but then it will be me!”

“And then I will learn nothing, will I?”

“That is right, Jeus.” He suddenly realizes that the other person knows his name. “You know my name, don't you? Who told you that?”

“I have known you for so long” ... there comes and that other one gets to hear:

“And I know nothing about it?”

“You cannot know everything either.”

“But who are you then?”

“That is something completely different, Jeus. I have no name any more for this world. The name I used to have, they took it away from me, Jeus.”

“That is horrible. But is that possible?”

“Of course. Has your father not lost his name?”

“Good gracious, that is a lie, that is nonsense, as long as you know and I do not believe any of it. My father is now still called Hendrik Roelofse!”

“But he is now lying in the ground stinking.”

“What? What did you just say to me? What are you trying to kid me with. Dirty man?”

However, he listens carefully, he does not want to miss a word of what is going on inside him. There now comes:

“Is that a lie, Jeus?”

“No, I must agree with you. But my father has a name, after all, his own name still.”

“That is true, of course, but do you not understand me then? That no longer means anything. Can your father play the violin for your mother?”

“Do you know my father and mother as well?”

“That is not what I asked you, is it, how would I be able to tell you about his violin, if I did not know that. Shall I tell you something, something else, Jeus?”

“Now, say it, what do you want to tell me?”

“If you believe me and will promise me that you will tell no one about it, then I will tell you something and something nice as well.”

“Of course, if I tell you that I will not talk to anyone then you can believe me as well.”

“Now then, Jeus, now it will come. On Saturday, you will get a rise of fifty cents!”

“What did you just say? Can I believe that?”

“When it is Saturday, then you must think about me. You are so obviously doing your best that your boss felt sorry for you, and now he will give you fifty cents more.”

“My God, how happy you make me. Is that not just a wonder? How happy I will be able to make mother. I must be sure that I continue to do my best, mustn't I?”

“So are you not doing your best now. Working and thinking, it's a lot for me to cope with. But you still do not know me, do you?”

“Who are you then?”

“I cannot tell you just like that, Jeus.”

“Can I not give you a name then?”

“Please, Jeus, of course, and you can make me really happy with that.”

“I will think about it. But what would you say to ... Pete?”

“Pete? Pete?”... he hears that other one saying and then he says again: “Pete? Do you not fancy that then?”

“No, that is no good to me. Who would now want to be called Pete? Not even a dog!”

“Jan ... is that not something for you then? Is that something?”

“There are so many Jans in the world, Jeus.”

“That is true, I did not think of that. But what do you think of my own name? Is that not something for you?”

“That is a nice name, Jeus, that is true, but then we will get confused. If there are two of them and they talk to each other, we will both go mad.”

“You are right, but then I must think. Is Bernard not something for you?”

“There are already plenty of Bernards.”

“And Gerrit then?”

“No, God preserve me, Jeus, they are pinchers! And I am not a pincher!”

“Good gracious, you know all about us. Do you already know Gerrit as well?”

“I know all the people, Jeus. I know them all.”

“Then it will be difficult for me. How can I find a name for you then? Is the name Fanny not something for you then?”

“That is a dog's name. No, that is nothing for me, Jeus, because I am a

person.”

“But do you know then that this is the name of my own Fanny?”

“Yes, I know that. And I am very grateful to you, but Fanny is your dog and I am a person. And is that possible then?”

“No, you are right again. I can understand that. Did you tell me just now that you are a person?”

“Does a louse understand everything then, which I understand, Jeus?”

“No, that’s a good one, of course not, but then it will be difficult for me. What would you say to Casje? Is that not something for you?”

“Casje? Casje, did you say? That is that market vendor, isn’t it?”

“Yes, that is Casje. Do you know him as well?”

“He had soup last week at the sisters in the old men and women’s house. And then they had a party there and I can tell you all about it.”

“Tell me, what do you know about Casje?”

“Did you also know that Casje usually sleeps there as well?”

“What are you trying to tell me, that Casje sleeps in the Guest house with the sisters?”

“Are those sisters so bad then? I can also sleep there if I want to but I do not need that.”

“Do you have plenty of money for yourself then?”

“That is something else again, Jeus, and it has nothing to do with this, however, Casje sleeps in the Guest house and sister Geralda is there as well, whom your mother was so fond of and whom your father liked so much, when he still lived here.”

“I know, but how do you know about all these things, good gracious, these are our own things and no one knows that. Do you know everything then, and do you know everybody?”

“Yes, I know everything, but now I have lost the thread and it is your fault. I had wanted to tell you something completely different.”

“That’s a pity, but can you not get back to it? But I have understood you and I will think about it. I distracted you from your story, didn’t I?”

“Yes! Thank you, Jeus, but I remember already. You must listen. That Casje thought that there would only be soup. Casje had eaten seven plates of soup, until he was bursting. Then the other courses came, didn’t they.” They still had to begin then.”

“That is understandable.”

“What did we agree on, Jeus?”

“I know already, but I thought that you were already finished. I will not interrupt you any more, dopes do that, don’t they?”

“Yes, that is the case, Jeus, you do not want to be a dope.”

“Of course not.”

“Now ... when the other dishes came Casje could not eat any more, of course, and they laughed at him.”

“May I just ask you something now?”

“Yes.”

“That Casje was really stupid, wasn't he?”

“That's what you thought and they all thought that, but they were completely off the mark. Casje was too smart for all of them. He knew, Jeus, what other courses would come, and Casje did not like any of them. He was not so stupid! He got them all.”

Jeus is just occupied with Stein while filling up his basket, and starts to laugh out loud. The men think he is crazy ... He is a strange boy, after all! He laughs, but there is more to come and now he disturbs that other one, which must not happen. Stop laughing and listen. Antoon looks at Jan, when Stein asks him:

“Are you laughing at me, Jeus?”

He comes to with a shock and says to Stein: “What did you say, Stein? I would laugh at you? None of it, Stein. I had to laugh at myself” ...-he retreats into himself, gets his basket and shuffles along. That other one already hears:

“What happened next? Are you still there?”

“Yes, Jeus, I am still here.” “What happened next?” “Nothing happened next, that was it, I believe Stein thought that you were laughing at his life, didn't he?”

“Yes, but I can understand that.”

Antoon shakes his head; he does not understand the lad any more. Jan also feels that it is taking too long, Jeus continues and now hears:

“Do you still not know of a name for me, Jeus?”

“No, I do not know a name for you yet, but I will think about it. Can I not call you from inside?”

“From inside, did you say?”

“Yes, from inside, because you are talking to me, aren't you?”

“You must listen properly, Jeus. It seemed a good idea, of course, but it is becoming so long-winded now, because 'from inside' and 'from outside' are so like each other and we will get mixed up again, anyway.”

“That is true, but good gracious me, it is bothersome. What do you say to Frans? Is that not something?”

“There are also many Franses in the world already, Jeus. Can you also accept this from me?”

“I can, but as long as you know, it is becoming bothersome and then I will just wait. I will think about it.”

“I think so too, Jeus, that is the best thing.”

“I still do not know how you know me.”

“That is something different.”

“Why something different? What do you know about me?”

“Everything!”

“About other people as well?”

“If I feel like it, yes, then I know everything!”

“Can you not help me to think then?”

“We have already talked about that, Jeus, but I will tell you something else. When I was your age, I already started thinking; I started to think for myself, so to speak. And now I am happy that they didn’t tell me what to think, because then I wouldn’t have anything to ruminate on now.”

“I already understand, and then you would have stayed as stupid as an ox, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes, you have understood me and that is good, Jeus. Now we can talk to each other as well.”

“I understand you as well, as long as you know. I will work it out for myself.”

“That is also the best thing for you and then you will learn a lot, won’t you?”

“Then I will stop talking to you.”

“That’s your own business. Now and again I will come and have a look. If there is something the matter with you, then you may ask me what I think about it, perhaps I can help you now and again. If you call me, you can certainly count on me.”

“That’s good! Then I will not need Jan any more, he has plenty of work to do himself.”

“As long as you know, Jeus, that he wants to know everything from you.”

“That is true, I know that.”

“Well, Jeus, you must listen properly now, just listen to me, then I will tell you something else. Now here it comes ... Stones are stones and remain stones, don’t they? And a piece of wood remains a piece of wood all its life. And doves are doves! And you are Jeus of mother Crisje. And people are people. And a dead person, is a dead person if you are standing beside him crying, of course! And a church is a church! And Our Lord is Our Lord, but they made statues of Him.”

Jeus listens, as he has never listened before in his life, but he now feels that that other one is making off and he calls him back:

“Hey, where are you now? Where are you now and where did you get to just like that? Do you not hear me any more?”

A while later he hears: “Did you call me, Jeus?”

“Yes, of course, where did you suddenly get to? What nonsense did you pull on me just now?”

“But we wanted to stop our talk, Jeus, you said that, didn’t you?”

“I know, but what does this mean what you just said?”

“I only said that, Jeus, to let you know what you should think about.”

“Is that all?”

“Yes, there is no more to it. You can now work out the rest for yourself.”

“Do you then also know where Casje is now?”

“Yes, I know that. At the moment he is walking between Deutikom and Zevenáná.”

“Don’t make me laugh, that place is called Zevenaar!”

“That’s a pity, but I was pretty close, wasn’t I? He is now walking there with his wares. And he is nearly home. You will see him today or tomorrow.”

“Do you also know then that he is a friend of my father and mother’s?”

“Yes, I know that.”

“And that he is mad?”

“He is just as mad as you and me together!”

“Are you trying to say that I am mad? Do you think that I am mad then?”

“Of course not. No, Jeus, he is no madman, he knows very well for himself what he wants.”

“But I would not want his work.”

“I can understand that, that is also only for him, he cannot do anything else.”

“So, did you think that? Then I can tell you that he could do something completely different, and you do not know everything about people, because he can write like the mayor. Did you not know that?”

“I knew, Jeus, but I didn’t think of it so quickly.”

“I must give you this, you can certainly think. Can’t you teach me that?”

“You have already started.”

Goodbye then. That is also from Casje, do you know that and my father said that as well.”

“Yes, I know that, but the way you say it now is the dialect from French.”

“What is that?”

“Did you not learn French at school then?”

“Oh yes, of course, but I have forgotten it, because it would drive you mad.”

“I can imagine that as well, but the result is that you cannot speak any French now.”

“I don’t want anything to do with it either, that is good for penpushers, my late father said.”

“That’s a lie, Jeus.”

“What is a lie?”

“That you referred to ‘my late father’, is that the truth then?”

“I already understand you, you are right. That is, so to speak, eating porridge, and then saying to your mother that you have nothing to eat. And your mouth is full of it.” He listens and hears that the other one has to laugh.

“Do you have to laugh about that?”

“You surely aren’t trying to kid me, Jeus, that this is something to die for?”

“My God, what a good talker you are.”

“But you are as well, Jeus.”

“Yes, I know that, mother and father always said that, I can believe it for myself. But now mesjoer.”

“As long as you know, Jeus, that I understand everything.”

“I have realized that. Now you must leave. I have to work.”

“And you are falling over yourself because you have so much work. Are there any shavings lying about there as well?”

“You are right again, thanks.”

“It’s my pleasure, Jeus, mesjoer!”

Gerrit? Pete? Hendrik? Herman? Nico? Gradus? Antoon? Jan? No, it is nothing! He cannot find a name for that life. Anneke? No, that’s for a girl. Crisje is not possible either! He also just hears:

“It will be okay, Jeus. But now, mesjoer.”

However, he does not leave it at that, he adds: “You come back again yourself, you must remember that.”

“I will make sure of that, Jeus. But I thought that I could still give you some joy.”

“That is true, thank you very much. But how far away you were.”

“Now you must just listen, Jeus. I am as far away from you as your father’s grave is long and round, is ‘left and right’ and ‘high’ as well!”

“That is enough to drive you mad!”

“That’s what you say. However, I think differently about it. And now, mesjoer! You cannot fool me, because, although I say so myself, I am no sticker! If I say ‘mesjoer’, Jeus, at least if I want to myself, and I will come back again to you, you can grab me by the scruff of my neck. But if I do that for myself to help you; then you cannot say anything. Moreover, if I want that myself, you will not hear again from me either. And you can scream immediately as much as you like and can, you will not hear from me again.”

“I understand it well, and thank you.”

“It’s my pleasure, Jeus, mesjoer!”

The voice has gone, and he definitely feels it. So who was that? He does not know. Was he talking to himself all that time? If that is the case, he will soon destroy his body. He will see if it is the money, the day after tomorrow he will know. However, watch out if this is not the case. Nevertheless, he must continue. What will he call that man? It was a man! Jan Lemmekus thinks

that it is taking a long time before he is back. It is getting towards twelve o'clock and Jan has to go and will not see him any more.

“Goodbye, Jeus!”

“Where do you have to go, Jan?”

“I have to leave with the samples.”

“Will I not see you again this afternoon again, Jan?”

“Yes, of course.”

Jan leaves, he continues to think. But the morning is lost; he cannot fathom it out. Fanny is already there, a bit too late, but that is mother's fault. He can understand those things, and it is part of Crisje's house. Now eat, drink and think. The human machine is operating well and in one direction. However, time is flying past, and he still hasn't worked it out.

Only when he is standing in front of uncle Jan does he know that he is in the factory. Did he give Fanny his little bit of love? And Crisje? And Teun, and Miets? He has not enjoyed his hour and a half. Going back home for a while is not possible. He will not do that again, or there will be sorrow. That voice is nice! As long as he is not just fooling himself. If they give him a rise everything will be okay. Now, carry on!

Churches, said the voice, are churches! He will call him 'from inside'. Or... 'Casje'... Casje? Casje? It does not sound so crazy after all. Just listen again ... Casje?? Casje?? It does not sound bad, and is close to home as well. It will remain 'Casje'! Casje said, he listens if the voice will perhaps come, but it is not there now. Casje said that churches were made of stone and people are people. People lived here and people died. But that is not dying. Our Lord is there as well, in the church, but also there, above, in heaven! And that heaven, that is this universe, or probably something else, but that is not important, that is the heaven of Our Lord.

A church is made of stone and wood and people pray in it. They kneel before Mary, before Joseph and Our Lord, and pray or ask for something, then they have to wait to see whether their prayers will be answered. Mary and Joseph represent Our Lord as father and mother. However, Our Lord is also father of Mary and Joseph. That's right! Jeus sees that no one is bothered by the shavings ... no one. Does Van Bree want to talk to him? But he will have none of it! And yet Van Bree has something to say:

“You are behaving as if we are no longer here, aren't you?”

“I have to work, Van Bree.”

“We do as well, but you can still say something then, can't you? Do you not even have one minute of yourself left to have a chat with me?”

“A chat, did you say, Van Bree? I have other things to do. You can understand that, can't you?”

“I must say, Jeus, it has never been so clean here before. You do keep things

clean; I must give you that. When the boss sees that, you will certainly get a raise.”

“Do you think that, Van Bree?”

“Of course.”

“Then I will continue to do my best, Van Bree.”

The door flies open, as the boss enters. The man makes a beeline for Jeus, frightening him, and when he thinks that a terrible hiding will now follow, the boss says:

“Do you still want to go to those combers?”

“Yes, boss”, he says happily, “then I can earn money for mother.”

The big man smiles at Antoon, but Jeus sees that the boss takes a look at his work, and he gets to hear again: “That is completely clean, what do you think, Antoon?”

Jeus hears what Antoon says to the boss: “What he has in his head ... he does not have in his backside.”

The boss has already disappeared and now Antoon hears from Jeus: “Are you not afraid, Van Bree? How do you dare to say ‘backside’ in the presence of the boss?”

Antoon has to laugh again and says to him: “Jeus, we have known him for quite a long time. But why do you want to leave here, anyway?”

“But you know that, don’t you, Van Bree?”

“But you can get on here as well, can’t you?”

“I will have to think about it, Van Bree.”

“What will happen to us then, Jeus, if you are no longer here?”

“Don’t make me laugh, Van Bree. Do you think that I will believe you now?”

Antoon knows that the old person in Jeus has a very different opinion about it. The child can no longer be fooled. He just makes off, that talk is a waste of time. It does not mean a thing to him. That nonsense must be gone; he has to think of his own things. Now carry on.

Churches and sacred matters ... Stop! There you have it already. Van Bree is in the middle of it. They are called matters. It is holy matters. And when Jeus comes to the sultan’s he also wants to get started on him. However, he keeps quiet! Adults with machine rooms are lying in wait for chats. He thinks: ‘Sultan, you can drop dead’ and the sultan thinks: ‘but what a whippersnapper, you do not even get an answer’, he thought as much, this is a cheeky one. Johan is completely different.

Churches and sacred matters ... No; churches and holy statues are close to each other. Now it is going well, so hold onto this ... because they are in the church.

Nevertheless, my father is alive and he is dead. That is also right. Was fa-

ther blessed? Yes, father was blessed in the church, but still died, no, he was already dead then. Was father blessed because he received communion? Is that correct? But that blessing of a dead person or a living person is exactly the same for Our Lord. Father was prayed for and they thought that father was in the grave, But father was there himself. Hooray, I am beginning to understand it! Hooray ... but just hang on a minute. Can a 'Tower of David' help father? No, because father told him that he must do it himself and that he is working for Our Lord there. Stone cannot think. Stone cannot help you. Stone cannot grant you indulgence, Our Lord has to do that Himself. And He is in HIS heaven. This, what they made of Our Lord, is just imitation, is stone, is a picture, is a dead thing, is now broken, in shattered pieces! And that's it, the real one is still there! So are father! And José! If only father could be here for a little while. Father also played the violin there, and he has at least thirty of them.

What is here, he continues, is also there. What is here is second-hand. What is yonder is the real thing! The second-hand things go in the ground; the real things remain alive! Those stone statues are not real, Mary, Joseph and Our Lord, are there, and they are the real ones! Hooray ... hooray ... Mother, I have worked it out, I think! He dances to the boiler house. Tears of happiness stream down his cheeks. Anyone, who sees him thinks: that child is mad. However, he is happily mad, and not something else. He continues again for a moment.

What is here from Our Lord, is just a doll. That is a doll made of stone. Good heavens, how fast it is going now. Keep calm, remember this well, he continues to talk to himself.

That doll is a doll! And that doll has fallen and broken into pieces. However, that doesn't mean that the real one has broken! And no accidents can happen either. That statue is nice, but then I will go to the real one, because stone is just stone.

Of course, you do not drop and break a nice statue on purpose, and he did not do that either, it happened by accident. You do not drop and break nice statues, but you cannot destroy the real one, just as you cannot destroy his father, father is alive! And just as well, father has never been like that before, what father used to laugh at, father can now cry about; but not from 'sullenness', sultan. But from happiness! Should he make himself unhappy because of those dolls then, Crisje? Hooray ... hooray ... I've worked it out! That is all! These little dolls can't do anything to you, nothing at all! Then you can just make other little dolls, there are plenty of people who can make little dolls, but not real ones, because people die, they are put in a coffin and then into the ground, it is the real one that you cannot get a hold of, because, that is from Our Lord! And ... only that, Crisje, is the real thing! So why do you cry

for a dead person? However, he need not have fought, that was not necessary. Now that other thing as well!

When I... he continues calmly, bit on Our Lord, that was not the real one, because this one was also made by people. And that also happened by accident. You cannot bite on Our Lord, he is yonder. Is there anything else? Crisje has new statues, now they are the ones she got from Jan. But what you have got, is what you have got anyway, and no one can take that away from you, after all, can they? No, those of father are indestructible ... Without feeling it, he enters the third and fourth dimensional world of everything, and he understands it! This is a great piece of work, Jeus. It simmers on for a moment in his soul, once more, he briefly removes the lid of the universal kettle and looks and sees how things look from inside, and he can be satisfied. He is definitely past boiling point and has consciously made it, things cannot burn and they will taste good, Crisje, and you will enjoy them. He is placing you before divine spices! Who would like a bite to eat like that, Jeus? It is great, definitely worthwhile. Full marks from Casje!

So when you pray to a statue like that, you are praying to a piece of stone. Why should he not pray directly to the real Lord, why do you need a piece of stone for that? He will then be praying to Our Lord in real life and you do not need a doll like that for it. That is all right for the poor, for those who cannot think. You can pray everywhere. Why do those adults need a doll like that in order to pray? Mother says: Our Lord is there. Of course, but the real one is not there! The real one, He lives in heaven. Hooray, mother, I've worked it out! Crisje has her statues, and he has the real Our Lord. Did you think that, Jeus? Did you think that Crisje was like that? You will hear sometime.

Father is dead and father is alive, but that dying is stuff and nonsense! The statues of Our Lord are imitation! A statue that you have been given cannot be broken, a fact remains a fact, and that kind-heartedness is there! And that is from father! Mother does not need to struggle, to worry, that of father is still there! Crisje, now you will hear something. Just prepare yourself, he will checkmate you. He now knows, everything is different. However, you must start to see it differently yourself. If you see the other thing, it will live, father and José as well!

'Casje!! Casje!!! ... I've worked it out!' Casje does not make himself heard. Names lie in the grave and rot away, because they belong to this world, but that other one, the real one, is with Our Lord, where everything is real and remains alive. Father is now no longer called Roelofse; he has a different name there. Our Lord also has a different name there, but people do not yet know that. And he does not need to know that now. The main thing is, he knows all about the other thing. And what is now the nicest part? Those

stone statues or the 'air' in which Our Lord lives and father is? That air, that heaven where father is, is worth a thousand times more to him than all this from the world, which means nothing. But if you are bad, then you will go to hell and if you are good, then you will go to a heaven. It is clear; he can understand and accept it just like that. Crisje will get to hear it. Peter and Jan Knie'p also live there. They were good people. And good people go to Mary, Joseph and Our Lord. And those statues remain behind, they cannot rot, but they will break some day! He is bursting from excitement, but everything is well, he has made it! Uncle Jan blew his whistle and now he could leave. Fanny now gets to hear it first.

"Just be quiet, Fanny. I know. I will never do it again. I forgot about you, but that was necessary, Fanny, urgently necessary, or we would both have been destroyed, Fanny, completely destroyed. What would you have had to say then? Come on, we will go to mother. Let your heart be content now, Fanny."

Now that life also gets peace. Fanny understands it, but this life was completely lost to him for a while. Now Fanny can count on him again. Jeus puts this life back on its own paws and knows that it is good and necessary! Then they are standing in front of Crisje and the fight for life and death can begin.

Jeus asks: "Mother, do you have a moment for me?"

"What is it, Jeus?" She sees that his eyes are gleaming and he has something special. She must accept that a sage was born and she listens carefully, she feels something, her life is also open and aware. However, when he intends to knock Crisje away from her Lord and the church, he gets to hear from her:

"I will tell you something, Jeus. If you had asked me yesterday evening all the things you have just told me, then I would have told you that immediately."

"You know all of that, mother? Are you trying to tell me that you know that?"

"Of course", Crisje utters consciously but dryly, and he cannot understand it. He has been worried sick. Then he asks:

"But what do you know then, mother?"

"What I know, you still ask? I can tell you just like that. And you want to know that?"

"Yes, I want to know that. But those things are only things? They are stone statues, no more than that."

"Yes, that is true, Jeus. They are stone statues, no more than that." Isn't that something, Jeus? Crisje agrees with you, she actually knows. Now what? He already says:

"But why, mother, did you make such a fuss about those stone things? Are

you now trying to kid me then that this is not Our Lord?"

"That is Our Lord and that is not Our Lord, Jeus."

He thinks quickly, it is also Our Lord for himself and it is not Our Lord. Crisje must not think now that she already has him. When he now says, she knows:

"Of course not, mother, but you were still in a bad way, after all. You were afraid anyway, weren't you?" And Crisje also has her words ready now, when she tells him:

"That is true, but not so afraid as you think. That was something completely different for me."

He thinks for a moment and says: "And did you think, mother, that Our Lord would punish you then, because the statues fell and broke?"

"He will not beat you, Jeus, but it is the action itself!"

"What does that mean now, mother?"

"That we people must have respect for sacred matters."

That strikes home, Jeus and he feels it, Crisje is not thrown off balance so quickly, an awful lot is needed for that. However, he has not finished yet, the fight continues. He can now say:

"I understand, mother. We should not have had an argument there."

Crisje now continues quickly, it does not interest her a jot, where is that lad leading her? She wants to put an end to it.

"That's it, Jeus, it is that arguing. You must not argue in holy places. Or you are violating sacred matters, and then we are in league with the devil and the punishments begin."

"And you were afraid of that, mother?"

"Of course!"

"And, mother", Crisje, now it will come, you are not finished yet, "did you also want to pray for that day and night?"

"Yes, to make up for you and Gerrit's behaviour."

He hits out, and Crisje hits back. Both blows strike home, but the downside is still to come.

"To make up for my behaviour and Gerrit's, you say, mother?"

"To ask for forgiveness for you, Jeus!"

"To Our Lord, mother? And for us, for me and Gerrit?"

"Yes, for you and Gerrit." He wants to know what she is getting at, to know more about her in order to attack Crisje right in her soul, and to give her a final blow. Slowly but surely that moment comes. He now says:

"But that statue, mother, that is not really Our Lord, is it?"

"What did you say?" And when he thinks that Crisje has already been felled, he is mistaken again when she continues, dryly but aware and clear.

"That is a statue of Our Lord, Jeus, but a means of reaching His own per-

sonality and then you can pray.”

That is good, Jeus. You did not expect that. But he also knows that and says:

“And if you go immediately to the real Lord, mother, to pray?”

Now Crisje has to think. But what does that lad want to know from her? And then she says:

“Oh ... oh, I now know what you mean, but that is your own business”, Jeus feels that Crisje really agrees with him on everything but still keeps her own opinion to avoid the question, and does not give the answer he wants, which is the main point.

“Can you pray directly to Our Lord, mother?” ... he now says and explores his position. Slowly but surely he gets Crisje away from her faith, at least he thinks he can, he beats at her soul and bliss when he says:

“Are you trying to tell me, mother, that what was a big lie to you yesterday, that that is now the truth?”

Crisje flares up and answers him: “What? Are you trying to make me out to be a liar?”

He now thinks for a moment, but that does not take that long, “but no one can make any sense any more of you, mother. You talk with two tongues”, and that is too much for Crisje. However, she changes her mind, and remains calm, it is now necessary to avoid the danger.

“Of course you can do that. It is all possible, Jeus. But the church is now our support”, Jeus does not know any more, and replies:

“I know that as well, mother, but a statue is a statue and that is just a doll anyway, and my father is also a doll’... Crisje flies at him, because this is too much.

“Are you trying to tell me now and kid me, that your father is a doll?”

“Yes, he is, mother. The one that is lying in his grave is a doll. But that other one is not a doll, of course.”

He looks her in the eye and follows Crisje. Crisje is busy preparing dinner, she runs back and forth, and Fanny is sitting nicely in a chair, listening. The children are outside, as the fight continues. Without interruptions. Crisje now avoids a dangerous rock, but Crisje is a captain of unprecedented strength on this ship and is not afraid of any little storm. But this life is storming from another direction and she does not know that wind so well, it is new to her life and being. And now that she has not arrived yet, she must look at her sails for a moment, this reaches her life.

“Yes, mother, that is what I mean. That other one is with Our Lord and that is my own father. But that other one is now lying stinking in the ground”... this is a shock to Crisje, but it is what Jeus has learned and means something as well, just look at mother. Crisje becomes red and white at the same time,

isn't that something? It would give you a heart attack, it turns your life upside down, you shake and tremble from it, because it concerns your love, everything. She does not know, is father ...no, it is bad! Where does he get those words and thoughts? She is filled with sorrow. She stands in front of the stove stirring the soup, Jeus sees she is fiddling about, but is not achieving anything. She has become silent, however, Jeus is talking about sacred truths. Is that not the case? You are lying there dying, but what does all this mean? Now he feels her, he understands that he should have said it differently, he does not dare to tell everything that comes from Casje to adults, he softens the blow for her:

"Yes, mother, that is what I mean. That other one is with Our Lord and you will see him again, won't you? He can play the violin, he can laugh as well, but the one that lies in his grave has nothing more to say, he is ..." He wanted to say, destroyed, however, he says: "Dead, dead, mother, and that is all" Crisje quickly follows him and says:

"That is true, Jeus, of course. If Our Lord was not alive, then there would be nothing, but He is everything!"

He now feels that Crisje will not give in. And they do not understand that they are really on the same path, are defending the same holy thing, wishing to experience it, and also willing to die for it if they have to. But that will only come later and they will get peace, they will each know then what the other one is made of, then Our Lord will be in their midst and HE will be released from a stone statue like that, which Jeus fights for and has worried about. Nevertheless, he drives Crisje to the extreme when he says to her:

"But why, mother, do you want to pray to stone statues then, if you also have Our real Lord?" Then Crisje loses her grip; it is as if she has been stung, "what are you trying to say now?"

"I just wanted to ask you, mother ...", but he suddenly sees a very different possibility in order to get her and says: "Do you still love father just as much as when father was here and took care of us?"

Crisje wonders where that boy is trying to lead her, she does not understand him, and is faced with riddles. She sees her church, she prays in it, she goes to communion, she sees life and also death, her Tall One in the coffin, and she feels her inner sorrow and her mighty love from then, however, now she hears that she is being questioned by a child of hers, and that child is like a judge. It takes her to Jerusalem, a child was also occupied there with analysing the adult, but this is her Jeus. Now that she thinks of those times, she feels, as it were, the crown of thorns on her own head and HIM, who died there and who was cheated there, but they were heathens and Pharisees! She also wanders through Gethsemané for a moment, has a rest, senses what all this means for the world and her life and is calm again. She has her grip back,

even if she has to admit to Jeus that she now sees another Tall One back, who is eternal, who lives, who will love her for eternity, Crisje calmly replies:

“Of course, that is a good one”...however, Jeus is becoming dangerous! Those holy statues, she now knows for certain, have beaten a big hole in his soul. He is now occupied, that is very evident, with putting her in that hole and closing it with her life and that with a certainty which makes her tremble and shake, and which has never been spoken about before! She knows for certain, Father would say: ‘Jeus is possessed by a devil’, but that cannot be true, her Tall One is also standing watching and he did not want anything to do with devils, the Tall One would laugh right in her face and say: ‘Cris, Cris, don’t make me laugh!’ It’s taking too long for Jeus to answer, till finally:

“Listen then, mother. Why do you not go to father’s grave to pray there?” that is something for which she immediately has an answer:

“What do you want from me? I am not so crazy either, you should know that.”

Meanwhile she puts the dinner on the table, but he wants everything straightened out before he leaves for Anneke and Jan’s. Now she hears:

“If you did not know, mother, that father was somewhere else, then you would do what all those people do, who are mad and pray until they drop at the graveside, but there is nothing there, is there?”

“I know that” ... comes from Crisje ... and he can say:

“If father is up there, mother, then you have no reason any more to be there.”

Crisje now thinks, but he is already prepared for the blow, for her soul, life, and spirit.

She asks: “In other words?”...the blow follows:

“Then I do not need any church or any grave to pray, mother.”

From the shock, Crisje lets a potato drop from her mouth, but she already reacts:

“What did you just say to me ...? What did you say, Jeus?”

“Now there is no need to Jeus me, mother! I will not go to Our Lord in the church any more, but I will go to the Other One, straight to Him. I no longer need a church now!”

And as if that was not enough for Crisje, he now adds: “From now on I will no longer go to confession either, mother. If there is something to confess then I do not need a priest. I will confess directly to Our Lord and I do not need a church, just as long as you know that, and this is something I wanted to tell you.”

Crisje has received the final blow. She has lost. But if her children no longer go to church, there will be gossip and they will be regarded as heathens. That must not happen! When she has something else to tell him, which is now not

possible, because the children are coming in, she says to him:

“Come here, Jeus, or no! We will talk to each other this evening”... that is the moment for him to reflect and he can leave. “Come, Fanny, we will go to Jan and Anneke’s.”

He is gone. The whole inhuman problem falls away from him. Suddenly, he is an ordinary child, has become a boy who plays, and wants to romp with his dog, however, he knows a grave is a grave, a church is a church and father’s grave is, even if he does not yet understand everything: round, long, also wide and high. In there you go to the left and to the right and then? Is that so? Then you can see José, also Peter, and father! Now that he has told them almost everything and Jan knows what is worrying him, he asks:

“And what did mother say, Jeus?”

“Mother must talk to me this evening, Jan.”

“So, is that the case?”

“Yes, Jan, but I already know. That is for Miets and Teun, isn’t it, our children. But that is not for me.”

“Did you work that out today, Jeus?”

“Yes, Jan.”

“So how did you work it out?”

“Casje helped me, I think.”

“Casje, you say, that Casje Brunning?”

“No, not that one. Don’t make me laugh. But I do not know yet what I will call him, Jan.”

“Who is that, Jeus?”

“I do not know yet, but he spoke to me himself.”

Jan already feels that they will get to hear something special and he quickly asks: “And where is he then, Jeus?”

“He is in my body, Jan.”

“Where?”

“Here!”... Jeus points to his solar plexus and Jan begins to understand some of it; the contact for Jeus now lives there!

“And can you hear him as well?”

“Just like we are talking to each other, Jan.”

“And then you worked it out?”

“Now I know, Jan. I know that I will never go to confession again with Father. I will go directly to Our Lord.”

Jan is trembling with joy. However, he asks: “But what about the church then, Jeus?”

“The church, the church is exactly the same as the people who think that they are dead and still live. The people, who pray at the graveyard, must go to the church to confess as well. But the people who have Our Lord up there,

do not need the church any more, do they!”

“But what about Father then, Jeus?”

“I do not need him, I tell you! I can pray to Our real Lord.”

“And your father then?”

“He looks Our Lord straight in the face, Anneke!”

“I can understand, Jeus.”

“And your mother, what did mother say, Jeus?”

“Mother’s church is different, Jan. Mother is right as well. But so am I!”

“Why, Jeus, are you right and your mother as well?”

“Because I can understand mother. Mother can say nothing about this. But mother already told me so long ago, that is for the people who need a church, but if you want to pray, you can also go to Our Lord himself. But that is further from home. Mother remains here close by home. And I will now go further from home, but that is my own business, mother said. But I will go to father and José.”

Now that he has taken off again, Jan and Anneke manage to have a lovely conversation. What a boy, it is unbelievable, but it is true.

“What did I tell you, Jan?”

“You are right, Anneke. I know now. But what a pity.”

“How a pity, Jan?”

“No, I am mistaken, Anneke. He will make it of his own accord. I do not find anything a pity for him any more, but through those statues of ours, he has released Our Lord from the stone statues! And what he will release in his life, good gracious me, I certainly want to read those books!”

And that is the way it is, Jan. Jeus has now already released Our Lord from the piece of stone under which millions of people suffer and worship Him! Jeus has given you the ‘living God’! And this consciousness no longer needs a piece of stone to pray through, in order to seek God; Jeus does that directly to the Divine pure clarity. If you have to loose a child, Jan, which is not dying for you, but a continuance, it is evolution! You cannot keep her, after all, by praying. She must, this soul then, go further, further and further, in order to go back to her God! Kneeling down at a grave and crying until your tears run dry does not help you at all. Jeus has now already discovered that for himself and this humanity, he has fought for it, but it is the case! And this is not nearly everything, Jan. You should hear him later sometime! Then, you will see another Casje! Just say now that Jeus is a heretic; then you are one yourself as well. Father is also a heretic then! Is this a devilish carry-on, Jan? Is Jeus of mother Crisje still possessed by a devil? However, I would rather have that one. Many have got to know this devil and have liked him, the Grim Reaper as well! He is now no longer here! This, Jan, is the universal truth!

Now that the boys have gone to bed, Jeus and Crisje are sitting opposite

each other, and Crisje begins.

“That is all very well, Jeus, you can understand that, but the children do not understand that.” Now he knows that he has already sensed her beforehand, and he can answer her:

“And did you think, mother, that I did not think of that? Did you think, mother that I would keep those whippersnappers, those poor souls that they are, from the church? That I would bang them out of church? Did you think that I would take on those worries and want to have them? I will tell you something else, mother. If Father has come this far”, and now Crisje gets everything back from him, anyway, “if he has taught them everything, mother, then I could begin and take charge of them.”

What do you say to that, Crisje? Isn't that something? Is this what you were expecting? But there is uttered:

“You can wait with that for the moment.”

“That's true, mother, but it will come! When they begin to think, then I will take responsibility for them and then I will have something to say, and I can begin.”

Crisje can now say from the bottom of her heart: “Then I am satisfied, Jeus, and I have no worries. Then I have nothing to say, and you must decide for yourself what you do.”

“Are you no longer afraid for me then, mother?”

“No, not for you, or for myself, but I am afraid for the children.”

“Our children, mother”, Crisje is already laughing again, “will make it as well! Our Lord is up there. And he is the one I must have; I can talk to him. He answers me and no stone statues can do that,” this is the last little shove that Crisje receives, Jeus continues: “I do not need any priest for that”, that is the rest and at the same time the exclamation mark for him and her, but it will be a new sentence, when Crisje asks:

“Will you no longer go to confession then, Jeus?”

He thinks: ‘How is it possible. Does mother still not know that now?’ He now says to her: “I confess every day, mother.”

“Every day. Are you trying to tell me that you go to the church every day?”

He understands it: Crisje does not understand everything, he says: “I am already confessing now, mother,” it gets through to her life, but it is quite enough now. He gets to hear:

“I am going to sleep, Jeus, good night.”

“Sleep well, mother.”

Crisje has to think seriously about this. Jeus is right. Only he is going too far. He has become extremely old, she does not know him any more. It is true, God is not a stone statue, Our Lord is up there, and you can confess as well. However, Crisje, people of eighty and older only have that stone statue.

Do you not know that? Jeus also thinks for those people and they are also children of Our Lord and have to become loose from that piece of stone! Our Lord lives everywhere! There is now no more to it, now just go to sleep!

Jeus continues thinking. So who is right now? He or Crisje? Who is more certain? Crisje or him? The church, he feels, is for Crisje, but he has space! And he does not wish to miss that space for a church. He is not afraid, if he does his best, nothing wrong can happen to him. He has come this far after all.

So, Jeus, did you think that? Did you really think that you could have done this on your own? It is Casje! It is your former 'Tall One', Jeus! He wants you to learn to think for later! People do not think. They let another person think for them and that is wrong! They are too lazy and too unaware for it! They flatly refuse!

Your former 'Tall One', Jeus, who is now called Casje, keeps coming back to your life in a different form. Now he is called Casje, and he is happy with it, and is your new contact. There is no more to it, but because of this, you will learn to think! Later, Jeus, you will get to know your 'Tall One' better, but then you will write books, for Jan and for the whole of this humanity! Casje will then build a University for this humanity. Through you, Jeus, through your soul, your spirit and your life! He is busy making a Socrates out of you, but one who will be cosmically aware. When your 'Tall One' still lived on earth, he did something for this humanity and it is as a result of this that Our Lord said: 'That was great, now I will give you something better', and what is now exactly through which you will learn, but which is wisdom and will be for millions of people, also the children of HIM ...! Slowly but surely, Jeus, Casje now makes an 'instrument' of your life, your soul and spirit, but it is he who is now strumming! And behind him stand those who know even better and only much later Our Lord Himself. But whether Our Lord Himself will strum through your life to HIS children, is completely up to yourself, and is in no one's hands. You will have to bleed for it, Jeus, because that is what it will take!

Jeus heard talking within himself, but through clear hearing! Jeus is clairaudient and clairvoyant! He also disembodies and those ancient Egyptians now could do that really well, Jan Lemmekus, but Jeus can do it even better. But through Casje. It is he who frees him from his material systems! Then Jeus can fly, make journeys with Jose, but later precisely with Casje, the laws of Our Lord will be explained to your life, and Casje knows everything, everything about it! This 'instrument' for Casje, Jan, will then become a spiritual 'Harp'! Have you not seen his 'Harp' yet? Jan? The God of all life now already sees that everything is good.

Jeus does not yet feel that he is giving lessons to people, but that is what

it is. Jan knows, Anneke and Mina do too, and of course, Crisje. The rest of life in the 'Achterhoek' of Gelderland recoils from it and calls it devil's work. In this 'Achterhoek' Jeus is not noticeable. The town will also certainly not welcome him with open arms later, it is not yet at that stage, but for which Casje has to lay the first foundations.

Jeus may therefore learn nothing of the world, because that is just old sawdust and his machine cannot run on it, it ruins the insides, and is now smothering the life! However, Casje will take care of that, he is that other inspiration, he is his contact with everything. This is called feeling, but will become a supernatural gift, they are the spiritual gifts for Jeus, through which Casje talks, and materialises himself. It is no more than that!

It concerns Casje and along with him millions of angels in the heavens, to knock the Grim Reaper's crown from his head. Only then will Casje begin with the Divine laws and will Jeus of mother Crisje get hold of the prophethood, but it is Casje. And did they talk differently in earlier years? Were these contacts different then? No, exactly the same, but just feel, just feel now what is going on in your life, your soul, your spirit?

I will be proved right yet! But do not put your own head in a human hole, do not bury your head in the sand then ... because it now concerns your possessions, and your eternal happiness as well, your knowledge!

If you feel what it is about, you will understand that the Grim Reaper will spoil your life and that it is he, who has to be destroyed, he has been waving his sceptre for millions of years, but as a result of which you as a person are gasping for your last breath!

Therefore, just knock the Grim Reaper's obsolete crown from his head! Our Lord will reward you for it! And that is the case, he has to be destroyed! Because he is the one who has spoiled your life, has misformed it. He lets you scream and gave you suffering and sorrow, he lets you see his rotting, he takes you along in his rotten sympathy and beats you, from all sides, right in your face, however, he cannot touch you, or sully you, or take away your love, if you call him to the universal halt and can accept the truth!

If you cannot or do not want to do that. Then just carry on mourning, just destroy yourself then, torture yourself day and night. Just succumb, no angel feels sorry for you, that sorrow of yours means nothing! Nothing! And is something completely different! Is it harsh? Nevertheless, it is the truth! You are and will now remain completely blind!

But, hooray, Jeus, the Grim Reaper will go under! Whether people believe you or not, he will go under!

Jeus knows, father, Peter, Jan Knie'p, José also and many other acquaintances from the 'Achterhoek' live 'behind the coffin'. He knows too, there are also those who live in a hell, and there are those who went to a heaven in

order to work and continue life, but that is in your own hands. Follow Jesus, he has your own contact in his hands and is the last word for today. No one can add a question to it, because that is also in Casje's hands and belongs to Our Lord.

Jeus the comber

Crisje experiences things of a supernatural nature and very ordinary phenomena, if her Tall Hendrik had still been here, he could also have laughed or cried, his boys are so contradictory, now that these lives are wakening and the little machines are starting to tick.

After a hard day, Jeus has gone to bed, and once asleep he remained free of horrible dreams, but now it is Hendrik who is waking him up. It is the middle of the night, what they hear is the anxious calling of a child, and that screaming is coming from outside. They also hear creaking on the roof, it is near the chimney. Yesterday night Jeus slept well, the human body has reached peace through his thinking there is nothing more which disturbs him. A perfect control now ensures complete submission, so that soul, spirit, and the personality do not experience any symptoms of a disquieting nature. Disturbing matters of feeling and such like, thoughts smelling of stupid carry-on, he does not want any more to do with them. Everything, which belongs to the human body, has now been examined and finished and is able to carry out its own task to start a new life. Moreover, it was him who tightened the screws and purified the supply in order to allow the thing to operate. Even if Casje gave him a little help with it, the thing was working, it went really well and all that is now Jeus' achieved possession. You do not hear any superfluous ticking any more, the body is working so silently from inside. The blood circulation has also been refreshed, because food now tastes really nice and the organic systems listen unconditionally at his command!

"Gerrit, wake up, there is someone on our roof. I believe it is Hendrik, because he is not in his bed."

He looks through the attic window and yes, little Hendrik is sitting by the chimney.

"I cannot get down off here any more", Hendrik screams. The pigeon fancier is afraid.

"Get Johan", Hendrik calls. And little Gerrit calls Johan. Crisje hears what is happening and hurries upstairs. She also got a shock, that Hendrik!

Johan and Jeus manage to get Hendrik down again. Little Hendrik is now wide-awake. He crawled up onto the roof while still dreaming, in order to get the unwilling doves in from the chimney, which he was not able to tame that day by his whistling. What kind of animals are they? Hendrik was thoroughly annoyed and now forced the human body to think while sleeping, after all, and then the body set itself in motion. It is a strange thing, Jeus thinks.

Yes, there was something about Hendrik and in Hendrik, which forced the human machine to do something. It is probably human steam, but he does not know that yet. That steam keeps the life alive and moving, whether Hendrik liked it or not, he had to go on the roof! Hendrik was asleep, but still awake, as well. Jeus thinks it is a strange thing, but he senses the phenomenon, even if he does not know everything. When asleep Hendrik knew exactly what he wanted and that is a strange thing, after all, and he wants to know all about it. Hendrik was angry during the day, also during his sleep and would get those unwilling doves. He did not get them, anyway, just when he wanted to catch the doves, he ... awakens and realizes the danger. Now Hendrik can do nothing more than call for help. It is strange, really, it is something very strange.

The doves have another fancier, they go here from hand to hand, from one personality to the other, and they are different. The doves know that as well, Jeus feels. Johan first began to fancy, but he played about too much with the doves, then he completely ignored them after several weeks. Then Bernard came along and Johan had nothing more to say, but Bernard was a fancier of the highest kind. Then Jeus came, and after that Gerrit, now it is little Hendrik. Jeus sees that Hendrik is a real fancier, who lies in the dovecote day and night. Hendrik spends all his time with the doves, he has made it into a circus tent and forces the doves to perform tricks, which has now overcome him while asleep. You could break your neck with it; it is dangerous!

Hendrik is sleeping again, but also begins to give out orders, but the attic window is now shut tight, Johan made sure of that. But that dreaming is strange! All the things a human machine like that can do. Why little Hendrik did not break his neck is a mystery. A person has everything, Jeus concludes for himself, and can do thousands of things, in fact through yourself you can experience all kind of things, but how does it work?

Jeus is sleeping with his eyes open and he is looking through four eyes. He has two eyes to look at the day and two other eyes, which look at the life inside and experience an unbelievable space, but the others have none of this and do not even know this. And with those eyes you can see through a coffin, look into a grave as well and further, just as far as you like and then you see nice things.

He thinks about everything; after all, this is something to think about and to give all of yourself for. You can learn from it. Now that he does not get any help, he ditches the whole thing, you would go 'completely mad' from it, it is so difficult, and he goes to sleep.

When the boys talk about it in the morning ... Hendrik does not remember anything about it, and remarks:

"I do not know any more. I do not know how I got there. And what busi-

ness of mine is it anyway?” ... then they do not know either and you cannot get a grip on it, but it remains a strange thing! When Crisje asks:

“Do you not know a single thing about it then, Hendrik?” he can reply: “No, mother, nothing!” ... and Bernard says: “No, that is true, mother, he had nothing to do with it himself, but he was the one sitting on top of the roof” and they laugh, there is fun at six o’clock in the morning in the kitchen and life is nice, also very fickle and dangerous, you can break your neck because of it and no one wants that!

Just try examining a human machine like that? And if you take it apart? Now really look in a human way at what is inside! The person of Hendrik is in the driver’s seat, but does not know it! What a remarkable instrument the human machine is. Scholars make a fuss about thousands of other trivial things, work for it until they drop, sometimes there are corpses to mourn for and then a thing like that explodes, they spend millions to later have to accept that it is nothing, after all! The human machine is something wonderful and do those people, who are geniuses, not have any interest in it? Or what is it really? Because of little Hendrik, you start to think and a human machine like that forces you to follow those cogs whether you like it or not and it is also extremely interesting. You learn a lot from it and probably get to know yourself as well, which is what it is all about for Jan Lemmekus and Jeus, but it is difficult! Jan also knows, when one person started to think in order to get to know a bit more about the human machine, people put a poisoned cup in front of that life, because it was not allowed. People are that crazy, but also that miserable, Jan Lemmekus knows very well, but you could do something to them!

The human machine is the most wonderful instrument, which lives. The blood flows, a heart beats, just like a ticker, the brain works at full power and have been infallibly adjusted to one point, however, the soul or the personality know nothing about the thing, nothing about the grimaces, the climbing, the acrobatic neck-breaking, nothing, but is still one with all the little cogs, those wonderful systems of this whole, which is called soul, spirit and life! But an unknown thing is and becomes a person if the life, humanly speaking and feeling intensely, is in harmony with everyday life, or someone else says: ‘Completely mad, put that life away, just stab it to death, give it poison to drink, we have plenty of that kind.’ Now you are either in a prison or you are hung, a while ago even burnt at the stake, alive, until you could not say a single word any more, or, people would chop off your head with an axe, this all happened because you interfered as a person with something, of which humanity is afraid. And he is that himself! Yes, Jan, that is the case; that has all happened and is a strange thing. You don’t understand people, scholars, why do they not do everything, do they not give everything, in order to an-

alyze the human machine? They know it well, dear Jan Lemmekus, because then they would be faced with their Creator ... They are now afraid that HE will grumble, give them a hiding; these children, Jan, will never learn!

At the brush factory, Jan tries running through these matters again briefly. When it becomes too difficult, he also flings himself back into the daily goings-on and nothing more can happen to him. Jan laughs, because it is quite something. Nevertheless, Jan does it in his own way. Yet when he also approaches 'being completely mad' from it, Jan also stops or the polishing will suffer from it and that must not happen. Just a moment ago, he was almost caught in a belt, but Jeus hears:

"Can you not work it out, Jeus? Do you not yet know what makes us tick? And can that Casje not just help you then?"

Jan is right, he thinks. A dream like that is a strange thing. If he were to himself for a moment, at least just experience his disembodiment, then he could know, at least a part of it, but Jeus does not think of that. After all, he has already been outside of his own machine, at least one hundred times. No, it is difficult and, Jeus, no one in this world, even if there are a few people who know something about it, knows the human machine completely. Only Casje, he knows all about it!

Jan knows that the ancient Egyptians knew a lot about it. Those people there already had understanding of the human machine for their time, they could take it apart and put it back together again. And the priests from British India and Tibet, whom he has read a lot about, they have taken the machine apart, gave some parts a really good analysis, so that you could understand something about it. Even if they were sometimes left with half a chest of screws and bolts, which did not even fit back in later, the human machine still operated before their eyes and hearts and they took pleasure in it. Of course, it was sometimes the case that a priest like that ran out into the street looking for his own brains and that man was then completely crazy as well. They were faced there with life and death. However, Jan knows that, those people from Tibet made a lot of progress. There were also people, Jan read in a book, who could move themselves within a short space of time, the machine worked as fast as lightning and it was an art, but you got to know the human machine in this way. The person, who examined those things and observed them with his own eyes, had to accept that those priests went faster than a train could even go, and they were something special. What did people know about this here and in the towns of the country? Nothing! Good heavens, they knew nothing and it is so wonderful!

Just carry on a bit! You can think if you no longer have your senses. Because Hendrik experienced that. Hendrik is walking with his eyes open and is still asleep. He does not see anything and he sees everything. That is

strange! And the human machine is infallible in such a strange situation. You do not even fall from the roof, but when fully conscious you break your neck. When you are asleep, that cannot happen to you, on the contrary, Hendrik climbed onto the roof with infallible certainty. Conscious, and now able to act, Hendrik cannot move another inch. Accidents don't happen when you are asleep and you are an acrobat, but when you are awake and fully aware, you are as stiff as a board. Just try it once ... That is now worthwhile thinking about, but you will not figure it out. Jan would love to lose himself in it, settle down beside a stream like that, and then think, but that is not possible. He knows that Casje could do that, but you do not hear him. He takes Jeus infallibly apart and puts the machine back together again, but does not have a bolt left now, he knows the life of this machine and it will be a blessing for Jeus in the future. But who is this Casje anyway?

Jan believes, Casje wanders through human brains, he can see and feel what is the matter, because he is soul and spirit himself! Casje, that is clear to him, allows Jeus to see through four eyes, Casje is the mechanic, who knows all those little cogs, who goes through the 'coffin' to the life and it is that! Jeus cannot work it out either and gives up. Antoon van Bree gives him a nudge, and he came to with a shock. However, for Antoon himself that is an unusual way, it costs him a piece of his finger and Jeus hears:

"Good gracious, Jeus, that hasn't happened to me for years."

Jeus thinks Van Bree is great, he is not a scaredy cat, not a complainer, because Antoon has to laugh about it as well. Jan just puts on a bandage and the rest is no one's business, not Jeus' either, at the end of the day you have to watch out.

"You see that now, Jeus", Antoon also has to tell him, "I only stood for a moment dreaming and now that thing has already got me. But you know, Jeus, that those steel needles will also get you?"

"I know that, Van Bree", he replies abruptly, "But I can eat from that, I can earn money from that."

"That is your own business, after all. We are getting another boy here and you can go to the combers, as long as you know that I warned you."

"I know, Van Bree, and thank you, but I have to get on and here I am standing still, Van Bree."

Antoon has to admit, he can say that honestly, he loves Jeus. This is a boy with spunk, with inspiration, with feelings and thoughts such as an adult sometimes does not even possess. Jeus has stolen his heart. It is a pity, they are losing him, and the boy cannot be held. Even if they do everything, he will leave. It is Saturday. Will he get a rise? Yes, how is it possible, a rise of fifty cents, Casje is right, everything is true, and he does not need to give himself a thrashing. But does he still want to leave? Yes, Jan, yes, Antoon, I am

going, I will get two fifty there. Jeus does not know that the fifty cents are from Jan. Casje knew all the things that occupied Jan and just adjusted his machine. Casje let something ring inside Jan, and then Jan knew about that fifty cents, but it still did not help, Jeus is going! Casje himself wants Jeus to leave, Jan Lemmekus, because he cannot think here, he already knows this work and his machine has to make progress, has to think more deeply. That is for later, Jan, when Casje wants to begin to give this humanity a hiding, Jeus must be able to take it, and that is necessary now for his machine! Jeus must go higher, must be fiercer, must think continually deeper; it does not matter what it concerns, as long as he is thinking. Because of this the machine follows him and all those little cogs get a part to deal with, to experience as well and Jeus masters this. It is a pity for you, Jan, also for Antoon, but this is the case!

As a result of this, Jeus' inner life awakens. He had cured Miets and Teun, however, it was through Casje. Jeus did not come to this way of thinking, of course not. Casje let him think that, and the children got better, because later, Jeus will continue to heal. In a little while, Jan, he will also be able to help Fanny, the dog has eaten something that he shouldn't have and these things happen, which are brought from the inner machine parts to material working and the phenomenon comes to play a part, which is now called healing! Casje, Jan, will later connect Jeus with the Divine ALL, and then wisdom will pour down for this humanity. Whether people will accept Jeus then, is a completely different matter again, but it will be a revelation! Yes, Jan Lemmekus, you felt that, Casje is a master! Casje is a cosmically aware person; do you feel what he has to say? Casje possesses a universal feeling; he knows the laws for the human machine and now knows that Jeus has to leave here! Jeus has also to leave the combers, Casje will send him into the world and amongst the people, Jan, he must know all about that. He cannot learn anything from those people, but Casje will take care of that!

Crisje is happy, but fifty cents more like that will not solve the other misery. She kisses her well-being sufficiently enough, in order to show her gratitude for his manly endeavour, however, that does not take away the fact that darkness remains, the miseries continue to dominate, there are too many who ask for food and need all kinds of things. Even if he says:

'If I go to the combers now, mother, I can earn more, and if it is not great there, I will be in Emmerik just like that.' Even if he earns as much as five guilders, Crisje will not make it, it is going downhill and fast as well! The Saturday is for him and Fanny, an afternoon off is something completely different, and he can play football. What is the matter with Fanny?

"You're very slow today, Fanny. You must go to bed, you are sick. Have you got a fever, Fanny?"

He is lying in bed early with Fanny. If the animal is sick, he cannot enjoy himself. First Fanny enjoyed a nice bit of sun, but Fanny groaned with pain inside and he understands. Now you should hear him, he talks to Fanny like a doctor and the animal life is treated like a human being. Fanny is old, just as old as he is, but that is really a lot for Fanny. Now that they are lying nicely against each other, he gets a lick like that from Fanny, the animal kind-heartedness and this life enjoys it. Streams of clouds go from his hands into Fanny's insides. They have enjoyed the same development, possess the same feelings, so that Fanny absorbs his life aura and accepts it gratefully, as a result of which there will be a change tomorrow.

"You must use your head, Fanny", the animal also gets to hear ... "What would you say, if I also started to eat everything from the street? Did you think, Fanny, that we were not hungry, that we did not want a nice piece of sausage? You should really be ashamed of yourself. But it is your own business, Fanny, as long as you know, you can become ill from the things that lie on the street. This is not too bad, is it, but you can die from it. Did you think now, that I would want to miss you? Do you understand me, Fanny?"

Crisje hears him downstairs. It almost reduces her to tears. That sort of love, she knows, she used to get from her Tall One. My God, what does not go on in Jeus. If he loses Fanny, Jeus will go as well. However, we will just not think about that. How is it possible, Crisje, you would say now, where do you get these thoughts from, at the end of the day, Fanny is old, and all kinds of things can happen in life. Do you not want to know about this? Man and beast now experience a paradise and the prophets foretold this. Jeus and Fanny have already started!

In the morning, Fanny already looks a bit better. Even if the heat will not leave the animal yet, it is already better, after all. This day is now for Fanny, even if he would like to start singing, Fanny must first get better. Come Monday morning Fanny will be the first to get itself ready to accept the day's duties. How is it possible, Fanny, but will you be careful now?

"Let me have a look, Fanny", the animal gets to hear, "whether you can walk a bit better already." Jeus continues: "That's good, Fanny, that is good of you. You do not let your head hang and we must keep a hold on our own life. As long as you know, that I am very pleased with you."

If you see and hear that, tears will roll down your cheeks. Fanny gives him everything, Jeus strokes his head like a cat does and can do, Fanny rubs against his hands, because Fanny knows, it is there. Healing comes from those hands. At once they are standing in the kitchen. He also has something to tell Crisje, he was able to think last night, Crisje will be surprised. Yes, Crisje, he will go to church again. What did you say? Crisje is happy, she says:

“That’s good, Jeus, oh, you make me so happy ... People would talk of it as scandalous and I do not want that”... however, that is part of him and Crisje can put up with it. Then Jeus adds:

“I will also go to confession, mother,” once again, everything is okay and the sun also shines, you now forget your worries for a moment, because this is worthwhile, after all. The day starts well! If only they were taking part in a lottery, they would win the jackpot, because Our Lord must reward this. But the pigs do not squeal, the mice and rats are lying here dead in front of the cupboard, there is not any dried-out marrowbone to be found, and you can see that easily, because those doors are wide open. Is that a cupboard? It is like nothing on earth, a cupboard, where you keep food and drink is something completely different! When Crisje has something to say too, and he knows how happy mother is, he also says:

“Did you think then, mother, that I did not know that you were worried about me”, you look again at the cupboard and would like to give your children something nice to eat, but then you almost faint yourself from hunger, you feel really dizzy as well and you see the sacred truth, now you feel it. Now there is not much left any more from this kind-heartedness and being right, but you do not let a child notice this, you carry this yourself in your heart until you drop! Crisje does that, she carries it day and night and will succumb unless a change takes place. But, where will it come from, and how and through whom? Also a win from the lottery, Crisje? You do not know everything and life is sometimes strangely cheerful, but then it rains and the sun shines, about which you say: ‘The devils are now dancing in hell!’ Now we know that you do not want anything to do with devils, it will probably be a bit different.

But Casje, Jeus, wants you to go to church and also go to confession, because there are already enough heretics in this world. You are still too much of a whippersnapper to act as a heretic, it creates a gulf between Crisje and you, and that must not happen! Casje laid last night in your life: you will go to church and you will also go to confession. Casje also repeated that for a moment and then you knew and Crisje now knows as well! That is Casje! Is the church not lovely?

Yes, Jeus knows all about that. When he goes to the church together with Crisje – it is a pity, that Crisje, mother has to sit behind a pillar, she deserves to sit in full view in the church facing towards the altar, but that costs too much money – Jeus enjoys himself as well, all the people enjoy it; it is something so special, if you see mother going to communion. It is then that the church is beautiful. How beautifully they sing. If father could sing ... no, they cannot do that any more. Now just watch out, Crisje.

Father now places the flesh and blood of Our Lord on mother’s tongue.

When he does that, then something always trembles inside him and he could scream. Not from happiness, but from horror, the fear of that unbelievable moment, which he knows all about. Now mother bows her head. You must feel that yourself, only then will you know what mother feels, but it is great. They all try it, but other women cannot do that, and can be seen immediately. Softly, calmly, mother's head goes back. She lowers her head respectfully. Then, he knows her eyes are closed, you must not look now, or the great, this unity with Our Lord, will be malformed by yourself. Mother now bows before Our Lord; she gives herself completely to Him. Now she is floating in a universe. Mother now lives in the arms of Our Lord, he knows, and he can enjoy that because he sees it happening!

If you see mother, then you would also want to race off to communion to experience that, it is so exalted. Also so tenuous and still! Also so lonely, yet you are not alone. You feel it all!

You could cry from emotion. From happiness as well! From pure bliss too! It is so unbelievable what you see and feel then, when mother goes to communion. And the people in the church feel it as well. They feel the unending respect of mother, but they cannot do it themselves. Yes, they want to imitate mother, you see that immediately. They feel this great submission of mother to Our Lord, whose child she is. With all her heart, she is now a part of God!

Why do all those men and women not place this respect in their own knees? Knees are knees and people are people, but that other thing is inside and now knees can bend, as Our Lord would like to see and wants to have it. That is what you call respect. Those men and women only give half of themselves. For those few minutes, they cannot even give everything, as a result of which Our Lord feels cheated! They would like that, but Our Lord sees through it. They try it one after another, but they do not succeed. And it is not so strange, Father knows exactly how those men and women feel, and give themselves, you do not have to fool him with anything either. Father, Jeus knows, sees through this human affected respect and it does not mean a thing to him. Our Lord does not eat lemons for apples, he knows, but what do those people want anyway?

Just follow that woman. Everyone knows that she lies, cheats, and gossips about people and can never say anything good. Nevertheless, there she is. What she has not got up to, is the end of the road. Filthy gossip precedes her and where she lives, you cannot breathe for the stench. They have a name for it, but he may not think about that now.

Moreover, Father knows everything. Yet, she is kneeling there. But just look what that woman does. Is that kneeling? Is that opening your mouth to receive Our Lord? That happens with jolts, because this person is shaking inside, because she gossips about people. Now she is at odds with herself in-

wardly. Drunkards, people who swear like troopers, haters, who never stop, are kneeling there and want to pray. If that woman is granted forgiveness, then my sins will also be forgiven, but is that possible? Jeus thinks about all of this, he cannot understand it, but Casje sent him back to the church for this, now he will learn to think, even if he loses himself in this depth. Where do all these thoughts suddenly come from?

If you want to kneel there, you must bow your head. When the service is over, they gossip again and the human part begins, you hear them swearing again. Is that possible, is that allowed? Look, mother is now standing up, only mother can do it like that. Just look, now mother moves her foot, she turns, and now mother floats through the church. No one can do that, only mother can. Just look, how mother has folded her hands, how respectful she is now, mother is always like that, she is therefore like an angel, of course, mother is an angel!

Now he can hear mother praying. For the happiness of this world, her children, and herself. You can hear that and you feel a pain inside, but it is great, you now feel so happy. You must follow mother, then you must pray with her, and then you will see what she wants to pray for. That is beautiful, oh, it is so beautiful!xax Mother does not move now, it is as if she is dead, but that is not true. Mother prays for a long time, other women and men do that in five minutes, mother needs half an hour, for she has so much to pray about. When he asked Crisje what all she had to pray about, anyway, she answered:

“You can pray for thousands of things, Jeus. For the poor people, the sick people, the world, for peace, that people will understand each other, that father may be happy, that father may work for Our Lord, and for much more.”

You see, he thinks, that is why it takes so long, but other people do not do that, they do not care a jot about poor people and what does this world want? Mother prays that people will no longer hate each other, because that is ugly, then you will go to purgatory. Hating is something terrible. Now just feel the silence in which mother lives, then you will know that Our Lord is there as well. It is now time to leave the church. And this is the time when father used to start singing in the choir, but father is still singing, you can hear him, but then you have to use those other ears; do people not do that? They do not want to! Yet, they still go to confession and receive communion? It is strange, why do they not want to experience that real thing? This is also nice, but this is not the real thing.

Jeus goes home with mother, they have coffee, and talk about Father's sermon, afterwards he runs into the wood with Fanny, who gets to hear everything. Fanny also has to go to confession and receives communion. And that is always successful, if he just has a piece of sausage with him. Then you should see Fanny. Fanny now has to come to him with its head bowed.

Now he is Father. You do not laugh this is deadly serious.

“Come on, Fanny, confess. What have you been up to in the past few days? No, none of it, Fanny, you cannot fool me. I have not seen you in church enough recently. I have seen too little of you in my confessional box, Fanny, haven’t I? And? Now tell me. What sins have you committed? Fanny, have you been chasing the women? Now, did you think that you could cheat me, Fanny? Let’s see. Ten Our Fathers and five Hail Mary’s, and a half Station of the Cross. I will keep an eye on you, Fanny.”

Fanny sits there, looks him in the eye, and understands. However, Fanny is not respectful enough.

“Come on, Fanny, lie down, I say. Lie down and pray. You cannot do that in three minutes. Have you already forgotten the poor people? The world as well? But you cannot hate any more, can you, Fanny? That is bad; then you will go to purgatory. Mother said that we must have respect for everything.”

And then he goes and plays football. Wham, let them come; it is a feast today. Is life not just good? The combers are in the ball, and the sharp combs dig into you. What did Van Bree say again?

Tomorrow he will go to the combers. Goodbye, Crisje. Now you will see what’s going to happen. Those men, he sees, mix hairs through each other, which they make those soft brushes from, which cost a lot of money. But it is a dirty mess, those pigs’ hairs stink. You have to do with a smell of corpses. He also knows they will take no notice of him. They leave him to his own devices. Now and again they leer in his direction, and then wait for him to hurt himself, and seem to have fun from it. Almost all of those men live in a house belonging to the factory. In addition, they can also drink. And today is Monday. The boy who is sitting in front of Jeus informs him:

“If they want to have jenever later, then you can go off and fetch it.”

“What did you say?”

“I said’, the boy repeats, ‘if they want jenever you must go and fetch the jenever. Do you know now?’”

He thinks about it. Begin again now. His index fingers really hurt. But there follows: ... Wham ... the fibre is lying on the ground. He is attached to the steel pins. This human part has been beaten to pulp. The steel pins have no sympathy for him. Now that the boy in front of him no longer hears the familiar scratching, he looks at Jeus and understands. Jeus looks as well. His fingers look as though they are pockmarked, but as a result of the combs, the terrible needles, it just looks like one big wound. You must just watch out, but everything can be learned. After ten minutes he wants to bandage his fingers, but then he can no longer work. They laugh at him! Then just continue. The dust stops the bleeding and the stench does the rest. Do not come too close to the combs, is the motto, but the fibre demands it. A while

later he is attached again and blood flows. Wham ... wham ... one more time and it is almost time to have a break. Seven times, Crisje, he tortured himself. He did not cry, because he flatly refuses to do that. However, Jeus sees, Johan Daals is playing with the fibre. Look for yourself, it happens of its own accord. He no longer looks at the combs; he does it without looking. It is therefore just a habit! Then the human machine stands still again, Casje, and is that the intention?

An hour later he has a pound of fibre ready and it is too little. Both the other boys mixed a few kilos, and that means money in your pocket. The sultan whistles, and now it is break time. He misses Jan terribly and also Van Bree, but he is not sorry. He hears human gossip here. Adults drivell in an empty space to which he now belongs. Jan comes to have a look. How are you, Jeus? A brother of Jan's is in charge here, but Jan does not talk to the men and lays his hand on his shoulder, it does him good and is everything for his life. He only says:

“Take it easy, Jeus, there is plenty of time.”

“Yes, Jan, and thank you.” Then he is alone again. A while later he is faced with a great problem and he can prove what he wants. One of the men comes up to him and says:

“Will you just listen? You must fetch jenever for us from Jan Hieltjes. Here is the money.”

Astonished, he asks: “What do I have to do?”

“Here's the money for the jenever. Do you not understand any dialect? Come on now, fetch jenever and make it quick as well!”

He drops the money. The man becomes furious. In a flash, that life has changed. The comber picks up the money and calls to the others: “Just look at this. He does not want to fetch jenever for us.” And he says to Jeus:

“Come on, we do not expect any talk from you.”

Jeus knows definitely that he will not fetch any jenever. Now the man starts shouting.

“Do you not want to fetch any jenever? Do you refuse to fetch jenever, whippersnapper? Do you hear me? Do you hear that?”, and he says to the others, “He wants to make us look like twits.” Jeus says:

“No, even if you stand on your head, I will not fetch any jenever. You can do what you like with me, I will not fetch any jenever.” He looks the man right in his ugly face. The others laugh. There is now something happening. What does this kid from the Grintweg think he is up to? Even if they know that if the Tall One had still been alive, they would not have dared to do this, the men continue, anyway. The Tall One is not their problem now. Jeus would then have said: ‘I will tell my father and we will see about this again.’ Jeus does say:

“Now that my father is no longer here, you can talk, can’t you?”

They feel his resistance. One of them says and that hurts him:

“That Tall idiot of yours?” The blood rushes to his head, but he is powerless. He cannot fight against big men. It is a dirty insult. They sully his good father, those pigs, those dirty drunkards! However, the men just give him a shake. He flies through the air and lands right in a dirty basket with pigs’ hair. Now he hears:

“Fetch jenever or go in the pigsty” ... They haul him back and forth through the muck.

“I’ll be damned if I do it”, the men hear. He flies with his head under the stinking pigs’ hairs. They get him out and push his head under again, but he does not give them any satisfaction. Not one of the adults helps him. They do not expect any backchat from him and now Jeus is teased. Are they church goers? Fathers of children? Yes, Jeus! They go to confession and take communion, but stamp on everything within their reach and have no respect for anything! He undergoes this unfair fight, and cannot do anything. But where is Casje, his protector? And where are his other friends? Can that Casje only stand around and chat? Suddenly, how is it possible, Jan Lemmekus is standing in the combing area. Jan immediately takes in what is going on, pulls Jeus out of the men’s hands and hits out at the same time. He lets fly at their heads from all sides. Jan fights like a raging wind, he kicks and hits, throws them off him and catches them again one by one. He takes the men over his back, a trick they do not know here yet, but which they have seen Jan using. Jan is now like a wild man, a lion and not afraid of ten men! He looks the rascal in the eye and says:

“Is this all that you can do here? Poison children? Hit and kick children? Do you not have any children yourself? And would you want another person to beat up your children? I am telling you, touch him again. You will have me to answer to then.” And he says to his brother: “And you, Hent, do you not have anything more to say here? That is true, you have nothing to say at home either, but you can hit a child.” He says again to Jeus:

“If one of them hits you again, Jeus, you come to me. And in our section, there are more who would like to have a brawl. And now get to work.”

Jeus wipes the muck from his face and begins. He is eternally grateful to Jan. Jan also says to the men:

“I will take you all on, come on.”

But the men do not do anything. They know Jan Lemmekus. They are afraid of Jan. Yes, of course, all of them together do not dare to fight against Jan. Jan was once faced with ten men and seven ended up in hospital. Jan cannot bear to see any injustice. Suddenly it happens. He is another person and he does not know himself any longer. Jan becomes exceedingly strong,

and his brother knows that the best. Even though he is a giant he has already had many a hiding. They do not know what gets into Jan. Jan learned it in Germany. And believes it originated from China or Japan; they are grips and tricks. Before an opponent can think he is already lying on the ground or flying through the air. Jeus also wants to learn that, it is worthwhile. If something else like that happens in life. No, Jan is not such a well-built character, he seems slight, but is muscular. Still unbelievably strong and extremely fast. And when it gets to that stage, then Jan looks through ten pairs of eyes. He sees everything, he looks in front of him and behind him. It is interesting to see him and these men have respect for that!

Jan leaves. And how is it possible yet again, he runs into the boss and he sees that there is something the matter with Jan.

“Is there a problem?” he says.

“Just look for yourself”, Lumwald hears.

“Do they want jenever again, Jan?”

“But I said, just look for yourself, then you will know.” Jan goes back to the sawmill. The boss races into the combing area.

“Well, well”, he says, “I see. If you want to drink jenever, just don’t involve children in it, do you understand? That does not give the factory a good name, understood? Do not involve children”, he also says, “never again, never again!”

The boss goes straight to Jan Hieltjes. The men are furious but still ... There will be jenever! Now they will fetch jenever themselves. They need a ‘drink’. They have fun, but that fun does not last very long, there are also the women and children. The boys think Jeus is great. They shuffled along, did not dare to refuse, afraid of a hiding. An hour later there are smiles for Jeus. It took a brave boy like that. He has a willpower in him. Everything is sweetness and light after an hour and a half, but Jeus will have none of it. However, they have respect for Tall Hendrik’s child. They know, that is something from the Tall One himself. He was not afraid of any devil! Of course, there is a change in the brains of adults. What happened a short while ago must make room for more sober thoughts and understanding, because they will also miss the money on Saturday. It was really nasty. Are you still angry with us, Jeus?

But where did Jan Lemmekus so suddenly appear from, Jeus? Do you not want to know that? Jan thought, it is nearly time. And when Jan thought about this, that was everything for Casje, in order to adjust and direct the works of his machine for a moment to your life, and then Jan was already running and came just on time. Nothing else was necessary. And your father, Jeus, was standing watching. He saw it happen, but could not do anything. However, he knows now, if it happens again or it is something else, how he must adjust the human machine to operate for himself. What a good man

Casje is, but Tall Hendrik was also good!

There is nothing more, Jeus. But, now something else will come, which will make you shake and tremble, and it is probably the worst thing for your life, which you have had to accept up until now. It is terrible! Fanny is waiting outside at the gate for his boss, as always. If Jeus, because this is unbelievably meaningful, had gone home through Emmerik or through the Quay, nothing would have happened. But who does that? Who walks around for an hour to reach the final goal. Now that we know that the time that the men have to eat is short? You don't do that! No one does that, do they? What would soon happen, would not have happened, and will face Jeus with misery, which will make his heart bleed. However, many events tell us about people who have experienced that, human machines have suddenly acted differently and turned themselves, as it were, inside out and followed a detour. Other people experienced it when they just missed the train and did not die in an accident! Yet other people did not make their boat ... but unexpectedly reached this decision, of which humanity says: 'It is not yet your time!' That boat and train had an accident. They didn't! Now Jeus is faced with this. How will he act? And Jeus already acts. Just like thousands of other people would do, and chooses the shortest route. He goes with Fanny to Crisje. We now hear:

"Come on, Fanny, we are going to mother."

Not twenty steps further on the accident happened. Fanny is running today without thinking, to the left and to the right. Which Fanny never does, however, the animal does now. It makes you think but you will never know the answer. Why Fanny runs exactly under a carriage with horses. The driver is behaving very strangely. That man does not seem to know. But at the bottom of the Grintweg, Fanny is lying under the carriage and gives a howl, which went to Jeus' heart and he could pick up his great love. Fanny still howls for a moment. Then the life reaches peace. On the table, where they are all present, Fanny dies! It is an enormous blow. Jeus was now faced with going 'left, upwards, backwards and forwards', of Casje, in which there is only one path to take and which, you will believe it now, has to do with the Grim Reaper. It is something really terrible. Even more, his companion is dead, and Fanny must be buried, but he has no time for it now. Burying your loved one in a complete rush is not possible! He will do that this evening, after his work. How is it possible, Crisje thinks.

He leaves with Fanny for the garden behind the house. The animal will get a temporary grave. He has to work! That is just the way things are. Jan comes to pay him a visit, he has heard about the drama and Jan feels what his friend has lost. They look each other in the eye; Jeus will control himself. Jan knows how great Fanny was for his life. But he works hard and does not even bang

himself on his fingers anymore. It does not matter to him either. He throws himself into it and it happens on its own. A consciousness has come into his life for combing. Is that not strange, he wonders. What a strange thing a person is. If you are careful, it does not work. And if you do not bother about the whole thing, it works and you can actually do it. But life is hard, merciless, and terrible! The boys readily admit to him that he has already learned it and his work looks good.

There is now no Fanny any more waiting for him at the gate, it is a sorrowful situation. It is a blow right in his face, but he runs to Crisje. He has a bite to eat and then deals with the serious business of burying Fanny. Miets and Teun follow him. But when they see that 'father Jeus' gives them a cold stare, they just make off. Thanks, children, thanks! And now Fanny will go into his grave. Of course, Fanny will get flowers. And a head of lettuce also looks good, a few small flowers next to it, a few stones as well, and then he can have a think. It looks good, but he now looks with different eyes, just as he was able to do with his father. Probably, you cannot know, Fanny also has something to say. Pleading, not complaining, but in a really friendly way, he thinks of his little friend, who went through thick and thin with him and almost became a person, who understood him as no one else could. He talks to his loved one. He has a lot to say, of course. Do you still remember, Fanny, when he held your funeral oration in the middle of the woods? Now you are faced with that moment, Jeus. What do you have to say?

"Good gracious, it is really something", are the first words, which he utters. "You should have used your head better, Fanny. You should have used your paws! Your sense as well and this is what happens, if you think you can do everything."

Just a minute! Is Fanny not here yet? No? Then he will continue.

"If I think about it, Fanny, then I could hit myself on the head. And you are thinking about yourself, of course, aren't you? You would like that! No, Fanny, you can drop dead! You should have used your eyes better and I can get annoyed about that!" Is that animal not there yet? No, not yet. Then he will continue!

"Would you like to know, Fanny, why I just said, you can drop dead? That is because you only thought about yourself. But I do not mean it like that, Fanny, you know better than that. But I have to get it off my chest and then harsh words fall, don't they? You chased yourself from this world yourself, good gracious! If I think about it, Fanny, then I could scream from the pain, but you would like that. Mother also has pain inside. And would you think that mother would cry? Not at all, mother is strong ... mother is ... There is no one like mother! But you know that, I do not need to tell you that. If mother had something nice to eat, you got some as well, didn't you, Fanny?" Is that

other animal not coming back yet? No, he does not see anything; then he must continue!

“If I think, Fanny, about when we were both still small, yes, then I could cry. Good gracious, what a nice time we had. We were always together. Now this. And in one go as well. Just like father. He also made off in one go. He was still sitting at the table in the evening, Fanny. And a few hours later he was stone dead. Father did not know that either, did he? But he knew, mother said. Because he always had so much talk, the ‘Grim Reaper’ just took him in one go and that was nothing for father. Can you understand that?

All people are like that, Fanny. Today they have everything to say. Tomorrow they are lying on their back and can catch fleas! Not here, but yonder, where you are now. Have you not seen José yet, Fanny? Can you not just come back? That is possible, after all, Fanny. Do you not see my ‘Tall One’? Will you just call him, Fanny? Will you ask him whether he can help you? He knows you, Fanny, just as well as he knows me. Just ask! You could make me so happy, Fanny.”

He waits a minute. It takes a while, but yes, what a business this is. “We have seen so many die, Fanny. We were always searching at the graveyard. And now you are lying there yourself! Is it very cold, Fanny? Have you nothing more to say? Must I understand, Fanny, that you now think, just drop dead? I cannot believe that, Fanny. Good gracious, that is unbelievable. But I never cheated you, did I, Fanny? Can you find any faults in me, Fanny? Did I ever cheat you in your life? No, I didn’t, I do not need to have that preying on my mind. I would not be able to hold another fibre in my hands. Why do you have nothing more to say?

Fanny, believe me, even if you sometimes got a hiding from me, I did not give you that for nothing, as long as you know. Now I can forgive you everything. You surely know that, don’t you, Fanny? You sometimes thought, that boss of mine can tell me more. But did you think, Fanny, that I did not turn a blind eye now and again? Then I thought, just let it have its play. I cannot keep it on the leash the whole day. Is that not the case, Fanny? Were you tied up day and night? I want to know that now, Fanny! If you are still in possession of your complete senses, Fanny, then you must agree with me. You didn’t have such a bad time with me, did you? Other dogs are tied up day and night, and you went with me everywhere. Didn’t you? I could not approve of the fact that you recently got Anneke and Jan’s Gerrit. Did you hear me say one word about it, Fanny? No, of course not. I thought, then that Gerrit should just keep its mouth shut. But it does not tolerate another dog on Jan and Anneke’s grounds. You should have used your sense then. Are you angry with me, Fanny, that I am now sitting complaining? Mother said, at the end of your life, you may say anything. But now you can keep

quiet, if I have something to say. And that time has now come, Fanny. Here I am then, Fanny!"

He waits, but what is that? Fanny is suddenly standing above its grave. Fanny barks at him and is alive and kicking. He gets his kiss from the animal and friend, from 'behind the coffin' a lick of his life, his love. It is something completely different, Jeus feels, than the kiss from Fanny, when he was still alive. He does not collapse, because he is used to such things. He knows the phenomenon, but with Fanny's apparition he hears someone say:

"Is that not something, Jeus?"

"So, are you still there? Could you not have told me beforehand? I thought that you knew all about everyone. But you can pull the other one, can't you? You know so much, after all, don't you? But you did not know this! I now know, that you just talk nonsense. I do not want anything more to do with you. See that you leave! Get lost! Neither of us want to see you any more. We can do without friends like that. You let me get into trouble. So, you cannot say anything to that, can you? You are now standing in front of me with your mouth wide open."

Casje can make do with this. However, he also has something to say:

"Shall I tell you something, Jeus?"... but he already moans back: "I just told you a moment ago that I did not want anything more to do with you. Do you understand that?"

"You are harsh towards me, Jeus. I really had nothing to do with Fanny's death, after all."

"You should have warned me!"

"That is all very well, Jeus. But if I now tell you that Fanny did not die one minute too early or too late, will you believe me then?"

"So, you would like to kid me with that. And did you think that I would believe that? Are you trying to kid me, I ask you, that Fanny had to be run over in order to die?"

He looks Casje in the eye, but he does not ask himself, why Casje remains shrouded in a light haze, he cannot see his face the way he used to be able to, and what used to always happen. He provokes Casje. He hits at the life of Casje and wants to destroy him, if possible. It is a fight to the finish. What does Casje have to say now! He says:

"That is all exactly the same, Jeus. It was Fanny's time! He went just as surely in his time, as your father, Jeus."

"You can pull the other one. That was completely different for my father. He was a person. And this is my Fanny. Talking nonsense, you are good at that! Talking nonsense, you cannot do anything else. I do not believe you any more, as long as you know." Now Casje gets him when he says:

"And do you not believe either that Fanny is alive? What is this then? Is

this Fanny or is this not Fanny? I will tell you something else, Jeus. If you are harsh towards me one more time, then I will leave Fanny alone here, to wander alone as well, and then you will also have that on your conscience. And there is also the fact, I have never lain in the gutter with you, have I?”

He understands and reaches another way of thinking. Because it is true, Fanny has come back. Jeus asks:

“And what do you want to do then, Casje?”

“Just look for yourself, Jeus, then I will have nothing more to say.”

Jeus sees his friend José back. He now sees that José is together with Fanny. He understands and asks José:

“Will you take care of Fanny now, José?”

“Yes, of course, Jeus. Fanny is now with me, and I will take care of Fanny. We will now always be together.”

“And can you do that, José?”

“Yes, I told you that, didn’t I?”

“Then I can no longer shout at Casje, can I?”

“If I were you, I would eat humble pie from Casje. If he wants, Jeus, Fanny will be walking around here alone. I do not have a say in it.”

“Good gracious, that is unbelievable. That is bad, José. You must take care of Fanny, otherwise I will have no life anymore.”

“Do you not see then, Jeus, that you have not lost Fanny? Just play with Fanny. Just go to sleep, Jeus. Ask Casje, he can help you.”

He now disembodies. He is lying there and slumbers, but plays and romps with his loved one in José’s and Casje’s world, the world where the Tall One is, Peter and millions of other people, but the core of which the rest of this humanity does not yet know and finds unbelievable. For Jeus this is true and genuine. He is now flying, and can experience himself and his space in which a person lives, if he exchanges the material for the spiritual and goes on. Higher up, such as it is, which is a law laid down by HIM, as result of which all life received independence. He forgets about Casje. He does not think about his former ‘Tall One’! He romps about with Fanny and José. My God, how great and unbelievably beautiful it is. Too wonderful to be true! But it is the case! José finally has to say goodbye to Jeus. Through Casje, this great happiness comes to an end. It is Casje who has it in his hands and who has let him experience this great happiness. He is now faced with a terrible moment, letting go of Fanny, submitting. He also has to bow his head to this! Then Casje remarks:

“What do you have to say to me now, Jeus?”

“Nothing, nothing at all. You have won. I will bow my head, and thank you.”

“That is good of you, Jeus. But you see it yourself. José is now looking after

Fanny. And I will promise you, if you do your best, if you let me see what you can do, that Fanny will come back now and again and you may romp and play with him.”

“Do you promise me that, Casje?”

“Of course, Jeus. I will keep my word.”

“That is good, but now something else. Do you not know that ‘Tall One’ of mine? He is also here. I have not seen him for a long time. Where is he?”

“Yes, I know him, Jeus, but he has something else to do.”

He looks at Casje, he does not feel anything, but says:

“You look a bit like him.”

“That can happen, Jeus. We come from the same country ... He is family of mine.”

“Oh, is that the reason, I can understand that. But does he not have anything to say?”

“He would not say anything different to what I am saying now, Jeus.”

“Then I can give in to everything. And thank you. I can reconcile myself to that. Thank you, Casje.”

“My pleasure, Jeus.”

“Are you pleased with your name, Casje?”

“Of course! I am pleased with it. It is a nice name!”

“But do you know how mad that real Casje is?”

“Have you forgotten then what I think about him?”

“I know, then you are called Casje. I would like to have kept Fanny, but he had started to fail, anyway.”

“That’s true, Jeus. And that is also the reason why Fanny was run over by the carriage. He could not run so fast any more. And you have no complaints, Jeus. Was Fanny ill a lot in his life?”

“No, you are right.”

“But if you look at other dogs? Fanny is now in good hands, as long as you know.”

“I understand. And I do not want to cry either.”

“That is what I want, Jeus. Now you go to your mother and say that Fanny is happy. Mother will also want to know that.”

“Yes, of course, I’m already on my way.” Casje dissolves before his eyes and he wakes up. Jeus does not know how he descends in his machine, but he will get to know that later and only then will Casje begin with the real study for his life and his task for this humanity. Tears roll down cheeks, now that he tells about the funeral. And when he involves the Tall Hendrik, it is quite enough for Crisje. However, she understands, you will get your word to everything and you can submit the sorrow for it. The great blow is dealt with in a masterly way and accepted. Sorrow changed to happiness, and to

knowledge! Suddenly a new path is laid for Jeus and he is sleeping well. He knows his Fanny will be taken care of! Fanny is not dead! Fanny is alive! Fanny is where his father is, with Peter Smadel, Aunt Trui's Gradus, where his friend José is and all the other children of Our Lord, in order to work there and continue their own lives! However, when he comes home the next day, the material Casje is sitting at the table and he is talking to Crisje. Now you will have it, he thinks. He still has something to ask this man.

"Did you", he already begins, "at the party of the sisters at the guest house, devour seven bowls of soup, Casje?"

The peddler gets a fright, but laughs as well. His short arms make grimaces and he questions Jeus: "Yes, Jeus, but how did you know that, nobody knows about that."

"Am I right, Casje?"

"But I said that. Who did you hear this from?"

"That is my business, Casje. I know that about you!"

The man looks at him as if he has had the fright of his life. He says to Crisje: "What have we got now, Crisje?"

"He knows such a lot, Casje", is what Crisje says to him. Jeus has a think about what the other Casje, his one, told him. It is the truth. He has to accept it. His Casje is a great one! His Casje is a great friend and he must be very happy with him. However, he should have given Casje a nicer name. This is nothing. But still? He thought it was a nice name himself. And now? They need boys at Gimborn, Jeus. What can you earn there? More than at the brush factory. You have honey there and you can eat as much as you like. They also have nice liquorice and pastilles. You know, those small square pieces of liquorice, which you can buy in a shop and which cost a lot of money. Liquorice for a cough. Just think about it, Jeus! The boys are right! And then, money for Crisje and your household. That is all. You can break the contract about piecework, go along with that!

Isn't that something?

But, Trui, I haven't forgotten my Hendrik yet

A week is not an eternity, but a week has seven days and that is so many hours all over again, moreover, if you do not even allow yourself a second's peace to get your breath back, then a week like that is extremely long and your life becomes stressed and finally, nervous, it is that which drives the human machine. And you can prove what you have in you. Now you are operating at full speed, but when you know why you are undergoing such high tension, and you keep yourself in the social goings-on, at all costs, nothing happens to the inner machine. In addition, now you are able to make a decision at precarious moments. But if that is not the case, then you are left staring in life and you get a hiding from the strange life, whether you swallow it or not, or you take off as a decent person. Phenomena now occur which consciously break down the personality and you are faced with such a material-human or inner decision. You must show what you want. And if you wish, eventually that is the point, to look a person right in the eye but still carry out your own will,, and experience deeper feelings, that is also the case, and show as a person that you are not ungrateful, it is obvious that you have to think seriously. You have to weigh up or you will create new troubles which you just cannot have now, because life gives you enough to bear!

Jeus is left with the pieces, with this misery. He is racking his brains, but he has almost worked it out. A force has entered him; it is just like talking. It says:

'Go, go to Emmerik, Jeus.' And then a while later: 'Go, just go! Just take off, Jeus!'

Sometimes the force is so bad, that he has to swallow inwardly, and then he is standing retching, also inside again ... You would want to give yourself a hiding, he thinks. Then he suddenly knew it almost and he also nearly gave himself a hiding inwardly, but he now has to accept, that this arguing with himself is not so easy, he could not even touch himself inside and this also became a new problem for his life. Then he thought: 'Is there then nothing in this world, as a result of which you can give yourself a good shaking?' Yes, he knows very well, that 'from outside' is very easy. But from inside, that's it! And then he had almost reached a decision. Almost, and then he continued; it concerned Jan Lemmekus and Antoon van Bree.

Even if what you do is miserable and brings you trouble, even if that work sucks the blood from under your fingernails, you suffer from a stinking atmosphere, so that you would be better to breathe in the healthy animal smell of a pig or the healthy animal smell of a beaver, than this breathtaking stink-

ing smell of a dead body in the combing area, you do not walk away just like that. You have to think about it!

Jeus has been thinking this week. He has discovered how he can give himself a hiding inside, and that strikes home as well. He now knows. The decision has been made! However, what this has cost him is terrible, but he does not talk to anyone about that. Then it is Monday morning again. This week has passed.

It is as if centuries have gone by, and yet, it was just a week. Only a small thing, if you live to sixty or older and life can give you something. He now definitely knows it. If there is one who puts a foot out to him, it will happen and is now, for 'from inside', the hiding for himself! It will happen, Jeus, it will take place!

The men ask him again to fetch jenever. And there is one who puts out his foot or a leg to him, but he does not accept that and it is exactly enough to carry out the intended decision. He gets his things together, races to the sawmill, talks for a moment with Jan, and gets what he asks for. A while later he is standing outside the gate of the brush factory, with a new life as well, and the worrying of this week is over. But another worry has now started. Half an hour later he is sitting in the Zutphen-Emmerik tram. He just has to get used to it. Father always used to go in this tram to Emmerik, And Johan still does it, but he is now also in the game. Now he has to think of the damage of this week, because there is damage, of course. He has to take home money on Saturday or they will not have anything to eat and he will not be a good father for his children.

He gets out at the Hutteweg. Now straight to Van Gimborn, he can walk a bit. A walk of less than a quarter of an hour like that is nothing. But that tram as well. Why does that horrible thing have to go precisely another way? However, the boys told him, get out here and then just walk. But there is Van Gimborn. The doorkeeper is there.

“What do you want, little man?”

“I want to work, sir.”

“Where have you worked, my dear boy?”

“At the brush factory, sir.”

“Oh! That is nothing, my young man. Who is going to work there? I ...will try and see. Do you have thoughts?”

“What do you mean, sir?”

“I mean, my young man, where do you want to work?” Now he understands. Is that – thoughts? And he adds quickly:

“In the liquorice, sir.”

“Oh, in that liquorice? That is really good. Wait a moment, my dear boy.”

He waits. What a good person that is, he has already decided for himself.

And he also likes that 'my dear boy'. It does not sound so bad, it smells nice here. A very different thing to that stinking brush factory. He already smells the liquorice; he wants to work there. And then he will no longer be sick. You can eat as much as you like. If that man can only use him or he will be in trouble. There is the doorkeeper. Can he work? Yes, thank God. It is written on that face. And that is the case.

"Come with me, my dear boy. We need someone."

He shuffles along behind the man. He has been saved from a lot of misery. He sees piles of liquorice and his tongue 'is hanging out'. Soon he will eat until he bursts. You may not take any with you. Then you will be out of here immediately. Really, it is leading to the ... What did that man say again? 'Sapf'! That is liquorice! He knows. He has learned a new word and now he must listen for a moment.

"You can earn money here, my dear boy. The faster you are, so to speak, the more money you have in your pocket. Everything works here with a contract. Do you know what a contract is?"

"Yes, sir, I know."

"Oh? That is your place here. There lay big pieces of liquorice. The boys will teach you everything. For every board, the boys get seven Pfennig. And now to work."

The boy next to him tells him approximately how he must work. The grey slabs of liquorice are lying there and he must smooth them out ... It is just polishing, he sees. What Jan does with the brushes, he now has to prepare for the liquorice. Isn't that something, Jan? Behind him, he sees a big shed and it is extremely hot in there, but it is made clear to him that is to allow the smoothed pieces to dry. Suddenly he knows everything. And the work is a hundred times better than in the combing area. He does not understand why he did not leave for Emmerik sooner. Now that he has a little time to think, he knows that he could not just leave Fanny like that. Now Fanny is being taken care of. He has no worries any more, it came exactly in time.

At that long table, where about eight boys work, the pot with hot stuff is standing boiling, but he gets the hurdles on which the pieces have to lie out of his cupboard, then he can start. The pot with stuff and a broad brush are now his tools. Which is a very different matter compared to a spade and a big basket. And his boss is also different. That man will not shout. He is received here, honestly, very differently. That 'dear boy' gets you. And with that 'understood' his old boss can drop dead. He can probably learn something here. Now he must have time to think.

Those hurdles are lying six high in that hothouse. And that ... a certain number next to each other is one hundred and twenty-four. Six high and six under. Yes, that is right and if you smooth down a cupboard like that, you

will get, I will have earned, mother ... one mark forty pfennig, now that is, something completely different to one guilder and fifty cents, because I will manage more than one of those cupboards in a week and you can count it out. He was now ready to start.

He sees that that boy there is fast and earns the most money, of course. But with him you hear nothing else but ... whiz, whiz and then a piece like that is ready; he sees that a piece like that is at least a thousand times bigger than a small bit out of those boxes. But just look at those other lads. They take longer. They smooth three, four times over a piece like that, and then it is probably not yet okay. That is wasting time! How much do the fastest earn here, he wants to know. It is Albert. And he is sixteen years old. Jeus has just left school. The others cannot do it so fast. But can those others think then? He has a wage of five marks a week here, that is therefore fifty cents more than in the combing area. Mother must let him bring food, and he has to take the tram. How much is that for a week? Eighty-five cents has to be deducted, which is no use to you but he will now make up for it with the contract work. He has already eaten less than half an ounce of liquorice and that stuff tastes good. It is also something special that you do not become ill. And in a year, that is a load of extra earnings. A doctor like that easily has, if that man comes a lot, as much as ...? Yes, but that is no longer possible, he must think of his work.

Three guilders a week and a lot of nice things to eat as well! You do not believe it, it is the pure truth. If you take any of it, you have to leave and that must not happen. There are enough that have already been kicked out of here. Not me! And you must not slack here either. We do not need lazybones here. But those krauts can do it! You should see how Albert does it. It would make your mouth water. But that can be learned. He will manage as much as twelve marks. You can make as much as nine marks here, if you just work. Jeus sees he will get the chance here to earn something and show what he can do. Ten marks are some six guilders, mother can buy everything for it, and all the misery will be gone. Now his household is back on track and mother can laugh again to her heart's content, which you now no longer see from her. It is always the same. Misery destroys your life.

He already knows that you must not destroy the contract here or you will work for the boss until you drop, and they do not do that. They get round it, work to the limit, but also make sure that the boss cannot take off anything. There were people who broke the contract and then some money was taken off and the others could 'slave', plod away until they dropped, because there was one who could do better and wanted to earn money. And he hears that from the boy next to him But does he not feel that he also wants to earn money and that he has worries? Those boys are only thinking of themselves.

Do they not have a household to take care of then? Probably not or they would not tell him such nonsense. After half an hour he now hears:

“Why do you want to work so fast?”

“Me?”... he now starts saying immediately but in German. “I want to earn money.”

“Oh, but so fast. You have been here five minutes.”

“That is all very well”, he had wanted to say in dialect, but he sticks his German to it now that kraut starts laughing, and he utters: “I am not here to catch flies, am I?” He is tickling a bit inside, because he felt that it did not sound so rotten after all. And then that German boy follows with:

“But so fast?” ... says Willy. A nice name, by the way, Jeus thinks. But it really bothers him. That nonsense from that kraut does not mean a thing to him. He has to work. And a while later Willy says:

“You can work!” The boss is suddenly standing behind him or he would have said something different. However, the boss gives him something else to hear and that is like music to his ears, when he may accept:

“You can earn money. I mean, and I already see that it is going fine, my dear boy. Go on.”

“Yes, boss, of course. I will make sure of it”, he utters in dialect and thinks as well that he should have said this differently. He is now in the world. The dialect is okay for at home. Not here, he does not want them to laugh at him. The boss is also interested in his language and answers him:

“Oh well, this is how you say it. Isn't it? That is right. Go on, my dear boy.”

He looks at his boss walking away. It is now clear to him that the ‘my dear boy’ is somewhat of a cheat. But that is that man’s business. Three hurdles are already lying in the cupboard and can dry. Soon the other side will come and at the end of the day, he must have that amount already delivered, which is written down and calculated on Saturdays and he will get his money. Willy sees that Jeus is fast. And very clever with his hands. And he has been able to ascertain that that same Willy does not have any brains. He cannot think, or, has that boy just arrived here?

“How long have you been here, Willy?” he asks.

“Me? Six weeks!”

“So”, he utters dryly, but he thinks: then you are a dope! He has seen it; Willy is all fingers and thumbs. And how old is that life?”

“I am fifteen years old.”

“Oh. I have just left school”, he can say and this does not sound bad either. He is learning German as well.

“You are called Jozef, aren't you?”

“Yes, but I am also called Jeus!”

How strange that Jozef sounds. It is funny. He has not yet heard it in his

life that they called him Jozef. It is as if it's 'pea soup'! But also something sacred, and you cannot eat from that. He does not even like pea soup. Willy is a nice name. He should have known that a few weeks ago, then Casje would have been called Willy and not Casje. However, Willy is German. And Casje is his own. No, it will remain Casje. However, does Casje know where he is now? Good, Casje can tell him more, but he cannot find him; of course, he should have left his address behind. But was that possible?

He should have discussed it with Casje. Now Casje knows nothing about him, and, he has no time for gossiping. He does not want to make a kraut out of Casje. No, that is nothing ... But now to work. Albert can do it! What are those other boys called? That one there is called Kurt. Kurt? Kurt? He feels the word, but when felt properly, that whole life is spit out again, it is just like mud! It is gall! You will die from a name like that. No, it gives you the creeps. Okay for Theet Aanse or for ... No, in their neighbourhood there are no boys to whom he would give such a name. All of them deserve something else. Just give me the name 'Jeus'! Kurt? It is enough to die laughing from. And that one there? That is Frans! Frans, not so bad. A nice name, but everyone is called Frans. And then that other one? He is called Ernst! Ernst, that is true, Peter Smadel also had a son called Ernst. A nice name, by the way, very nice! Peter's Ernst was a good singer and was in the choir with father, in the 'quartet'. And that other one? The rest look at him in a penetrating way and he does not want to have anything to do with it. That will be for tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. But that other one is called: Ludwich ... That would suffocate you, he thinks. Who is called ... what was he called again? 'Ludwich'! 'Lüdwich', you say? "No, Jozef, that is called Ludwich!" "Oh?" "Such as 'unter uns' ... and 'unter der Brücke'" Oh, he knows now, that is called under the bridge but he refuses flatly to crawl under a bridge for a Ludwich, because that it is, after all. The rest can drop dead! Ludwich? Even worse than pig's dirt. Even worse, you can drop dead. I want to work!

He knows. There is no order in Willy's head. And he ascertains that because Willy asks him something, what he had already told him just a moment ago. Did he not say:

'I have just finished school, Willy'? But he has already forgotten that. And when he then follows with 'oh' again, he knows the whole machine and the inner life within completely, and to him the personality is on its last gasp. However, fair is fair, those krauts have lovely names, after all. It is something completely different from Klaas and Pete at home. Even if that Ludwich is a tongue twister, there is a nice sound to it anyway and it is that, or he would throw that life to the pigs. But is that allowed, Jeus? They like the name Jozef here. Say it again. Beautiful, but with much of that first added. The way he says beautiful is like bread pudding with currants. It sounds so good! Jozef,

yes, from now on it will remain Jozef! He starts to learn German and mumbles to himself, but Willy overhears:

“I am a person, the brains have to work and do not want to. They do not want what you want”, and Willy asks:

“What’s the matter with the brains, Jozef?”

“Nothing”, he immediately answers, “I am talking to myself! Understood?”

Is that not lovely? It is good and he will not lose it, he will never ever forget that word again. Just get lost, Lumwald. It is a thousand times better for me here. And now that I am here, the people talk to me, but you are just a ... Dead loss! I have to think for myself. Carry on, the hurdles have to go.

If those sixty hurdles are finished, he thinks, he has more than enough and then he will take the other side to task. Albert does it with a ‘whiz-whiz’. And he wants to master that. Lifting the hurdles must also take place more quickly. Along with getting the hurdles out of the cupboard and carrying them. You do it like that. Just look at Albert, he knows. He has to exceed those three guilders or he will be short this week, and that must not happen. He will carry out each action and do it more quickly. Quicker and quicker. That is so many hours extra in a week, but also money. Real money for food, drink, and nice things for Crisje, Miets and Teun. It is strange, that he never keeps up with Hendrik or Gerrit. However, little Hendrik is there as well and then little Gerrit will follow, But he is no fun. Oh, listen. That is the whistle! Just like at home, but it sounds different here, heavier and, of course, a completely different boiler house! I need to think for a moment. There is no money for the tram, but there are plenty of cyclists. Yes, Aalte’s Hendrik will take him back. He will be home before the Zutphen-Emmerik tram. Now Crisje will get something nice to hear. And, Crisje? Isn’t that something? As Jeus tells her:

“What I was dealing with today, mother, is called salty liquorice. You know, that stuff for the whooping cough and if you have a runny nose, mother. I can eat as much of it as I like.”

They know his drama and how he has changed his place in the world under his own strength. Crisje now makes sure that he has his food flask in the afternoon, divided in two parts, with a nice stew on one side and porridge or something else on the other side, but with a piece of peppermint liquorice for pudding, now, good gracious, what more do you want? The deliverer is no longer alive and Reintje was run over, but there are others who go to Emmerik to bring the men food, which costs twenty-five cents per week, and that can easily be missed. He has now become an adult. Crisje thinks it is great, he knows what he wants. Even Johan must admit that it was a work of art. Even if they earn ten guilders together, the household needs more, Crisje

will not make it. The land lease demands are standing before her life like a ghost. Dozens of other things are urgently needed, but there is no money. Without money, life is not worth a thing and aunt Trui is also in the same situation. Where will they end up?

Bernard has to take care of himself, he has not yet made it, and he will only start earning in a few years time. It is pitiful. Soon they will be faced with charity, and that is the worst thing there is. God Almighty! It is scraping together some money every day. Crisje really does not want to be helped by the municipality. She would rather kill herself with working. She cannot buy meat for the children. And if Mientje Klarendaal, who owns the local grocery, did not give her something now and again, the children would not have had soup in a year, which they love so much. Mientje keeps giving her something nice. They have known each other since they were children and Crisje has been a customer there for years. Mientje said:

‘If times are bad, Crisje, you must help each other.’ But who does that? Mientje is a good person. She is nice to Crisje and she has known Crisje since times were good. She also really liked the Tall One and always admired his nice voice. Jeus now puts the liquorice in the flask, and then the children at home will not be sick at least. However, Crisje is afraid of that stealing. Just imagine that he is thrown out. Then what will happen to them?

On Saturday, he not only manages his wage from the combing but he exceeds it, he has even earned back his expenses. Moreover, he gets quicker and quicker week after week. He is almost earning eight marks a week, and that is a lot. How did he manage that? It is very simple. He is working until he drops. That is all! True or not, four guilders a week is a lot for a boy, who is not yet thirteen years old. If he wants to go higher now, and that is possible, he must take every action to task and balance it, calculate it completely. Then the smallest actions of all must be finished quicker, because that is what does it! That Albert is a bit ahead of him, but he will overtake him. The boys are already furious. The contract is becoming shaky, but all those boys can get the ‘doodles’.

One afternoon Jeus is having a lovely walk along the beautiful Rhine. And strolled on to the ‘Kasstrasse’. Life is good and a town like that is unforgettable. He wandered along the great waters, for which he has sacred respect. Then suddenly the krauts approached him, they wanted to give him a thrashing, he let the contract plummet. Do they have to fight? Just come on, but with five against one?

“You are destroying the contract. Will you listen? Yes, or no?”

“What do you want from me? What can I do?” After a pause, Jeus comes out with an emphatic: “No!” Then the boys knew and there was a hiding. They roll over the street. But how good Our Lord is, after all. His own boys

from 's-Heerenberg are coming. They are now four against five. And blows which strike home follow. There are nose bleeds to be seen, and black eyes, some torn jackets. And then there was a policeman in front of their noses, who did not approve of the rough-and-tumble. The krauts look like battered chickens with a bad cold, he sees, but he has never seen anything like this in his life.

“That is a good one”, he calls to the German half. “Really, it was my pleasure.” He also experiences that he has learned an awful lot of words, and is not so stupid after all. The krauts want to fight it out in the German woods, between Emmerik and 's-Heerenberg, but they are not afraid of that either. Just come; then you will see how the Dutch dung eaters can give a beating. If only he could do those tricks of Jan Lemmekus, then he would have taken all of them on alone. Do not forget it now, it can come in handy in this life. One minute you are healthy and a while later you are lying in hospital. But you won't see me there!

Jeus knows it. The rest of those lads have no brains. For him, the whiz-whiz has not gone. They now know what kind of match he is, but those little machines go forwards while going backwards. His machine is working, Casje. However, he does not get to see either José or Casje now. But that is not necessary either, he has to work. They are hungry at home. He is now no longer open to higher thoughts. And what are high and low, left and right, actually? There is only a forward here and nothing else!

Thinking, Jeus now experiences, is a great sport. And you can achieve something with it. He can now say: ‘Anyone who does not think is a dope and will not achieve anything in life.’ Why do people not think, better, faster, in one particular direction? Then just look at Jeus of mother Crisje. You can learn from him, and then there is still nonsense about a stupid contract? It will become your purest psychology here, Casje. Socrates and Pluto would be jealous of it; it is so stimulating. They are just like the nice sounds of Bach and you can also see the brush strokes of Rembrandt in it, the balancing of a tight-rope dancer, a little calculation therefore, which brings money into the house and for which you can buy something as well, which is what it is really about. You, Casje, understand, of course, because this is also creating! Jeus gets out of it what he can. He has only one objective, Crisje and his children will have food to eat and Tall Hendrik can be satisfied. Our Lord as well. And anyone who is interested in this will get beautiful moments to experience, and can also learn something from it; it is so human! But that is also so close to home. Yes, you will certainly not believe it, but you cannot get out of it now, it lives in your very being. If you give that a beating, it is in your own little hands. Because they are inspired by it. They now make Rembrandts and they play Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. If you want to know, you can

build up a society from it, and then you have a good life, this gives you your own pleasure. Do you see it? It is going well, it couldn't be better. Those kraut friends are good lads, but for the rest, they can tell him more. Work is work!

Even if he ends up in hospital from overworking, it does not help. Things at home will succumb anyway! Tall One, but Tall One, where are you now? Can you not do anything for Crisje then? Are you now somewhere playing your violins to pieces? But what does art matter now when you do not have anything to eat? What do you want? Crisje and the boys are starving. Things are reaching a deadlock here! Do you not have anything else to say then? Crisje is left with the pieces, which even the pigs do not like, but they are now on the table. Do you not hear this plea, Tall One? Do you really not know anything for Crisje? Then Trui does know something!

Trui is not as stupid as she looks. Trui has met Otto Wageman, a good carpenter, but one who reaches the level of Gerrit Noesthede in his things, who sculpts things, pieces of wood. However, Otto does it differently. He makes castles from trivial planks. And then there are canaries sitting in those castles singing. They are unbelievably beautiful things, which can win prizes at exhibitions and bring money into the house. Otto was left with three children and Trui is a good mother, after all. Is aunt Trui interested in a new marriage? Trui is now only becoming more and more miserable. And think about Crisje! I am so alone and Otto also has a brother. Is that not something for you? Otto is not so bad. He shakes his neck a bit, there is a nerve there which does not work properly and keeps giving him a push, then you see Otto's neck moving. It is more like nodding. When one falls asleep, but now a bit stiffer, you would say a bit sharper, fiercer therefore, and it is the only thing from outside which you notice. However, when you look inside of Otto it does not look so bad. There is something companion-like there, and a human force to be busy earning something extra, and Otto is also capable of that, with him you will no longer be hungry! Isn't that something, aunt Trui? Of course, Trui is very interested, but there is a condition attached to it. That has nothing to do with Otto, but with Trui herself, and is now her thoughts. It also becomes her plan, and a small human drama begins! Small, of course, on the face of it, it seems like a trifle ... but if you look behind all of this, there will be victims to lament for, and human blood will flow.

Otto is a good match, Crisje. And he also has a brother! Trui tells it to Crisje and pushes herself upwards, but there is a big question mark for Crisje. Now and again, the Tall One's friends pay a visit to Crisje and the children. Jan Maandag has done his best to marry Crisje, but she does not feel anything for Jan Maandag. He is still a child. What would Crisje do with a man like that? And ... Crisje will not marry again. That would mean a scandal. No, God preserve me, Jan. You are an unbelievably good person, but that is

not possible, is it? That is Crisje's decision. Later, yes, how will Crisje think about Jan Maandag then, when she knows everything. However, who can see into the future? I should have acted in that way. No, like that, but then again, no, you hear then. But if I had done that, I would have prevented a great deal of misery and, how is it possible, life would have been bearable. Nevertheless, you do exactly what you should not have done. You accept precisely the poorest, the wrong thing. And you overlook nice things! You do not see them, Crisje, even if you are faced with these matters, even if you think day and night, you do the wrong thing, anyway, and you should not have done that precisely. But then life has got you! It is probably something else and we may know, for this case then, Jan Maandag. We will probably also learn something!

No, Crisje does not want another man in the house, not Jan Maandag either or Otto's brother. She has worries; she has something else to think about. Has Trui become childish?

Trui gets to hear:

"Yes, Trui, I can imagine that and it is the best thing for you. That is something completely different for me!" So, is that the case, Crisje? Did you think that? Did you think that you were finished with Trui? And now the good Trui reacts. She begins to lay little foundations for her own life, which, infallibly calculated, will fit for the little building, which she sees before her, with a clockwork on top of it, so you can always see what the time is. A certainty, a little bell, as well, that the dinner is on the table. And what would you say to a new coat, a pair of shoes, a new hat, and all those things, which Trui also needs. What then? Pigs in the pen. Talking with a man? You can now do your best and have something around you to take care of. Fair is fair, life goes on and being alone is nothing!

"But why is that the best thing for me, Cris? And not for you yourself?"

Trui is playing at something. And what it is playing is in her heart, and that is not being frank with Crisje, in other words, it is not laying the cards on the table, Trui now does it in a terrible roundabout way, but continues certainly and consciously to push on, until she experiences her plan and everything is roses, and Crisje will also get to experience it. Now the 'life' is standing immediately before Crisje! The anxious, unknown life, the inhuman and the sneaky, the calculated and defiant false serpent, which is like a poisonous animal, now approaches her life and is called: life. What she has to experience day in day out and, in addition, demands of her to show her colours! God Almighty. That is not aunt Trui, is it? What does Trui have to do with such matters? It is life, but Trui is also a part of life and she is alone. A few years ago, she said something, which she is now afraid of and which Crisje must now prevent, and must take care of. Would a household, a moth-

er with seven children, have to serve this?

First Trui plays with Crisje. It is just as if the sisters are back at home with father and mother, but then Trui is a dangerous spider who is spinning her web, she becomes like a poisonous kind, she will be clever when it comes to it, to bite. Crisje now receives her first blow, when she hears:

“Do you want to starve for longer, Cris? And the boys then?”

Crisje reacts, but that good Trui: “But do you want to have me married, Trui? Then I could have taken Jan Maandag. But I am not that stupid.”

It is quite enough for today. Trui comes back and hammers on the soul and the human understanding of Crisje. And Trui has dangerous weapons. She now confronts her like an adder:

“Do you want to go and get charity then, Cris? Do you want to starve with your children? You are completely mad. Is this not the chance of a lifetime?”

“But, Trui, did you think then that I had already forgotten my Hendrik?” Crisje asks.

“And did you think, I had forgotten my Gradus? Must I starve to death, Cris?” Trui then asks in her turn.

“That is your own business, Trui. We also have to work until we drop. I cannot help you.”

Crisje does not think about marrying Otto's brother. That is scandalous. Trui must decide for herself. She will not marry! Hendrik is only just dead. People would perhaps not talk of it as scandalous but it is unbecoming. However, Trui thinks differently about it, Gradus was a good man, but she does not want to work for those greedy farmers, Trui does it differently. Moreover, at what point can a woman with seven children begin? To make demands? Hendrik, Otto's brother, is the same age as Crisje, he is a skilled carpenter, which earns him good money; then the worries will be gone immediately. Crisje, what do you want? Trui has definitely been given the task from Otto to do everything for his brother. At the end of the day, it would be nice, two brothers and two sisters together and Hendrik has gone, yonder. For that is not in a man's line. Because a man must marry. Crisje will change her mind at least a thousand times, before she talks with her little father of her children. You would pull a person's heart from his ribs. How is it possible? Does Trui no longer have any feeling or brains any more? Now, dear Crisje, what we used to think about, sometimes even touched on, comes to your life. The misery will become bigger and deeper. You cannot go forwards or backwards. It is life!

No, Trui, she cannot forget the Tall One. However, Trui fights for herself. It will be terrible. Are you, now that it comes to it, sure of yourself, Crisje?

JEUS?? JEUS?... Are you sleeping? But Jeus! It becomes threatening. Someone wants to take away your great love. And that is aunt Trui. What you

work yourself to the bone for, Trui will soon throw to the pigs, because that will be the case! Do you not feel anything for what Crisje gets to deal with every day? Nothing, Jeus? It is remarkable! Crisje cannot think about it, but it is a mountain which she is faced with, a pile of misery. It is easy for Trui to talk and Crisje already knows; it has suddenly come to her. Trui drags her along with her because there is something else. Crisje is now under Trui's attack every day. She is now following her. It is something new. But do you really know, Crisje, why Trui is doing that? Why is she going to so much trouble to give you Otto's brother? Is a woman bad, if a woman wants to re-marry? No, Crisje, that is very ordinary, but it is something different for Trui, and you will feel that, later you will understand it better.

You will have no worries any more, Crisje! You will be free from all your troubles! There is now someone who will take care of you! You will be able to pay the land lease and charity will be a thing of the past, Crisje! You will now be able to breathe more easily, and the boys will have everything! Does that still not mean anything to you? Is that so difficult now, Crisje?

Jeus does not feel any of the enormous danger, which is threatening him, none of it! He cannot permit himself any other thoughts, he may not think of anything else or he will not make his money. They need everything at home. And if he should think of anything else, then the machine would reach a dead point. His machine may only think for the work and it is understandable, but because of this Trui's talk escapes him and he would very definitely have already felt it. If Jeus were to feel it, then it would mean a breakdown at the same time. Jeus will then think that Our Lord has gone mad! And that is not possible! Who separates people? Who wrenches mother and child apart? Who wants to destroy this? Because that will happen! If Trui carries on with her game, her battle as well, Crisje will eventually succumb. What you do not believe in, cannot believe in, will happen anyway! Anyone, who would tell Jeus something about it, would be laughed at to his face. Crisje would marry another man? It is not possible! That cannot happen! That is impossible. Our Lord cannot approve of that. And there is always Our Lord, who knows what he and Crisje want, and feel; how they love each other, Trui! Did you think that you could destroy that, Trui? Did you think that the Tall One would approve of that? That the Tall One would let you play, let ... well, what do you want, Trui? If you can achieve that, Trui, the space will collapse, but that is out of the question. You would like that, but Our Lord is the boss there, aunt Trui!

A while ago, I told you, Crisje, there would come a time when you will have to fight for your life and cares, when you will have to prove what you want, it will be then, Crisje, that you will have to show your colours, Which will be a battle for life or death. I would be laughed at. If I had told you more

about it, but I am not that stupid either, neither is the Tall One and anyone with feeling does not do that, because you do not make a person afraid beforehand. However, that time, Crisje, has now come. You are faced with it and you will have to reach a decision soon. Whether you like it or not, life demands it of you! When Trui, dear Crisje, spoke her first words, regarding Otto's brother and her own marriage, it started. With Otto, it wandered into your house. And Otto's brother, Crisje, is now the bone in tasty soup for the boys. However, Jeus does not like that soup. He throws that nice soup to the pigs. And you will experience that, it will happen, Crisje, if you now reach this decision. Jeus will fling that soup at aunt Trui's head, even if he is starving, he would rather die than have to swallow this food. It does not matter what the other boys think about it, Crisje. This concerns you, Jeus, and your Tall One!

Crisje, this battle is even more severe than the loss of your Tall One. It is more inhuman than everything, which you have already been given to bear. This reaches your soul and your happiness. Only then will you be able to enter Golgotha. Yes, Crisje, it will take you there! It will take you to Our Lord. HE is also a part of this and then there will be victims. Yourself, your Tall One and Jeus! It concerns the three of you. And Trui knows that. But she does not care. She wants Otto, her food, drink and more!

Because it is a battle, Crisje, which links you to other feelings, this time will be so miserable. And Trui lacks the feelings to be able to understand you. She only sees one thing, and that is herself. The death of your Tall One no longer means anything, your love for your Tall One also has no more meaning. Everything is now upset and will be wrenched out of your heart. You will bleed. You will squirm, Crisje, but Trui does not hear anything! Blindly, but fiercely aware she will conquer your life. She will be blind to your love, but aware and humanly certain of her own situation. Do you understand it, Crisje? Trui will soon fling the blood from your heart in the street gutter. She will give it to the pigs, or to a dog with scurvy if she has to. She will cut your heart in half, also look, and see how you bleed to death and she will laugh. She thinks that it is good and the best thing for your life and that of Jeus and the Tall One. This is the way Trui is now, and had you expected this from your sister?

Trui sees everything humanly, therefore very simply mortally. However, Trui does not wish to stand in the church on her own for all the money in the world. She needs you for that. But Trui has not lived in the heavens either ... she has not known that love. Gradus was a good man, but did not match up to the Tall One. Trui does not know any love. Even if she possesses a human machine, Trui feeds that thing differently. What are we making such a fuss about, anyway, Crisje. Has a decision perhaps been reached?

Crisje thinks in Trui's direction, in a straight line, even towards matters which Jeus recoils from and have to do with heaven and earth. Jeus does not feel that either. He does not believe that Crisje is thinking like Trui, anyway. It is something which you cannot believe in, because the life that you love belongs to you, because you went through thick and thin and through heavens. Yes, but it will become simple again, because you possess that certainty. After all, were you not together in the Forecourt of Our Lord? Did you not experience Golgotha together? And who would want to separate that? No one is capable of that. Because one life dies for the other. This is a bond in spiritual harmony. Nothing will come between it. Nothing. Get thee behind me, Satan!! The fact is who knows life? Who can fathom out life and see everything beforehand? What lives in a person? Why is there life on earth? That is it and no one oversees this, no one knows it. But it is there now! Trui also could never believe for herself either that she would ever be faced with such a decision. She would also have laughed right in your face. However, we see it, life is strange, life is inhumanly stiff and hard. You could give it what for!

Trui, believe it, would never have spoken those words. If she had known in that year what life would bring her one day, she would never have said of other women, that they sold their buttocks by marrying, while the men were only dead a short while. Trui uttered that! And that is what she is now faced with as well and which is flung at her head! Just like that, without thinking about it, you say a thing like that. Just like that, even if it is nothing to do with you. You say something hateful and you do not think that life will call you to answer for it one day! At least, not Trui. It is then you are left gaping. Then you say: 'I should not have said that. I should not have said anything about those women.' Why do I meddle in gossip, in destruction? Is that misery not there then? Do those women do that because they need a man? No, they were also concerned with food and drink. The misery was also on their doorsteps. A person is harsh and horrible, when a person says something about other people and does not think of themselves and what might come. Because of this she now has to win Crisje over first, and she will crush Jeus. Do you understand it now, Crisje? Is it now clear why Trui has Otto's brother for you? Just look behind all of this and you will understand that your love will move to the pigsty. If you succumb, you will then be a hypocritical Crisje. Really, Jeus can then say to you, you are being two-faced! Trui will prevent people dragging her name through the mud, and that is all.

Trui will beat Jeus' life to smithereens. However, that does not mean anything, Crisje, you will also go under. But, at the end of the day, it is your business what you do. No one can give you advice. You know it! You can pray, for that matter, can't you? Will Our Lord not help you now, Crisje? Is

Father not able to be of service to you? After all, he is a good friend of yours, isn't he? However, there is only one Tall One and one Jeus. And what does the Tall One do? Does he close his eyes now? The Tall One will first be extremely mad and then it will come to him: 'I do not know any more', and he will smash his violins, on his own head, Crisje. Did you perhaps think that your Tall One was jealous? The human being that is there no longer knows this. Where your Tall One is now, they want nothing to do with this feeling. In the Forecourt of Our Lord, we assume that the Tall One is there, he was a good person, they do not want anything to do with this nonsense or Our Lord would say: 'Get out! You no longer belong here.' Then you will be out on the street or outside paradise, Crisje, because you must love everyone and everything there. But good heavens, Crisje, what kind of problems are they, anyway!

Jeus adds a little extra in Emmerik as well. He has reached ten marks in five weeks and the contract is ready to break. He has worked out with Johan how to make even more from it. However, Johan does not know that work, and you cannot work it out either, after which Jeus just gave it up and continued alone.

Meanwhile he is talking to Crisje. He tells her, how he will surpass that Albert and how he thinks of everything, but he does not feel anything of what lives in Crisje.

Casje and also other people follow him. They are interested in his life. They follow Jeus of mother Crisje through thick and thin. Casje is careful not to show himself to his life now; he would only disturb the human machine. Jeus is intensely geared towards and concentrated on the everyday matters, on food and drink.

But how nasty aunt Trui is to him. What has he done to aunt Trui this time? Trui, he thinks, is never herself. Today you have her and tomorrow you have lost her again. Aunt Trui is continually different. You cannot rely on her. What has she got against him this time? He feels that there is something. Aunt Trui is behaving strangely. What does she want from his life? When Crisje had to answer him, because he asked a few questions about aunt Trui, he got to hear:

"Aunt Trui, Jeus, is perhaps getting married again."

He gets a shock. But why for that matter? I see, he already thought, what does that man want in aunt Trui's house. Otto and uncle Gradus were they not friends? Now he suddenly understands everything. Had he not thought so? It is a slap right in his face, because, this could transfer to your own house, it is so close by. It is terrible deception. It is strange, where does that fear suddenly come from? Just a moment ago, he was completely calm and now fear lives inside him. Fear of what? For Crisje, of course. For mother,

aunt Trui can tell him more. It is frightening! And then he says:

“What did you just say, mother? Aunt Trui is getting married? Has she already forgotten uncle Gradus?”

Crisje already hears it. Should she think that she has worked it out, then she will be deceived. This is actually a little taste, Crisje, of the dessert, which you will soon get to deal with. Crisje, now you are able to examine your heart and consult supernatural laws or your great love will also go into this dessert, and to the pigs, because aunt Trui does not like any of it. Neither do the boys. Then he has something else for Crisje:

“What poor souls people are, mother. Now they talk to you and promise you everything, and that they would rather die than betray you, but tomorrow, they will already have forgotten it. You can drop dead! Then you can get the ‘droadels’. Aunt Trui is behaving just like cats and dogs do. But my Fanny would never have tried that one on me. And Mrs. Ruikes’ Mientje has also had to experience that. However, that is a cat and aunt Trui is a person, and is something completely different! My Fanny, mother, would rather have been run over a hundred thousand times than betray me, cheat on me. But aunt Trui does it!”

Every word cuts through her soul. Every word that he utters is a hiding for her life, should she be able to remove herself from his life. Every word is a slap right in her face. Also in Our Lord’s face, because you do not break such love, you do not neglect it, you do not betray it or you will be destroyed yourself! But what must I do, Jeus? We are faced with a big hole! However, Jeus has not finished yet, Crisje, just listen to what follows:

“Is aunt Trui trying to kid me, mother, that she loves that Otto? And would you marry a man, mother, whom you could not love? That is devilish work.” However, what he had really wanted to say, but he holds it back: ‘Can you get children by a man like that?’ But he also swallows his words for now. ‘By a man who means nothing to you?’ Can you, as a woman, because Jeus thinks about this, he know the life of a man and a woman very well, he has fought for it, give yourself to a man, be open to such a life and then give all of the feelings and love which you have to that life? That will happen, Crisje. And it is now! You should never have told him how much the Tall One loved you. You should never have let him see how much you loved your Tall One, because he has absorbed that great love and is now fighting to give it to you yourself! And do you now wish to say, would you now wish that this love was not there? That a child behaves in a completely mad way? The parents spoil the children in this way, Crisje. Then a love like that is put on a scaffold and the parents walk past it. They only see it. They do not want to know any more about it, but now that young life? Oh dear, it’s for real now! You have had that love! What you now get, if you have experienced the highest, Crisje,

which Jeus means, after all, is now only imitation, it is a poor shadow of the real thing. It is now becoming completely dark for your life. And Jeus is fighting for that. He is working himself to the bone in order to give you that love. He knows, after all, what father was like for you, doesn't he?

Is there anything else? Yes, just listen, Crisje, and you will know for the meantime: "Does aunt Trui wish to feel that, mother? And can you approve, mother, that strange men come and sit in our house, where my father sat? If one of them comes into our house, mother, then I will stab him in the ribs with a knife. And father knows it. I will do that as well! I have to watch out for all of you!" As if that wasn't enough, he adds:

"My God, mother, how happy I am that you are not like aunt Trui. How grateful we must be, after all, mother. And how happy father can be with you. How father will play his violins for you and sing, mother. Aunt Trui has taken leave of her senses. Aunt Trui doesn't understand about us, mother. Father would show her something else. Father would throw her out the door! Father would say: 'Trui, see that you leave, out of my sight.' And does uncle Gradus have nothing more to say then? Has aunt Trui completely forgotten that good uncle Gradus already? He would turn in his grave, mother, if he knew that aunt Trui ..." He also holds himself back now, but if he had said what was on his lips, believe it, Crisje would have jumped up and he would have got a hiding. Which will also come, anyway, when Crisje will also hear from Jeus; That aunt Trui is selling her buttocks. Good heavens, Jeus, is that the case? But why does mother not say anything now? Have these words not been considered in a human way? Does mother not have anything to say to this? He always gets an answer from her. They always discuss everything together. Is this perhaps hard to understand? Did mother not understand him? Does she perhaps approve of aunt Trui marrying? Does mother, who is very different, not say anything now? It is taking too long for him and he asks:

"Did mother not understand me? Did you hear what I just said?" Crisje answers him, but it is as dry as stale bread for his life.

"Of course, Jeus."

So, is that all? And a moment later she adds: "Look, Jeus, your aunt Trui is so alone and she has nothing left to eat. Something had to happen", are these words from Crisje the ones that begin to demolish the great foundations for herself and Jeus! She is now thinking in a different direction to him and no longer upwards or towards the love, Crisje also begins to think 'left, right, forwards and backwards, long and wide' and now also goes through the Tall One's grave. She has a look to see how her Tall One is lying, but continues. However much Jeus screams, it does not help him with anything. Crisje now steps on the Tall One's coffin and pulls him along. Did you think, Crisje? Did you think that you could pull Jeus across the Tall One's coffin in order

to achieve your goal? We would like to see that. Millions of people, between heaven and earth, are curious to know whether you will manage that. We are not yet talking about being hypocritical, or about selling and squandering love, but that will come as well, Crisje. Now you are busy thinking in another direction to him, away from his life, are you not? Did you think, Crisje, that Jeus was stupid? What he refrained from saying a moment ago, you will now get to hear. Jeus now says to her, as if the devil is after him:

“Does aunt Trui want to sell her buttocks then, mother, to get food? She should work herself to the bone, but she is too lazy for that.”

Crisje is suddenly awake and pulled away from her world of thoughts, when she has to say:

“Good gracious, who taught you that? Will you quickly rinse out your mouth? Have you gone mad, Jeus? Where did you learn that?”

He apologizes to her and says: “I am sorry, mother”, but also lets her know: “But am I not right, mother?”

Crisje has to think. And, she knows it. She must also go to confession. Jeus goes away. However, he feels aunt Trui does not like him. She has something against him, but why not against Johan and Bernard? What did he do to her? Nothing! Nothing, and yet, aunt Trui is so angry with him.

Trui also knows it! It is Jeus. That monkey has to be destroyed first, and then she can get Crisje, those hearts have to be separated from each other and then she can marry, she will not look foolish, disgrace herself. Crisje has to go along with her, they must both marry. She will marry Otto and Crisje Hendrik, then people will have nothing to say about her, because Crisje is allowed to do anything. She knows it for definite, this is everything. Jeus is standing between them; and that boy has to go! Jeus has become her enemy. It is a stumbling block, Trui, of a supernatural nature. Do you not know that? You are not faced with Jeus alone, but with God, Christ and the Forecourt of Our Lord and millions of other sacred matters, which you must conquer. Right or not, Trui? Will you conquer all of that, Trui? Millions of people are following you now. They want to know all about this, because what is happening here is inhuman, and, that is then the very last thing for which Our Lord died. It is why the Angels are also watching you, and from now on they will follow you, and will have to follow you, because this concerns their sacredness! Moreover, because Trui does not want to disgrace herself in the church under any circumstances, she continues her battle, she hammers and chisels at sacred foundations, at those of Crisje, her Tall One and Jeus, but also at those of each other child of God which is open and ready to put up such a fight. For the child which consciously searches for evil, for bad things on earth, this does not mean anything and is a completely different story!

It also concerns the leg lost by Bernard. At least it concerns that love, the

other children as well, but Trui does not care about that. Trui says:

“Did I not tell you, Cris, that you are too besotted with the boys? Now they are already starting to take control. True or not?” Trui continues her battle in this way. Stone after stone now has to be consciously removed from this great building, from Crisje, the Tall One and Jeus, which is a ‘temple’ in which Our Lord lives, but she doesn’t care about that either! Those foundations have to be destroyed! She has consciously started the destruction. Jeus and his Fanny, that childish carry-on, people who are lying in the grave and whatever else, are now flung overboard! Dead is dead for Trui. Uncle Gradus can tell her more; he is lying yonder. However, Crisje does not hear that. On the contrary, Crisje hears: ‘But what about me and my Gradus then, Cris?’ Now the angels can experience the hypocrisy of people, who cheat on that pure love, misshape it, sully it, and it has nothing to do with food or drink anymore! It now concerns the very highest, for which Christ died, Trui. Does that not mean a thing to you either? Then you will soon not need to go to confession either. The angels will kick you out of there. They should do that at least, because we know anyway that angels have a different opinion about that. Trui continues this unfortunate battle. You do not see anything else. She has only one goal, there is no left or right to be seen for her, no high or low, Trui has no understanding of coffins and people buried, she wants nothing to do with it, the holy church can get lost as well, that Father is just a dope anyway!

But her words: ‘She has sold her buttocks, do you mean to say that this is love?’ Those words now inspire her, or she would succumb under this fight. She would then not be capable of separating Crisje and Jeus. Then Trui would do it differently, everything is now very simple, Trui would marry and that would be it. End of story. It is human and the only truth here as well. But because people do not wish to show themselves, or do not wish to accept their faults, and will not take back their words, this inhuman thing happens, and Jeus of mother Crisje has to be destroyed!

“Does a whippersnapper like that already have a say in things, Crisje? What does a monkey like that have to do with your life, Cris? Just lash out, Cris! Did I not always tell you that?” And there are no greetings here from Our Lord for Crisje or Jeus. Where do these words come from, they have been thought out in a really human way and considered as well, they come from Trui’s conscious and that is open to food and drink, to nothing else.

“You are old and wise enough to act for yourself, Cris. Do you have to suffer hunger? Starve? Do not pay any attention to that whippersnapper, Cris. If I had children, I would know what to do. Lash out, Cris! They would have nothing to say in my house. I would give them what for! Hendrik is a good man! And you will not be hungry, you will not be hungry any more,

Cris. Also, the children will be taken care of. And the land lease will be paid, Cris!”

Crisje now knows it. Trui talks calculatingly, and yet? Trui does all of that, but listen who is talking, and yet? Trui said something about the women, and yet? Trui flung something in their face, and yet? It is really terrible, and yet? Crisje, what will you do? What Trui does not think about, is the terrible thing for Crisje, but that is nothing new to Trui. If you marry, that is part of it, but it is now something awful to Crisje. Jeus is right, that's it! She cannot bear thinking about it, but that is a part of it! When Trui said that, she still had Gradus. Now Gradus is gone and she is faced with those words, but Crisje is faced with something very different. This, what Jeus said, and that is really terrible. You can take care of yourself. The doors of your 'temple' must be opened. Now it comes! What you experienced in pure love and could accept, now is turned upside down, what has had a place in and through love, now throws everything about, but her Tall One lived in it, who was her soul and happiness. Is that now for another? Is that now for another person? Is that not worth a thing? Should you place it all just like that in the hands of a person whom you do not know? But, my God, just burn us all at the stake. This is awe-inspiring and Jeus understands very well, which is why he stakes his life and works himself to the bone, Crisje, he feels, he knows consciously as well, that that 'temple' is being dragged through the mud, and cannot be for another person, that belongs to his father!

People can talk about matters which they do not know about, do not think about, do not wish to know about. People talk and gossip about people and think: that cannot happen to me. But suddenly you are faced with yourself and your gossip and you have to prove life who you now are. Also for Our Lord. But what is that, in comparison with what Crisje sees before her, what she, her Tall One and Jeus were able to build up? It horrifies you! Fear fills you and you know beforehand, you will bleed to death, or you must prove what you can do.

People flatly refuse to think properly about their fellow human beings. He flatly refuses it! Nevertheless, some day something can happen. And then you are faced with yourself and that gossip. What did you say? What you said then, even if you promised that other person crows with golden horns, is now a lack of love. It is destruction, hypocrisy! Why does a person knock the crown from another person's head who has earned it with difficulty? Just like that, because you feel like it and have pleasure in it? Why do people prefer wrong to right? Why do they feel more for gossiping, breaking and destroying, sully and misshaping a person, than for love, construction, peace and happiness, sweetness and justice? It is a problem! Why do people have to be destroyed first in order to realize how precious a person is? Why do peo-

ple not put everything into the progressive life of feeling, human evolution, rather than into complete brutality? They nailed Our Lord to the cross for it, Crisje feels and knows. But that other thing, yes, that is there as well and she is faced with that and has to prove what she wants! The devil in a person now triumphs above everything. And what does Our Lord wish to begin now? What are you still doing in the church, Trui?

Crisje, now Trui needs you. You are unassailable, Crisje. They would misshape Our Lord and they cannot do that, those women do not even dare that! However, Trui is already standing in her naked little self now! And the angels see how indifferently she starts to treat these problems. However, a woman is a woman and you can do everything with a human machine, if you want to possess such a thing as a man, also as a woman, because you long for companionship. No more is needed now. Food and drink will also follow, of course, and is part of it and the man will take care of it.

Whether your marriage is necessary, Crisje, we will not talk about that now. Whether that is possible does not yet matter, has nothing to do with this, we are concerned with showing how Golgotha got a name, after all, and especially, to see the actual laws for your own life. Because it happened there. Soon we will be faced with the household, and it must be decided: go under or carry on. It is people who talk about selling themselves, is it not, Crisje? And everyday life is full of it. The adults tell it to the little ones, the parents to the children. But a child, Crisje, who has eyes in its head, already sees through them and now reaches its own decision.

This now, Crisje, is for all people! Here in the village that seems awful. However, in the town, it is very simple. You know everyone here; it is not the case there! That is the real difference. But not for the angels, not for Our Lord. Again, the town thinks those matters are simple and human, or life would stand still. Everyone has to decide for himself, it is no one else's business. If stolen goods are not involved. That means, Crisje, if the woman does not pinch the man from that other mother with children. Because now it is becoming a mess and you need a lawyer for it. However, for Our Lord as judge, you will be sorry! Do you feel, Crisje, what I mean? And yet, believe me, women also live there who feel exactly the same as you now feel and follow, those women have also built up their 'temples' and they also have their rooms in which only that one man or one woman lives, and which remains closed for another person, even if that life is so sweet, because that soul cannot be experienced. And that's it, Crisje. This is exactly the same for everyone, but now means nothing to Trui.

And is marrying really that bad? No, for that matter, it is not! Whoever sees it differently, Crisje, all those people experience it like Trui now feels and wants to have. However, there is also another group of people like you.

Also those women and men, mostly the women, because a mother puts in everything from her soul and happiness, are beaten and kicked, mistreated as well. For those people blood flowed and they wrenched out the heart, because the other was not there and they had not married for love, but for money, for much, much more, but which is material! Yes, Crisje, in the town people sell themselves for money and that is their own business. Did you not know, Crisje, that there are women who prostitute themselves? You know that, everyone over twenty knows that. Of course, that is the case, but what does it mean to us? Nothing, we are concerned with something completely different. Believe me, Crisje, in the town it concerns a nice dress, a pair of shoes, the cinema as well, also a car, everything, of course, which life has to offer you and all that is food and drink and a nice place to live, a companion as well, for art, literature, for the most crazy things and matters, Crisje, women sell themselves. A man cannot sell himself, he is next to the life, which is therefore not so bad. Men do not have any hold over the Divine space of Our Lord, actually, over these matters therefore; they walk next to creation, even if they do not believe that. You know their boasting, those slippers become significant, however, and now a man like that can buy what he wants himself. There is no one who notices it, and it hurts no one. Life in the town is like that, Crisje. You make of it what you can, but for the mother it is selling herself. Understand me properly, it is only seen from Trui's world!

But that is now for you a life-and-death struggle. However, if you can bury everything of yourself and the Tall One, can close it off, be so strong, so mighty and great, that you are able to show another that beautiful room of yours and the Tall One and still possess the feeling, the dominating force as it were, as a result of which you remain yourself and does not mean more than a reception, then, Crisje, you will also conquer those feelings and will remain mistress of your personality, even if there is a different kind of succumbing. Even then, your soul and bliss will be unaffected. No one, Crisje, is able to look at your walls, what is hanging there is and will remain your possession and your Tall One's possession! Yet Crisje, there is something else for the mother in this world.

Yes, Crisje, this goes even further than the mother as a woman has known before. Now you hear: 'My Gerrit could never have given me this, which I am now experiencing.' And is it not worthwhile thinking about this? These people now also have a connection with Our Lord, because they experience a love, which rises above every destruction and other human trivialities. However, what concerns us, Crisje, is people do not sell themselves if they feel some love for the other person. This is street gossip and you have nothing to do with it, neither does Trui, but she started it herself. You think: I will go under, Trui doesn't, because Trui does not possess that great love either.

But you, Crisje, must now begin with your own struggle with regard to the supernatural and everyday things. But is Jeus not just right? You had not thought that of him, but it is there. Do you still ask now, Crisje, where he learned that? The street gutters of the town and in the village, mother Crisje, are blocked with it. You can shovel cart-loads of muck and you will still not have finished. The turners at the brush factory, Crisje, make a mess because of their shavings, but Jeus could still clean them up and sort things out, however, this cannot be cleaned up, Crisje, however, if you wish to speak of stench, this stinks even more than a rotting corpse; it is such a filthy mess!

Now follow Trui in her thoughts. Trui looks at it for herself and she says: 'I still look good!' And is that not true? Trui's little machine has not yet experienced anything. Even if the inside is square and sometimes deaf and dumb, the human machine is operating and is open to some happiness. And anyone who wants that from her can take care of food and drink. Trui does not connect her emotional feelings by giving everything for this; she has no understanding for this yet. If Otto had any understanding of it, he would run away fast, but he does not have the inspirations of your Tall One either. Good heavens, Crisje, what does it matter to Trui whether there is a paradise. Has she known this happiness? You can think about it now. This is it! It lives in you and it will become a life-and-death struggle. Many people will follow you, because this is something which all of this humanity wants to experience, but the angels also know about it and it is they who tell Our Lord. Also this ship, Crisje, with the other things, which your boat gets to carry, has to strand somewhere. Or, it is you yourself who will conquer! Now you must possess helmsmanship. However, you are strong. You also have trust and a great faith in the good things in a person, in Our Lord. I am not worried, Crisje. You will probably get an answer now as well! And what should Jeus have said to aunt Trui?

'Oh, dear aunt Trui, but how have we to thank you? How must we thank you that you separated us like that? We thank you, aunt Trui, that you threw this love to the pigs.' Should Jeus have spoken those words? Because Trui throws this love to the pigs, Crisje, you will soon know that, and only then must you act. The rudder of your ship is now trembling and you must now act. Trui goes with Crisje to the piece of land and helps her. What has never happened before, Trui does now! Trui helps Crisje, yes, of course, but from the frying pan into the fire. She kicks Crisje into stinking mud. Does Crisje go head under? Trui would like that. Crisje is not stupid. But where is the Tall One now? Do you not have anything to say then, Tall Hendrik? Have you become dopey where you now are? Can you not do anything from there? Trui continues, Tall One. Listen to what she says:

"You should fold your hands, Cris. I am telling you, it is a shame how the

boys have to work. Think about it, Cris. Who would want to marry a woman now with seven children? Otto's Hendrik will do it! And Otto said himself: Hendrik is a good man. A bit shy, but we have nothing to say, Crisje."

Crisje listens, but it strikes her heart. She is faced with her sister and can now give in to it. Trui is right. The worries are rising alarmingly. The misery is reaching her lips. Troubles are closing her throat. She can no longer sleep from it. Even if she works herself to the grave, it will not help, it is and will remain too little.

Trui now undermines the life source of Crisje. She is holding on, the mighty foundations of her Tall One, Crisje, and Jeus, go into a social ditch. It is even worse than a bite from a poisonous insect, something can be done about that, and it can be cured, but not this. This is worse than the most terrible illness, it is a spiritual animal, and that animal does not eat at your heart, but at your soul and happiness! And that is terrible! It is just like cancer in your body, you have to be destroyed! Trui knows exactly which foundations must go first. She starts by biting off little crumbs, but they will soon be bits and pieces. She sees, she knows where she has to start. Trui descends into Crisje's heart and shakes everything up. Jeus is standing there like a pillar and that thing must also be destroyed. She will cut out that thing's eyes so that it cannot see anything. Only then can she work, and that brat will no longer be in her way. Crisje did not think that her sister could think so sharply, now she knows! Now that Crisje hears that Trui can think well, Trui is already half way across this little river. Human moaning means nothing to Trui. And when she involves love, Crisje is standing nodding. She now loses her balance and goes into that big ditch, head first.

Trui talks more than she works. She is standing in front of Crisje and is talking nine to the dozen. She has a bit of a sage in her and she knows how to reach her sister's heart.

"It is true, Cris", she says, "it is the boys! But boys must adjust. It is true, Cris, I know, you and Jeus", now Crisje gets the axe, "are too close to each other. I can imagine that, Cris. I have said differently, but a person can learn. I must admit, Cris."

In a calm fashion and then further, Trui demolishes the love of Crisje and Jeus! Slowly but surely, but more consciously than yesterday, Trui aims for her goal. Trui burns her poison into Crisje. And then a mask falls at Crisje's feet, so horrible and mean, that she becomes ill from it, when Trui says to her:

"You, Cris, have received a love, that no one in this world can feel."

Now what will come, Crisje, will turn your heart and can truly be the coup de grâce. Trui continues: "Do you want to let Jeus die, Cris?"

Crisje gets a fright. No, that may not happen, Trui is right, but Trui has

more.

“Do you want to eat from the boys, Cris? Can you approve as a mother that Jeus works himself to the grave for you? Do you want to continue to watch that, Cris?”... Trui continues and now murders a living heart, “that he works until he drops? My God, Cris, how can you approve of that? Where is your sense, Cris? Can you no longer think then? Do you not know, Cris, that you live through the blood of your children? And is that allowed, Cris? Can Our Lord approve of that? They are sins, aren’t they, Cris?! And what would your Hendrik say to it? Can you justify it, Cris?”

The charge has been made. Crisje is dumbfounded, her heart is in shock, her lips are already trembling, her circulation increases, and she almost faints, but still controls herself. It strikes home, Trui! It is beautiful work. You will make it. I must say, you know how to hurt a person. You know what your sister worries about the most, you have thought it over carefully, Trui, but is that the intention? Children are working until they drop for the mother. Trui, that is ancient history, but what are you doing now between this love? Why do you not just marry Otto and leave your Crisje and Jeus alone? There is a devil in you, Trui, a dirty rotter; it is a filthy cad! Good gracious, this is very bad, Trui. If the world knew this about you, then you would be burned at the stake. And you will have earned it, Trui! This is such a mean thing, such a dirty thing, that you cannot find any words to illustrate your horrific character. You are now going over dead bodies, Trui!

Trui looks down triumphantly at her sister. Crisje feels beaten to a pulp! Trui now uses live ammunition, no human heart can protect itself against this. Just see through it, Crisje. You believe each person and you do not now believe that a person can think so rotten, so mean. Trui is right, isn’t she? Our Lord cannot approve that you exploit your children. Or you abuse your boys. Trui places herself between your Hendrik, your Jeus, and now achieved what she wanted to achieve. Trui continues:

“What a good life you had, Cris. I can imagine what you feel. I knew Hendrik as well and Hendrik would”, and now another thrust, such a calculated explosion, it is a pain with poison for Crisje’s heart, “not let Jeus be destroyed. He would not have approved that he would slave like that. Even if he would get out of it what he could, Cris, Hendrik would not have approved of that, would he?” Now Crisje reacts immediately when she says:

“Oh, no, Trui, that is true! Hendrik would never have done that. He worked himself until he dropped.”

Crisje does not yet give in, but Trui is right. Trui continues, but there is also someone in Emmerik who continues and who works until he drops for Crisje and his boys and does that from pure, selfless love! With a sense of duty which is universal! Jeus kills himself working for that, it concerns

his mother, his father, his children, the Tall One's household. Jeus does not know that at home his love is being poisoned, for which he would die, would give all his blood, because this is happiness, everything for which you live and do for Our Lord! He does not know that his love is under a devil's fire, and his love and his children are in great danger. He has to work and has many other things to do. Aunt Trui continues:

"Do you want to go to charity soon, Cris? Can we do that to our father and mother? Is that not shameful? Did you not think of that, Cris?"

Crisje replies: "Of course not, Trui, that is the last thing that we may do to our family, you are right."

"Children, Cris", Trui says and finishes this piece of work, "have no say in this now. It is you yourself!"

Trui perceives that she gives into everything. Crisje will think about it. However, this is the proof that she has Crisje irrevocably under her influence, or Crisje would definitely have reacted differently. Then it would be called: no! 'No, Trui!' But that willpower has been beaten to smithereens, like a mighty foundation, there is nothing left any more. Every day there is now one for Trui. Crisje feels the thumbscrews being turned by her sister. Trui does not want that, but Crisje undergoes her torture. She is concerned with something completely different and that has to do with Our Lord. It is the very highest for a person, the only living part of this life and the life hereafter, of which she was able to learn some laws and universes through Jeus, but as a result of which all life has received its own existence. It is the pure love of Jeus, and do the children have nothing to say now? Trui, it concerns precisely the love of a child, the love of Jeus for Crisje; must that be destroyed?

The contract must end! Mother will be happy, Teun and Miets as well, when they now hear that he has broken every contract. The boys are annoyed, but he has nothing to do with them. They call him all kinds of names; they do not dare to hit him. He knows one thing; the boss is behind him. But the master servant cannot do anything for him and then it happened, it is a pity, a half-pfennig was taken off, and there was immediately no fun in it, he had not counted on that blow!

"Is there no other work for me, boss?"

"Of course, my dear boy, we need one for the 'Fennel Honey'. That is something completely different. You can earn more money. I will do my best for you, my dear boy."

At home, they now hear that he has beaten everything. "Yes, mother, I have made it. They must say there that I can think. I beat all the contracts. And now I am going to work in the 'fennel honey' and I can earn more, mother. Then there will soon be no more worries. And I can drink as much

as I like there and I will no longer be sick either.”

It is this great love, which is standing opposite Trui. Crisje absorbs her love, of course, and she has always done that. From the moment that Tall Hendrik passed over, everything. And Trui wants to murder that love. On the day she gets to experience another love. Trui’s love is standing opposite that of Our Lord. Does your cup of coffee still taste good, Crisje? How does this talk of Jeus sound?

“If I consider everything well, mother, then I will also beat the contract there. Those boys cannot think, mother. But I got that from father. Father was exactly the same as I am now, is that not the case, mother?” Now he shakes up the foundations already laid by Trui. Nothing else remains of what Trui piled up. He beats left and right, hits Trui’s head against a piece of stone as well and Crisje feels from it that her heart is beating a bit more calmly. Jeus, but my Jeus! But he has not yet finished, Crisje, just listen:

“Father only thought about us, mother. Did you think that I had already forgotten how it used to be? Did you think that I did not think of the time when you and father used to sit and enjoy your coffee so much in the morning and discussed everything together? I can still see father going about the kitchen, mother. However, he has never left here. Did you not think that also, mother?”

Well, Trui? How do you look? Can you still pull off this fight? And now this? “But how good father was, mother, for you and for all of us. I can never forget father, and I myself will work until I drop. Good gracious, we will soon have pigs in the sty again. We will pay the land lease and have plenty of money for other things. And I will work hard for that, mother.”

Is it not the case, Crisje? What Trui built up for herself today, he demolishes in the evening, when he has a nice talk with you. Have you nothing to say, Crisje? It is a hard fight, she feels. One life does it consciously; the other does it unconsciously, but out of love. It is the devil against God, love against hate, destruction against construction. You would succumb to it, but that will not happen either. It is mortal thoughts and feelings against the emotional and is significant to soul and spirit. This no longer concerns food and drink, but Divine matters! Is it such a wonder that Crisje can no longer sleep? And that she prays to the extreme? But Hendrik! But Our Lord! Do you hear Jeus talking, Tall One? Did you hear Trui, Tall One? What does Our Lord say about it? Crisje will have to go to the poor relief, Tall One, which would make you tremble and shake. What should she do? I will think about it, Hendrik. I will talk to Father about it, Hendrik!

Jeus is working with the fennel honey. Here he has to fill bottles of honey, put lids and label them, something completely different than with the liquorice. You will no longer get a runny nose. Then you would be stupid. You will

be the picture of health here. Honey is a drink for everyone, for young and old, and thanks to that nice stuff, you earn good money here. Jeus is sitting amongst thousands of litres of this tasty stuff. He first wants to get to know everything. He will see what the three other boys do and follow their actions. He is given a big table where he can start. Jeus hears that no one can do better than the boy over there, who is sixteen years old, like Albert was. He could hit himself on the head that he is not older; then he would be able to earn more. However, the labour acts call him to a halt everywhere, Crisje. Fourteen marks is a good deal to me, and he can make that here. Now calculate how many bottles that lad can manage in a week. The master servant says: "Begin with five hundred. That is a tremendous amount of work. And then speed up production. Earn money for your mother. Very good. I like that!"

"Yes, boss", he comes out with. He feels that man is on his side. He can already speak a little German, when he says: "Yes, boss, I think the same."

Well done, Jeus, it is going well. That man has never seen such dedication before. He will give him a chance, but yes, he will not break the contract as quickly here. Here life places other demands on him. A bottle is handled by him at least ten times. You have to fiddle about until you can no longer see, Jeus, if you want to exceed the contract, and then? However, that will still come. In any case, Jeus, you learn to think here! This is a great challenge for you. Now your machine can operate, such as the thing has never worked before and which Jan Lemmekus knows all about, Anneke and Mina as well. They hear all about him, now and again, there is some spare time to talk to Jan.

The clean bottles are lying in a basket and they have to be filled with this nice honey. This is something, mother, he thinks, for stomach-ache, mucous membranes, of course also for the whooping cough, for measles and the plague, for gout and lumps on the head. But, that is no longer possible, he must think about the work. If he does not finish this week, then nothing can happen to him, he will get his wage here like he earned in the liquorice in the contract. If he exceeds this, then that money is for mother.

He thinks, I will just fill a thousand, after all. He will begin: First filling, then the corks, afterwards the labels. That filling is nice work which you can sit and do, and now think about nothing else. Human gossip only disturbs you. It is going well, see for yourself, he is as fast as the wind. His machine is working as fast as lightning, like a raging wind, but everything is screaming inside, not a single nerve is not involved. The belts are tensed again; the machine is excellent, Jeus! Everything is an art, he sees, it is speed, but you have to act consciously.

In one day he wants to fill a thousand bottles, cork them another day and label them another day ... Oh, that is not possible! Then he will not have

enough time; therefore, will he not make it to a thousand? Now first he must decide on how to sit, because that strange lad there swirls on his backside, and it is clear if you sit on it stiffly then you will be too stiff and that is a loss. But you can do it like that. Just like with the pullers and the pitchers; he now knows even better why all those men sat swirling on their chairs, that is now clear to him as well.

“Oh”, he utters, now that he has felt the boy there, is that the case? Is that why you can fill so many bottles in a short time? Then I will catch up with you, for I can think. He is now faced with a pile of actions and they will now be balanced out again. He can now give himself completely, no one disturbs him in this work. He is sitting there in front of a barrel with bottles, and fills them. What he would not have thought of now, is immediately next to him and he hears it said:

“Of course, Jeus, I have not come here to disturb you, to keep you from your work, that goes without saying. Nevertheless, I thought, let me just pay him a visit. I was in the neighbourhood anyway, wasn't I? And in addition to this, Jeus, I can admire intensive work.”

“Good grief, Casje, how could you find me here?”

“You should know that by now, Jeus. After all, I can see through the whole world. Wherever you are, I can find you.”

“I realize that, Casje. Are you pleased that I took off from there?”

“Of course, Jeus, it is better here for you.”

“But you really have to work like crazy here, Casje.”

“I already saw that, Jeus. But what that one there does, you can do as well.”

“Do you already realize that, Casje? I'll teach him something.”

“I know, Jeus.”

“Where were you all that time? Do you not have anything else to do, Casje?”

“I rummage about a bit, Jeus. I am really everywhere.”

“But that is not good, is it? Mother always said and mother is right about that, a person has to have something to do. Then you cannot get any bad thoughts, Casje. If people have nothing to do, do you not know that, they start playing rotten tricks! Then bad thoughts reach your life on their own. And you must know that, anyway!”

Well, well, Casje, you can make do with that. Casje says to him: “Of course, Jeus, I can imagine that. I cannot contradict your mother. But, listen, I have plenty to do.”

“Then I take back my words, Casje. Would you not like a taste of fennel honey from me? Would you not like to enjoy that tasty stuff, Casje? The boss is not here now, anyway. That is good for everything, I can personally recommend it to you. Have you never had whooping cough, then? This stuff

will dissolves the mucus. Don't you suffer from congestion, Casje? But you go out in all weathers like myself?"

"I would like some, Jeus. But I don't really feel like any just now, and I am rid of the whooping cough."

"Then it is up to you. You are old and wise enough. Do you think, Casje, that I will make it?"

"Yes, you can do it. If you are able to think you can do anything."

"Then I think, Casje, that I will take a thousand bottles. But have you heard how Fanny is doing, my own Fanny?"

"He is doing well, Jeus."

"Does he still think of me?"

"Of course, he cannot forget you."

"Is he not walking about crying then, Casje?"

"No, do not worry. He knows just like you do what he has to do."

"Oh, then he is okay. Otherwise, I would have had something else to say to him. I have more than enough worries. Now you may talk to me for a little while longer, Casje. But that will be over in a few moments. I have to work."

"I already gathered that, Jeus. Otherwise, I would not have come either. I understand!"

"You see now, Casje, that is thinking! Other people rob you of your time, but they are gossips. And even if I say so myself, I like to hear talking. But I hate gossiping, Casje."

"I have already known that for some time, Jeus."

"I must see that I get those bottles filled as quickly as possible. I will take a thousand, Casje."

"I know that, Jeus. And you will know for yourself. You know what you can do, don't you? But it is a lot, that is a pile, as long as you know."

"I know that as well. But can you see what I have to do with them?"

"Yes, I also have eyes in my head, don't I? Those bottles have to pass through your hands at least seven times."

"What did you say, Casje? Then you know nothing about it. Those bottles pass through my hands at least ten times. This is work, of which you have no understanding. But I can understand that."

"Thank you, Jeus. That is understanding a person. I have to go home now. I won't keep you any longer."

"Thank you, Casje. You will certainly have a few things to do."

"Yes, of course."

"Greeting to José and my Fanny."

"I won't forget, Jeus."

"Mesjoer then, Casje."

"You haven't forgotten, have you?"

“No of course not. Wait a minute! I have to tell you something. I can tell you that you were proved right. That other Casje devoured seven bowls of soup. My God, I laughed until I cried about that Casje. He is completely mad, isn't he?” Silence ... that is a pity, he hadn't thought about it. Jeus has a fright. However, Casje saves him when he says:

“Did you get a fright, Jeus?”

“Yes, I got a shock. I should have given you a different name.”

“As long as you know, Jeus, that I am pleased with it. I would not want to do without this name any more.”

“My God, Casje, how happy you make me now.”

“I know, Jeus. But I know that other one, after all. And have you forgotten then what I said about him?”

“No, but then I am also pleased, as long as you know, and thank you.”

“My pleasure. But I am going now, or I will only keep you back.”

“That's good, Casje, because I have to take care of my household, you probably know that.”

“I know.”

“What did father say, Casje?”

“He can also thank you and he knows everything!”

“I will tell mother, Casje.”

“That is good, Jeus, but now mesjoer.”

“Mesjoer, Casje!”

He listens, but Casje leaves. He sees that Casje climbs out through the gate and disappears. Now he has to put in an effort, And the machine is working well. It is good of Casje that he came to pay him a visit. He knows exactly where you are. But that boy there, grabs five bottles in his hand at a time. And then they fill themselves. He must also learn that. The fingers just have to get used to it and then he slips them into the basket and the bottles will now roll between his fingers on their own. Immediately he puts them under the tap and fills them, do not be afraid that you will spill any because that is wasting time. He manages it, and it is going well, now carry on.

By four o'clock, he can start corking. A gain has been made, they say next to him. They had expected that he would not have filled the bottles until tomorrow. The master servant sees it. Finally another boy like that with spunk. He will beat the contract, you will see. He has sat here himself and knows the trade. It is a great fight. And Jeus needs money, but there are no worries now. He has made an honest confession and has also had communion. Crisje may be satisfied. He is now faced with sticking labels, the corking is already finished, and in one go, he throws a thousand labels on a shelf. They are wet underneath. It is here, whiz, whiz, and it is finished as well. Now sticking, two must be stuck on, one large one and a star. Just smooth them down, he

must get that down to a fine art as well, and then finished. He must hold that knife which he uses to lift the labels in a different way. Like that, and then immediately on the bottle, smooth it down with his palm and hey presto. That is all and now he has to speed the process up again. He feels he needs at least three weeks for this. They see it and know that that lad has brains. Adults have tried it and could not achieve it, at least break the contract, because he is heading that way and he will do everything for it, this will bring money into the house or into Crisje's china jug where they always keep the money. This week he can and must make do with his wage. Teun and Miets are already familiar with the fennel honey, they will not be sick now, and he will make sure there is liquorice as well. Then it is Sunday, a nice day for him. Now that Fanny is no longer here, he can play football.

However, the fennel honey is in the ball, and it is a bit sticky, so he is not playing as well as usual. His shot is weaker and he knows that it is due to the fennel honey. And those are not excuses, Crisje, it is the truth. His mind is not on it; worries follow him everywhere. Are you pleased, Crisje, that you were sent greetings from the Tall One? He would have been better to include a nice fat bone! A tasty one for the soup, but that isn't there; it is now a barren message for your life, isn't it? However, what can a person not experience, Crisje? A message like that from his guardian angel used to be worth millions. Now it is worth nothing! This is how strange life is, Crisje! In this way a person can also change. What you considered great for years, is not worth a thing now. Did you think, Crisje, that it would reach this stage? No, that is impossible, but now we are experiencing the sacred truth. You are thinking of nice round cheeks for Teun, Miets, Hendrik, Gerrit, and the oldest boys. However, Mientje Klarendaal cannot do that on her own, then her business would also collapse and you do not want that. But what do you want, Crisje? Hendrik Wageman will make sure there is nice soup. Trui knows it! Is that not something for you? Have you not yet reached a decision, Crisje? It is taking a long time. What are you cooking today? The boys now turn their noses up at what you have in the pot. At least Gerrit and Hendrik, the others know better, even if the youngest children do not yet understand that. Just look.

Can Our Lord not make sure there is a juicy bone, Crisje? A fat one, with everything in it, which the butchers sell immediately, and you have to order beforehand? Then you have to know whether you have the money. And it isn't there. Now you cannot make a calculation beforehand. Everything is hanging here in space and it is completely empty! You do not see your Tall One? Our Lord now seems deaf and blind. Your prayers are not answered. Father avoids the subject. That is no use to you either. Only Trui appears to know, but you have to think about that first. Is it not taking too long, Crisje?

On Monday, Jeus starts at full power. He is quicker than on Saturday, his

thoughts have helped him. It is strange, but he sees it, it is now working of its own accord. The faults have to be eliminated. His way of sitting is now perfect. Even his breathing is part of it. If it is not pure, it thumps inside, and then his fingers do not work. He continues in this way, sends himself towards the contract, and will conquer it. Here as well and then what? Two weeks later he takes fifteen hundred for his account and he manages that as well. The master servant is dizzy from it. The contract will be destroyed, that is for him then, he cannot earn another cent more, and it is the highest for the fennel honey. During the first few weeks, litres of fennel honey landed on the ground. Now not one drop at all and that means something, after all. Crisje gets to hear:

“Just look, mother, what I earned this week for you!” He places thirteen marks on the table, almost the wages of a man of twenty years old. “Are you pleased, mother?”

Now Crisje starts to cross him. Which never happened before, Jeus now has to swallow. For Crisje now talks at odds with his inspiration, which is fatal, and worse than the plague. He already hears:

“Of course, Jeus, I am pleased, but you must not do that. You may not kill yourself working.”

He laughs, his machine is tickling from happiness and Crisje hears: “I would gladly kill myself working for you, mother. That is the nicest thing there is, I would do anything for you.”

He now gets to hear that Crisje is afraid, that he is taking care of her. Crisje now burrows into his life. But, aunt Trui is behind these utterances. The human cheating has now started. Trui's adder lives behind Crisje's concern. It is a dangerous one. This is not real, Crisje! My God, what a mean one this is! It is bad! This is love with the stench of a corpse. All life has drained away; Crisje helps aunt Trui.

It is like:did I say that? Was I supposed to have said it like that? Then I thought something completely different. You did not understand me. Oh, no ... you just thought that. That was not the intention. You will never leave us, will you? But tomorrow you will be out on the street with everything, which used to be so precious to you. Nice things end up in the stove. Works of art no longer mean anything. And Crisje, what was I talking about? This love will also be out on the street! And are you doing that, Crisje? Good heavens, Crisje, no one believes that. Did you think that of yourself? Could you ever have imagined that life would hit you like this? That life would confront you with such problems? Things happen here, Crisje, which are outrageous. What must the angels think of it, Crisje? This is what people are really like! When you have to make an extreme effort, a person has to show what he wants or can do; the whole lot inside succumbs. But Jeus is not like that!

The master servant follows him. The best boys must get a chance here, who do as much work as three others put together and are still not able to earn any higher amount, because of the labour acts. Then there will be misery. And it is a pity. You should just see that boy work. You can hear him think. He is heading towards the contract and will beat it. You will see.

Once again Crisje hears how much he has earned for her. She does not want him to work hard like that, but he laughs at her words. It is true, she knows that, it is the nicest thing in life. A person is then so sure. A person with an obligation, she just thinks of her Tall One, is something special and you will never suffer poverty with it. You feel cared for in this way. Jeus must not work so hard. He must leave the church for what it is, and he gets to hear such nonsense from his Crisje. What used to be the highest for Crisje and meant – how is it possible? – is gently broken down and humanly devitalized! The inspiration has to be destroyed! The inspiration must now die! That has become something completely different. That no longer means anything, because that is what Crisje is aiming for! Moreover, it is aunt Trui who is behind her life, who hits her life inspiringly and who digs a hole for Jeus. Is that boy not yet falling? However, Jeus continually smashes her words to smithereens. It shows now that Crisje has not yet reached a decision, or she would have reacted differently. And then aunt Trui's power is broken for a moment and the sacred light shines again over their household, their bond and pure love, which is now being sullied by Trui. Is a fight just being fought here for life or death? Death is on top of it and that is the Tall One! When Crisje gets to hear:

“Did you think, mother, that I no longer know that you have worries? And did you think, mother, that I did not know how you have worked yourself to the bone for us?” Crisje is of course back on his side and Trui can tell her more. Be off, aunt Trui! Just tell your nonsense to Otto, tell it to someone else, but leave these two children of Our Lord alone. Trui cannot really compete, but her words are hung and, with all her intensive inspiration for the wrong things, she must now prove for once what she can do, this life has an endless supply of love. However, Trui's injections still work infallibly, because Trui has help from many people, while Jeus fights alone. Jeus also says:

“I promised father, mother, that I would take care of you and I want to keep that promise!” You see, Crisje, this is men's talk. When Jeus continues:

“I am not a gossip, mother, what I say, I wish to do as well! You can count on me!”... she can know and be happy. But, Jeus, what are you actually fighting for? It is bad! Which of these two people will win, one of whom, is still a child? The inevitable will happen, anyway. And it will not be swayed, not inspired or prayed for, even if you go to communion every morning, Crisje, it will not help you. Jeus is faced with a force majeure: he is faced with three

people, in addition with poverty: charity, broken clogs, a piece of clothing, a pig in the pen, the terrible land lease, the rent for the house, food and drink. What can this life possibly do? A child is fighting against a pile of humanity of the most sorrowful kind there is, and which gives you lice as well! You cannot really buy a piece of soap, that costs money as well. When you see those lice creeping on the children's heads, moreover, you cannot give them everything you would want to, because they have sent the profits to the Grim Reaper, that rotter came and fetched the Tall One, but above all the peace, the harmony, the human paradise. What are you living for, actually? Life is a muddy pit; a bunch of wild people are right, and they have inherited happiness, however, decent people sink, and as if that wasn't enough, the only good thing, as a result of which you can now live, must also be destroyed, and Trui is making sure of that. Or is that perhaps protection and should Crisje accept that she must bury her inner life? But Jeus is falling apart, most certainly; he will go under!

Two months later, they trudge along nicely, thank God, through the winter, that time is the worst for everyone, and he has broken the contract again. It is now no longer possible to go higher, but still he has to. He is not stupid, because it is the worries, after all! The household gobbles up the money; it is the debts, of course. In the years that the Tall One has been gone, they had to eat, didn't they? And Theet across the road gives Crisje everything, but Theet Egging also has to make a living or his grocers' shop will go to the dogs. Here and there, that also goes without saying, Crisje had to buy on credit. But that is really awful, it is just like someone is chasing you with a knife and will also stab at any moment, that has been like that for years now; no, since the Tall One passed away. It is in your throat, your heart thumps at night because of it, you can no longer sleep, and your blood has stopped flowing. Then suddenly it starts flowing again. People look at you and that is the worst thing. It is just like, even if they know nothing, they are holding up notes before your eyes, as if they will get that money from you. How do you wish to pay for your coffee? You are probably in a lot of debt with that. Is that not the case? They do not even dare to ask Crisje that, on the contrary, everyone wishes to give her something, but that also eats at your heart, and is nothing for Crisje's nature and character. Now you can give in to it and you have to hear from all sides how good those people are to you, after all. No, the Tall One also had the same character. Neither of them ever considered buying on credit, anywhere. That was okay for disbelieving souls, for people who have to do with 'behind the hills', where the poorest people live, and have found a roof over their heads, but where it is terrible chaos! In this area, you keep your pride! Even if you are only a workman, you have to look after yourself for society's sake. Not only from the outside, but especially from the inside.

No, a thousand times no, you cannot give anything to Crisje. She knows life and her own folk. Where she got this from, she does not know. Of course, Our Lord, but it belongs to the spiritual nobility.

You could put a crown on Crisje's head just like that, even if she wears clogs. Now she is a spiritual queen! She has never even lied! Never ever, that is impossible! You can never go to her to talk ill of a person, because you will get a hiding yourself! You cannot destroy people, people have something else, and one sin is not complete rottenness! You could write volumes about Crisje, but then you would still not have analyzed her unbelievable character, the goodness in this soul runs so deep! And that, how is it possible, now talks in a different direction to Jeus. This is therefore the worst thing there is and which now reveals itself, about which you know today and can say, it is okay like this, but tomorrow there will be something else. Even if Theet Egging says: 'Crisje, if I have food, you also have food, we owe that to the Tall One for his singing, in the evenings at the door with the boys.' That good old Theet ... but that doesn't help! Things are coming to a standstill, Jeus, even if you are earning more and more, the lice continue to affect providence, and there is no soap made for that. It is a pity, but these are the facts!

Bernard also tries all kinds of things. Is there any money to be earned in the neighbourhood? Can Bernard not make some pairs of trousers, because he can already do that. No, the mothers do that themselves and save money. And Johan cannot work any harder, he is now working behind a butter machine and it is very heavy work, but you are now earning something. Still Johan, it does not help, even if you do everything, there are eight mouths which ask for food and drink. Every day, every hour, one gap has been filled with a few frills and another deeper gap opens, and you are faced with an avalanche of worries. But what do you want, children? No, good Theet, I will no longer buy on credit, that will bother me. I will succumb under that burden!

However, Jeus has forced Trui to put her marriage to Otto off for a while. It is a small gain, a halt as well for a while, but Trui is now thinking about very different matters. If it is not possible to do it like this, then it will be done in a different way. Otto will not put up with it any longer, people are already talking about him being at the Grintweg so much and that must be avoided. Does Otto know about her nonsense? Of course not. Nevertheless, Trui has now worked out her chances. She has made it nicely through the winter; she is already getting her nice things from Otto, she cannot do it any differently any more and that is her own business. However, there is also the gossip! Trui could not sleep because of it, but that was only just for a little while, she put her shoulders under that heavy burden and threw it from the top of the Grintweg, she took it as it were to the 'Hut of Sint van

Tie'n', there, where that man lies, who took his own life, because that life stank, and that of people also. How is it possible? Trui also gave her inside a hiding. As if Jeus could take a decision for his work, Trui could do the same thing. Then that misery went overboard. People's gossiping now no longer hurts her! Whether her departed Gradus inspired her in this, no one knows, but Trui sees everything differently now. That lot next door must just decide for themselves, she will get married! Now that Father has already promised her his blessing, it happens! And what do the poor souls here wish to begin? Her head is held high. She walks along her own Grintweg – or is that not the case; does the Grintweg not also belong to her? – as if she now challenges everyone to say something. And she now sees, that this is the best thing, for everyone in this life it must be the most natural foundation, because now the inner life acts and proves what it wants and no one else has anything to do with it. However, now and again, Trui has a fallback and then she has to talk to her Otto, also to the neighbours, but they, if they wish to know, can drop dead! Next door to her a human storm breaks out. She knows it! Trui sees it! Trui could certainly help Crisje with something, but she does not do it! Crisje will bow her head.

Now Trui is playing cat and mouse, but she is the cat in heat, the calculating brute, the false character, and her leering instinct, with the additional affection, which Crisje gets every day. How is it possible. Trui, but you are getting help and you know that, don't you? That has been there for so long. Trui makes the ship strand. Trui knows that Crisje's fishing rod is broken! Trui already sees it, soon it will be okay, why must she exhaust herself? That talk of her Tall One, Crisje's happiness, is her little mouse, her trap as well, and it is obviously the piece of bacon for Crisje, but that bacon is called Hendrik Wageman, Otto's brother! Are the debts not all over the Grintweg? Trui is furious because people excuse everything about Crisje. Her business is talked about in the street, Crisje is given support, she could no longer fight against it, and it became the improbable gain for Jeus. It is unlikely and has nothing to do with little providences, because Trui knows people are being trampled there. Soon a soul will come to her and will say: "Trui, I am getting married to Hendrik Wageman, just let him come!"

This is not politics, nor learning either, but completely obvious. Crisje must be destroyed and will succumb! She, Trui, must just adjust her sails, but she is sailing on another compass and with Crisje's steam. And that steam is called hunger, the land lease, and human misery. It is easy for Trui to talk, there is coffee, food, and drink, she already gets it delivered, canaries have also come. Now the last step as well.

"Can I not earn any more then, master", Jeus asks in Emmerik. "No, my dear young man! No!"

“I have done my best, master”, he also says.

“No!” he hears and that sounds harsh, but there is nothing to be done about it, Jeus, you cannot go any higher. Jeus continues with:

“That’s a pity, master, good gracious, what a pity it is.” Your heart runs over from it, but the master servant says: “Unfortunately, I have probably not everything to say, my dear boy,” and Jeus can bow his strong head to it, Crisje!

He does not do it at once. You cannot know, but the reply is:

“Of course, that is all true. But it is not possible, it’s a shame!”

‘A shame’... he thinks ... ‘a shame? ... We call that a pity, good gracious.’ But the krauts do not know that and they would like to. But they don’t have to have everything.

Jeus cannot go any higher; this is the end. He has also broken the contract here, Crisje, it is sorrowful. “I am still too young for there, mother” ... Crisje hears when he comes home. “They do not want to give me any more. If only I could beat myself older, mother, then I would have done that long ago!”

Well, Crisje? What do you have to say now? What does he put up against aunt Trui’s nonsense? Jeus puts in his blood for you; Trui puts in destruction. However, if he kills himself working or works until he drops, you cannot go any further. Even if aunt Trui tries everything, it really has nothing to do with your own situation, the misery which you now see and have to accept, flows between you like muddy waters and you will also fall in! However, Jeus’ love is boundless, is supernatural. What is pain, Crisje? How will you experience that? Jeus feels it, because he has to swallow his powerlessness. You would be mortally ashamed if you had to sully this love, and you had to renounce your words, it would mean his downfall, his bleeding to death.

There is no fun in it now anymore! The fennel honey also means nothing. He can now do this work with his eyes closed but it does not give him any satisfaction. Is there nothing else to do here? There is always the ink. But you will be destroyed there, Jeus. The stench there is worse than in the combing area, it is horrible there, cold and sorrowful. You are covered day and night in that dirty ink and your mother will kill herself with washing in order to get those colours out of your clothes, that stuff is so stubborn. And yet? Can you earn more there, master? However, the master servant is not in favour of it. He tells him how dirty it is there. He understands Jeus, the man has started to appreciate his sense of obligation, it is faith, hope, and love. He knows all about Jeus. He knows his father and mother and the pathetic remainder. But it is a mess there. The ink is nothing for Jeus. You can earn a bit more then, but think about it before you start there. You would sell your life in order to earn three marks more, but people do not even want your life. It is a dirty mess!

Three weeks later Jeus is in the ink. The master servant gave in. Now he is sitting in between that stench and is working. It is a dirty mess, and he has already had to accept that the first five minutes. You have to use ten kilos of soap to get your hands clean and for your very own smock. Crisje has a terrible job with this mess and can no longer understand it. Why did he not stay with the fennel honey? He has not been so sorrowful for a good while. He cannot get his seating position right here. His fingers are lifeless and his brain no longer works. He lashes out, but that does not help either. Life is rotten; life is a dirty cesspool. Those colours do not mean a thing to him, that dirty green and red ink can get the 'doodles'. You have nothing to put in your mouth here, and he does not get any liquorice from the other boys, life is at a dead point. One foot wrong and you are dumbfounded. He swears every minute. If you hear him complaining you walk away from him, and they cannot get through to him at home. Everything is miserable! You are annoyed to death, but it does not help you. In this situation, he suddenly hears:

"You are a fine one, Jeus. You go from health to misery. How did you get that into your head, Jeus? You are coughing yourself to death."

"Good day, Casje."

"Good day, Jeus."

"That is true, Casje. I have gone completely mad. You are right. But if you have troubles, you will do anything. Do you know of something else for me then?"

"Of course, Jeus. There are plenty of factories here. More than this mud here. I do not understand that you let yourself be put in the ink."

"I wanted it myself, Casje."

"If I were you, Jeus, then I would look out for something else."

"Good gracious, that's a good one, Casje, that I didn't think of that."

"I would think so too. This is nothing for you. Nothing! This is a mess, Jeus, it is a dirty mess!"

"I already know, Casje. But working over there with the fennel honey was not much good either. I drunk at least a litre every day, but when I put my nose out the door, I had a cold as well."

Jeus hears Casje laughing, he asks: "Is that really a laughing matter, Casje?"

"Would you prefer me to cry about it? It's really something. Litres of that stuff and still a cold."

"You are right, Casje. I have to laugh about it myself now. They drink all they can of that stuff and they kid people that you will no longer be sick, but I know that dirty lot. I know a thing or two about it. People are being cheated, Casje. You will die from it, as long as you know! But I must honestly say, it helped me through the winter. Perhaps I would have been very sick,

what do you think?"

"Of course, there must be something in it for a cough. But if I were you, then I would get out of here as quickly as possible, Jeus."

"Of course, Casje. I will look out for something else."

"And now don't swear so much any more, will you?"

"Do you know about that?"

"I know that, you just believe me."

"Thank you, Casje."

"My pleasure, see you later."

Mesjoer, Casje."

"Mesjoer, all the best."

Casje has disappeared. Jeus quickly finds something else; he is now going to the chocolate factory. How good life is. Eating nice chocolate, as much as you like. He does not understand that he didn't think of that. Crisje gets to hear his inspirations of course and the children now get something else. Pinching is dangerous, but he does not do that. On Monday morning, he is standing in front of a big table wrapping chocolate. After half an hour, he starts to feel sick. Five minutes later the following scene and three seconds later he is lying staring. They all had to accept that here and it is finished for eternity, he can no longer look at that junk. He cannot stand any food for weeks, but Crisje still sends food, but he cannot even bear to think about it. Around three o'clock he knows all about his trade, and the dangerous part as well. He now knows what the best way is to take chocolate home. Something for the children, after all, who never get anything nice. And there are cart-loads of it here, too much for a few people in this world. However, they will kick you out on the street, if they catch you here. Crisje prays that that terrible stealing will not overcome him, and that he may be protected against those devils, it is the daily prayer to Our Lord, but that does not help either.

Isn't that something, Jeus? It is possible to try. There are those here who already have a small shop for themselves at home, built up from the boss' chocolate. 'I have been doing it for so long, but they will not catch me.' You can also hide some in the flask. Now and again, they look in the food flasks, but that is only every once in a while. They examine about ten of them thoroughly; the rest get through. However, everyone pinches, everyone has children, true or not, and they have plenty here. Oh, Crisje, where will that ship strand? If you wish to count on Johan and Jeus, then you will soon be faced with an uncertainty, which will inspire you and force you into another decision. If you should think, we would probably manage after all, you are off the mark. Life is tempting, life continually has something else for you, and then you have to take that into account again, and it goes to your own head.

Three weeks later they also have Jeus. Just take your clothes off there,

young man, we want to know whether you steal as well. How is it possible, this is just the time that he has chanced it again. A half a pound of good chocolate for his children now and again is fine, but this time it isn't. "Master, oh, my Master, I am so sorry. Is there no pardon then, Master? I will never do it again, never ever! I am so sorry, master."

"What did you say? Sorry? You are sorry? Is that not pitiful? My dear boy, leave here, get out of here, and quickly. Get out, I say!"

He clings to his master servant, he cries like he has never cried in his life, but it does not help him a bit. Can sir not forgive him then? Our Lord forgives everything, after all, doesn't He? And then he hears:

"But what has Our Lord got to do with it? Get out, I say, and quickly. Out of my sight, get out of here!"

Is there nothing in his papers then? And then he can be happy, there isn't, but he must see that he leaves quickly. Or the police will come as well. Then the gate slams shut behind him, and he is out on the street without a cent. In the middle of the week, it is Wednesday, not a cent. Out of it, he is standing there naked. Those three days are gone. However, he will not give in. He has heard that they also need boys at the butter factory. He goes to Van Rossum as fast as he can, and yes, he can start tomorrow. The same wage as there. But my three days, mother? It is a big hole! He smells a terrible stench. The misery links him to something else. What is the matter? Yes, Jees, that is because you peed your trousers out of fear. That on top of everything, now just see that you get home and tell everything to Crisje, it is not possible to get out of this.

Life is rotten. Before you know it, you will be in prison. He is bad-tempered, swearing to himself, about rotten life. He can now walk the streets, the tram is already in Holland. And the next one leaves at ten o'clock. Then he will be home ten days earlier. Then just walk, through the woods, that is a bit shorter and then no one will see him. He almost went to prison. Never ever, steal again! I will never do that again! Never ever! Believe it! Why did that man not believe him? Those dirty krauts! They got him in a bad way. Nevertheless, he has a new job. Even if he misses ... good heavens, that is a lot. What will mother say? Three days gone. Three days worth of money lost. Crisje, what do you want, and what will you do? Did you think that you could count on the boys? Then you are completely off the mark, Crisje, that is not possible! Now Jees must go to confession. And the priest can laugh at his pranks. However, mother has the worries and that is terrible. I will never do it again, never ever; he is crying to himself and gives himself a good scolding. Suddenly there is someone else who has to go to 's-Heerenberg and he hears:

"So, Jees, are you scolding yourself so much? I must say, you have got it

badly. But they also got you, Jeus.”

“That is your fault, get lost. If you had not come to me, then I would still be in the ink now.”

Casje spits back at him: “What are you trying to tell me now? Are you trying to say to me, that your misfortune is my fault?”

“Yes, I left there because of you.”

“No, you would like that, wouldn’t you? You should not have pinched things.”

He thinks. Casje is right. He cannot get out of it now. “I did it for Miets and Teun, Casje.”

“Do you really mean that?”

“Of course, I could eat as much as I wanted there. But I can no longer stand that dirty stuff anymore. I know how they make it, Casje. Now it would make me sick.”

“I can understand that, Jeus, but it was tasty as well. You have become fat from it.”

He feels his face and must admit; the time there was not so bad after all. Casje hears:

“I will now go to the butter factory, Casje. That is something completely different.”

“I know, but you are just kidding yourself, aren’t you? And what will your mother say now? Did you not think about that for a moment? They threw you out, after all. And without a cent, am I right, or not?”

“Yes, Casje, that is true.”

“And now you must also confess it.”

“I have already finished with that, but mother is a different story altogether.”

“What will you say to Father then, Jeus?”

“I will say nothing to him, Casje, nothing. I will go to that Other One, above here, as long as you know.”

“So, is that the case. Yes, you could do that; it is your own business, after all.

You must see that you get out of it again, mustn’t you? I am going home. Mesjoer!”

Casje does not hear anything, his ‘mesjoer’ gets stuck in his throat. There are so many worries. Tears are shed at home. Crisje gets a fright, she squirms inside, but Jeus does not hear that. No, you cannot work it out. When you think that you have got it, you are not yet there anyway and everything goes backwards again. She is unable to see it any other way. She does not say anything and that is bad for his life, complaining does not help. Even if she hears that he has to go to Van Rossem tomorrow, it does not help anything. She

cannot renounce her inner self, it is painful, difficult as well, and you have no words for it. And now think! Crisje shuffles on, the household overtakes her, it indicts her everywhere, it calls, it screams, it stinks, you become dizzy from it. No, life is nasty, it is not nice, and for Jeus there is more trouble. They can all get lost. He suffocates in that Kurt, also in that Albert, from everything, fennel honey is mud, chocolate is a dirty mess, and you must never eat that. You should not wish these people good things any more. Those people kick you onto the street for no reason. Are they people? Do they have a faith? Complaining does not help, Jeus, 'little man', 'my dear boy'. Nothing can be changed about it, but your mother knows it now!

Jeus, greetings from José. 'You can get stick!' Jeus, greetings from Casje. You can get lost. Jeus, greetings from Fanny! I do not want anything more to do with dogs! Then carry on!

At the butter factory, he is working at a machine, which makes pound packs of butter and he must wrap them along with eight other boys. Whiz, whiz, it goes again, but when the boss sees that he can do it fast, he comes at a table to help. He wraps the butter, another person shapes the butter, and another person weighs it. The good butter now passes through his hands, Crisje. If he does his best, he will get more money as well; it is the same wage he got from the liquorice, which he will now earn and he can now accept that he has not made progress. A pity, but what do you want, Jeus? The boy next to him says that he can buy a pound of butter. And he likes that. He has something to make up to Crisje. He will get one of the best brands, and a pound like that is heavier. They weigh it themselves, almost a pound and a half for the same price. He comes home the first day with his fine butter. Isn't that something, Crisje? Johan also brought home butter now and again, but not this kind. True or not, Johan? Johan tastes the butter and has to admit: yes, this is the best kind there is. Nice, but do not steal any more. He takes dry bread with him to Emmerik now, there is plenty of butter. He can go forwards again. The sun is shining a bit more brightly than yesterday evening for Crisje, the lump in his throat has at least disappeared. And Miets and Teun now get a nice bite to eat. This is also worth while and not just a little bit. Crisje hears:

"Mother, the angels do not even get this butter."

Johan, who was at Max Bömer and now works at De Bruin, knows all about it. However, what Crisje knew, but did not yet realize, was that Jeus has now discovered, Johan does the work of a strong man. Did you ever hear Johan say anything about it, Jeus? "Mother, can you understand that? I know now, Johan does the work there of a man!"

It is true. Johan works hard, but Crisje is not going to make it. Johan does not run from one boss to another, Johan has a good place there and has no

other aspirations; this is it and nothing else. There will also be enough for him to marry in the future. Now Jesu still has to swallow that he will come home with less. He will not get over it quickly, he is killing himself working here, but it takes longer than he thinks. There is no contract in place here; he is not so noticeable. Even if it goes with whiz, whiz, of course, it is good, but other boys are also very good at whizzing. ‘We will see in six months time, my dear boy!’

Isn’t that something? Can that man not give me more? He sees, that I want to slave away to death, doesn’t he? Life now comes to a standstill, life no longer absorbs, it has no inspiration any more, life is dead. You are hanging in life, you stumble through life, you have had enough of it, it is no longer nice now, and it is nothing! Jeus decides that for himself. Also at home, Crisje must decide for herself as well. And she can be trusted with that. She knows what she wants, she knows what she can do. Crisje prays day and night! Her prayers go somewhere and no one knows that. She thinks that the Tall One knows it, but that is not the main thing. Her soul cries day and night from the worries. She has not spoken a word to Father about it yet, but that will also come. All winter she was occupied with it, when she heard Tall Hendrik say:

“Cris, did you think that I was jealous? No! Then there also came from the Tall One: “I have other things on my mind, Cris!” It was then Crisje knew she must go over this for herself. And with Our Lord, of course! Then Father got to hear:

“Will you bless me and Hendrik, Father?”

“Of course, Crisje. This is serious. After all, I know how much you loved your Hendrik. As far as I’m concerned, I do not mind doing that, Crisje. This hole cannot be filled. Of course, you already have my blessing and Trui as well!” Crisje does it for the children. She cannot go forwards, or backwards, yet, she has to! However, she also goes a bit higher. And is now following Jeus’ path, but praying in the church. Of course, lying under Mary, Joseph, and Our Lord, Crisje follows the way of the cross. Once, twice, three times, four times, five times, six times and the sixteenth time, she heard it, the word came ...

Yes, Crisje. Only you can do it! Trui can’t. However, everything is different for Trui! Now she has to wait quietly. How is it possible? That poor Tall One. However, there is also Hendrik Wageman! You see he is already coming to the Grintweg. Come on, just call Crisje.

‘Mother, you are not for sale, are you?’

Unnoticed, really without knowing it, a week, a month and a year have passed and you have become older, probably a bit wiser too, because you can learn something every day if you want to, or life will stand still. Anyone who is healthy and can think, can fold his hands and be grateful, however, anyone who does not want that, will not get any other thoughts to experience either, none of what rises above human thoughts and feelings and is sometimes from Our Lord, which can, however, be a revelation for yourself.

People, who think about everything which life can give them to bear, are usually also prepared; those people do not fall into a human or social ditch just like that, these personalities watch out for themselves, are eternally careful as a result of which they protect themselves from the unknown life. Crisje is like that!

Her inner life reveals to her: Crisje, I cannot take you by surprise. I will not come at night either. You always look me straight in the eye, but millions of people do not do that and now have to deal with me. I cannot do anything about it now that they are stumbling, break their precious necks or have to go to hospital, that is in those people’s own hands, Crisje! But I always get the blame!

They curse me, Crisje, but tell me honestly, am I a beast? Am I unbearable? Of course, I give you things to bear, of course it is that. I want people to learn and be open to good things, but they flatly refuse!

You, Crisje, weigh things up, Trui as well, but she does it in her own way and that is Trui’s business, above me is Our Lord, you know that!

People healthy in mind and body sometimes look for the most misery. You see those people every day, they are careless with happiness. They shake happiness off themselves just like that, and they are merciless, these are the people who say today: I love you, thank you for everything, I can’t live without you, I need you so much and I am nothing without you, but tomorrow? Or perhaps the day after tomorrow and next year, for example? You are not like that!

Trui can sometimes make off-hand calculations, but Trui also does it carefully. Now she had to accept, after all, that she could not force Crisje to marry at the same time as her, she does it differently. Life also gives her many possibilities and Trui will use these in whatever way, but she does it and is certainly not blind or deaf, she does it a bit differently. Trui did not take any careless leap in the dark, she did not fall into a ditch either, Trui refused flatly to do that, and she leaves it to other people. She sits cheerfully behind the

curtains looking out, she follows the life that walks down the Grintweg, and she knows for herself, she also belongs to life and has the right to a human existence. Who will stop her reaching out to some happiness? No one can do that and women can tell her more.

Crisje's boys see the engagement has started. Aunt Trui will soon marry. On Sunday, they see Trui and Otto go up the hill, straight to Montferland, like two people in love, going for a walk. Life is good; life is wonderful, also for aunt Trui and Otto Wageman. Anyone who sees Trui, thinks that she is mad!! Otto is very bothered with the nerve in his neck. Now and again, they see a sudden upward movement and then his shoulders shake as well. You have to laugh at it, whether you like it or not, it is so amusing, but you must not do it in Trui's presence, or you will get into trouble. What do those people want here? Trui is alive. And she looks like a lady, Crisje does not come to know where she got that silk coat. Trui tells her that she received it from Chang, one of the Italians who was here and wanted to buy Jeus from the Tall One and Crisje, however, Crisje knows that is an excuse, but she has the silk coat and she looks good in it. Maybe Otto gave it to her. You should see her now, the boys say, after this a walking stick like the ladies from Montferland always have with them, and Trui will also be a lady.

Crisje cannot understand it. Trui is walking about like a lady from the town. People laugh behind their curtains, because she sometimes holds up her skirts or they will wipe the Grintweg clean. You have to laugh at that! It is worthwhile, you do not see that here every day. However, fair is fair, Trui thinks: get lost. And try disagreeing with her. You can get lost! You can get the 'doodles'! A bit formal, but it is going okay. She never went to such an effort for uncle Gradus, the boys say, and Crisje must agree with that. Envy, perhaps? Do you want something from me? There she goes again.

It is lovely weather today and now they are off to lovely Montferland, to their own woods, to the beautiful silence there, which you cannot get enough of, but which Trui has certainly not experienced in at least ten years. But that Otto. And how life can change you. Aunt Trui is not quite all there. Otto's neck is nervous because of it, but that doesn't matter. Jan and Marie and afterwards Hendrik Wageman come and have a look now and again as well. Crisje has already seen her future husband. One evening Trui came to call her and then they had a brandy with sugar, something nice, which the people here enjoy, and which Crisje sometimes enjoyed with her Hendrik, as a celebration. However, that was with her Tall One. Now together with Trui, Otto and Hendrik, two brothers and two sisters together. Life is strange, strange, and mad. Can you believe it! Tall Hendrik stood next to her for a moment and nodded. Crisje believes that she also heard him say 'cheers, Crisje', but she cannot say so with certainty, her thoughts and the talking

here interrupted Tall One's talking. Then she was able to start thinking. And no one interrupted her. Crisje just looked, in her heart she had her own opinion. But what do you want? What are you doing now, Crisje? Is this your temporary happiness? A subject that is difficult to think about. However, she is able to think about it because her thoughts have been with the spiritual side of her and her Tall One all this year and through the long winter, she has also worked through it. Now she can think about the physical reality of it; and that is sitting next to her here and is having a nice chat, but is behaving in a shy fashion! Crisje knows, not everyone is like Tall Hendrik!

When Crisje came back from Trui's house, Jeus was upset. And asked her: "What were you doing there at aunt Trui's house, mother?"

Crisje looks Jeus in the eye. It is true, she should have put it differently, but it suddenly came out and it was harsh as well, when she said:

"Do I have to ask your permission to go to aunt Trui's house? Do I have nothing more to say about my own affairs?"

'Get lost', was not said, or not even the 'doodles', but a stabbing pain, just under the human heart, is something completely different. Jeus did not say anything else, however, Crisje knew that she had hurt him. Now she must eat humble pie, but that is no longer possible, Crisje. Jeus knows his rival lover is sitting there. His ... what? What was sitting there? Do you understand that now, that your mother is drinking brandy with sugar from aunt Trui? Mother is doing that. And with those horrible men? If only father knew about it. No, I will not eat today! I do not want anything today! Nothing! I will go to bed on an empty stomach. I have been cheated! Now his battle begins. First just find out whether it is deadly serious in mother's mind, and then carry on. Thank God, he has been worried about nothing. It is not serious. However, Jeus now knows. Aunt Trui only thinks about herself and Otto. Then Crisje heard that the boys all had a sore neck and Trui got to see this, afterwards the scolding started.

"Can you approve of your boys making a fool of my Otto, Crisje? If they were my children, then I would teach them a lesson."

The boys' reply to her: "That is just not the case, aunt Trui. And if it was the case, you would get something from us, as long as you know"... Trui could make do with it. But Otto did not accept it and when he wanted to lash out, he just got to hear from Crisje:

"Otto, if there is anything to lash out about, I am here as well", and Otto said again: "Get lost for all I care. Just work it out for yourself", and it was peaceful again, however, Jeus caused all this. Otto leered at Crisje. Otto would like to see his brother with her, and that's it! However, people now know that Trui will get married, and Crisje will follow, as a matter of course. And who is the first now is not important, Trui knows, Crisje will do it as

well, she does not want to wait a year. Now the engagement has started, but also something else and that is between Crisje and Jeus. Jan and Marie, Otto's brother and sister sometimes come to the Grintweg. The boys see that Jan pulls faces, and talks nonsense. That Otto's Jan is a strange customer, but his nonsense is not a patch on Gerrit Noesthede's nonsense. He was different; you could really laugh at that carry-on of Gerrit Noesthede's. When Otto's Jan starts, you do not know whether to laugh or cry, Jan makes such a strange face. Jan has the same thing in his jaws that Otto has in his neck. Sister and brothers live together, and it is Marie, a dry type, who takes care of Hendrik and Jan, which Otto has just about had enough of and will now take off. For that matter, Otto already lived on his own years ago. He had lost his wife, but Trui loves children and can do something at home for Our Lord. Is that not the case? What you make of it is jealousy; it is not anything else! The spiritual thoughts and feelings of Crisje and her Tall One are now locked away! They have been buried! Or Crisje could not have stood it for a second with Trui. Now she can adapt to the material world and she gives all of herself to it, but no one knows that, not even Jeus. After much consideration and thought, everything from her and the Tall One went into the deepest chamber of her heart. And when everything was buried there, that inhumanly heavy door was locked. Only the Tall One and Crisje know how that lock can be opened. And of course, Our Lord as well, because it is HE, who checked the lock and then said: 'It is fine like that, Crisje, Tall Hendrik, you know what is not possible, but which has to be the case!' They accepted it and Crisje could begin to think about material and earthly things.

Aunt Trui, Crisje is now prepared. However, no one knows what has happened to Crisje. Only the Tall One, but he is elsewhere. The sacred matters have been considered, things have been thought through. They have been locked away and sealed. She cannot take a leap in the dark now, nor will she fall by the wayside, and if that should happen, anyway, Trui, that other thing will have nothing to do with it. That is buried now and is resting somewhere, but will be dug up again some day and then, Trui, both of them will go on together, but now for eternity! You do not have any understanding of these matters, Trui. And you will not get to experience those feelings for the moment either. Millions of people want to experience it, Trui, but they do not make any effort for it, they think that it is for sale.

Everything is now okay with Our Lord! Crisje now knows what she can do and may do and this has nothing to do with Jeus. Even if Jeus goes to pieces because of it, she cannot be influenced any longer. Crisje does not think lightly about things, because she is on top of them. But she sent out ten thousand Our Fathers and Hail Mary's, she experienced the Way of the Cross sixteen times and then the word came, the only word to her question:

Our Lord, what should I do? It is Jeus! Our Lord then looked at Jeus, sympathetic, having thought about everything, of course, but then, Trui, Jeus was still too much of a whippersnapper. And now, Trui, the human questions come to the foreground. Even the angels became involved, also the judges who understand all these things. Nevertheless, it will be a strange mess, most certainly, you will see. If there are no suicides now, that will be a miracle in itself.

The Tall One has also seen his own paradise. With beautiful flowers, heavenly orchids, and the angels sang for him. There were beautiful choirs which the Tall One got to hear and the purity and beauty of it was a caress for Our Lord, but Tall Hendrik sent it to his Cris. In the church, kneeling before the staircase to Golgotha, Crisje got to hear everything from her Tall One, but she thought that it was Our Lord himself who let her hear these sacred matters. At that moment, Crisje knew what she had to do, for the Tall One as well. When Father heard it, her good old friend, he felt even more awe and respect for Crisje than before, and wiped away his tears in Crisje's presence. He also got tears in his eyes for Jeus, but then Father knew everything! Crisje got a nice rosary as a gift from him and a blessing, which is almost never given to people, but through which Crisje would pray for Jeus. That poor boy! It went so far that Father said that Crisje no longer needed to come to confession, everything was now fine!

What Crisje was able to do in the months, which passed, was amazing! And if Jeus thought that he could steal for Teun and Miets, he was completely off the mark. From that moment onwards, Crisje started to think in another direction to him, straight to something else, to the certainty for her and the boys. Did Jeus think that Crisje was not shocked? From that moment onwards it became serious. Jeus will later realize that is not possible. Only then will he know that it is his own fault. It will also then become clear to him that what he is fighting for belongs to the adults, and is nothing for a boy of thirteen years old. Crisje has buried her inner life and the Tall One has brought that coffin elsewhere. When she was going about there, the Tall One saw that there were two beautiful flowers on the coffin, and that was himself and his dear Crisje. The flowers had the colours of their souls and people could see at the same time how Crisje and the Tall One had lived together, and how much they loved each other. The Tall One saw that there were also coffins from other people, which made him understand that it really looked a lot like a final judgement, at least for this life, the life of himself and Cris! Our Lord could see from the flowers whether the child of the earth had cheated HIM or not and then life carried on.

The seven judges came to see whether the Tall One was not messing about, but when they saw which colours the flowers represented, the Tall One re-

ceived their approval also their understanding, and he could close his grave. It was also the moment that the Tall One could start his own battle, with regard to Crisje and Jeus and the other things which Hendrik Wageman was also a part of and sung the first tenor, but which the Tall One did not know yet. Afterwards, the Tall One had one vision after another, which were sent to him from a Temple, just like that, it happened of its own accord, but there were also solar eclipses involved. One image linked him to another and the last one was connected to the first one and blood flowed as well, the blood of people, it was really human, the scene took him straight back to earth, to a human society containing everything that people adulate; it was built up in an inspired way. The Tall One now thought: that it is very probably reality and is all from myself, he became deadly serious, and from that moment on the Tall One gave in completely.

That was also a time for the Tall One to think; he learned an enormous amount from it. It was also for him: is that allowed? Is that possible? But the Tall One continued. Then the Tall One wondered:

‘Has a shift taken place in the heavens? Does my Crisje have to marry? Can that not be prevented? Do people not know anything about Crisje in the heavens? Do they know nothing about such a sacred person? What does God want to do with His people? Can you live in a purer fashion than Crisje? It is not possible! Does Our Lord not have a grain of respect for HIS children of good will? Does that sacred self of people have to be thrown to the pigs? Is that possible? Does that have to be the case? Is there no other way to be followed, to experience? Nothing else? No, are you serious about this? Does Our Lord take pleasure in beating HIS children?’ Questions enter the Tall One’s mind, which he could not have dreamed of before. Then his life became stormy; he experienced a nervous spasm, the Tall One screamed so that they could hear it at the bottom of the Grintweg, at least for him, who had these ears, the inner ears of a person. The Tall One went on his way. Hendrik first went through thousands of tombs. He had to get through it whether he liked it or not, but meanwhile, he was able to have a look around. Was he there himself? How is it possible, the Tall One thought. I am there myself. He crawled under the ground to the eternal light, to reality. And that light gave him wisdom, knowledge! He crawled to the ‘end’ of the earth! Also to the ‘end’ of human existence! Tall Hendrik crawled back to the moment where the God of all life started with HIS creations, and made people from some material and breath of life? Tall Hendrik carried on consciously, he sometimes hit his head and heart until it bled, but that did not matter, he now carried on! He sweated blood, the Tall One. He also squealed like a pig. It was so powerful, what he now experienced and had to accept. When he did not see any weak light burning any more, he lay down to rest and he

played all his violins until they broke, but no one listened, there was no one, he was just alone.

The Tall One does not take any chances either. He also gave it plenty of thought, but he had to accept it! The Tall One dragged himself through and did not break his neck. He did not dare to perform any twirls; life was now too serious for that. His whole thinking and feeling was adjusted to this new thing which he thought was not there, but it was there! It has always been here, the Tall One mumbled to himself, but I and millions of people from yonder do not know, Father also knows nothing about it, nothing! A pity! He will soon be able to know! Soon! 'All of you', the Tall One roars, 'will be allowed to know it!'

Now the Tall One was immediately faced with another University. And through that university, he was beaten to the ground and it called him to a halt for a moment. Now he had a hole in his head, but that did not matter, he carried on, dreaming for a moment, then more consciously he began to ask questions. The Tall One did not even feel bewitched, this tumble also had something earthly to it, because there were those graves. In his temporary rest, he heard something that wakened him. It was an inner alarm that continued to ring and kept him awake. Now that he started to think again, that ringing stopped and he understood completely, he could not go to sleep here any more. Afterwards he saw a solar eclipse, which was his fault. He was standing in the middle of that light, but with his back to the truth and he had never wanted to understand that on earth. He experienced the truth here of that human eclipsing of the sun, and accepted it!

A while later, when he started his walk again, he came to be standing in front of a signpost. Now he could decide for himself, the Tall One felt that, whether he wanted to go left or right, upwards or downwards. He did not like that at all, it put him in doubt, because there was a danger attached to it; he could lose himself in this life. And the Tall One did not want that any more. He then asked himself:

"Has a person lived several times on earth?" It was a good question. But who could answer his question? A while later he uttered:

"Is it myself whom I now am or did I used to be another?"

However, he knew that already, by crawling under the graves, he was able to acquire this knowledge. But that was still not everything, Crisje followed him and he wanted to know everything for her. He takes a trip through life again in order to establish whether he and Crisje had already known each other before, therefore before this life. The Tall One now looks at signs of recognition, he tries to feel whether it is he himself who is lying there and whether Crisje is there; and, yes, he sees himself and Crisje in front of him. The Tall One was now faced with thousands of laws of life, for good and

evil as well! Now he got a fright, he first wanted to run away, but immediately changed his mind, and finally carried on. Each law now beat him to the ground and his last violin was destroyed. And those laws threw him between life and death; many others really made him mad, but through another hand, it was a soft touch, he got his own conscious back again and the Tall One could continue. Because of this the Tall One lost his certainty, but received another, and this one for his soul and spirit!

Only now did the Tall One understand, this concerned everything! His creeping under the ground provided him with wisdom. Now he saw himself as a poor dog back on earth and in that next existence as a poet. In his hand, the Tall One now saw that consciously, he saw a fancy pen, one with feathers on top and that was from himself. Left and right he saw books, written sheets of parchment and that was his hand, everything was from himself!

Even further back he sees himself in the jungle! There he is a jungle king with rings through his nose and it meant little to him. He trembled from that elaborate life, because that conscious, he now felt and saw that, and it meant nothing. He ran away from there quickly to the next scene, which was of himself and Crisje, because he was searching for it. Whilst running about like this, someone caught up with him and asked him: "How quickly you are running, friend, are you in such a hurry?"

The Tall One suddenly wanted to know everything and asked whether that other person could tell him, which he proceeded to do:

"Do you want to know in a few words or with a long, drawn-out story?" the Tall One chose the first option. "Then listen", he said.

"Tall One, you hear that I know you, this all means that GOD's life cannot be destroyed. You have lived on earth more than once."

"Is that everything?"

"Is that still not enough, Tall One?"

"And what does that mean?"

"That we people have made a complete mess of our lives, Tall One."

"So, is that the case? What a pity, but who are you?"

"I am 'someone', Tall One. I know all people. And you are not prepared for this life. Because you never wanted to get hold of a good book, you now do not know the slightest thing about it. You, Tall One, did not even listen to the nice sermons of Father. You sung in the choir, but that other part meant nothing to your life. And if you had not been a good man, you would not have seen me or yourself. However, there is one satisfaction, Tall One, Crisje will remain yours and that will be for eternity, but continue, first use your eyes properly, and then you may know as well. That is now everything and you can be satisfied. But you two, Tall One, now it will come, do not be frightened, behave like a man for a change, show that you have gumption,

Tall One, you have to make up to that shy man! Everything, do you feel?’

When the Tall One wanted to know more, that other person had disappeared. After a short rest, he made another decision and plunged underground again and visited throughout the world. Now the Tall One ventures to the Germans, French, and English people, also the Indonesians, he comes in Morocco, not forgetting America, but that was not really existing ... He also sees himself back with the wild Indians. And in ancient Egypt with his Crisje as a ‘mummy’! Good grief, Tall One, isn’t that something? Yet that is you and that person lying next to you is your soul, Crisje. The same soul, Tall One! Because you only get once in your life one soul from Our Lord, which you have to do with for all of HIS eternity. And that thing does not wear, that thing cannot be destroyed, for that matter, you will soon determine that for yourself, that thing is eternal and will always work! For good and evil, Tall One, however, especially for rest, peace and love, it is then that thing works for Our Lord, for which it was born!

It is in Germany, where the Tall One observes that he is carrying a cross and is walking at the front of a procession. And he sees Crisje is walking next to him. It is unbelievable, but he has to accept this miracle! That is he, and that is Crisje! Now he immediately feels the misery of this life and sees that he has stolen Crisje. Hendrik Wageman is also walking there! Tall One. Just look, you took his love away from him. The man went to pieces and now you have to make up for that, and your Crisje along with you. Do you not believe it? Then you must just try to get out of it. Aunt Trui has already laid the first and the last foundations, it can happen soon!

When that was over, the Tall One saw himself standing on the stage. He was singing. He now knows, he sung until he could sing no more in that life or he would have left the stage, he was not able to offer any resistance. He sees himself again with all those mad women, and when he had had quite enough of it he went on. My God, the Tall One thinks; I still have the blisters on my backside from all that silly carry-on, but it is the truth! And when he had a good look around him at this moment, he heard the people praying and he was wakened with a wave. Now the Tall One sees himself back in the middle of the kitchen. The neighbourhood is kneeling, but Jeus looks him right in the eye. Within a few hours the Tall One has aged by centuries, but what he saw and experienced, took place in rest and peace, lying in the Forecourt of Our Lord, but he will soon see the reality of it. At that moment, he hears: Tower of David ... pray for us! Gilded Star ... pray for us! Arc of the Covenant ... pray for us. He runs away, the Tall One has a quick look at his body in the coffin but takes those prayers with him. Arriving at a crossroads somewhere, he dumped that load from his shoulders and threw the prayers from his life, the Tall One did not want anything to do with them, reality

showed him something else. Then the Tall One saw that the human coffin is high, low, right and left and becomes wide and round, if you make it round yourself and feel it inside you. And then it was eleven o'clock there, aunt Trui closed the front door, the neighbourhood went away, but Jeus got to see and experience him, after which Tall Hendrik could say: 'see you soon, I will be back!' Afterwards the Tall One began to work on himself, to work for Our Lord and he learned to see and appreciate the unknown. That was Casje. Jeus, it was the other Tall One, but you have nothing to do with it. All this belongs to your father. The Tall One and Crisje were involved, and Jeus? No, Jeus, precisely, it is about Hendrik Wageman and what must happen, and what you should leave alone! Your pinching also means nothing!

However, what one person had to think of and deal with for this material world, another person had to accept for the spiritual world. Then Crisje and her Hendrik knew why Trui made such a fuss, and they had to be grateful to her as well. Hendrik Wageman, Crisje, and Tall Hendrik knew, could now come! Jeus, you will now be destroyed! You are not alone in all that misery, your father is also faced with your life, and now you have to lose it! Who can fight against this? However, there are many people in the world of the Tall One who will follow you, Jeus, because it is a battle of life and death. Let tomorrow take care of itself. Just give in, Casje will also know then how to act.

It has become the middle of summer. Jeus is enjoying work at the butter factory and it is going well. He sticks around there because he earns well, and at home, yes, they will just have to manage. Crisje has had no more complaints for a while, he thinks, it is going well and it couldn't be better, they will get through all that misery of course. He performs gymnastics, he can play football well, and a bit of pocket money is spent on sport. They like him at the factory, and the boss sometimes talks to him about business. In this child, a feeling of an old person lives and that child wants to progress, he also has a feeling for worries and this boss likes that. However, the land lease has still not been paid, many other matters will have to change, Miets and Teun need a lot of things; however, little Gerrit and Hendrik will come and help him soon. When he comes home in the evening, he will discuss the state of affairs with Crisje, but Crisje is not nearly as open-hearted as she used to be, he feels, but can understand that. What a world, you are faced with everything alone, but he has not nearly lost his hope and courage.

When he comes home one evening from the football pitch, a man is sitting in the kitchen. He knows that life, of course, it is the brother of uncle Otto. What is that man doing here, mother? A piercing pain stabs him just under his heart. And mother must not know that, it is also really none of that man's business either. Crisje says to him:

"This is Hendrik Wageman, Jeus. You know Hendrik."

Has mother gone mad? Has mother gone completely mad? The game for life and death begins. You do not throw friends out of the house just like that, will you remember that, Jeus? “Was this man ever in father’s ‘quartet’”, he asks Crisje. “No, of course not.” He cannot understand it. What is that man doing here in our kitchen? When the man wants to give him some money, he does not want that dead coin from him, he has enough money himself. And he does not leave the kitchen either; he stays where he is now. This is his kitchen, do you know that, Crisje? But what are you getting into your head, mother, are you then ... like aunt Trui is? Should Jeus not play football? No, it is none of your business; you will not get me to leave anyway. Now Crisje and Hendrik Wageman are sitting there and do not know any more what they should talk about. There is an enemy amongst them and that is Jeus. What do you want? See that you leave, you have nothing to do with this, and this is our house! It belongs to me and all of us. Go away! Just go; see that you leave! I will see you out the door! Now it is time that Hendrik Wageman has to leave. Crisje will no longer look at him! He makes off upstairs. Crisje cannot talk yet, but he thinks, in a different way than before, it concerns his Crisje, his love. Who will win, Jeus? Trui? It doesn’t matter to Trui, even if she is at your mother’s soul and happiness day and night; you will lose!

From now on, he splits himself, he can do his work at the factory blindfolded and there is no longer any contract to experience, he now remains tuned into home, to Crisje and his feelings. One evening he runs onto the football pitch and suddenly feels something, which sends him straight to Crisje. Did I not think so? Just a moment ago Hendrik Wageman also came. Crisje asks:

“Do you not have to play football, Jeus?”

“No”, he answers in a somewhat strict and harsh manner, “I don’t feel like playing football now.”

He is now sitting between two people again who want to tell each other something, but cannot do so due to his presence. He does not want, and that is the case, for his life to hear that cooing. If Crisje was to tell him, and that will happen as well, that she was to start again with that human cooing, she would experience that he would laugh right in her face. Because that is the case, anyway, isn’t it? And he sees it, he is sitting there himself; Hendrik Wageman really begins to coo. But that is like nothing on earth, he also sees, it is the cooing of a very ordinary dove, you can have a pair like that for thirty cents, does mother not know that? That is the first battle for Crisje and then the doves fly into space. No, that is not a tumbler. Mother is a peacock tail, that man there is not a cropper; a cropper is something completely different. A cropper makes a fuss, it coos differently as well, it rolls its tails over the ground and it sits on top of it, but this dove wrings its hands and behaves

like it has clipped wings. It is horrible! He cannot bear thinking about it, or what should come of it, because mother would never allow the man into the house, would never approve that he took a seat in father's chair. Are you not getting off the chair yet? What are you doing in my father's chair? Get out of that corner, that is my place. Do you understand mother now?

Crisje now sometimes sees him laughing, but she does not know why he does that. Now that she lets in another dove, it goes without saying, the world which he possessed with her alone, is closed up to his lips. Nevertheless, he laughs at the innocent pranks of that man there. Good heavens, is that cooing? Do you not see then who is sitting next to you? He would take Crisje in his arms and crush her to death. But just try it. He crumbles up a piece of bread and throws the crumbs across the table. He says: "Here, eat something; stupid dove that you are. Do something, just take action, or see that you leave." Meanwhile his blood is mixed up. However, his brain is working at full power, he is experiencing a real human drama. Does mother want to be wooed by a very ordinary dove like that? You would be frightened to death if it happened. Now that it is taking too long, this exploring and that terrible silence, this staring at each other, the cutting feeling between them, Hendrik Wageman reaches into his pocket and holds something out to him.

"Here, Jeus, here is a mark from me. Just buy something for yourself."

He said it gently, but that gentleness is not accepted; he reacts fast and powerfully and throws the mark in the man's face:

"I do not want a mark from you." Now the blood rises to his brain. Crisje also reacts and throws at him:

"Say, ugly whippersnapper, will you be polite?"

The human cooing has been disturbed, the male dove has fallen from the roof, he does not understand that Crisje is moaning at him. However, she gets back her self-control when she says:

"As long as you know, I am still the boss here." That is quite enough, Crisje. He now knows, the battle has begun. You are now beating a big hole in his soul; it smashes his life to pieces. Jeus races out the door. Into the woods, he is everywhere and nowhere, and walks without thinking about it back to the place where he once saw the day change to night and Golgotha spoke to his life. Now he is alone, no one sees him, and he does not want anything to do with inspirations from above. They have cheated him! Casje, Fanny, José, and the Tall One can drop dead. He was given a hiding just a moment ago, so bad, so dirty as well, that you think that you will succumb from it.

The blood now runs out of your ribs, because of your own mother. Is the world not collapsing yet? My Lord, Crisje is a cheat! Mother is lying! Mother has betrayed you! Can you believe it, there is no more Our Lord to be seen;

he experienced that himself just a moment ago. He listens but there is no sparrow to be heard. Then they can all get lost, he utters, and he throws himself on the ground, but does not cry, they would like that. A while later he falls asleep. Can you believe it; he is sleeping and forgets everything.

Crisje listens, has he not come home yet, it is three o'clock. What has happened to her Jeus? A moment ago, she was upstairs and he was still not there. She is overcome with fear, it is terrible, and it is inhuman. She also falls asleep, however, he awakens and runs out of the woods, straight to his little bed in the attic and goes to sleep again. When he comes downstairs in the morning, the coffee is ready and Crisje begins, she has something to tell him, she owes him an explanation.

"Jeus, I have to tell you something. I owe you an explanation but that can be said in a few words, we cannot make it any more! We have come to a standstill here, as long as you want to understand it."

It has been said. And Jeus reacts quickly.

"That is all very well, mother, but we still do not need this man." she knows now, but she does not want to hear anything about accepting. Jeus continues:

"What is that man doing here, mother? What does he have to do with our poverty, mother? Nothing, it is nothing to do with him how we have to struggle and nothing ..." but he swallows the rest, Crisje knows exactly what he means. Johan and Bernard now prevent them from talking further and that is also terrible, but they have to swallow it, it is now a case of waiting until this evening. However, the last word has not yet been said, and that very last thing will only take a moment, but then the blood will run out of his ribs and there will be victims, And they will probably talk in different directions. If no serious things happen, then there will be nothing more to be said. But it is possible, By one word, one careless word, people committed suicide, there were deaths, people were torn apart, people were also burnt at the stake as a result of a careless word thousands of people were destroyed, all of this as a result of one action, love became hate and good will became conscious destruction and man and wife became animals. In this way, one word can inspire a person for bad or good. On the other hand, can Jeus hate? The future will tell us that. Crisje cannot, nor has she ever been able to do that, but it is bad, it is unbelievable, this concerns everything!

He thinks all day about Crisje and Hendrik Wageman, but also about the Tall One, his father. He cannot talk to Bernard and Johan. They have no bond, no inner contact with mother; Jeus knows for certain that they live at home and are really not there, at least as far as these inner feelings are concerned. And, of course, he runs home after work in order to be able to talk to Crisje and this takes place between the two of them. Crisje begins:

“Are you angry at me, Jeus?” The reply is:

“Why would I be angry at you, mother?”

She continues and says: “Do you not understand then that our household is going downhill?”

That last thing is a mistake, wrong. She may no longer talk about ‘us’. These are Crisje’s thoughts. Can you believe it, she is now talking herself out of his life. She must talk destructively, far away from him. And her talk now knocks down walls which were put up by love, but which are now consciously broken down. The most loving has to leave for a while, that no longer means anything, it must take place consciously, or you will not achieve what you want. And that is cutting through the human heart, Jeus’ little heart. It is something frightening. Crisje knows, and she also feels it, God preserve me, it has to be done! Then he is suddenly faced with a scaffold, the axe falls when Crisje says:

“Hendrik asked me whether I want to be his wife, Jeus.” He feels stung, but it is not that either, it is something completely different, blood running away is something else entirely, this is worse. Your whole life is turned upside down and you think that you are going completely blind. Yet, that is still nothing, in comparison with this, which now lives in him. It is so strange, but also so horrible. He comes out with: “What? What did you just say to me there, mother?” But he has understood every word clearly, because he also says: “Of course, you laughed in his face, didn’t you, mother?”

Jeus now sees and must feel, that Crisje did not laugh at that man, he does not know any more and it is the very last thing for his inner life, he is suffocating, he is bursting, he collapses and still remains himself, and it is so inhuman, because Crisje says to him:

“No, Jeus, I did not laugh at him, because we are faced with poverty! We cannot make it! I do not know what to do any more, Jeus. I cannot go forwards or backwards any more, Jeus, But I have not said anything yet” she says, because she sees that he changes like snow in the sun, looks green and yellow, his body is shaking and the light has disappeared from his eyes. But does that also help, Crisje? Then he utters:

“Good gracious, that is something, mother. And do I have to call him father?”

“That will happen of course, Jeus”... “He would want that, wouldn’t he? That will happen of course? But that will never happen, mother, never! As long as you know, that will never happen. I will never call him father. You will take him, mother, but I will keep my own. I have nothing more to say then.”

This is it for Crisje. Trui and Otto come in, he takes off immediately, and he does not want to see those people. He almost knocks them down and he

gets to hear from Trui:

“Can you not watch where you are going, ugly whippersnapper?”

“What did you say? Ugly whippersnapper?” He had wanted to say something completely different to her, but Otto is there as well and he cannot fight against that fatso. But Trui can drop dead and she assumes that from his behaviour, but then he has disappeared. Where he has now gone, he does not know any more. He was sitting above the Hunzele hill, and he went for hours on end through the woods then back over Montferland. It was great, in the middle of the night like that, the silence here makes you shiver, and you can think. Then he climbed back up the stairs, laid down for a while to go to sleep, but it didn't work. It is five o'clock, he gets out of bed and runs down the Grintweg, without coffee, he does not want anything more to eat, Crisje can keep her food, he does not want anything more from her life. Alone and abandoned he mooches about the Emmerik road. He balances so nicely on the rails without falling off, he looks at the estates as well, kicks a tree, swears and scolds a bit, but remains alone, suddenly he hears a muttering next to him, from a person who also has to go to Emmerik and just like him, got up early.

“So, Jeus, good morning. You are up early, I must say.”

“Good morning, Casje.”

“What are you doing so early, Jeus?”

“What did you say?”

“I asked you why you are up so early.”

“Oh, do you want to know that? I thought that you knew all about people. But you can tell me more. You are good at talking nonsense. But I already said that about you before. Pull the other one, it's got bells on. You don't know the slightest thing about it.”

Casje now reacts: “So, that is so to speak, as stupid as a pig. However, I will tell you something else. I told you a while ago, that I want nothing to do with human matters, as a result of which people have to tell each other serious things and now that is something entirely different.”

He has a think and then he asks Casje: “Is that out of respect for people, Casje?”

“Yes, of course, also that, Jeus. But that is not everything. You can burden yourself with a pile of misery if you want to interfere in other people's problems. Today they want to believe you and then you can say everything, but tomorrow they will reverse your wisdom and you can drop dead. I have known that for so long already, Jeus. I have already hit my head a thousand times, but now I have also had enough of it. I now want nothing more to do with that misery any more.”

“Then I can understand you, Casje, you are right; I see that for myself

as well. You take the misery on board and then you must carry it yourself, mustn't you?"

"That is the case, Jeus, of course. That is what I mean. But you have not had anything to eat and drink, Jeus."

"Do you know that? I left just like that, Casje."

"Are you angry at your mother?"

"No, I cannot be angry at mother, but it is something else entirely."

"It is that man, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is him. What would you do now, Casje? How would you deal with this?"

"That is so to speak, Jeus, not so easy to give an answer to. But I believe that it is the hunger, Jeus. It is the worries and now everything will be different."

"I know already, Casje. You have no understanding of these matters. Good gracious, that is something. Are you now trying to tell me that I should throw my arms around that man, that I should say, just come in, here is my mother, just devour her completely? We have taken good care of mother, and you may have everything from mother? It is enough to drive you mad!"

Casje chuckles. Jeus hears it and comes out with:

"Do you have to chuckle about it as well? Do you not understand then, ass that you are, that these are matters between my mother and me? You do not know a thing about it, as long as you know! And did you think I would call him father? He has nothing to do with me. If mother takes him, Casje, I will not eat a single potato again! Then I want to die! And if he has the money for the land lease, mother will not get a cent again from me." It takes a moment, Casje has to think, and that takes too long, Jeus already asks:

"You are sitting here now, aren't you? Talking nonsense, you are good at that, but you have no understanding of this."

Casje now says to him: "You are in a bad way, I have to say."

"So, did you think that. But did you not know then, who my mother is? I thought that you knew my mother."

"Listen, Jeus, these are matters which do not concern me. However, you are still a child and these are matters for adults! Besides, your mother has to take care of the household. Of course, you are working yourself to the bone, but if it can no longer be helped? What then?"

Jeus thinks. Casje is right, but is there no other solution to be found to this? Does it have to be another man precisely? Casje follows him and says:

"Other people, Jeus, who also had such troubles, now started to steal. But then they were soon in prison and could scream their lungs out. And here, Jeus, there is only one possibility. And if you think that I have no understanding of it, you must decide for yourself. Your mother will marry and will

now take care of all of you. And that is all!”

“Shall I tell you something, Casje”, he grumbles back, “you can go to hell with your talk. You can talk. But know nothing about it, because you want nothing to do with it and that is completely obvious as well! You do not feel anything for my affairs and those of my mother and how much I love my mother, nothing! Just clear off. You are no good to me; that is devil’s talk! My household can drop dead! I give up!”

Casje does not react now and Jeus shuffles along for a while, but he also feels that Casje is still there. Then he asks again:

“Have you now started to think, Casje? Or can you not make any sense of it either?”

“I thought so, Jeus, and about so many other things, but I really cannot change anything about it. Not your father and no one, these are the circumstances, Jeus!”

When he is almost in Emmerik, he does not notice Casje any more, but now that he thinks about him, he hears from a distance coming to him:

“Mesjoer, Jeus. I have just left you alone, you had already started to think for yourself, anyway. That is why I just left you alone. See you soon, you will also hear or see me today or tomorrow. Just be strong, Jeus, and also think of your mother.”

This is quite enough, Casje thinks. No more is necessary for now. A while later Jeus enters the gates and walks straight to the little house where they sell coffee. A while later Johan is standing in front of him with sandwiches from Crisje.

“Eat, Jeus, eat up your sandwiches, do not behave so strangely. You can be annoyed to death, but that will not help anyway. I have to go!”

But that good Johan, he thinks! He tears off the paper, there is a little note from Crisje between the sandwiches. He reads:

“Are you angry at me, Jeus? As long as you know we have come to a standstill here. I am not doing it for myself, but for the children, as long as you understand that.”

He does not know how he gets through these days. A darkness reigns, everything is just as rotten! What was still in bloom yesterday, is lying staring today and was pulled roughly out of the ground. They have pulled out a leg from him, but this was worth more than Bernard’s leg. Our Lord does not exist! Fathers and mothers are liars. What they love today they kick to death tomorrow in front of your own eyes. Everything stinks! He will never go to confession again! A church means nothing! And mothers, who pray the Way of the Cross, are hypocrites. They do not mean it anyway! If you think that you have a mother, you lose her as well! What love is, is a big lie. They lie through their teeth! If you think that you may love your mother, you are

mad! And you must call a man like that father? What kind of strange world is it anyway? Has mother really gone mad? Probably! He has slaved away all those months for nothing! Then a stranger like that gets that for nothing. He cannot believe it. And yet, the same evening Hendrik Wageman is sitting in the kitchen again and in father's chair. In his corner even, and Crisje doesn't mind? Is that allowed? Is that allowed just like that? They will get him out the door. Even if the Grim Reaper is not to be seen here, he is still here! The Tall One is in between and at the table, he feels; but mother does not see that any more. There is a stench of a corpse here! And there is not a coffin now, but you could murder people! People are hypocrites; they throw you out of your own house! Has mother forgotten father already and is mother just like aunt Trui? Is that possible? Was he mistaken about mother all these years? Was the fact that mother collapsed at father's grave just nonsense? Conscious deception? You would drag a person through that corpse stench in order to show them how it should be done, but is that his mother? Gossips, that's what people are!

This torture has gone on for weeks. Then the final word must be said, there is no other way. Another evening he gets to hear from Crisje:

“We are getting married, Jeus!”

Crisje has now told him. Consciously but calmly, these horrible words roll from her lips. He does not feel that her heart is breaking. That is nonsense! That no longer exists now, mother loves someone else. You are going mad, good heavens, but what did mother just say? He can no longer look; his eyes have become dark. There is no longer any light in them and it is as if he has the whooping cough and the measles again, but now in his throat, in his heart as well. And there is no succumbing again, that is the strangest thing of all. “Get lost”, he utters ... that is all! Nothing more is necessary. This is the final word!

“Just get lost then”, Crisje hears him moaning; but he throws a knife at her feet and he does not let her see that there is blood sticking to it, because she would like that. It is his own blood! That knife came straight out of his heart and Crisje does not even see that? He does not wish that for her! She is not even worth his blood! The pigs would be grateful for it, Trui, but not a person! There is one person between them and that person gets, it races through his head, bliss and happiness, everything for nothing! This, what his mother is, for which he would die, another person gets this for nothing just like that! Just get lost! Just go to hell, I will not lift a finger to you again! The ‘doodles’!

Now a day takes forever, he feels, and life does not mean a thing. That from yesterday is no longer there, that is dead! ‘You will never leave me, will you’, is now laughing at you, is roaring and laughing right in your face. Peo-

ple throw love to the pigs and they deny themselves, and Our Lord! I should never have done that! That is the most stupid thing, which I have done in all my years. This! And that is you yourself! I have been a fool. I was no longer with it. I have been cheated! Even if they enjoyed delicious things, that was just nonsense! That was not there, that was never there. That was never there, but the fat dripped from human lips and they had fun, a champagne party was nothing in comparison! But that was muck. That other one as well, it was muck! Dirty and stinking, but it concerned people. Real human blood, but that no longer means anything! Nothing! That can drop dead! Yes, Jeus, that is the case! Crisje already recovers when she lets him know:

“Jeus, talk to me. I can no longer take it!”

He thinks, then have a look at it and just do something else. I have nothing to do with your life. Crisje now gets to see and experience a politeness which she has not yet felt in him, but which is now present and proves that he cannot hate.

“That is something completely different, mother, I already told you as well, didn’t I? But if it was a different man, mother. Just like father was. Then I have nothing to say. And as long as you know”, he now utters, “You are not for sale, are you? Not you, mother, for all the money in the world?” that pushes a knife into her heart and it becomes inhuman for her being and life. It is terrible! He is right, but what should she do? Crisje sadly replies:

“But, but Jeus. Can you no longer understand anything about me?” Again she gets to hear how much she means to him and Crisje knows that she has no words for this love.

“For all the money in the world, mother, you cannot be bought. And what does he have for you? Thirty guilders perhaps? A few cents like that? For a few cents like that, you want to sell yourself? My father should know that. He would give you a hiding on your bare bottom, and I can understand it, mother. You are also worth all the money in the world for my father, as long as you know!” And when Crisje can still not say a word, Jeus continues:

“Father would laugh in your face. And I do that, mother ... can you believe me?”

When Crisje cannot believe it, then she should just look now. He laughs right in her face, it is a laugh of an adult, a tortured animal as well, it sounds nasty, inhuman to Crisje, and now he throws her her own life at her feet. He lets rip, he does not hear her moaning, because this concerns everything! He does not want anything more to do with this pathetic moaning. Alms have no grip on his life and personality, that is dirty carry-on! He throws her words through the kitchen, complaining is no good to him, and Crisje hears that. He races through the kitchen like a provoked lion, just like father; the Tall One could do that. He is fighting for his love! Jeus is not finished yet.

“I will tell you something, mother. You will not believe what I just saw, but I will now tell you! If it were another man, I would agree with you. But what I now saw, mother, what I could see for myself, mother”, ... he drums it into her ... so that she feels it properly and clearly and can know... when he stands before her and Crisje hears:

“I heard you screaming here in the kitchen, mother, like a slaughtered pig. And through that man! He will get the nerves out of your ribs, mother. He will destroy you!”

Crisje defends the man who has to come, but that mumbling means nothing to him. She hears again: “Can you not just wait until I am older, mother?”

“We cannot wait another minute, Jeus, we ...”, she does not get any further. Jeus interrupts:

“I will not talk to you again. I warned you, mother. You will scream until you burst.”

Crisje lies down for a rest. But what kind of a day is it? She does not think about what she has experienced through him for many years in a row, his clairvoyance, because that was what Jeus experienced at that moment, and does not mean anything. Not any more now, nothing from him means anything either. There is only one thing and that must happen, she will get married to Hendrik Wageman and has to get married. Jeus also crawls up the stairs, although his machine is trembling, he is still calm. Gradually he loses consciousness, the strength for the day has been used up and the inner life takes over the day-consciousness, he falls asleep. In the morning, the first thing he thinks about is, I can no longer talk to mother. I am no longer the first, but the last. And aunt Trui has won! Running away, without food or drink is also pointless. It is over, he has lost his household, another person will take over the worries. And that is that man's own business. A person can no longer be trusted, he now knows and father is dead! Mother as well!

Now a bite to eat and a drink and then he will be off. Get dressed at the same time and then he will be off! Within ten minutes he is already running down the road and is going in the direction of Emmerik. Otto, Hendrik, Jan and Marie Wageman have become significant; he has lost everything. Half unconscious he steps onto the Zutphen-Emmerik tram. Then it is time he puts on his apron, works and thinks. The boss already senses that there is something the matter with him and asks:

“Have you worries, Jeus? What is the matter with you?”

“There is nothing the matter with me, boss, nothing, absolutely nothing!”

The man likes him, the boy, he feels, has an inward drama. Then just work it out for yourself, he thinks. He does not want anything more to do with playing football in the break and the butter does not taste nice any more. He has to think, but about what? He is not even home five minutes when Crisje

already begins.

“You should not take that so to heart, Jeus. And you are only thinking about yourself. You did not think about me, did you? You do not ask what is the matter with me, do you? If Our Lord gives me things to bear now? What would you say to that then, Jeus?”

Should you not just listen now. Jeus? Yes, he already knows, Crisje. Just listen:

“Are you also trying to kid me, mother, that Our Lord separates people?”

Again Crisje has something to defend and says to him: “And your father then?”

“Father, you also say? Do you want to defend yourself, by involving my father in it, mother? That is a completely different story!”

It is true, she thinks, he is right. I should not have said that. But how must she convince him then? There is nothing to be said about Hendrik Wage-man. He comes from a good family. However, Crisje is still curious about what he saw and wants to know something about it.

“What did you see here yesterday evening, Jeus, here in the kitchen?”

Now he is completely lively. “What I saw here, mother and heard? Do you want to know that? He got your heart out of your ribs, mother. He destroyed you? I could hear you screaming here.”

Crisje now gets a prediction for years. That is not possible, is it? Hendrik is a good person. She forgets that Jeus is a wonderful seer. But those great things of Jeus no longer mean anything either. Hendrik is a good man. She ignores those miseries. They are not there yet. Jeus goes on:

“He gets everything for nothing, mother, and that is terrible.”

Is that not true, Crisje? Does Hendrik get everything on a plate? What you had, can you believe it, he gets for nothing! Is this a lie, Crisje? It is the sacred truth! What you and your Tall One and Jeus slaved for, for years, you now lay in another person’s hands, one, who has done nothing for it. Nothing! He cannot understand that. But who understands it? And now Our Lord is also separating you? Must he accept that and believe that? Jeus really loves you, Crisje. And that for a few cents? Can God approve of this? Were your visions pure, Crisje? Are you sure of your feelings and thoughts; are you not capable of waiting for a bit? We know you are both right, but which one of you is now fighting cleanly and purely for Our Lord and HIS angels? That is Jeus, Crisje! He has divine right in his hands! Not you, even if you are so nice and good, nor Tall Hendrik! Crisje asks Jeus:

“If Our Lord has now given me this to bear, Jeus, if that is now true, what do you have to say then?” Words are still said, but soon, when the very last word has been spoken, you will no longer hear that here. He answers her:

“You can pull the other one, mother. Our Lord cannot destroy anything,

that is unbelievable, that is scandalous, mother. You can wash out your mouth now!”

Crisje gets a fright; this strikes home. She is also shaking, but she has to carry on, “but, Jeus, can you not just understand me?” Yes, of course, Crisje, he understands you well, just listen:

“Father would give you a hiding, as long as you know, mother. You have gone mad!” And that is now in her direction, when she says:

“And father told me himself, Jeus, that I must do that.”

“Good gracious, that is a big lie. Are you trying to blacken father into the bargain?” Now his whole machine rebels, he roars:

“Have you also become a liar, mother? ...” Crisje already succumbs, she cannot compete with him, he says words to her, which cut her heart into bits and pieces, and he is right as well. From a human point of view he is right, but this is not human any more. These words went through her soul, through her blood, she is shaking on her seat, she has no legs any more, and her heart is lying in the middle of the kitchen. You would want to kick it yourself, but that is not possible; it keeps on hopping away from under your nose. You are now powerless! However, she has something more to say:

“Jeus, but Jeus. Father also said that I should do it. What do you have to say now?”

Now you have it, Crisje: “I can understand that, mother, of course. But he only understands listening to people. And he cannot do anything else!” not only her heart is lying in the kitchen, but also her soul and happiness. Jeus continues: “He can tell me more”, this is almost the last word, but Crisje has not finished yet. She defends herself further:

“Also Our Lord said so, Jeus!”

Now he feels that Crisje is becoming childish. “You already tried to kid me with that, mother. But I told you that you could fool another with that, not me!” ... there also followed:

“He can also drop dead” There was lighting in the kitchen and Crisje just started to pray. This is a scandal. This is not a child anymore! The factory is bad for children, because that’s what it is! However, she does not give in yet. He must and shall understand her, it concerns the children, their future. She also tries to make it clear to him that Our Lord wants her to bear this, but Jeus does not go into it:

“He can tell me more now as well!”... and it does not help any longer – oh Jeus- but he also gets:

“I did not think that you could be so diabolical” That no longer affects his life and is now just chat. Everything is scandalous, but Our Lord cannot approve of this. He learned that from Crisje and now mother no longer believes it herself? That is not possible. It is nonsense! His mother is mad, has become

childish! Does Our Lord want them to cheat HIS children, HIM, and each other? That is not possible! It is much simpler, mother is mad! Mother does not know anymore what she is doing. That's it! And Johan and Bernard are standing in the kitchen again and they can hold their tongues. Has the last word now been said, Jeus?

The weeks no longer fly past, hours last an eternity, especially if you have nothing to say to each other. He no longer talks to Crisje. He can't. Even if he wanted to, his throat closes and then he is standing stuttering. He no longer looks at Crisje and everyone sees and hears that. Yes, of course, you are involved, after all. However, everyone is sometimes fed-up and you have to fight that out for yourself. True or not, life gives everyone something to bear. One evening, Teun and Miets are dying to ask Jeus something.

"Jeus, are you at home tomorrow, aunt Trui is getting married."

"No, I have to work."

Trui is back and forth. Tomorrow will be her big day.

"Cris, will you help me tomorrow?"

"I will make sure of that, Trui, of course."

Trui looks round, but Jeus is not there. Which prompts her to ask her sister:

"Will he come to wish me luck tomorrow, Cris?" Crisje has to laugh. What did Trui just say? Who has to wish her luck? Jeus? She does not understand her. She cannot understand Trui.

"I mean, Cris", Trui repeats, "whether Jeus will come to wish me luck."

Now Crisje has to laugh out loud. Trui asks again:

"Do you have to laugh about that now, Cris?"

Crisje thinks, but that Trui. That stupid Trui as well, does she know her Jeus so well? Of course, Johan and Bernard will wish her luck. And the others as well, but Jeus? No, he will not do that and cannot do that. Trui has gone. Less than ten minutes later Trui is already back. "Do you have that for me, Cris? I will get the rest from Hent Klink. Is Jeus not here yet?" "No, he is not here, Trui, "What do you want?"

And why are you so nervous?"

"It's a lot for me", Trui utters. You see, Crisje, Trui is like that. You are prepared, not her! You have thought about everything, not her! Now Trui would do anything to get that kind-heartedness from Jeus. Not only that she stole his love because she started it, now also his blessing, because she feels that she has something to make up to you. Do you perhaps think differently about it, Crisje?

No, Trui, you will never get that. Crisje thinks, even I cannot get him to talk. And what do you want now? Does Trui feel something special? Has Trui ever understood anything about Crisje and Jeus? Does she now feel

what she is separating? Even if Crisje follows her soon, that will happen, but, Trui, you played a dirty role. When the story of your life will be written later, even if it is turned upside down, Trui, Our Lord knows about your feelings and thoughts. These two souls, Jeus and Crisje, have experienced Golgotha together. And that is now being destroyed, Trui! At least, it now looks like that. You let Jeus bleed to death if possible, also his Crisje, and no one will disagree with him. He experiences the sacred truth.

Crisje cannot understand it. You would sympathise; it is so pathetic. Trui has already been to Crisje's house ten times in succession. And what she wants to see is not there. At least not for the time being. Jeus has run into the woods. Trui is nervous but that is because of uncle Gradus. She did not wish to think, at least not about what Crisje and Tall Hendrik opened for their lives. Trui also did not think about Gradus, he was dead to her life. Trui's love did not go further than Gradus' coffin. Now Trui sees all those sweet things again. They follow her. And without knowing it, she is facing Crisje again. She used to chase Crisje's children out of her house with a piece of black pudding. Now Trui asks for alms, because she will get to experience the respect of Jeus. Is that not the case, Trui? No, Trui, Crisje thinks, you have no understanding of motherhood and childish love. You will not experience those feelings anymore either. Last night Trui experienced a dream. She dreamt that she had to climb a mountain; it was a very high mountain. Trui thought differently about it to how Crisje and her Tall One were able to accomplish this. She walked around it! Then she dumped her life with Gradus and thought it is okay like this. However, she did not bury life. The doors of her soul were wide open; Otto could wander in directly. And when she wakened, she got to see that proof. She was now sitting with Otto in the kitchen, and he poured a brandy with sugar for her. Trui did not see any solar eclipse; it wasn't there. Her sun still had to begin to radiate light. Nothing else was needed now, she understood it, but it did not give her any peace. Therefore no 'orchids', Crisje. And no playing of angels, no Our Lord! Everything is materially experienced and thought out. But what does it mean? The rest of this good earth is no different, it is exactly the same!

Did I not tell you, dear Crisje, this love is not worth a thing. Millions of women dream of happiness, also about human grip and make every effort from their own life and human machine in order to achieve it. I do not say that Otto is not a good man, God preserve me, but Trui does not wish to climb your mountain yet. What is universal value, just for soul and spirit, has been greatly cheated. It is cheating yourself sedately and nothing else! If you feel, Crisje, where this is all heading, then you will also see Gethsemané at your feet. You will also be standing in front of a Pontius Pilate and begin to wash your hands in innocence, because the spiritual life and the person-

ality succumb! You can now buy it at the market, Crisje. It is really a mess, there are human lice in it, that stuff comes from an attic, from a box, and a sensitive person does not like it.

There is a world, Crisje, for soul and spirit. Even if people do not believe that yet, there is that world! We now see two different expressions of feeling which people call love and are living these worlds now. The world for soul and spirit, you have to fight for. The other one you can buy. And Jeus wants to crush that. He takes everything from your life just like that; he comes to visit and demands, because the other life is in trouble. And that is you yourself, Crisje! Is it now so improbable that Jeus has all the angels on his side? And that Trui will walk until she drops? Is it not the case that the whole universe is laughing at her? Right in her face, is not part of it now, because Trui does not have those eyes. Despite everything, she feels some of it and that is her nervousness.

Did I not tell you in the past, Crisje, that a person cannot see his future? Yet, life forces you to do it. It is exactly this unprecedented life; it demands you to bow your head to the true love!

For some food and drink, Crisje, I said to you, after all, a mother sells herself and now a 'temple' like that is destroyed, the most powerful thing there is and which was created by Our Lord. Now just put the money on the stairs and it will all be fine. You will not get the big remainder anyway, that is from someone else or it is just not there at all and it belongs within your own reach and to this rotten society, Crisje. Trui has not sold herself; did she not do it for money? Perhaps for some food and drink and because she does not feel like working for it herself? Oh, Crisje, do you not feel that this all means very little? However, the universe thanks you, Crisje! You are thanked, because you let the universe know that there is more than living on earth. There is something else. And Jeus fought for that, your Tall One went through the ground and you followed the Way of the Cross, which Our Lord respects, because these are the powers for which He and through which He began his journey to earth! All that other nonsense, Crisje, hit Him on the cross, and Trui did not wish to carry that, not all those people and gave themselves away for that, as a gift is better and clearer. Those children, Crisje, do not know yet what it means to fight for human happiness and love. They do not know what it is. And now Jeus is right about everything. Yet when the time comes, you shall and must marry Hendrik Wageman, because it will be good for you later. However, for Jeus it is a plug of tobacco in his soul. Antoon van Bree would not be able to do this and when Jan Lemmekus hears it, he will also turn his back, because he knows all about it. Now the following, Crisje.

That of yourself and the Tall One is a cosmic law. But that of Trui is something else? If you later understand these two souls a bit better, your life will

think differently about it. However, it will come, Crisje, do not throw mud at a bride, because it is you yourself ... and means, look into your miserable past and keep quiet. And if you perhaps still do not know, this break between you and Jeus is exactly the same. You would also have laughed at everyone if they had told you what is now happening. True or not, and it all means: a person does not know himself! Even if you think that you can accomplish everything, life can hit you in a way, which you have not yet dreamed of. And now you do not go straight up a hill, but upwards upside down and backwards, therefore upwards in a zigzag way, crawling, panting, but you have everything to spare for that piece of work for your own life.

If you have food and drink, then love does not matter a jot to you. If this consciousness lives in you and is present, because you know, you cannot look for it on earth. If Jeus could understand this, we would have worked it out. However, that will take a while yet, Crisje, but he must accept it or he will be destroyed. If he had not been confronted with your past, he would have conquered it, of course, however, he is now fighting against laws of karma, against Baron von Steinhoven, your Hendrik Wageman, who got a hiding from you then, but now comes, in order to settle those bills, which you now know all about, also the Tall One, but not Jeus. Trui does not know these matters either and it is none of her business. She fought for her existence. You fought for soul, love and spirit, for the pure and eternal unity of two people, as man and mother! There is a child between these two, because this life is the propagation, Crisje, or we would be standing still, and life must go on!

This soul, Crisje, which now comes to you, has the right to it. You can now know. Follow Trui now and you will feel it, because you see the great difference of it before you and this is everything! It is completely obvious, Crisje, you cannot cheat God and His universes for yourself, after all, sooner or later it will stand before you and you can bow to it. If you had not followed any Stations of the Cross, if you did not have so much faith and were not so loving, the Tall One would never have reached you either. It is because of this that uncle Gradus is not after Trui. However, it is the good in her, Crisje, which feels, but what have I done? It is the good core of your sister and you can be satisfied with it.

Aunt Trui, Jeus is in the woods. He is hitting his body. The nice machine has to be destroyed. He is thinking about taking his own life. Now nothing means anything to him anymore, nothing. He has had his fill of it. Jeus now wants to put you in a mess. He will let you experience a wedding which you will enjoy. When you drink your brandy tomorrow, you will smell the stench of a corpse, Trui, the misery of his life. You will bleed, he says, and collapse from fear at the altar, because a corpse creates misfortune in your own family on such a day and is worse than unblest statues. You will experience your

day, choking, it is all misery; this is Jeus' opinion.

Just lash out, Jeus, just destroy that nice machine; however, people are not worth it. He has lost the most loved thing in this world, and that would not be so bad if you had to bury it, but it has cheated him. And that is bad! He looks at a tree. Drowning is better, if you splash into the water, your throat remains free, and you do not feel it. Is drowning worse than hanging? Hanging is a dirty thing. No, drowning is better! That hanging is so shocking, you swing like that and they would like that!

Jeus feels the quiet woods laughing. The birds are asleep, a nice wind rustles through the trees and he also feels, all those things know what he now wants to do. If only Fanny was here now, he feels, it would not happen. Nevertheless, Fanny is no longer here and he knows for sure, he does not want anything to do with Fanny now. And Casje can get the 'doodles'. Aunt Trui must have a horrible day, that is the only thing he wants. Father must now see that there is another one at his table, it is terrible. Uncle Gradus was a good man, but he is also forgotten and out of the picture, his family is so pathetic. Suddenly he hears talking inside him again and he already knows who it is. However, he can tell him another one. Jeus lashes out with:

"Go to hell, you don't know anything about my affairs anyway, ass!"

Casje laughs a bit, he laughs aloud, he must now hear him. And Jeus responds:

"Do you have to laugh about this as well, nasty piece of work?" Casje says to him, or, is that perhaps someone else?

"You can call me as many names as you like, I am not angry with you anyway, as long as you know. But if you want to hang yourself, Jeus, or you want to drown yourself, that is enough to drive you mad."

He has to admit that cursed man knows everything.

"You know, Casje, what I want to do? What I have in mind?"

"Of course, I know that, or I would not have been able to talk about it."

"Is that not understandable, Casje?"

"What must I say now, Jeus. You are right, but your mother as well. And a person does not commit suicide just like that."

"What do you know about aunt Trui then, Casje?"

"Your aunt Trui is another person. And she has nothing to do with this. This is a matter between your mother and yourself."

"So, did you think that. But would you believe, that Our Lord is a gossip, Casje?"

Casje has to think, it is taking a bit too long for him, and he says:

"You are dumbfounded, aren't you? You cannot say anything to this. What do you know about Our Lord? Nothing! Nothing, my boy. You are a dirty shit."

“I know everything, Jeus”, Casje says, “As long as you know.”

“Now, tell me what you think then.”

“That Our Lord has nothing to do with this. And that is all!”

“What are you trying to tell me now? That Our Lord has nothing to do with this? And did you think that I believed that. Now that other one will get everything for nothing. Would Our Lord want that, Casje? Now, say something!”

“You surely think that I do not know what to say now. However, I will tell you and I told you that on the Emmerik road, I do not want anything to do with these matters. I will get into trouble myself and I do not intend to. And did you think that Our Lord wants to have anything to do with this mess if it already means nothing to me?”

Jeus stops to think. Perhaps Casje is right. Then what? Casje continues:

“Leave Our Lord out of it, Jeus. And if you want to kill yourself, then that is your own business. I wouldn’t do it.”

“Why not?”

“That’s a good one, Jeus. I also have my own life! There are so many people in the world with whom I am involved. Did you think that I would hang myself for one person? For what? After all, you cannot marry your own mother, can you? Because that is what it is. You are mad about that and about nothing else! I tell you, it’s the worries! Should your mother let the children perish? Your mother has money worries, Jeus.”

“You are talking like you are my own father.”

“It looks like it, of course, but your father cannot talk any differently to me. He would say exactly the same.”

He has to think again, and feels that his father is there. But it is Casje who is talking. However, Casje and the Tall One know that it is serious. A real danger threatens. They know that he will not climb his mountain alone but will throw himself off it later, and offer himself. The Tall One has heard it said in his world: ‘Look, Hendrik, yonder there is work for you. Your flesh and blood wants to put an end to it. Quickly, run towards that life, Tall One, Jeus needs your protection, you now know how you can reach him.’

An hour later Jeus is standing in front of the gate of ‘Sint van Tie’n’, the man who once hung himself, and which people in the village know all about. He wants to know something about that life and asks:

“I want to come to you. Can you tell me, what the best thing for me is? As long as you know, I have never had anything else in my life.”

He listens and the injection of the Tall One is already working.

“Did you also kill yourself as a result of worries? And does it hurt much? Why did you hang yourself? Did you have trouble with your wife? Did she perhaps cheat you? I can understand that. Then you felt it stab your heart,

just like I do now, is that true? Can you feel much pain by hanging, and is that worse than the pain inside? Is hanging bad? If you suffocate, is that bad? Is a rope around your neck bad? Is that worse than drowning yourself?"

He listens, but he does not get any answer. Now he cannot think about everything which he experienced with his Fanny and José, that now means nothing for his life. There is not a single trace of it left; the sorrow in his life dominates everything. Is that little house empty? Is there no one else there? If only he was a Jew, then he could be buried here immediately, the Jewish graveyard is at the back. But he does not want to become a Jew. A pig? No, they slaughter them and then aunt Trui can eat him as well. No, and a dog is also nothing, you get more beatings from other people than you get food or you lie chained up day and night. A dove perhaps? No, all that courting is sickening to him. That would also make you sick. Where did Casje get to? Immediately, Casje's appears.

"Yes, Jeus, so, I just let you have a walk. You were thinking to yourself. No, there is nothing left here. That man is now walking about. He lay here for long enough. Our Lord said to him, just come out now."

"You are talking nonsense, Casje. He is in the eternal flames."

"You do not believe that yourself. I heard you talk differently. I tell you, he lay here and was screaming as well, he suffered such pain through his own hanging, as long as you know!"

"I forgot that, Casje. I had too many worries on my mind. But I understand you very well."

"You had too many worries, that is true, but it's the case. If you do that, you can crawl into the ground with yourself. With your full senses, because you cannot die. You will feel that rope day and night around your neck, because you should not have done that for Our Lord, he did not give you life to destroy it. He has his own way for it, as long as you believe it!"

"I understand, but I will not let myself be cheated."

"You must decide that for yourself, it is not my affair."

He thinks again and he wants to go back to the great matters of his youth. However, there is something, which prevents him from going back. He calmly considers his situation. And descends deeper into his youth and this loses all power, the suicide must make way for other feelings. Now he hears:

"If I was you, Jeus, I would do something completely different. If you are dead here, you have nothing more to say either. There is more going on here, isn't there?"

"Of course, I know that. Are you angry with me, Casje?"

"No, I would not get angry at anyone, they are all just children."

"I am sorry, Casje, that I called you names like that."

"I can imagine that, we all have our things. We are still such pathetic

souls, Jeus, such mites, just like poor dogs.”

“You are right, Casje. I am a glutton. No, that is not true.”

“That is all very well, Jeus, but if I was you I would go and play football.”

“That is true, Casje, did you already see me, did you already see me running with the ball?”

“Yes, of course, I thought then, he can become something.”

“Yes, I like playing football, Casje. And also, even if I say so myself, I am good as well.”

“I know, but I have to take to my heels. So I must be off quickly now. I have a lot to do. I have been kept back here for more than long enough. All the best, Jeus. Mesjoer!”

“Good day, Casje, mesjoer.”

“Greetings to your mother.”

“I will be damned if I do, Casje.”

“Suit yourself. I am going now.”

Casje is gone and with him the Tall One. Jeus does not know that, but this was a nice piece of work by the Tall One. This violin, Tall One, had a nice sound. You made a hole in his thoughts with playing, and reversed his inner life completely and then things were better. Compliments from Our Lord, Tall One. And now further! This is an ‘orchid’ for Jeus, now Crisje as well!

He totters along the Grintweg again, and steps onto the Zutphen-Emmerik tram, but feels more knocked out than yesterday, but is thinking more sharply than months ago. Aunt Trui is getting married, they may wish her luck; she can get the ‘doodles’ from him. They are all invited, of course, but he does not want anything to do with her. Johan brings him a roll and yet another note from Crisje.

‘Jeus, will you wish aunt Trui luck this evening?’

He laughs, he has to laugh at Crisje’s childishness. But this day also passes. When he walks up the Grintweg, he sees aunt Trui. She begs him to come inside, but he flatly refuses. Uncle Otto is sitting at the window and grimaces at him, which he feels. Crisje gives him dinner and says:

“Here, Jeus, nice chicken soup, aunt Trui made it. It is good for you.”

If only you hadn’t said this, Crisje. Now you have spoiled everything, although he is starving to death, he lets his feelings be known.

“I do not want any soup from that dirty woman.”

It is the middle of the night when he awakens. In the woods once again; the cold drives him homewards. He seems to be frozen. But his little legs quickly get used to it, his blood flow increases, first he takes his shoes off behind the house and then to sleep. What Casje said is easy, but not so simple, after all. Casje is right, why should he hang himself to a beam like that? They would like that, how aunt Trui would laugh. He cannot cry, but how many tears

does a person really have in his ribs? And how long must you cry before your tears run dry? He would like to know that. It is worthwhile, because you can stop beforehand, or of course, you will be dead immediately. Weeping is dangerous; he feels, you can get all kinds of things from it. It is true, he knows people, who were skin and bone, only through their sorrow and that cursed crying.

Can a person cry until his tears run dry? And what happens then? You hear it said: 'that woman is crying herself to death, that man is crying himself to death', but nothing happens. When father was buried, mother almost cried herself to death, but it did not happen. He can understand that now, because it was just nonsense! Mother wept, but they were not real tears, that was cheating. Or that man would not be here! If you have rings under your eyes, that does not mean anything! Those eyes have to be destroyed! You can cry until you destroy your stomach and your heart and then you will go to hospital. Not all those people cried. It is stuff and nonsense; they are hypocrites, that crying means nothing.

He cannot sleep, but this is something completely different for his life. You can talk about it later. Did Our Lord also cry until his tears ran dry and he was destroyed? No, Our Lord did not give His executioners any satisfaction. But he understands that. He cried inside. Did mother therefore also cry inside? No, mother would like that, but it did not work. Now mother is still alive. What does Our Lord say to tears?

If you have pain inside, you can cry, he continues. That is the case, Crisje, Our Lord also lets people cry until their tears run dry. Only afterwards does HE come to have a look and see if there are still tears. If there are still tears in you, they have to go first and only then will you get an answer. You can cry until your tears run dry about thousands of things. Through hundreds of thousands of things people experience sorrow and they can cry. But what is crying? If you are hurt inside, you can cry. Or another person insults you. If you are hurt inside even more deeply and if you stand there right in front of it and see that a man takes away the children's nice food from the table, because that same man enjoys it, you think you have to cry. And if that happens more than once, you will also cry until your tears run dry and new misery begins.

And what would you say if you hear that your children have to call a man like that father? If those same children do not possess the strength to kill that life, then there will be misery and pain, dirty pain, as a result of which you can experience nervous convulsions.

You cry, so that they can hear you at the bottom of the Grintweg and you are capable of crying until your tears run dry! Good heavens, what kind of thoughts are these, anyway, Crisje.

Nevertheless, Crisje, each artist, who wishes to call himself an artist, cries until his tears run dry through his art. He now has everything in his soul and happiness to give completely to that art. You do that for all arts or you will achieve nothing, then the violin playing will remain screeching. How many tears will you not have to shed for the true life? A blow right in your face, Crisje, turns you to tears. And if you cannot do this and do not want this, then the human machine will begin to complain, also to moan and you will probably get a stomach-ache, so bad, that you think that you have an ulcer. Then just eat dry rice, perhaps it will help, and if that does not, you must just accept those pains. You can now show what you want, what you can do, and who you are! Human sorrow, Crisje, produces its own tears, but it is at the expense of the human machine. If that takes too long, you get nervous convulsions, as I said. You will shout and scream as if you are mad. But, you can take care of yourself now. If you can now cry it will recede, but usually those crazy tears now refuse to flow! That, on top of everything else!

Crisje is not bothered by anything, she looks well and is beautiful. Since her inner life is so beautiful, that great power radiates over her face. It is a sparkling love, which you get from Crisje and is everything for Jeus and which another person now gets, just like that for nothing! Upstairs there is someone lying on his bed thinking, downstairs there is another, and both do not cry. It is mad, always strange again, people sometimes think about the same matters, and it is as if they force each other to think like that. However, they do not know what it is. Next door, the life snores and does not know anything about weeping. It is as happy as anything. But what is that? There are two lying there who have eaten their fill from the chicken soup, the biters are working on a bit, and life is beautiful! Here, downstairs and upstairs they are worrying, there is no question of crying, but these little machines are already breaking.

Jeus talks in his sleep, which overcame him after all, with Sint van Tie'n! Crisje has also dozed off, but she is faced with her Tall Hendrik. They are having their last walk in the Forecourt of Our Lord. Half-conscious, for Crisje then, dreaming like that, she experiences this wonderful thing, or she would only cry about it and that must not happen now. Jeus has already hung himself ten times in his sleep and he now knows for certain what the best thing is and which do not hurt so much. That hanging yourself on a beam is bad! Water is better. It is like you are dreaming and you do not feel any pain and with all that water of the water course you cannot walk around, it will run away on its own. If it must happen now anyway, then he will choose the water. Letting yourself drop from a tree is not the way either, he felt that just a moment ago. Then you are not so sure of your end then you are lying in a hospital; this came to him just now. And he does not

want anything to do with hospitals, he knows all about them; he has not yet recovered from Bernard's accident. That still eats at him so much, just like when it happened to Bernard.

In his sleep he follows his life, his thoughts and corrects everything. Which happens of its own accord. But he keeps waking up with a fright. When it is almost at that stage, then there is that fright. And he has to accept that he is happy. Fortunately, it has not come to that stage. Yes, just a moment ago he was happy that he was still alive and then it was now time to crawl out of bed. Ten minutes later, he is outside and on his way, straight to Emmerik, but it is a terrible time!

No, he will not kill himself! They would like that. And Tall One, you have killed off those feelings completely! The feelings afterwards are usually the worst. The soul can then still succumb, but when you haul that same soul through the stench of a corpse, with its nose right in it, Tall One, the life gets quite enough of it and the personality gets through. It is like your own crawling through those graves. There was no difference for Jeus. Now he also knows what suicide means for the soul, the life, and himself, it makes him sick! But, thanks. You are learning an awful lot from Casje! However, Crisje does not get a word from his life, Tall One, and that is sad. Can that not be solved as well? Try it, Tall One! There is something else; do you not see his thoughts? He is trembling and shaking for something. Try to convince him that this is no longer possible. Please. Just let Casje help you with it.

The boys at the football field have to admit that his shot is improving. They would like to know, because the ball is now that man who is sitting in the kitchen four times a week and whom he does not want anything to do with. Even if Crisje nags him day and night to talk to her again, he does not do it. He cannot! And that is everything. Because of this, he runs, he kicks, and he can now give everything to football and he is a champ! But pickled herrings and raw carrots taste nice. Crisje must not think that he is not eating enough; he is eating plenty! Now mother must just see that she makes it, he is no longer needed there. Now he thinks about everything, he trembles and shakes from it. He saw that that man came home completely drunk. And he saw that man couldn't hold his drink. He also saw that all that nice food flew through the kitchen. His own father could not have done this; that is cursing God and Our Lord. This is not a prayer before dinner, but asking the devil to visit, and he trembled and shook from it, but mother does not wish to believe it. It refuses to leave him. Even at the football pitch, these visions haunt him with all the misery of it!

He heard Crisje screaming, so badly, that your heart would break. He has never heard anything like it; it is so bad. All because of that man! But what can he change about it, if mother does not wish to listen? Mother fell to the

ground unconscious and then she started to scream. A doctor was called. Yet, mother does not believe him. Every morning on the way to Emmerik, in the tram or walking, he follows the screaming. It refuses to leave him. Suddenly, he feels something different. Just imagine ... No, that is not possible, is it? Yet, why would that not be possible? He knows all about it. There, Achter de Kom, children got another father. And when there were more children, those different children got into arguments, but those arguments were because the mother put her own children first, which the husband did not want, but then knives were involved and people were killed. He cannot bear thinking about it. Just imagine that there were also strange children in their house! He might murder those children, that man would not accept that, after all, would he? My God, what kind of misery is that? Is there not something else to think of? No, that is bad! He looks at space, at Our Lord above him, He must tell him. That Lord of the church does not know. Will there be children later? No? Just say. He looks over the trees into space. Will there be children? If there are children, I will still drown myself. I do not wish to see the children of that man. 'No, there will be no children!' It is something, which strengthens him. But he is still not satisfied. May you not hear that? And a while later there comes to his life from space:

"No, Jeus, there will be no children!"

"Thanks", he answers and now hops along. It is a burden from his heart. Life is good again for a while. Even if he does not have everything, this was still the worst. Hendrik Wageman is a good man, isn't he? He does not believe it, he is a sour puss!

He is almost fourteen years old and is standing on his own two feet. The work in the factory is nothing more, and the only fun which he can experience for himself is taking part in sports as much as he can. At home, he is out of the game, anyway. One evening, after playing football, he runs into the woods again, the woods always attract him and whom don't they attract? All the boys run into the woods. You can have a nice play there and that is for whippersnappers. What is rustling there? Who is it? Oh, it is Betje van de Bulten. That girl is lying just like that in the woods. What does that girl want? Betje is a bad apple. Betje hangs about with boys. This Betje is different to the Betje he used to go swimming with and through whom he was able to learn that boys were different from girls. The girls are mothers, the boys fathers, but Betje had a mound! And it is that mound! People kill for that, but this is why Our Lord created people. Now people can do it themselves. But that is not worth anything, another one gets that just like that for nothing. What does this Betje want from his life?

"Good day, Jeus."

"What do you want with me?"

“But you are having a walk, aren’t you?”

“Yes, but what has it do with that? Is it any of your business?”

Betje is lying there with her skirts lifted up. Did he not know it? Those women are all the same. You can get those women for nothing. Betje laughs nicely at him. And Betje can already do that as if she is twenty. Betje learned that and it is nothing much, you can do that yourself as well. Betje is just fifteen and has already murdered a few children, he sees. He looks through Betje’s life. She is a dirty animal! Does that sacred part no longer have any value? This Betje is dirty. Betje sums him up and asks him right in his face:

“Would you not like to just come over to me, Jeus? Come, Jeus, then we will play at father and mother!”

He reacts quickly and harshly, when he utters: “Will you keep your drunken head quiet?”

And now it is Betje who reacts. Betje is not afraid of him:

“Silly scaredy cat?”

He spits back, right in her face and throws at her: “You stink inside, drunken fool!”... and runs away from her life. What a dirty brat she is. Is he a country bumpkin then? Is he a scaredy cat? No, mother, but that child is dirty inside and he does not even know what he should do with her. Even if he knows that he was born in mother and that his father had to give everything for it, he knows exactly where those things come from, but he does not have feelings for it in him, it is still dormant. But what nice eyes this Betje has. He should not have called her a dirty drunken animal, perhaps Betje cannot help it, and she has nice legs, after all. But her clothes were dirty and stinking. She does not wash herself, of course. Still she is a dirty animal. Nevertheless, Betje has a nice face. Tonight he dreams a bit differently. Betje now haunts his life and is better than those other thoughts. You can live through this, Jeus; the other thing destroys you completely. Therefore, carry on thinking! And yes, he is already occupied.

But how nice a girl is. Something completely different than he is himself. A girl is nicer than a man. When he has to be born again, he will ask Our Lord if he can be born as a girl now; then he will do it differently than mother now does. He would then throw the man out the door and he would not get everything from him for nothing, that on top of everything else. He will just show those women how it must be done. He will not like a man who is just talk. Did you think that he would follow a man like that? That a man like that would get everything from him for nothing? That man would like that! But is he a scaredy cat?

Betje destroyed her calves, he saw that inside her. That was as clear as anything. He saw all the children. It was two boys and a girl. Poor Betje! No wonder that she is known as mad on boys. Betje would have liked to

have had him, of course, but did you think that, Betje? Did you think that I would buy a pig in a poke? Was that girl leering after him? Probably, because otherwise she would not have been lying there. What is Betje doing now? Also thinking, also sleeping?

To possess a girl is like a paradise. However, Betje is not that. Betje is not a Crisje. When he looks for a wife, that girl must be like Crisje. Mother is sweet and soft. And he cannot stand snapping, that Betje snaps. A man is destroyed through that snapping. Mother never snaps. He now suddenly knows that he will continue to love Crisje. You must not kill people if they do something wrong, that is not allowed. He loves mother so much that he can forgive her everything. And Our Lord wants that as well.

It is a pity that Betje is so dirty. Did you see that face? It was nice. Did you see those little feet? Did you see that black hair as well? Did you see those nice, but naughty little eyes? Did you see those little lips, which people use to kiss? What is kissing? Why do they do that? They do that because inside they have something to say, but they do that now on their lips. 'Give me a kiss.' No, he does not want a kiss from Betje. However, mother is sweet, mother is soft. It is a pity that mother does not see what will happen. But because Betje can breed he would like to have her. Hent van de Rooie said that he could not have any children and that he could not believe it. Betje can have children. And because she can have children, you will not have those worries later either, that is also painful, Hent said, you walk about with it day and night, but they do not come. Why do people sometimes have so many children, some mothers do, and others do not have any, not one single one? Why is that? Mother had six boys and Miets. Aunt Trui had none. But Betje can breed.

If he gets a girlfriend later, that girl will be a heaven on earth for him. He already knows that now. Then he will be father and she mother. But there will be no men visiting. He will then build a heaven for her just as father did for mother. This man cannot do that. The ground will then be too hard on which she walks and he will always be nice to her. She to him as well! Is he a scaredy cat? He feels that he is not a scaredy cat, but that he does not want anything to do with Betje. Betje is so fast. She gives everything away just like that. Just like aunt Trui does with uncle Otto. But mother, what are you doing, anyway? Betje is black inside, has dirty thoughts and Our Lord does not want that.

The boys are dreaming. He is lying awake and thinking. Who is coming up the stairs there? It is Crisje. Mother comes to ask him whether he wishes to talk again, but he cannot.

"Jeus, talk to me." Not a word.

"Jeus, I cannot take this anymore."

No answer.

“Jeus, you are not sleeping. I know that you are awake.” Not a word.

“Jeus, do you want to have me in the grave then?”

That is too much. Now he forces everything inside him upwards and says:

“It is your own fault, mother.”

“Jeus, talk to me, otherwise I will die.”

He cannot talk. Crisje goes downstairs and she has to get married in a few days time. She is crying, poor Crisje. She has not wept like that for a long time. In the morning not a word either. Crisje can no longer bear that, but he cannot do anything about it, something refuses inside. He comes to Jan Lemmekus for a moment and he asks him about all his experiences, Jan gets to hear that he does not want anything more to do with those matters. There is now a lump in his life, not in his throat, but it is even deeper and that is much worse. A few days later Crisje crawls up the stairs again. What used to mean a mercy, is now a curse for his life. If you held mother’s hand, it was a blessing. Now you tremble from it. He does not want to feel any of it, it now hurts you. Crisje can go back again with nothing in her heart. He cannot talk. Five days later she is lying in front of his bed again and begs him to talk.

“Jeus, I cannot do it any longer. Another few days and then I must marry. You are destroying me, Jeus. Do you want me to die then? Will you talk to me, Jeus?”

“No, no, I cannot talk.”

Crisje looks him in the eye. In the darkness it does not hurt so much. Then Crisje’s eyes reach his heart. Something starts to happen inside. Warmth returns to his life. Mother kisses him in her thoughts and the lump in his throat cannot compete. He can suddenly breathe more easily. Crisje lays her ‘orchids’ at his feet, under his heart, in his eyes and they are for his life. He gets all her love tonight. How nice mother is. Mother is divine. Mother is an angel. Now Crisje also gets his nice thoughts back. Suddenly, they throw their arms around each other. They cannot miss each other. Our Lord is there and the Tall One, Casje and José, Fanny as well! In their thoughts, they fly away from the earth, back, to the Forecourt of Our Lord. They experience the silence of this sacred world and then something else happens, he is crying! He is crying loudly, Crisje is also crying, as a result of which their hearts relax. He sees Crisje dressed in a nice garment. And now he hears Crisje say:

“How strong you have become, Jeus. You are almost crushing me to death.”

“Yes, mother, I can crush you to death. Just like father could do that.”

They feel their mighty love returned; mother and child are completely as one again. Crisje feels anxious and says:

“You may not love me so much, Jeus. Our Lord comes first, did you not know that?”

“Yes, mother.”

“Is it okay again between us, Jeus?”

“Yes, mother, but I will not call him father.”

Crisje does not wish to discuss that now. That is an entirely different story. She kisses him goodnight. She can sleep again; she walks downstairs, as if on a bed of roses, like a countess. Well done, Tall Hendrik, this playing was great. You are certainly playing a different violin. You know how to experience your task there. You are doing good work! By taking him into Betje, you managed to accomplish this work of art. Since he started to feel human love for a moment, that dirty lump in his soul disappeared or his life would have remained completely smothered to this, and you would have needed a psychiatrist. It is wonderful. You stayed nice and far away, but you were also close to your great love. Now everything will be okay, Tall One! You now know how a person of the earth can experience revelations. It was great, Tall One! Soon you will get other tasks and then they will also need you here. Just get ready. Jeus has already dealt with the visions and they struck home. The real ones are there. Just thank Casje.

Crisje is now getting ready. She is going to meet her future. How will it be? Jeus is talking again. They have each other back, he will support her in everything. Crisje will now also experience that he will not leave her alone. However, another life is coming between them. Jeus has understood that he must help his mother. He will help her to bear it. Everything together! It is meant to be like this and that is also the case! However, Hendrik Wageman will tame this life. There are the hostile feelings, he has laid the foundations for it himself, but that was only for his mother. They must soon live with each other? When Crisje also asks him not to leave her alone that day, she gets to hear:

“I must first think about it, mother”, and she knows. A person makes a mess, the war which has broken out does it even better, but people are people and they destroy themselves. Now you have to learn precisely not to do that and he has now learned. Tomorrow, mother will get married. And he? Jeus knows, he will go to work. He does not want to succumb in the church. No, not everything, Crisje, you could also ask too much and then you will go to the heart. Be satisfied, Crisje. However, the future will prove whether he is right. The visions came from a source, which is love, and means, forewarned is forearmed. If you allow your brains to work. And Jeus will prove that to you!

He does not want to hang on a beam and Betje is dirty inside, but she is also a child of Our Lord. Poor Betje, why could you not just wait? That is also certainly the future!

No, Mother, I will not stay at home today for all the money in the world

The old Frisian clock has struck three times. Crisje gets out of bed in the middle of her first sleep, goes upstairs in order to steal a chance for the last time to keep him home today. He may not leave her alone today; she will succumb. Now that she is standing in front of his bed, she sees that he is sleeping, but downstairs she felt that, like her, he could not sleep. It is strange, she sees, she looks at his face and follows her life with Jeus in her thoughts. Through this life, she could fly before he was born. She was in the Forecourt of Our Lord with this life and experienced a paradise. She knows his personality is now different for her life, she is missing something, and it is exactly that through which she experienced her inner contact. Even if he was in Emmerik, she used to be able to talk to his life, now she has to follow the material way in order to experience this unity.

She has closed herself off to his life, she knows, because she is getting married to Hendrik Wageman. The universal certainty has gone; another person, without feeling, is standing between them and will soon get everything. It is terrible, because it is raining now, it is cold and terribly poor, but she has to get through it. Jeus, she calls to herself, waken up. Now that she adjusts to his inner machine, the day-consciousness comes back and looks her in the eye again. Crisje asks:

“Jeus, but my Jeus, do not leave me alone today.”

“No, mother, I will not stay at home today for all the money in the world.”

She now knows. There is nothing more to say; he will not do it. She goes back downstairs. But does mother not fall? Does nothing happen to mother? No, mother is downstairs. Does mother not go through her knees? Thank God, the time has come. No, it is impossible; he would not be able to experience it. He would call Father all kinds of terrible names, and that must not happen. People would just laugh, and that must not happen either, and he does not want Hendrik Wageman to have any fun, he would like that. He is soon asleep again. In the morning, they do not talk. He does not dare to look at Crisje. Nevertheless, her eyes follow him and that hurts inside. He must quickly see that he leaves. It is sickening, mother, but I cannot stay at home. I have had such horrible dreams. I want to go. And he disappears alone. The others have a day off. He softly utters:

“Goodbye, mother.”

‘Goodbye, Jeus’ ... but Crisje says that to herself. Her life and her love has left. She thinks back to years ago, when she worked out for herself, after all,

that he was starting to love her too much, and she should have put a stop to it then, now it is too late. She feels, it is dangerous, oh, so dangerous, if that is taken away from you, you will suffocate from sorrow. What should she have done?

He runs down the Grintweg. In the doorway of Crisje's brother, the tailor, he suddenly stops. They will not go to the wedding, of course, because that will cost them a present. These people, he knows from Bernard, live completely for themselves. Everything is for the curly head, their only child, who was hit from the tailor's table by Bernard. He can understand that, there is no feeling in that head, that head of his has no brains. Here he always gets a biscuit of eleven cents a kilo. Fanny did not like them. And if you come here six months later, you will get a biscuit like that again from the same box. He could trample that thing. Bernard was also bothered greatly by that human meanness. He would not let them make a suit for him; they would like that, not for me! However, this uncle is not bad, only the aunt, she always shouted at you, that little thing was full of herself. 'Can you pray?' 'Say thank you, aunt!' But there will be no more children in our house! No, no more children. That is the worst thing there is. With greetings to little Gerrit, he tears himself away from the family who never comes to the Grintweg. Just give me the sultan. The sultan is a good man. You can at least talk to the sultan. That man understands everything. But it is chilly this morning.

Johan and Bernard are at home. Not him! Johan does not know why he wants to work even though Johan is four years older than he is. Johan does not have a brain! He can forgive Bernard everything, but not Johan! Bernard was beaten enough and sufficiently, not Johan! He laughs and laughs today as well; not Bernard, inside, Bernard is furious, he knows that, but what can you do about it? Nothing! Not a thing, Bernard!

Around eleven o'clock his insides start to tickle. Now mother is ready to get married. They are now walking down the Grintweg. He wraps butter and thinks, but he sees them, one by one he can follow them. Uncle Otto, Jan and Marie are also there. Just look at that Jan, just like a scarecrow. But he is a good man. Not Marie, she is an elbow. She twists the truth; she cannot stand mother. She gossips, because mother took Hendrik away from her. That is a jealous one! He must also watch out for that life. Now they are all at Jan Hieltjes. Just look at mother walking! Mother is beautiful! No one can walk like mother. It happens so ... calmly, so surely ... no, if he tunes into mother's knees, they are trembling. With a steadfast willpower, mother keeps herself upright. Is father not there? Can father not help mother now? It's quite something.

No, he will never marry for a second time. That is worse than being buried. Now you are standing next to a corpse and a living person, but the corpse

follows you, you see that and you feel it from everything. If that corpse does not understand it properly, there will be arguments. However, father understands it; of course, father can understand that! Now they are almost at the church. See how the people are looking. Johan and Bernard, Hendrik and Gerrit are there as well. Not him! Johan laughs, his mother is having a feast. Bernard kicks lumps out of the ground, his wooden leg refuses to work today, he cannot move it forwards. Little Gerrit is making fun and Hendrik does not know, but they are all getting a new father. Another father, a father whom you really have nothing to do with. That should not be allowed! If he had his say, a thing like that would no longer happen. It is stupid for the children! That man will get his chair, his table; and now he has nothing more to say about Teun and Miets. Nothing ... that man will take everything in his hands and that for thirty guilders. What a lot you can buy for that dirty money. That man is now buying everything! And he thought that his mother could not be bought for all the money in the world. And yet mother can be bought, mother has been sold, mother is now ...!

“Good day, father!”

Suddenly the Tall One is standing next to him. “Good day, Jeus.”

“Do I have to call him father?”

“You must decide for yourself, Jeus.”

“But I cannot say father to him, if you are my father?”

“That is true, but you must decide for yourself, Jeus.”

“Are you taking care of mother now, father?”

“Of course, otherwise I wouldn’t be here, would I?”

“I can understand that, father.”

“And now, Jeus, all the best. You should think like this. I am still here as well!”

“Of course, father, otherwise I would have said something else to him.”

“Good day, Jeus.”

“Good day, father. Just see that you get there quickly. They are already sitting in the church, father.”

“I know, I am already leaving.”

And now to work, father is there. He does not have to worry, father is there! The people are leaving the church, he sees; mother now belongs to Hendrik Wageman. Mother can no longer get rid of this man. When he comes home soon, that man will be there as well. They must eat, drink, and sleep under one roof. Fortunately, he sleeps in the attic. It doesn’t bear thinking about. This day is bad for mother. This day, only this day, it haunts him. Only this day is bad, it goes on for some half an hour and then he knows it immediately. He will then make sure of that, but in his way. Only this day, Jeus, this is the worst. This one gets you, breaks you, this one is something

terrible. As long as you get through this day, then it will be okay. But this day is horrible! Your whole body trembles. You would like to run away, but you cannot do that, you are married. You must meet your obligations, your word is yes and not no! This day is dreadful!

“Of course”, he utters, “of course, I can understand, mother! But you can count on me.” Where do those thoughts come from? They are there and they tell him that this day is something really terrible. Do Johan and Bernard not feel that? Probably not, but he has felt it, he has experienced it, it is bad! It is bad, Crisje, but you can count on me!

The factory empties and now homewards. Take your time, there is plenty of time. They must not see him home too early now. But his legs want to walk and he has to go with his legs. He is standing in the Grintweg. And people are looking, they have missed him. A house full of people and those people are drinking. Of course from his money, if you have money, you can make everything dance, but now mother is dancing for another. What does Hendrik Wageman want from him; is that life already looking for an argument now?

“Do you want some nice food, Jeus?” Crisje receives him lovingly.

“Yes, mother, yes, please, mother.”

Crisje gives him tasty soup, but now that he wants to begin, Hendrik Wageman is standing in front of him. The man, he sees, has had a drink. Crisje looks anxious and Hendrik pours two drinks. What does that man want? Jeus has to drink to his health and his mother’s health. He has never drunk jenever; his father would have given him what for! Now that must happen? Crisje says to Wageman:

“But Hendrik, Jeus has never drunk jenever before.”

Hendrik Wageman has a very different opinion. He looks the Tall One’s child in the eye and says:

“You will drink to the health of your mother and myself with me.”

The big man holds a glass in front of his nose; he does not know what he must do. Crisje begs him just to do it or there will be the devil to pay.

In God’s name, do it, Jeus ... there comes to his life from Crisje. Wageman immediately follows with:

“And will you call me father?”

Within a few seconds, he knows what Crisje wants. Then just say ‘cheers’ and afterwards, the ‘doodles’! However, he cannot get that ‘father’ over his lips. Crisje begs him again: just say it, what does it matter to you, Jeus. Now Jeus utters:

“Cheers, father.”

He puts down the glass, Crisje takes away the jenever, and he may eat. Is that man satisfied now? No, that man knows exactly what he thinks about

it. But the ‘doodles’! The tension has gone, suddenly silence reigns yonder, now the men are talking again, they also know what battle went on and will still go on. A man against a boy of fourteen years, he will always win. And if I were that man, I would hit that boy from the table. If I were that man, I would put that boy over my knee. If I were that man, I would have left Crisje with all her boys to her own devices. If I was that man, I would go to Paris for a haircut and I would not stay for a second longer in this dump, but yes, a person is just a person. No rifles were cocked, but the revolvers were loaded. Hendrik pulled them out; he has not yet forgotten that boy. Now that boy can tell him more. Did that same boy want him out the door? Now he is the boss here!

After the soup, he runs into the woods. Crisje’s begging him to stay at home is ignored, he does not hear her. Once in the woods the thoughts return to him of this day, which is almost over, but of which the worst is still to come. He does not know any more in what he lives, he does not feel either that there is something the matter with him. He will never get to know where these feelings came from, but they are there! And he knows he will help mother; he will not leave her alone.

He does not experience the time that he is in the woods, but he is still thinking, he is looking for a firm stick. And now that he has got hold of a firm piece of wood like that – he feels that the people are now gone – it is also time for him. Yes, the people have gone. Everyone is in bed. Also, mother. And he must be there. What Crisje now sees, she did not want. Whatever is the matter with him, he seems furious. He jumps on top of the little table and says to Hendrik Wageman:

“Try touching my mother if you dare. Then I will beat you to death.”

Crisje sees that there is fire coming from his eyes. Wageman also sees it. The man does not dare to move, this is not a child, not a boy any more, this is a devil. Wageman is afraid of such an opponent. Crisje does not know, this is really terrible! My God, what can I do with Jeus. She sees real fire in his eyes. Armed with his club, he is now holding watch, he does not close an eye, but he sees that Wageman is listening to him. The man falls asleep, the brandies make sure of that, he watches out for Crisje. Hour after hour goes by, the cockerels are already crowing, but he keeps watch! The man does not dare to lift a finger, the life is snoring, and nothing else is necessary either! He has to laugh heartily at that life. Crisje does not dare say anything either, now and again she has a peek into his eyes from under the blankets, but she feels that this is not Jeus. Who is it? What is it? This is not human! And yet? Good Lord!

This night, was the worst for her. And now action has been taken. Is this from a higher power? She cannot think about it. She had not counted on

this. She has opened her 'temple', but now a watchman has come, a help, who looks whether there is anyone there, who has muck on his shoes. And that man is not allowed in yet. It is as if it is the case! Crisje thinks, Jeus is under a strange power. But she does not react.

In Jeus, the feeling came to watch over his mother's 'temple'. When this night is over, nothing else can happen. He feels consciously, Crisje's 'temple' may not be sullied tonight. Tomorrow night is already old. But not today! Today is really terrible, today he has to watch, tomorrow Crisje must take care of herself. Crisje now knows. This was the worst thing! Why, she does not realize; but the Tall One lives in this little room. The children were born in this bed! Love and suffering live in this area, it is immeasurable. She would have preferred to start afresh, but there is no money for that. And that's it! This was in her throat, even if she thought that she had conquered everything, this remained, and now Jeus has helped her? She now also sees, it is as if there is a halo around his head! Jeus lives under a power and this is not from the devil, it could be Our Lord. It is those sixteen Stations of the Cross! Crisje experienced Golgotha at that time. Now she receives the flowers. It is a great happiness, but Hendrik Wageman must not know. Thank God, the man is sleeping, the man is afraid, but where must this ship strand? Crisje is thinking. She is praying! She is thanking God! She did not think of help, but that help came. It is Jeus! But my God, what kind of a soul is Jeus anyway! What does this child live for? Where do these thoughts and feelings come from? Jeus is ancient. Jeus is a man! Jeus is also a child! 'The Lord's Prayer is sent into the universe one after another. Our Lord will receive those prayers. The Tall One is not there, Crisje senses. Or is he, after all? Now she can think!

First Johan came into this world. Next was Bernard. Then Jeus, my God, how I must thank You! This is a miracle! This is much more! This is more than a miracle, because this has nothing more to do with people. This is a mercy! Is this a miracle? This is like the people experienced in Lourdes. Holy Mary, pray for us! Tower of David, pray for me! Arc of the Covenant, I cannot thank you enough. Holy Mary and Joseph, will you give my greetings to Our Lord? She hears the children crying again, they come into the world one by one and for the man next to her, she now feels nothing.

What is Casje doing here, Jeus thinks? What does he have to do with mother? Casje gets to hear:

"I thought that you did not want anything to do with this? Will you get the hell out of here?"

Casje disappears. Father is not there, just as well, because father would just be annoyed. It is a lot for a father. Jeus hears banging up in the attic and in the box bed. It was Johan who is now standing right in front of him, he

hesitates. Then runs out the door. A while later aunt Trui is standing before him and pulls him out of the bedroom. Is that not something? He does not need to get dressed, when the house is upside down, he will be gone. And now they can talk. Trui thinks it is terrible; she gives Otto's Hendrik a good talking to.

“Do you let yourself be cheated by a whippersnapper like that? Are you a man? Have you gone mad?”

Otto also gives his brother a hiding. The pros and cons are weighed up; Jeus was possessed by a devil. But Otto, can you believe it, thinks that this boy has character. Otto really has to grin about it, but Trui does not approve. They cannot talk about it enough, today has become tomorrow for Crisje and Jeus! Now nothing more can happen, nothing! Life is rough and harsh, but sometimes you get a precious gift from life and that gift comes straight from heaven. Even if Trui complains terribly, she must admit that it is something special. Who would have thought about that. For heaven's sake, do not talk to people about it or the people will laugh at you as well. Hendrik Wageman does not want to hear anything about it; he has slept well and that is also something. And today Hendrik got married, or was that yesterday, last week he believes, but he is now married to a woman with seven children, six strong boys, and one girl. Who would do the same? No one! Hendrik gets to hear from Trui that he is a dope, but what is a dope actually? Look at yourself.

No matter how much they think and shout, the first day has gone! And you cannot experience that day again, it is gone! It is a scandal, but that day is destroyed! You can decide for yourself what you make of it, you will never get that day back! Never ever, Jeus has beaten that day to smithereens. Can you believe it, but it is the sacred truth. Otto feels for Jeus, and has talked with him in the past. Jeus is the sharpest of them all. You can talk to him as if to yourself, that boy understands everything. That Hendrik as well? Otto laughs to himself, he knows life, but this is something new!

That there will be trouble this evening is quite likely but that does not matter. Crisje asks Wageman:

“Will you forgive Jeus for that, Hendrik?”

Wageman does not say anything, but a moment later he utters: “I will wring his neck”, and then Crisje knows. It will be miserable. Jeus shuffles towards the house, he is not afraid, but when he is standing on the threshold, he suddenly races into the woods. It is there that he changes his mind, is he a scaredy cat? No, he runs back, straight to his new father and says right to his face:

“Just beat me to death now, father.”

Well, Hendrik, just fire away with your revolver. Whether you enjoy it is an entirely different matter. However, if you now allow your brain to work,

follow your feelings, listen to Crisje; then you will have a good friend in Jeus. The Tall One would have given him a treat, wouldn't he; this is men's work, but you are not the Tall One. Yet, hundreds of men would have changed their minds, and they would have given Jeus an honest chance. What will you do now, Wageman? Crisje sees it coming as Hendrik immediately follows with:

"Here you go then, because you asked me so honestly." Jeus is kicked and falls to the floor. He rolls, through the invisible Tall One who is sitting there on a chair, and registers the hour. The blow struck home as well, his boy flies against the wall, but when Wageman wants to give him another kick, he has disappeared. For the universe this is all laid down, Casje is also there, it goes straight to the 'universal judges', Wageman, they will figure it out there. It is a pity, but what is a pity? Jeus runs into the woods again. He meant it well. Crisje hears him say: "That is a pity, I meant it, father, but you do not want it any differently."

And that is the case! But all life will change, Crisje, also Wageman and only then will there be understanding. Although the rights belong to his life, the true life has every say here, and people are faced with the universal law and may bow to it. Crisje can say from the bottom of her heart: 'Hendrik, I am through it, from where those powers come to me, I do not know, but Our Lord has to do with them. True or not, and now carry on!' Of course, she now sends up her most sacred prayers. And Jeus is like his father was, he has everything of Crisje and the Tall One, in his soul there is satisfaction, it is happiness, but what purpose did all of this serve? Is this satisfaction? No, of course not, this is nothing!

His life forgets it. In the woods he gives Fanny, who is no longer here, his blessing, but will know everything there. Father gets his thoughts, also uncle Gradus, Jeus follows them one by one and when that is over, he can sleep peacefully, his household must now die, he has nothing more to say at home, has no significance there any more, has he? The future will decide that and that will come, the first phenomena were already there.

Betje van de Bulten can breed, it is a pity that she is so dirty inside, that is a pity. Mother is sacred, mother will remain sacred, good heavens, how nice life is, if you only understand life, then everything is very much alive, but the blow struck home. If only father was here, then he could have discussed everything with father, this father does not want to talk, this one does not want to understand you and that is also a pity. Was that guts now? What does Bernard say? What does Johan say? Is this guts, father? Mother, is this guts? Was I a scaredy cat? No, why did that man not beat me to death? He has to laugh about it, and then he would have been with Fanny and with José, but that man did not dare to beat him to death, that man was too afraid

for that. Is that the case, mother? Father? José? Am I afraid? No, I am not afraid, he may beat me to death! The last rays of the day's sun now say good night to him. Is mother calling? He runs back ... when he is standing in the kitchen, mother and father are sitting with a brandy. He looks Wageman in the eye again and asks:

“Father, why did you not beat me to pulp then?”

Is that provocation, Jeus? No, you give him everything. Hendrik Wageman has to think for a moment and then he says:

“No, I do not want to go to prison for you. I will not do anything to you now, but we will talk to each other today or tomorrow.”

Crisje trembles, but nothing happens. He does not climb up the stairs now either, he runs through the life, and that life has all kinds of things to tell him. But he was back in the kitchen and no one does anything to him. Now carry on, life can tell him more. Crisje is thinking. The hour for going to bed is calling irrevocably. Today has become yesterday and belongs to the past. A new life is starting. The children have a new father, he has lost his chair and his rights, but that does not matter anymore, he knows why this all came about. The land lease is there now, mother will get other clothes, the children as well, and the debts will be paid. What do you want? Nothing else; he can now play sports and prepare himself for life. Is there anything else?

Would Betje van de Bulten still call him a scaredy cat? No, but he does not want anything to do with that child. Jan and Anneke will get to speak to him as well, but he does not know anything more about those earlier things, the actual material things dominate the other part, why this all had to happen, Jeus does not think of it, he has left it, he is now himself completely, the Jeus of his mother ... Crisje!

Jeus thinks about everything. When it is dark, you can think properly. He thinks until three o'clock, he follows everything, he realizes that the misery has been solved, and that he will call him father. Now he must give into everything, he can also follow the future and it is now a case of waiting for it, but what will happen? All those matters are now shadows, he experiences them, but they fly away from his life, it does not touch his soul, because they have already been experienced through the consciousness. And Crisje was given that as a gift from the universe; was that perhaps otherwise? Human souls are precious 'orchids'. Tall One, do you now know better? Can you take these situations to the universal analysis? The worries have gone, now higher up, now to De Bruin where Johan was, because girls and boys work there and there is something to see there. His coffin will also go into the ground. Johan has said goodbye to the heavy work, he is now working for Nico Poep in the glue and it is an entirely differently matter. Jan thinks: when will there be phenomena? Jan Lemmekus senses that the life will reveal

itself, but he does not know anything about this, only Crisje, Wageman, he, aunt Trui, uncle Otto, and Johan know, once all of this humanity, to follow the good things or the wrong things about it and then to build up their own opinion. One thing is certain ... everything is love ... millions died for this love, millions of children of one Father were burnt at the stake and HE came to earth, because this Love will continue into eternity, will not die, because these feelings serve!

The human machine of Jeus is operating really well, numerous screws were turned, nothing has been renewed, because all those things only begin to wear at the age of thirty-eight, even if you can still use them for many things, however, that is the moment when a person has to accept the descent, the way to the 'coffin', it is the release for everyone of this human machine in order to continue further elsewhere or to come back to earth to make up for something, which we were now able to get to know through these circumstances. Who can bow to the universal laws? That is a great person, Crisje, she, the Tall One and Jeus were able to do that! Wageman still has to start!

Decide that now for your own life! It is a pity, he meant so well, Wageman, but the inner side of yourself will also waken as a result of it. We are concerned with Our Lord, also the angels ... what is there to learn? There is something to learn here, a lot even, in order to attract that one thing to your life, it is probably a foundation or perhaps an 'orchid' for later!

Jeus, thank you! You do not hate! You have proved that! From many people, greetings!

Jeus the goldsmith

The human machine turns day in day out, if nothing goes wrong with it, and if you know how to treat it properly. The clockwork cannot take throwing and flinging and if you still have to treat it by rebelliousness, then there will be bruises and bleeding noses and the little machine will be knocked out of shape. And Jeus experienced that!

He made a swing in the back of the yard for his little brother Hendrik, and now the somewhat wild Hendrik wants to fly high. Swinging is great, but then the rope broke and Hendrik fell to the ground. The machine screamed really loudly. Wageman hears it and lashes out immediately. Although Hendrik called out: "Jeus cannot help it, it is not his fault that the rope broke" Wageman does not hear that and beats on Jeus. He races into the front room, but he gets a beating there as well, so bad, that he lashes back to angry Wageman:

"Now you can still take me on, can't you, but I will also become eighteen years old and then we will talk again."

Are you satisfied, Hendrik? You have beaten Jeus black and blue, given him a terrible bleeding nose as well, and he can make do with that. Crisje talks to Wageman, but that does not help now, it has happened and it is Jeus! He just runs into the woods again and forgets it. Why can adults not think? Why does that man hit him immediately? Why can a man not admit that you're right? Father first wanted to get all the facts and if you were wrong, then, you got a hiding. But that hiding did not mean anything, you knew that you had done wrong; then you should have listened. However, this is an entirely different matter. This is nothing! Whether Wageman also thinks about it like this, he does not know. Crisje tries to make him understand that, but Wageman cannot understand. She tries to make it clear to him that her boys never got a hiding, if they had not done anything wrong to deserve it. Hendrik, the Tall One was a good judge! Is that perhaps not worthwhile, Wageman? Fathers have to learn that. Or you will lose their respect! Even a child knows that! Bringing up a child means everything! Wageman has nothing, nothing at all to do with that upbringing. That used to be the case, now that is a very different thing. What the Tall One got up to with his children was nothing! He knows better! And then Crisje knew that she could not talk to this life, he does not understand upbringing, and still has to start on his own awakening for man and society. However, you are now worried about it and have to get on in life, but each day now gives you something else. Wageman now plays at being the captain of a ship which has sailed the seas,

but which was steered by a strong character, which he doesn't have. The ship's papers look good and every decent and right-thinking person can see: in the first place order! Wherever you look, from day to day, you see and experience that order. Yes, Crisje knows her Tall One was a captain of the highest order, he knew it! And this one knows nothing! The human complaining and questioning 'what have I started,' is not there either. We are in a new ship and have to carry on, continually further, and we must make of it what we can. Does Wageman not wish to understand this then? Crisje has taken them to task one by one, the sailors, and workers of her little ship, they have promised her they will do everything to make it to the captain's liking. Yes, they want to fight for his life. They will make every effort, every effort, they understand well what is demanded of their lives and human strengths and life is difficult enough already, but there are no more worries now.

Before, life was difficult. Today everything happens of its own accord. But the captain is not willing. Theet Egging got his money, those good people did not even want the money from Crisje, but that is not possible, they also have their own worries and can you believe it, the land lease is not there any more either. Really, this captain has already changed a lot of things and for the better. Only his character is not yet willing, that spiritual side reacts to North and South and sometimes has some of all the wind directions which Crisje and the boys do not know what to do with. Why did he beat me so severely, why can the boss not just listen? It is because the boss did not want to listen, the boss does not want to forgive or forget, this boss hits out immediately. He has a bit of a wild way and you only see that sort of behaviour in arenas and such places, of which he possesses the characteristics of the bull and thinks that it is good. What do you want, Crisje? By discussing those things you will certainly not make it, you need something else for this. You must treat these characters and take care of them, you will learn that as well: letting them steam in their own juices, simmering is clearer!

Crisje follows Wageman in his thoughts. She tries to find out how she can best serve this life. The boys follow her one by one; they listen to mother. Hendrik Wageman is served like a count, a king is nothing in comparison. Yet, it is not working. The captain does not see any of it, the man grumbles, and that is the most terrible thing for Crisje that there is. The Tall One was always able to do that. Never ever, because grumbling is like a poisonous moth, which eats away at your soul and happiness, which undermines everything. Grumbling has to leave the world, it should be forbidden, those people always dig and never follow the laws of life, or of church and faith, or of kind-heartedness and companionship, these types of characters are as sour as vinegar and you do not like them. It is much worse than vinegar; it destroys you!

Crisje cannot talk to Trui, she has to analyse this character for herself and, for Trui there is now a firm hand, which is urgently needed. Trui has no understanding of grades of consciousness either, which a person can possess and which is a part of the character and only becomes the personality much later, a person is understood here and accepted by his actions. There is no place in this big world where this is not the case, everywhere you have to see actions and then you get to know the real person. Was Hendrik always like that, Otto? Yes, what can I say to you, Crisje, always just as quiet and thoughtful, always introverted, now and again you got an answer, but in general Hendrik did not become involved in anything. There is no more than that, Crisje, and now work it out for yourself!

Could Hendrik never take a drink? No, never ever, even at his age, sometimes one drink is already enough for him. It is strange, but we experienced that, Hendrik can feel drunk from lemonade. Also something strange for Crisje, but you can decide that for yourself and take care of as well, then you just do not drink any alcohol. True or not, you are now taking care of yourself and the rest. But, which hard-working man does not want the occasional diversion? It is all that the men possess, a game of cards and then some fun, an hour of fun, there is nothing else to do here. Is that not allowed? The lovely talking of the men gives you courage and character, also the strength to bear this very difficult life. Crisje doesn't mind him having his bit of fun in the least, but then you can watch out for yourself, can't you, Hendrik? What will people say about it? My Hendrik never did that, never ever! He always made sure that he stayed with the people. No one had any criticism of my Hendrik, no one! Was Father not mad about Hendrik, my Tall One? Crisje understands it, that has to come out now and from now on Wageman never hears anything more about 'my Hendrik', for that is a slap in his face. Crisje chisels, she planes away day in day out, not only at herself, also at the boys. Wageman will have a good life! But that does not help at all. Hendrik remains grumpy and rebellious, they cannot do anything with him, it is not working, and he flatly refuses! Now just give up on it, but that is wasting your time and your life. Now think about it, get to know the things inside; she will try to inspire that clockwork of Our Lord, which turns stiffly and unwillingly, by inspiring other laws and powers, so that life is pleasant and you can deal with it and bear it. Because it is not working like this! What is Hendrik Wageman like, Crisje? There are so many of these characters in the world, who must still become familiar with the natural awakening of the other life. They experience everything in disharmony; they flatly refuse to learn to think, because this longing is not yet there. Hendrik is a sedate man, but is at odds with life. There are types of people, Crisje; we call that grades of life for the social and spiritual consciousness. If you now wish to

remain in harmony with everything, then the inner life will get food from the willing personality; a person makes something of his life himself and the Tall One could do that. Fatherhood and motherhood, Crisje, is now the highest thing for life on earth. After all, if you are a good mother and father, all those other matters will work out for themselves and for Our Lord, and we are manageable as people. Wageman has none of these feelings, none! He is like an awkward child and yet also a person. The Tall One wanted to try to understand everything, he doesn't, and he does not make any effort at all. If you only feel one objective, you can bring about a change in this, but it is not so simple.

You can now know why this life was sent to your Grintweg. However, this world does not understand it. Running out of his little bed-sit, this child is now standing right in the middle of life and has to act according to the daily goings-on of your own household, which he is now unable to do. But then what? The boys dangle along, are not really part of it, and have no significance for this life; they came along for him. He does not feel that blood, nor those souls and cannot enjoy those great talks, as a result of which life had content for your Tall One and you, space as well and which he still has to learn. If you want to take that life into you, then you will go through your children, now you follow these little souls completely as father and mother and this is your happiness, your task for this life, of course also means your bliss. You live in a palace and you do not know yet, Hendrik sees it like that, in which room you can find Our Lord who is always there, but has to be searched for by HIS child. By going to church, Crisje, you now see that, you will not make it either. Father is talking to the deaf and dumb. The many people here laugh behind his back, how does that man manage to keep going. But, you know that as well, he will be proved right, anyway. One day those show-offs will be faced with the Divine law and they can show what they are made of and bow their heads, there is no left or right, high or low to walk along, Crisje, you are then helpless! Just look inside those little human hearts, Crisje! They are already men, men as fathers, who have built up their fatherhood through suffering and sorrow and do not yet know how they have to act, if you want to experience some happiness as man and wife. So what about Wageman? I ask you that, what does Hendrik want to begin now? He is a believer, he goes to church faithfully every Sunday, but does he learn and think? No, that is not part of it and now you are faced with unkindness, human inaction, unwillingness, and a person living without objectives! 'No one can force me to act differently, no one. I am my own boss.' Yes, they say that, they think that, but is that true? Men say, 'do you understand that Hendrik has dared to take this on?' Is this daring? If Wageman, and that will come, Crisje, that is irrevocable if you stick it out, begins to feel and understand

in what kind of happiness he lives, then he will weep day in day out from emotion, from happiness, from human kind-heartedness, because then he will start to understand what sort of boys you and your Tall One possess, and how much love he can receive from these lives. Is that not daring? Is this a leap into the unknown? We will get to know that as well. What you now have to do is follow him and eventually show your personality. You must also be father and mother at the same time, he still has to learn how to be a father.

The first days passed for Wageman by getting to know ... no, by hanging about, sitting there in his little corner. Of course, Jeus threw a spanner in the works for a moment, he did not fall, on the contrary, he slept well, but he had to think about it seriously. Now it seems he has started on it, but in the manner of an island dweller, alone and abandoned, and that between so much life and humanity. Jeus beat a hole in his thoughts and feelings, he had not counted on that, of course. Hendrik cannot understand that a child has so much love for a mother, and that is now impertinence. Do you see it differently? This is insolence with a spiritual and spatial basis, serving as a foundation, but for which Our Lord built HIS universe, all life therefore! However, Wageman does not understand that. It has briefly taken him by surprise, Crisje. It does not yet get through to him what has happened, because that still has to be awakened and only afterwards can you talk to him.

Now there is a wall which he is faced with, and that has to go. Then the first blow fell immediately and you saw his clumsiness as well, which brought the question of how should we adjust in order to prevent that, or we will have no life anymore. Now just start thinking, start to follow him and challenge him, Crisje, he will probably also give you his charity. But the whole universe of Our Lord has started it; the angels follow you, because it is worthwhile. However, you must know that you are not the only person on earth who has to sort out these matters, who asks, 'how should I act?' Millions of other people experience something similar and succumb or conquer it, and that is in your own hands! Our Lord has said to HIS angels:

'It looks a bit like My crown of thorns and I therefore want to know all about it.'

And it will be like that, Crisje, if you continue to worry, because you will not work it out. And that eats away at the very best tissues of the human machine and we begin to see symptoms, of which stomach-ache is number one! Or do you not yet feel that this pressure is destroying you, Crisje? Do you not feel that the screaming that Jeus heard is approaching? Then the nervous convulsions will start as well, the screaming, which they will be able to hear at the bottom of the Grintweg and which makes you tremble and shake, you will think: they are butchering a soul here, and not a live pig, but a human soul, and she can scream as no one would imagine possible, you wouldn't

believe it if you hadn't seen it with your own eyes. It is so unbelievable. And like a miracle, but now as poison, experienced, and seen as destruction. Jeus has forgotten it, but he does not know that the stars and the planets are talking about him; the animals in nature talk to each other about it. Everyone thinks, that can happen to me as well, and how will I deal with it? That means, Crisje, that the life of Our Lord is once again looking for worldly wisdom, and a situation like that can be learned from. Again, if you are open to it. It concerns the sacred matters of a person.

Wageman thinks that he is gradually taking charge. He will now create order through Trui's lessons; he will get to know from her how he has to act. Now his shyness is revealed through rough violence and grumpiness. He does not lash out, he is silent more than he speaks, and this is a mighty weapon in his hands, because Crisje cannot stand it. The boys feel it as well, but they act differently. They are really outside it, Crisje is now sailing the same course as him and cannot go forwards or backwards, he is always in front of her being, and neither sees nor hears her and that is something really terrible. They are not used to that, here you talk first, and only then do they carry on together. Is that not true, Hendrik? Not a word! Never an exchange of thoughts; silence, that is the best thing, but from whom did he get this weapon? Must Crisje be destroyed? She will be destroyed or she will conquer this, which is what they have to accept. But Crisje is going under!

This silent violence which the children of the Tall One get to deal with is really devil's work. Jeus did warn mother, but Crisje could not believe it. Now it is beginning. The prediction has made a start, what Crisje sees of it, is not worth much. Who is right? Jeus! And that is the truth again; you cannot avoid your own life. The part of aunt Trui is just too much, but that is also there, and neither Otto nor Trui lift a finger. On the contrary, Hendrik gets advice from three people and they are Otto, Trui and his sister Marie, the thin dangerous and vicious person, who eggs the brother on and takes Hendrik in herself, but as a result of which Crisje will succumb. And that now, after four weeks sailing. Chin up, Crisje, on the other side there will be sunshine again, also a piece of land to be seen and yonder your own Tall One is waiting? If he wasn't there, she knows, she would already have succumbed, but she now draws from that source in order to finish this task, as well as possible! No, no, she longs for the very best for herself and the boys! And the very best is for Wageman, could not it be fairer, Hendrik? The first sorrows are already there. Crisje's love is not understood, not wanted. Her angelic nature is mistreated. The children do everything, but it does not help. Hendrik does not want any love, he ignores it, he is as silent as the grave, he is destroying those little human machines, he is taking them apart, one by one, and only the boys will survive him. Crisje has to accept that Wageman

sulks and complains to himself. He started with that and these are the first signs. He is sitting there like a human ghost. 'Does Hendrik talk to you during the day when he is working with you', Crisje asks. 'Yes, of course.' At home, he is silent. It is strange and hard to understand. You need a psychologist for this. Even then, that man would be powerless, scholars do not know the human-inner machine either, they do not yet know how a thing like that works inside and lives, or where those characteristics come from like cogs for the complete whole. But the Tall One knew a lot about it, he had brought the little cog 'understanding' and the other one 'kind-heartedness' to full speed; and took that to the maternal part, became a mighty unity and then 'love'. The kiss for Crisje! Hendrik Wageman cannot kiss. He does not know what it is or what the point of it is. Now you have to teach a person like that everything. But is that possible? Do you have the courage and the strength for that, if you gave life to seven children through the purest kiss? Where must Hendrik begin now? Has that life not been kissed with love? No, Hendrik, could you not be happy then by living the life of a 'king'? When you get ten greys to ride your own life and those others? They have put Wageman on a very beautiful horse. They are all working on it, but he does not want any grey and he does not want a horse, he would rather sulk, he would rather grumble and it is the best thing for him! He has been given a crown to wear. But he throws that thing off; he tramples the greatest thing! Why do you not want to play at being a king, Hendrik? I do not want to be a king. I do not want anything! Leave me alone, good gracious, leave me alone! Well done, Hendrik! In this way, you will get them there at your slippered feet. Well done, carry on!

Jeus has met his father's family, Frits, and Marie from Nijmegen. Would you not like to come and live in town, Jeus? You can learn something where we are. Crisje is in favour of it, that is probably a better home. Now he is waiting until the family writes to him to come. Meanwhile he has left Van Rossem's, because you earn more at De Bruin's where Johan worked. It is there that he is getting to know a paradise. They work there together with girls. And one of those little queens looks at his life too much and too deeply, so that the boys tell him that he is the chosen one of that lovely little head and blond heart. Or is it exactly the other way round? Do you understand now that such beautiful children have to work in a factory? A factory is bad for children, especially for beautiful girls. You hear all kinds of things and fathers and mothers are analysed in a boyish way and he does not even want to listen, it is so dirty. And this nice life is standing in between, but can girls protect themselves from it? He sees that this girl does not get involved in gossip. She is a beautiful child. Too beautiful for a factory like that and what they say of this child, is not possible! Such beautiful children couldn't possi-

bly come from a family of knife stabbers. Why do people always speak evil of another person? Good day, Troutje. She also has a nice name, but he does not want her. Would you not like to kiss that life, Jeus? Do you not yet want to know what kissing is? I am still too young for it, he sends to that life. I do not yet know what it is. But she is sweet, just look at that blond hair. Good heavens, how lovely that girl is!

Jeus compares this life to that of Crisje's. Here he lives amidst human happiness. At home, it is horrible. And he may not leave his mother alone now. He does that again by sending her all his thoughts and to talk to mother, or Crisje will not make it. In this way, they experience their former unity again and nothing has been lost. On the contrary, they have come to each other in an even deeper way. But through everything he sees Wageman stumbling up the Grintweg, he hears Crisje screaming so that they can hear her at the bottom of the Grintweg, which makes him tremble and shake. Wageman heads home ... the sensible life thinks, that Hendrik, but Crisje is left with the pieces. And then Hendriks pulls at the tablecloth causing the dinner to fly through the kitchen. It happened exactly as Jeus had seen it beforehand. Twice in a short time Crisje's machine went in another direction and she succumbed. There, in the same place Jeus saw her lying. The screaming was awful. The people had never heard anything like it before. It is horrible, but what is that? It is terrible, but what do you experience if something terrible happens? This happened inside Crisje and then, they cannot bear thinking about it any longer and through only three drinks Hendrik created this terrible misery. The doctor was called. Hendrik was given a warning. People who had known Crisje since she was a child spoke of it as a scandal. They should hang the innkeepers ... But well, if you cannot take a drink? Then there was peace for a while, but the stomach-aches started. From that moment onwards Crisje has been eating dry rice. She wants to protect herself and not go under, her task is not yet finished.

Jeus is thinking about that, when that blond girl is courting him. Do you not just want a little kiss, Jeus? Her snow-white skin, her deep black eyes, her blond hair, can you believe it, this figure is very much alive, but he also hears that she belongs to another person. But that is nothing, that is not a boy like Jeus. Jeus is a king and she is a queen, were they not made for each other? Even the elder sister and all those other little friends of the queen want Jeus to bite, but he will not bite! It is Crisje and it will remain Crisje, he will not leave his love alone. God preserve me from such a test. And is that true? There are no tests for him, that girl can ... get the 'droodles' but he does not want her. Yet, he is living in a paradise here! You do this work with pleasure. There is always something nice going on, although the seriousness of life does not touch him, at least not this, not this girlish behaviour. None of it!

A few days later, now that he looks at that life a bit more sharply, he sees something completely different. But that can't be true, can it? She is just like Betje. Are there no normal people any more in this world? Is this nice life already ruined too? He looks again and yes, that Temple has also been demolished. There is also a mud pool in there of the worst kind, even if he cannot accept it. Do those little eyes not shine like sunlight? And yet, look for yourself, Jeus, she is not a Crisje. Truly, if you come from a home of knifers then you learn something completely different and she has had to learn. Is a person bad then? If there are four bad ones, is there not one good one to be found amongst them? Troutje is a good one, you can see it just like that, but he must not possess her. He does not want to kick up a fuss, that other boy may keep her. How old am I now? Almost fifteen. There is still plenty of time. Besides, Crisje needs me!

In addition, Crisje is now complaining about back pains, about her bladder, her kidneys, and her beautiful hair is falling out. It is rice every day, eating rice, that keeps her stomach-ache at bay. She must lay down and accept that Wageman has his own character, but one you do not like, which brings you misery and troubles as well, and is no longer human. And yet you have to carry on and go forward, continually forward, and make up for what you once did wrong. Only now does Crisje understand Jeus' words: 'He will destroy you, mother!' And that is the case, but Crisje searches for a way and a possibility of getting out of it. When Johan saw this, Bernard experienced it and the other children underwent it, those little brains began to think. How will we get this man to his grave as quickly as possible? We must think of something, Bernard! Wageman now lives amongst potential juvenile murderers. Miets and Teun think that the best way to murder him is with mouse droppings. Johan thinks a bang on his head is better, but then you will be sent to jail and that must not happen. Bernard agrees with Johan. What would you say to pins in his food? Mother will see it, so you will not manage that anyway, and mother would give you what for. Can you bury a person in the back of the garden without the neighbours finding out? It is dangerous. Is a man heavy? What would you say to hanging? However, nothing happens. The youths follow the drama. The older ones are in it and have to prove what they can give. Only Crisje has thought out her method thoroughly. For the first time, Wageman gets to hear:

"If you do that to me again, Hendrik, you can get lost. I will not put up with it any longer! Understood, Hendrik? This is scandalous. Food will no longer be thrown here, that is slapping Our Lord in the face. Do you not know that?"

Does this shock Wageman? Does he realize what he has done? The past six months have been pitiful and yet a bit more peace enters his life. You would

say, sense as well, but yes, can a person suddenly change for the better or become the way you would like that person to be? Feeling is needed for that and you do not just get that handed on a plate. You will live or die for it. Slowly but surely, carry on. Every day gives you something new, but all those pains break your resistance, murder your constitution and that is a pity.

It is going well at De Bruin's. Jeus dared to go on a short walk with the queen after all, but then her boyfriend was waiting for him and asked:

“Do you not need to go to your mother for porridge?”

He now keeps her at a distance. He does not want any trouble. At home, they have enough to put up with and that is really bad. Wageman is improving, but then his life stumbles again, he cannot take a drink, and there is the devil to pay as well. This prompts Jeus to say:

“What did I tell you, mother?”... she can only reply: “I know, Jeus, but we have to get through it!”

And Crisje will manage it. Wageman gets to swallow again: “Or you will leave here. People talk of it as a scandal. The mayor and Father agree with me. You will change your life and improve it or you will have to leave here. What do you want?” Crisje will try it again and Hendrik has already learned to say yes and no, when he is asked in a polite manner for his opinion. Who did anything to that man now? No one! The boys still bear his life and character. Crisje slaves away, as if she has to serve a king. Because everything is for Wageman! The dinner is lovely ... Crisje cooks delicious meals, she is a born cook, the boys know that very well, but this life must go with them. At the end of the day, Crisje thinks, a person did not make himself. We all have faults and this is the pushing force and her inspiration, also the unending love, as a result of which she takes care of this life time. No, the murderers aged five and seven have no meaning any more and the older children laugh about it. How could they even have considered it? Now that it is going a bit better, Jeus gets his long awaited letter. His little bed in Nijmegen is ready.

“Goodbye, mother!”

“Goodbye, Jeus!”

“Goodbye, everyone! I will write soon, mother.”

Wageman also bids him goodbye, even talks to him, and wishes him the best there in the big wide world. Can you believe it, but Hendrik uttered it and Crisje felt a new happiness. It will probably be better now. The red cloth, which was already no longer there, is now leaving. And Jeus will get his own room with Marie, Frits, and their daughter, Anny. It is going well, he is working at a bakery. He delivers bread, but can you set up a home from that later? Do you earn enough money delivering bread? Two months later he is already looking for something else. An apprentice goldsmith is required. Is that not something, Jeus? Yes, that is great, now I will learn a profession,

that is better. He moves to the Lange Hezelstraat, he cleans the shop-front and delivers sold goods. The rich man has thousands of guilders worth of treasures in his house and those treasures are rings, brooches, stones, and gold, Crisje. He will now become something. Crisje hears everything about his life; he will never forget her either. But how is Troutje getting on in Emmerik? How is Betje? How is father, mother? Will you continue to be strong, mother? I will help you! Yes, he will help you, Crisje. He thinks about you day and night, but he is far away from you. Here they say:

“I believe, Truus, that we are fortunate now, this boy does not steal.”

“So”, is what Truus says, “Do you already know that now?”

And then he says, but Jeus knows nothing about it: “He will find my diamonds, the rings and the hundred notes and will not understand it.” That’s what they thought there, Crisje, but Jeus does not touch another person’s possessions, do not be afraid, you can trust him.

Jeus is told that Truus is an opera singer. He has never heard singing like it. Is that what the opera is? Good heavens, what a pile of money father threw away. Can you get so many beautiful things from an opera? Probably, it is enormous. A pity, that so many men visit, Knerpie really has nothing to say. Knerpie, it is a strange name.

“Just look, sir, I have found a hundred guilders again. You probably dropped it”, he now experiences this day in day out. How careless town people are, mother is careful with money, you can buy everything with money, and if you have nothing? He knows all about it. Does Jeus want a packet of cigarettes? Yes, please, sir. Now he smokes cigarettes of three cents apiece. The goldsmith also lights up, but that man does not trust the matter. Now that sir comes upstairs and Jeus is not there, he hears:

“I think, sir, that I must warn you. Jeus is smoking your cigarettes.”

“That is right, Jeus has proved that he is honest. The boy is worth his weight in gold.”

“I just thought so, sir.”

“Of course, but this is okay.”

He does not find a cent anymore. The boss sends him with a package to Arnhem; he must hurry. And when he comes to the Bakkerstraat, they immediately reach for the telephone. He hears, ‘everything is okay. Jeus is already here.’ Good heavens, Crisje, they sent him away with valuables of a hundred and a half thousand guilders. Hidden in his saddlebag. Yet, what can happen? Truus is the first one Jeus meets when he returns.

“Are you back already, Jeus?”

“Yes, madam.”

“That is quick. I must say, you did that quickly, didn’t you.”

Knerpie is not there. He cannot get on with this person. This person is

not to be trusted, he feels. This person has boils on her soul. Does the boss not see that? This life is cold. This life is poor. This life is empty, just give me Crisje. If he had to marry such a woman later, even if she can sing so well, he would not even want to. You would die with a woman like that. He leaves; it is better upstairs. But you will not get that man either. They agree with everything, but think, get lost. However, Knerpie is a good person. Only he thinks too much about himself and, the man upstairs says that as well, Truus will release Knerpie from all those nice things. Yes, Jeus, there will come a time when you will meet Knerpie in another town and then he will tell you that Truus has left with all his money. Then he will have become a coal merchant and you will be a writer. You could laugh at him, but you don't. And Knerpie won't be able to believe his eyes. You, a writer, Jeus? Yes, sir. I have written books about 'The Origin of the Universe', books about life after death, about madness and many others. I have already finished about fifteen, sir. Can you believe it, Jeus? I thought, you would go far in life. But I could not have imagined that. Yes, Jeus, you will experience this. A prediction for later! And this rich man will become a coal merchant and will be standing on his own two feet, despite everything. Life will therefore not destroy him!

The family does not believe his boss has given him such expensive cigarettes. Jeus isn't stealing, is he? Now they hear how highly they think about him there, they must bow to his life and make up for everything. There is no fun in it anymore for him. So you see, in the eyes of people, your own family, you are a threat and a dirty thief if you cannot prove otherwise! That hits him! They can now suddenly drop dead, that love means nothing.

There is also a policeman in lodgings there, and that man makes works of art from nice pieces of wood. He does that with a knife. Jeus also tries it. One evening he is sitting in his room working on a piece of wood. Suddenly that thing starts to talk to him. There is a person in that piece of wood. And that person is also laughing at him. That person says: "Dirty whippersnapper, do not cut me." The policeman makes sacred statues from wood, Jeus wants to imitate him, but there is life in his pieces of wood. He runs downstairs, but does not say anything, they would not understand that here, anyway. Three days later, in his little room again, life came to a piece of wood like that and that thing hopped over the table. He knows what it means. They used to be little balloons ... now pieces of wood, those balloons are in there, there is nothing more to see.

It is enough to frighten you, but if you know what causes it, there is nothing to it, he thinks it comes from the world where Fanny now is. José will know about it, but he does not get to see any of those friends. What he tries to carve is supposed to represent a saint. He sometimes hears: 'tick, tick, tick.' It is a nice sound. That ticking can think. When he thinks: 'do that again',

it is 'tick, tick, tick!' But he says: the 'doodles'! And those things are soon shifted to the ash bucket. He does not want anything more to do with that fiddly work. The family has also given him a big blow. And he has to believe now that the boss is playing with him, he is learning nothing here! Can he marry if he earns nine guilders forty a week? After all, that is a lot of money, Jeus. But why does the man upstairs not offer him an apprenticeship?

Now that he talks seriously for once, he is told:

"You are learning nothing here, Jeus. If you want to become a goldsmith, you must go to a factory or to a boss who does nothing else. He does not have enough work for me, so what do you want, Jeus?"

However, the boss does not want to lose him for all the money in the world. Jeus must talk and now that he sees the chance for it, the boss gets to hear that he wants to make progress. He did not come to the town to waste his time and his life. The boss promises him the world, but there is no change. And at home, in Marie's house, the fun is over. Hendrik is now getting in his way. Hendrik is standing on a ship which has brought him great gain. 'Tell me quickly, Jeus, what can you earn there', a letter comes from his little brother. Isn't that something? Hendrik is rolling in money. How? How did you suddenly become so rich? And mother? Mother does not know anything. She may not know, but where I work you get thirty guilders a week, and you do not need to do anything for it. No, that is not possible, he thinks, but Hendrik writes again, he must come back, he must not let himself be cheated there by a rich man like that, there is plenty of money! What does the boss do now? He still wants to give the rich man a chance, but works himself to the ground again. He cannot stand such nonsense. People in the town lie and cheat. What a pity, he thought that his boss was human, but this boss is cheating him, they talk nonsense here. It is exactly the same everywhere. However much they talk, he has handed in his notice. He goes back to Crisje and the boys. He was away from Crisje for nine long months. It is an eternity, but he has learned a bit of High Dutch and that is worth something as well.

On a Saturday afternoon, Jeus is hanging his red striped jacket on the boss's coat stand. He has to put on that suit himself with all that advertising on it. Even Truus does everything to keep him. Nothing helps, he does not want any deceit, all just nonsense, and he does not believe anyone here anymore. The 'doodles'! Goodbye, boss! Goodbye, Truus! Goodbye, Frits, Marie and Anny, goodbye policeman! I am going back to Crisje. The town is rotten. You have no life! You cheat each other, day in day out. That nice voice of yours is just from a devil. Knerpie will get to experience it, but that Knerpie does not deserve any different. He is not a man. This man has nothing to say. Does this man not see that? Just give me father Wageman instead, at

least he knows what he wants. If you are rich, you are still nothing. Just look at that face! Poor Knerpie!

It is in the train that he tells them off one by one. What an awful lot he has learned there. But never ever will he wear a red striped jacket like that again on his body. You are now just like a monkey, a monkey on a stick, not me. What dirty dogs they are. Did you think, Knerpie, that I did not know that you wanted to get me? You take the boys to prison yourself. You put something in front of your boys, which they will go for sooner or later, and then it is too late. I would have done something completely different, Knerpie.

That man upstairs with his curly head was not to be trusted. That man spoke with three tongues, that man could have betrayed him. Did you think that I did not know that? Truus is a bad woman, mother. Marie is too playful, and Frits has nothing to say. Anny is mean and that policeman with his pieces of wood will never get a wife. He is not a man, Crisje, he is like Gerrit van Lengel is, or sexton. What does Our Lord want to do with this sort of people? In the town, people are lifeless. In the country people live. Even if they often argue with each other, they do not cheat each other like that. In the town they live under the ground. Yes, mother, I found all of that out, and can tell you a lot about the people in the town.

Stop, and get out; Doetinchem. Now to Zutphen-Emmerik. He is dying to sit in his lovely steam tram again, being able to talk to the men.

“So, Jeus, are you coming to pay your mother a visit?”

“No. I took off from there, Hent.”

“Did you give it up?”

“Yes, I will not let myself be cheated, Hent. Those town people are just like wretches! They promise you everything, but do nothing.”

“I know, Jeus, but have you discovered that already?”

“Yes, Hent.”

“Are you glad that you are going back to mother, Jeus?”

“Of course, Hent.”

“Will you go back to work in Emmerik again, Jeus?”

“I don’t know yet, Hent, I have to think about it first.”

Zeddarn! Another little push and he will be there. Now he is coming home with a pathetic little suitcase and greetings from yonder, a few of whom he does not wish to forget. As they pass the graveyard Jeus say silently: “Father, I am back, do you know that?” He probably does.

“Good day, mother!”

He throws his arms around Crisje’s neck. He shakes Wageman’s hand, the boys have to know about everything.

“Are you pleased that I am back, mother?”

“Of course, how I missed you.”

“Are you still in pain, mother?”

“Yes, but that will come to an end as well. I have a bladder ailment, Jeus.”

“That’s a pity, mother.”

It is not yet possible to talk about all those other necessary things, but that will come. He is lying in the attic again, he feels at one again with the doves, and life is good. What will he do now? Go and do joinery work with father? Hendrik, Gerrit, and Bernard tell him something completely different. Did you not see my little blond girl? How is Betje? You can now enjoy yourself here and thank Our Lord for the good life. He dozes off and experiences his town dreams. The mice are running over his head again. He has become bigger and stronger. Jeus is a strapping lad, just fifteen years old, he looks seventeen and can tell you everything.

He is sleeping better here than under those white sheets in the town. You are not so far here from life. Over there, it was as if there was no life. And all that High Dutch talk is stone-cold. Here you can hear a soul talking and you can laugh about it; over there, almost no one laughs. I will never become a town person, just give me my dialect, mother’s dialect. And a real sausage from Gelderland. Here the black pudding tastes like the ham does there. But this is tastier, our own is better!

Our Lord: thank you, Jeus has remained honest!

All the Lord’s Prayers of Crisje were answered again! And father Wage-man, Jeus, you will not believe it, has changed. But you will hear that tomorrow or the day after tomorrow from Crisje. Now a new life will begin. Or, is this only a little step further? And yet, many believe it. All of them are happy, Jeus and Hendrik and little Gerrit are now your bankers. Can you believe it; however, you will experience it! It is a pity that the mayor has forbidden Mardi Gras. It is also a pity that there will be no fair, because there is plenty of money. The war demands caution, Jeus, but you will certainly still get your fun. Of course, that is in your own hands!

Be sure you are there, there is money to be earned

Hendrik Wageman is a good tradesman; however, it has taken him years to learn his trade. Jeus sees that he cannot learn that work by looking at it or talking about it now and again, it takes too long for him, and then you are still a mere joiner.

“No, mother”, Crisje hears. “That is nothing for me!”

That cutting pieces of wood and building castles of wood which uncle Otto does, means nothing to him either, it is too fiddly for his life, you have to sit in one place for too long, he has no patience for that. And then what are you? Three days later he is back in Emmerik again, at Breitenstein, where Bernard worked. He has to turn iron from iron, the beginning of a good trade, and enough to get married with later, because that is everything and a person lives in this world for that purpose. Only when you have a house full of children, are you a man. If you have not achieved this, you are nothing. He wants to get married later and that must mean his happiness. Were father and mother not happy because of the boys?

Bernard talks to him, he hears all kinds of things and now asks:

“Does chocolate now mean so much, Bernard?”

“Make sure you are there, because that is where the money is”, he gets to hear from Bernard, and he knows.

“Yes”, Bernard continues, “because they have nothing more of anything there in Emmerik. The krauts are already starving. But we are doing well! Then they should just not have gone to war!”

Jeus sees that Bernard takes his artificial leg apart in the evenings. Then about a dozen bars of chocolate disappear into the wooden knee of his leg. Bernard gets some thirty cents more for each piece. Just add that up for a week. Another weekly wage and you can now earn that with your eyes closed. Life is good, also for Bernard. Our Lord said to Bernard: ‘Bernard. I got you, didn’t I, but now there is something to be earned, make sure you are there.’ And Bernard is there. So are Hendrik and Gerrit, they no longer know what to do with their money, because Crisje may not know. They cannot spend it, but they are real bankers. ‘How much do you want from me, Jeus?’ Hendrik is just twelve years old and little Gerrit is ten, but there is plenty of money. The children are going to ‘catch tadpoles’ and run across the border. At the water’s edge of the Wetering, there are always people who want to have bars of chocolate, and you earn money like water. Johan cannot do it. The border guards see by his face that he has something with him that

is not allowed. They would get Johan immediately, Crisje sees that Johan is not at all like the Tall One! Hendrik, Gerrit, and Bernard a bit for himself now have the character of the Tall One. It is a sport of the best kind, which makes you sing whether you like it or not. You are never grumpy at all now. You should see Bernard and Jeus on a Sunday. They leave well dressed; but Jeus does not yet dare so well. He is envious of Bernard's artificial leg. They will never get him. You hear the craziest stories here and everyone excuses everything, but what do you want?

It is the truth! They are only taking back their sweat and blood. They have been sucked empty for long enough by the krauts. This is their guarantee! They know that this is their only chance in this life. Now make sure you are there. In a while it will be over, and you can sweat and bleed again, but then not me! There is now no longer a gap between poor and rich, the leading citizens and the poorest, they have all sorts of things! The leading citizens now have to eat humble pie. They have power! What do you want? Here is the money. You will get nothing more from me, nothing! The debts are settled. The man in his little cabin now looks straight into the human form of Our Lord, a satisfaction, which they have not known for years. That has now disappeared in one go! You were mad to neglect this happiness, not to see it, otherwise it would laugh right in your face, and that must not happen.

'Of course', you now hear. 'Our Lord is good to us.'

Father sees that there were never so many grateful people in the church before. The old Father should have seen that; then he would have seen something else entirely. Are the children obedient? Just take a look, sexton. They are gambling in your church. And they are not afraid, not at all. They feel, large and small, this is the time of Our Lord! And when Bernard also said that, Wageman had to laugh heartily. A miracle in itself, Crisje thought, how a person can change, after all.

Crisje does not know that the boys have so much money. Bernard says that you earn more there, because the krauts have lost all their men. Wageman says dryly:

"Yes, I can understand that, Bernard, but as a result of the chocolate!"

"Is that true, Bernard?"... Crisje asks. "I didn't think that about you."

For Crisje, it is devil's money. Bernard laughs, he has a good life. What would mother say to five hundred guilders, which little Gerrit and Hendrik now carry in their pockets? Then there is the other lot, which they have hidden under the roof tiles? Bernard knows that Crisje would just succumb if she knew everything. Jeus investigates the matter, but he does not dare. He is worried about jail. He is not a scaredy cat either. At Rossem and De Bruin people are already being laid off. There is nothing more to be earned there now. All the factories are working at half power. Only the machine factories

pay heavy money. Crisje has everything. The boys pay their money, so she has nothing to say. However, Crisje is not stupid. She thinks day and night. And in a few years it will happen; the boys will get a surprise. Crisje already has a plan for herself. The boys, she knows, are now working away from Our Lord. She will bring those scales back into the universal balance, and Our Lord will not be able to accuse them later. However, she needs some time for this yet. Hendrik is working; he does not get involved in that smuggling, he never goes to Emmerik either.

When Jeus got the opportunity to talk to Crisje, she told him how she had changed life. It was after the last nervous convulsion, when she heard the Tall One say, as it were:

‘Cris, you must take a different approach to that monkey. You must let him stew in his own juice. You must not pay any attention to him, otherwise you will go under. And that, must not happen, Cris. You still have the children!’

“Then Jeus, I knew”, Crisje said. “Yes, he was still grumpy for a while after you left, but I taught him successfully not to do that.” When he came home with a drink in him, and thought he could get away with nonsense, Crisje left him alone. Otto and Trui have also changed a lot. Otto now saw that Hendrik, his brother, did not know what he was doing. Trui started to feel sorry for her sister and from that moment, Wageman got no more help. His sister Marie was also chucked out. Otto and Trui understood that Marie was spoiling him. She did not want either of the women to have her brothers, as a result of which Trui understood for the first time that Marie needed a man, and that changed her spirit with regard to Crisje. Hendrik was now alone, Crisje went to Trui and Otto and now the big, but yet small man was left flabbergasted.

Does Hendrik not want any coffee? No? Hendrik has not had coffee from Crisje for days. Tomorrow is another day. Does Hendrik not want the special coffee today? Yes, that is okay, that is being nice for a change. Does Hendrik not want any food? Well done, but try throwing the food from the table again. Then Hendrik will have to leave!

“I had to laugh about it myself, Jeus”, Crisje now says, “he was sitting there getting terribly annoyed. But, I went away and left him to it. But he does not throw food any more.”

Jeus thought mother was great! “My God, mother, how happy I am now.” Mother was good and strong. Crisje has brought Wageman to the real human part through her unbelievable patience and love. There will also come a time, which will happen, that Wageman will cry like a small child, because he is missing his Crisje. Then the realization will have dawned on him, and he will enjoy the mighty love which the Tall One once received, and he experienced his paradise as a result, but then Crisje will be back with her Tall

One. Or he will, as it now appears, enjoy it sooner and Wageman will understand that a person like Crisje can be declared a saint and has nothing to do with nonsense, because he knows all about it! Yes, Jeus, within a short time miracles have happened here. Even if he grumbles now and again, a lot has still been brought under control, and he is now hanging on her skirts. Crisje did not want anything more to do with long faces. The Tall One was watching out! Good work. We knew that you would not leave Crisje alone. It is a great example for this world; all those beaten children of Our Lord should know this now. But they will know one day, Tall One, and that through Jeus!

Crisje can now say: life is great, however, she still misses her Tall One. And aunt Trui has cultivated her first flowers for Our Lord. At the moment, it is mere 'clover' but it is there! Her Saviour also accepts the most trivial. Crisje is enjoying it! So you see, every person can be worked upon. Wageman has lost! Trui bows her head. What used to live in her, has now been beaten to death completely and she has worked on herself. Would you have imagined this, Jeus? That is also a miracle!

Crisje's troubles brought the other life to deep thought. If you are faced with death almost every day and the real human 'going crazy', you have to learn to think, and then you learn something as well. And because the misery was so awful, it also happened so quickly. Every day was a spoke in his own wheels for the other person, a trembling for that little human heart that greased the inner machine, and now those human brains began to think differently. The sun now shines through aunt Trui's gate. The neighbourhood likes her. She has cleared her path now, not through the life of feeling of another person, but by her own sensible thinking and understanding. The fact is that you have to start sometime. The great things such as Crisje has accomplished kindle the sensitive plant, and Crisje saw the first little flower. Congratulations, Trui! Also Otto! He now also proves to be a person of good will, or is Gradus behind it? But so what? You have to do it yourself, such inspirations, such as Crisje receives and can experience cannot chase or direct Trui's inner life.

It is her good core, of course, that's it! And now that Marie has shown herself, now the men see what she really wanted, she does not need to try any more to separate these people. If there is any separation to be made, the two brothers are most proficient at that. Be careful, Marie, or they will also make a coffin for your life!

Only now did aunt Trui get to hear who had really plucked her beautiful cockerel, when the Tall One and Gradus were still alive. Yes, Bernard, you can laugh about it now, but I knew that you had done it! Aunt Trui was not that stupid either. How they could laugh at it now and judge that it was a daring piece of fun by Bernard. Yes, times change, look for yourself. People's

pockets are bursting with money. It has never been so good here before. The murder weapons are now buried, but Wageman lived between 'life and death' and did not know it. Death 'floated' behind him but he certainly did not feel it. He is still here! Miets and Teun have lost their pins. They all saw that father was having a quiet chat with mother, everything was gone, the sun shone again and life was wonderful once more! Only Johan was still walking about without any hair on his head and with a burnt face and that was really all that was left of it.

And it all started when Johan wanted to try it with red-hot fire, he felt like having a pancake. Crisje was gone for a moment. Johan threw a lot of oil on the fire and was ready to toss the pancake in the same way as Crisje could do, but the pancake flew into the fire with all the oil. Whiz, it said, but that whiz cost him his face, his hair, and almost his eyes as well, and Johan did not even cry. Johan did not tell Crisje, what had been the real reason behind him making the pancake, but it was bad! So you see if you dig a hole for another person, Johan knows all about it, you will fall into it yourself. This was almost a big hole, but there were also blisters, so that Johan had to rest for a few weeks. Was there not enough misery in the world? To top it all. Crisje could never even go out for a moment and Wageman said nothing, other than they should just have stayed away from the stove. And Hendrik was right about that! The hatchets were buried, life carried on, even if the human discovery was still there, the ship on which you stood was floating towards pleasant waters. They had just left that puddle with stinking oil and there were no more cliffs. What you saw was an open space and now Crisje could get her breath back for a moment, Jeus; her gall bladder got peace, her hair could fill out again, and Crisje had a bit left from a pound of rice a week, and that meant something, after all. And can you believe it, just look in the shed. Yes, Jeus, we have a pig in the sty again, our own pig! We also have a piece of land again as well. Is life not good to us now? This is how Jeus sees the ship, of which the Tall One now sees that he, if he had still been there, could have made a palace. Then to have to find out that the worst part is still to come. What the boys experience, what everyone here experiences is just child's play, compared to the other mighty thing which will come, soon, because it will be deadly serious, and Hendrik and little Gerrit will start on a large scale.

One thing is certain, the angels, dear Crisje, now know whether a second marriage like that brings blessings, how you must serve your husband or wife if you want to achieve something. Only then will Our Lord be behind you! That is inspiration, Crisje, the pointer of your Tall One, and counts for everyone. This is for every person who wants to live in peace and quiet, and who has a will, otherwise life will not mean a thing. Now you could say again, that is different for everyone, but that is not true; because, the human

machine remains the means and that clockwork can work magic as well, the most wooden heart will get new blood, if you only persist and continue to pray. Only then will Our Lord know that you are serious! HE has no longer any respect for laziness. Then your life will transfer to another life. And if you do not want to believe that, there also comes: a person is made from Divine fire. So make yourself fiery, Crisje could do that. And her flame, can you believe it, transferred to Wageman and set fire to his inner life and everyone's spirit. Jeus, you will understand, of course!

In Emmerik Jeus is working behind a machine and talking to the soul of the iron, he is making little screws and bolts for another machine, as a result of which people destroy each other. He does not need to think about his household now; times have changed. Crisje asks him whether he also takes chocolate with him and he replies: "No, mother. I am afraid to do that." However, first it was five bars and a while later ten bars. The money is also there for the picking for him. He does gymnastics, cycles, and plays football and you need money for that. The thing that Jan Lemmekus is so good at, flinging someone over his back, he is learning that now. You must be quick for that and he can think; he is as fast as lightning. Now they talk about when they were little. Do you still remember that, Bernard? They talk about when they went out to discover the neighbourhood as children. Now they are already men, they play their lotto and drink their beer, have fun and live like Gods. Marinus Jaspes is also there. They now have their own bicycles, and Jeus is one of the best acrobatic cyclists there is here. He cycles on one wheel, does wheelies as well; they know, he is thinking and by thinking, you have everything.

The Emmerik of the olden days was beautiful. It is now as poor as a church mouse. The mice are lying here dead in front of the cupboard, but those crazy krauts wanted that themselves. You should not start a war, because then you can expect poverty. And that 'where we come from' has already gone. The 'Stolzen Fels am Rein' means nothing any more. A pound of sausage costs a fortune, whether there are dogs in it, does not matter. Everyone likes a nice spicy sausage. 'Oh well, delicious sausage is now nice and spicy. And my wife has to have nice sausages. If you wish to pay ... Fanny from the Grintweg, he still takes vegetables to Emmerik, and can tell you the best stories. Fanny is a friend of Bernard and Jeus, and this pair is hilarious. Fanny could earn a pile of money in the town due to his natural nonsense. Fanny is a born comedian. His stories are spiced up. You always have to laugh; Willem Ernst knows that as well, when Fanny is there, the place is full. And now these three together. Also Bernard and Jeus telling their party pieces. Bernard and Jeus can sing. There is great fun. Now they can hear the boys at the border control laughing. It is strange, but the whole neighbourhood comes together

here, there is always something to laugh about here. Here you never sit with your drink grumbling, here you get something lively, because Fanny carries all the thoughts of hundreds of people in him and knows what to do with them. His horse Fanny, which, he was also named after, is already just like his boss. Fanny says: "It is already desperate to get hold of the chocolate in my bag! It already knows when it has to run and it understands marks and Dutch guilders! My God!" he utters, "how I had to laugh this week. They had got that one of the little goose. And now he can no longer sit at the front of the church. Father does not want to see him any more. And now he cannot look anyone in the eye any more. But what I meant, Jeus? You know, that boss of yours at van Gimborn, not that good one, but that bad one, who got rid of so many, he came to me at the market this week. He asked me: 'Hendrik, do you not have any sausage, my wife is starving.'

'Oh well', I said. 'But of course. I have also sausage', and I immediately held a nice piece of sausage under his nose."

Fanny now looks at everyone in turn. Now here it comes, when he utters: "But did you think that he saw that Diekman's dog was looking him right in the face? I let him pay twelve marks and then I thought, times have changed. That is for you and your wife. But we have not yet forgotten you, as long as you know. He has to have a few more pounds, his mother-in-law also likes dog sausage."

The prudish people of the area are also followed and betrayed. They know about that smuggling to the border and Red Mina already knows what to do. And they also have fun with that. There are enough who do not want to know. They do not want to lose their little crowns and they now throw those things from those heads. Just admit it. We know very well, that you would not have food otherwise. If Father could do it, he would smuggle as well. They have already grabbed blackcoats (clergymen) at the border. The bars of chocolate rolled out from under the skirts, but they were not from the nuns, they were lying just like that on the street. You now hear the strangest things. But are they wrong? Our Lord is now on their side. What would you say to one mark twenty per piece? And that paid out a hundred times and a thousand times? No one has counted on these times. So unexpectedly did Our Lord put them all in riches, because they do not want to listen there on the other side. The Tall One would have wanted to experience this, Crisje. He would have transferred millions of them and this would therefore have been the sport of his life. Of the two hundred and fifty men and women who work in Emmerik, six hundred smuggle! Out of greed? Not at all. They are getting their sweat and blood back there. Only the big ones, who smuggle cows and horses, they are the thieves. And if the little ones can betray them, they do that as well, because those men do it in a dirty way, they walk with

guns in their pockets and do not hesitate to gun a person down, which makes the little ones tremble and shake and they do not want anything to do with that kind either.

Young and old, rich and poor, smuggle! One does it for the family there, another one does it in order to get back his sweat and blood, the enormous hiding which they had to swallow during their life amongst the krauts, but is now exchanged for their own marks. And they have almost nothing more there. The saints are suffering poverty here. The prominent people have nothing more to say. The baron can tell them more, they no longer believe that man, and they also make a grab for money. What do you expect? The people of the Grintweg now live differently. The shopkeepers are becoming rich, you do not see the things at home for a minute, everything disappears before your eyes, but they have settled and there are no more credit books to be seen. What do you want? Does this not mean a single thing any more to you? Did you think that Our Lord did not know what HE means with his children? You do not need to confess this, you do not fall into purgatory either, but for Crisje it is and will remain devil's money!

Fetching trees on German soil is possible, they already saw that happen before the war. But, customs officer, just look at your landlord, what is under the wagon? That man always sits at the front of the church. That man behaves in a saintly way, but that man is also smuggling. And yes, the landlord was caught. They got ten thousand bars of chocolate from under the wagon, and now? Just look at those heads, they are already bent! There is not one of them in the church without margarine on his head. The church is slippery because of it. Father knows, his sermons also change. After the morning when they caught the blackcoats, and then? Good heavens, but how they laughed. And then what disappears over the Hunzeleberg. That takes place at night, those men found a hole in order to escape paradise and do it on a large scale. Hendrik and little Gerrit are already discussing the matter. They also want to go higher up. There is more to be earned. What did you say, Hent?

"I thought so, Fanny. First, a new suit for me. Then, my Alie a new pair of shoes and a nice Sunday coat. Then a new suit again for me and all kinds of things for the children. How do I look now, Fanny?"

But what has happened to all those men and women? They laugh day in day out. They enjoy life and they tell each other nice things. Life has never been so good before. Father does not need to get on to his children to pray, they now do it of their own accord. Our Lord gets the profit. You do not see any exhausted men and women now. They allow themselves treats. They now have their happiness.

"This one is for me, Bernard!"

"And this one and this one as well and then another three, those are for

me, Bad!” Bernard and Jeus can now say that. They can all say that and there is fun now, life is good, people have never understood each other so well.

“Come and have a look in my house, Hent, then I will show you my pigs. I will show you what we live for today!”

And that is the way it is! They all have their little pig, their piece of ground as well, some cattle, for their wife and children. This is how Our Lord really meant it to be. It is strange; you have to take care of it yourself. The people from the State cannot do it; they throw money away. The ministers do not know. Did Our Lord not promise a paradise for all HIS children? This is it! However, they are building it for themselves, and if you were to still listen to the State, you would be off the mark again and outside Our Lord’s paradise. But that does not exist now, they take care of themselves! And believe it, they take their hats off. Look their Saviour straight in the eye, they are not committing any sins. Do you know what a sin is? That is when you throw the people’s money about. Or did you think that they had no brains here?

When Jeus gave a kraut in Emmerik a hiding because that same kraut behaved strangely and put out his hands to him, he was sacked. When he had to go to the highest power and said what he thought about it, he was told:

‘We are not krauts! We are not blighters! Understood? What do you want? To give the German people a bad name? Cursed dung eaters!’ That means dung eaters, Jeus learned in Nijmegen, but then there came: ‘Out of here!’ However, the others did not accept that and then they all left. The boss had to change his mind and they were allowed to stay. Now there was no fun in it anymore for him. Everything came to a standstill in Emmerik as well, better to be at home with the farmers on the land. Digging up stumps and getting potatoes out of the ground is a nice job, especially if you are able to do that with Dien Gutter Pisser, Anneke, and Mieneke Hosman. If you work with girls, the time passes more quickly. However, the ‘Stolzen Fels Am Rhein’ continues. Gerrit and Hendrik will make him out to be a scaredy cat, Crisje, and then they will smuggle together.

Crisje is now absolutely sure. That she had to marry Wageman. Johan has been called up. And will go to The Hague; he will become a grenadier. Bernard no longer needs to join the army and then Jeus will come later, unless he draws a blank in the army lottery process. Nevertheless, the sun is still shining here day and night. Everywhere you see new things, and you hear snoring in the little houses. That is the pigs which they are fattening and will soon sell for a lot of money or slaughter for themselves. You can never know how long it will still last. And Our Lord said: .

‘Just continue, My children. The rest of this world has gone completely mad!’

Hendrik and Gerrit have found a hole for themselves in order to escape

the paradise. If you want to go to the border, then you can manage that in only ten minutes, but it now takes them three hours. They have found a path for that, through the woods, straight to the Hunzeleberg, which crosses the three hundred metres. Twenty times a day, then ten times a night in order to get used to it, and only then did they know how to reach a little road of one metre wide in Germany. This road is a miracle. Because no one can find it, and no customs officer is capable of it. They know the woods! Do you not feel like going with us, Jeus? We will now take a thousand with us, tomorrow five thousand and we do not know any more what to do with all our money. Crisje saw that their beds were empty, and they had to confess. They laid all the money for her on the table. Only little Gerrit was not stupid. he kept some for a rainy day. However, Hendrik couldn't be bothered. Crisje has her plan ready. She has thought about it day and night. Her boys are working away from Our Lord. She will bring the scales back to the universal balance and they will not even need to confess in the end. Did you think, Gerrit, that you could fool Crisje?

The boys wander peacefully into the woods, the bars of chocolate are under their jackets. If there are enough hidden there, they will smuggle. In one night Hendrik and Gerrit come home with a profit of three hundred guilders and that sometimes three times a week, that mounts up and it is making Crisje nervous. She is barely able to spend it in one week; the boys are earning that much, they possess all the qualities of the Tall One.

In the Grintweg someone asks:

“Do you know where Mother Crisje lives?”

“There beside the pump.”

“Oh, thank you.”

Crisje says: “Listen, you are behaving as if you have to pay for everything.”

“But of course, Mother Crisje.”

People get everything for nothing. In Berlin, they already know where Mother Crisje lives.

People cross the border from Poland and go straight to the Grintweg. They disappear again with a good store, the boys show them the way back, but do not know that the money is going back to where it came from, only Crisje and Our Lord know. However, Bernard and Jeus also quickly realize it. Crisje knows what she wants, that money is from the devil and if the boys won't stop smuggling, she will do it her way. It is the only thing in order not to come to grief and Our Lord said:

‘It is good like that, Crisje, we will not allow ourselves to be cheated either, what about you?’

Crisje has plenty of money. Masses of people can eat from it and it now continues in this way. Wageman does not interfere in anything, it is none of

his business, and that is just as well. He had better not try to forbid her that, it is her task, her satisfaction as well, she stakes her blood and her life for it. It is the most beautiful thing you can do for Our Lord. True or not, you can see it for yourself of course!

‘But what a time, but what a time this is!’ And the Tall One says that in his world. The Tall One also says:

‘Cris, if I had known that, they would not have been able to destroy me. Then I would not have died myself, of course.’

Yes, Tall One, everyone believes that of you. What kind of a life would he have made of it? You would now have played the part of Baron. You would have made it into a farm with a hundred cows. True or not, Tall One, you would have smuggled that sparks flew from it, but you with your brains, you would have done it differently, very differently. Now you have just missed it. You have something else to do, you can now watch over your Crisje.

Does Bernard not need a new and better artificial leg? Do it, Bernard, buy ten of them, you will probably not be able to do it soon and the krauts have plenty of them. Bernard gets a new leg again, but one in which some thirty bars of chocolate disappear, in which a kilo of butter fits and something else. Can you believe it, Bernard told them himself how they should make his knee. And Our Lord also had to laugh about it. Even the angels. The nice stories from here and the boys move to the heavens. On Sunday mornings they are each told Fanny said, so he talked along the lines of Gerrit Noes-thede, because Gerrit knows all about it.

And now say so yourself, how much precious money is not being wasted, you hear every day and they send it to St Peter. Pass it on, St Peter. Gerrit, try out my new bicycle. How do you like these doves? They are flying back home again from England. And we will win first prize with these. Will you come for a game of billiards, we are waiting for bad weather, after all, and then we will have something to do.

It is at that stage that the customs officers accept their money. Some of them have their own little houses and that is better, a thousand times better than putting poor people behind bars. But the big ones are suffering and of course, there are always the sticklers for regulations. The remainder sit at the table with them and laugh. The State can ‘drop dead’! Everyone here acts as minister of finances and they do not need The Hague for that. Johan now knows and can convince Crisje, they are throwing money away there. And that is our money. Just let the people smuggle, mother, what you see there is pitiful. Amazing that Johan has already realized that now! Johan has never been so astonished as he is now. He cannot understand it, money is so precious, and they waste so much money there. Well, then the crumbs are for us! And now everyone here has a crumbs’ biscuit tin behind the box bed with

thousands. Real hard Dutch guilders, happily swapped for marks, because not a cent will remain there. Did you think, Jan Treup, that they were mad here?

Is Jeus really a scaredy cat, Crisje? Gerrit calls him names day and night. He calls him a monkey-balls; and you know what that means. Jeus thinks about his life. But he is not a scaredy cat. If he lets Gerrit see what he saw day and night here in the attic, little Gerrit would run out of the attic. But Jeus is not afraid of that. Miets and Teun aren't either. Strange things happen there. It started in Nijmegen. There pieces of wood made ticking noises and pieces of wood went for a walk. Now Jan Knie'p and uncle Gradus are walking around. Now and again, he sees father as well. What do they want from him? They walk just like that through your bed, through your body, they roll over you, and nothing happens. But that is why it is so strange. Casje is there as well sometimes, but he does not see Fanny. And he wants to get away occasionally even if it was only because of these strange things. Jan Knie'p said to him: ‘

Jeus, it is so wonderful here. You look back at your own life and that is now the best part. I feel so happy if I feel and see Crisje again for a moment. And you know all of that. Is that not the case, Jeus? From time to time I come and visit mother. I must do something for your father and that is a nice job. Uncle Gradus as well.’

Jan Knie'p said that to him. Jan came to pay Crisje a visit and found it so nice on earth and in the attic. It was then that Jeus said to Gerrit and Hendrik:

“Look, Jan Knie'p is walking about there”, they were in a bad way and he knew that he was not a scaredy cat, but he would also prove it to them by smuggling! Hendrik replied with: “you can pull the other one”, he meant, ‘Jan Knie'p is not there.’ But when Hendrik heard the creaking and the footsteps of Jan, big Hendrik, who is not afraid of any devil, became pale and he could laugh about it again; they were even! But he wants to get away from these matters for a change.

“Good day, Jan!”

“Good day, Jeus.”

“Just tell father that I will smuggle this evening!”

“Yes, Jeus”, Jan Knie'p said. And now Tall One, there will be smuggling. Now your whole family is smuggling! What do you have to say to that?

“Oh, mother, they have got him.”

And now to ‘Stolzen Fels Am Rhein’. I will not get my blood back, but I will show them that I am not a scaredy cat! That is all for now!

Come on, Jeus, we are going to das Stolzen Fels am Rhein

If we had not known that the Tall One was with Our Lord, you would have thought that it was he who is now inspiring the boys. What they are now doing is like him and they are the characteristics of the Tall One, one by one the boys have stepped into his personality, even if Jeus, Teun and Miets dangle along as the sensitive part of Crisje. Jeus has now also changed over to the world of his father, can you believe it, Tall One, your personality rules over everything! You have won from Crisje! The boys take after you, but if you later think that you can rest on your laurels with the boys, then Crisje will win from you. And now you cannot lift a finger, because Our Lord is standing in front of and next to Crisje with all HIS power and you can bow your head again. If in the future you should think, now the time will come to do something nice, then there will not be a cent left, Crisje is also working for 'Das Stolzen Fels am Rhein', but in her way and straight to Our Lord. What the boys bring home today is gone tomorrow! Away, Tall One; if you understand me, you will know it completely! Have your boys so much faith in Crisje? She is bringing the scales back into balance, Tall One, and that is all!

"Come on, Jeus, we are going to 'Das Stolzen Fels am Rhein'. It is Hendrik who now lays down the laws, and he has to accept them. The bags are in the woods ... It is quiet in nature, you hear the trees calling you rude names, he feels, but that does not get through to Hendrik. They have already been on the road for an hour, when Hendrik suggests:

"So, let's have a rest, Jeus. We have already been walking for an hour. A sandwich would be nice now and that will taste good. Just sit down for it, Jeus, no one can tell you how to do it, and you can decide for yourself!"

Little Hendrik is like that. He now gets a lecture from his little brother in case something should happen.

"You stay behind us, Jeus. We are approaching the most dangerous places. Otherwise, you can talk to me as much as you like, but quietly. If we hear something, then you can run and of course, you know the woods. If they shoot, then you just run as fast as you can through the graves and then they will not get you. That is everything, really!"

Jeus really enjoys the nighttime silence. Would Jan Knie'p and uncle Gradus not like this? And yes, he sees those two; they are running through the woods and are not afraid. Jan and uncle Gradus have left their heavens in order to be ghosts on earth.

However, Jeus prefers this, because it is now so muggy in the attic, and you have space here. You become so melancholic there, so old, and he does not want to experience that yet. Here you get a fresh atmosphere and that is from Our Lord himself! But he is going to 'Das Stolzen Fels am Rhein', and this is also something to think about, you will learn a lot. And there is danger attached to it. They can shoot you, but shooting is nothing! You live anyway! You cannot even die, if you die you will live on! Otherwise Jan Kniep and uncle Gradus would not be here now. And they are there too! There they go, they want to go further, can you believe it, they think as people do here, as they did here. People are like that!

When father sung 'Das Stolzen Fels', they were staves, now it concerns money. Now they sing the praises of marks ... and that song sounds really good, people can eat from it, get a new suit to wear, have a pig and much more.

"Hushhhhhhhhh! Have you gone mad, Jeus?"

Gerrit gives him a nudge, he is talking out loud, and that must not happen. That is dangerous. They may whisper only. But sometimes you forget that you are smuggling. Sometimes you do not even know anymore, that you have five hundred bars of chocolate on you and that there are soldiers who want to catch you, but that must not happen. They would like that. You could hear banging every minute and that is also something strange, you now feel tension and that gives power to the machine; you are walking faster. But they do not want to hear any bangs.

"Come on, Jeus, we have to leave."

"But where are we anyway, Hendrik? I cannot work it out any more."

"Do you not know your own woods anymore, Jeus?", Hendrik asks.

"But my God, Hendrik, you are running backwards and forwards."

"Hushhhh ... anyway! I told you to whisper, didn't I? And you have to remember that."

"Yes, Hendrik. I will not forget it again. No, I cannot work it out anymore. How did you discover this path, Hendrik?"

"You will not believe me, Jeus, when I tell you that we can get at least a thousand guilders for this path. You see it for yourself; no one can keep to the path. But we have cats' eyes. Now and again, we walk for a little while over a path, then we crawl immediately into the woods again and no one can find us anymore. We will soon be off the road again and it is that, Jeus, but now keep to the right road, that is the art of it!"

It is true; they have been walking in a round-about way for three hours. In ten minutes, they could have reached the border, but now they run through the woods, for hours, but it is the long way round! Straight to the Hunzelberg, the three hundred metres and behind it the 'Stolzen Fels am Rhein'!

Hendrik is amazing, Jeus senses, he is as father was. He also says so when he tells his little brother: "It is true, Hendrik, you can do everything. You are just like father was."

Hendrik reacts differently and asks him:

"Are you enjoying it, Jeus?"

"I don't know yet, Hendrik. I am not afraid of anything, you know that, don't you, but this?"

He now hears from Hendrik, what he did not know yet how much Hendrik loves him. And he says that just like that. It is like a pure lucidity in the woods, the great thing of now and the stars, the soft rustle for and in his life.

"Remember, Jeus, I will let myself be shot ten times before they can aim at you!"

Isn't that something? He is already crying. Good heavens, that touches you. He gives Hendrik back all his kind-heartedness.

"Good gracious, Hendrik, that is really something. I can cry about that."

Gerrit says, hushhhh, they may not experience any pettiness, every moment there is danger, they may not think about themselves for a second. But it is there now, he did not know that Hendrik loved him so much.

"We're talking too loudly, Jeus", Hendrik says, "Gerrit is right, it is becoming dangerous."

Hendrik presses Jeus' hand, and that is just like mother's milk, that is the hand of Our Lord. Now, everything is going well, you will see. Hendrik is like father was, Hendrik does not show his emotions easily, but they live in his heart. Hendrik has never forgotten what he did for the household and he is repaying him now, but he did not know it. Hendrik could not have given him any greater happiness. They shuffle along like this. They are almost at the Hunzeleberg and they decide to rest there. Now they are standing before the three hundred metres. Here you can get a beating. There is a narrow path which goes straight to the Brook. You have a bare surface over that little path which rises steeply. At least one hundred and fifty metres and then there are woods again and no more danger. This part is the worst. Now they live under tension, you feel your heart thumping heavily, you do not know why that is; you are not afraid, are you? But that tension is there and it remains there until you are at the top. Jeus literally holds onto his heart. Yes, Hendrik, what is that? Are those people the customs officers? Are they the soldiers? Those men should know that. No, he is not afraid, if they should shout 'halt'; he would just take off. He knows exactly what Hendrik meant. The soldiers disappear; they shuffle along calmly and did not know that they were nearly walking on their heads.

"Were you afraid, Jeus?"

"No, Hendrik."

“That is the nicest thing there is, Jeus. Now you can hear your own heart talking. And that is an entirely different story than at home. Isn’t it? This is the most dangerous part. Perhaps you will not see any customs officer in a thousand years, but now you have seen them, haven’t you? That is a chance of one in a thousand, as long as you know, but they are there. Now watch out. I’ll go ahead, Jeus. You and Gerrit bring the bars of chocolate. I will check the road. That is a dangerous bit, but we can run fast. You must crawl up there on your stomach, nice and crouched down, mustn’t you? Then they cannot see you easily. We picked our best bilberries here, Jeus. Do you not remember?”

“I know, Hendrik”, is all he can say. The tension has got to him like that. It is quite something! Hendrik lies down just beside the path in a ditch and watches. Is there more to see? No, not here and there, those dopes wander along and they do not hear you anymore, because all that they can hear is their own shuffling. It is amazing, he thinks, what Hendrik does not think about. Good heavens, how much he loves Hendrik, you feel that tonight the strongest. He would not miss Hendrik for all the money in the world. Yet, he does not have this with Gerrit. Gerrit does not really belong to this; Gerrit does not give you this happy feeling. Your heart is laughing, the woods are singing, he kisses Hendrik with every footstep. Nevertheless, it is uncertain, you are no longer yourself and yet you are, but you feel different. It is in your head, in your legs, everything is working, but in the wrong direction. However, he is not afraid. If he was to tell Hendrik and Gerrit that Jan Knie’p and uncle Gradus were there as well, they would be afraid, and he is not afraid of it now. Jan and uncle Gradus, he sees, have left their attic and want to know what he is up to. Why are people afraid of the living dead?

Now comes the jump over the open space. Gerrit advances, and Jeus follows him. Hendrik is at the top, but they have not heard anything. Soon they may have a cigarette without fear. They are so sure then, even if they still have to cover a distance through the woods. But the bars of chocolate are also there. And now watch out! There is Hendrik, carry on, quickly now, we must finish this job.

Hendrik and Gerrit find their bearings by the trees. They notice it by the soles of their shoes, because the Hunzeleberg then demands their balance. That is their balance with regard to Mother Earth, but by means of that they know exactly whether they must go up one metre and go down too low and that must not happen, if they want to see their path on German territory. This path through the woods has been marked out to the last millimetre, which is of the utmost importance, in order to succeed. Hendrik goes in front again. They follow. Hendrik and Gerrit have been running this day and night, until they could follow their path in the strangest weather. Even if it

is pitch black and you cannot see a thing in front of you, they can still find their way by the crowns of the trees. They then walk upwards to have a look and know exactly which holes are in those trees at nighttime. In this way, Gerrit and Hendrik have had to remember millions of those holes and it was only then that Hendrik said:

‘It is okay, Gerrit, we can now start on a large scale!’

And this is the case. Five hundred bars of chocolate are now dangling on their backs, good stuff belonging to John State, but he can drop dead. Or is it a mother? Then we can say it more softly, and then it is called the ‘doodles’. Many others are also smuggling, but they get a beating almost every night. Not the boys, so there are many who would like to go with them, however, they don’t do so, because they will be betrayed tomorrow anyway. They are better off on their own. Or they wouldn’t be worthy of Tall Hendrik.

They now reach the small narrow path. And Germany! This is ‘Das Stolzen Fels am Rhein’, Jeus, Hendrik tells him. You know that nice song which you always had to sing for father and which father won those prizes with.

“But now it concerns marks and that is an entirely different story.”

What do you do as a father and you are alive, and you see your boys walking along like that? You would have respect for your own flesh and blood, and the Tall One feels that. Even Gradus and Jan Kniep feel their fun; this is something completely different compared to the fun in heaven. St Peter can tell the best jokes, but that? You will not forget that so quickly, and Our Lord knows all about it; at the end of the day it is HE who has a say about Karel, Jan, Nico and the Tall Hendrik, but they are there anyway. Or, Jeus determines for himself, they could not leave paradise.

“Oh, those boys? How did it go? Wonderful! Have you not brought any sausage?”

“No, tonight we have not got any sausage. The day after tomorrow I think”, Hendrik gives that ‘Stolzen Fels am Rhein’ which is hungry. Never heard of it? We have earned two hundred and fifty guilders, Jeus. Isn’t that something? And we do not pay a cent of tax on it. The State throws it away anyway. And we will bring it to Crisje, for later. When it is all over, we will start a farm. Hosman will like that. Money from a devil? Oh, come on, don’t be so sober. We know better. It is a healthy sport!

They now take another path back, that is quicker. Now they may put their shoes on, crackling does not mean anything anymore. However, they have rubber shoes, nice and soft and you can run in them. They are now home in a good hour, because they take a short cut through the woods, and head straight home, and no one stops them. Hendrik is curious and asks:

“What did you think of it, Jeus?” Yes, what can he say? He does not know yet. A quieter job means more to him. But that messing around for the

'krauts' is not great either. No, he does not know yet. But he will think about it. Before the sun comes up, they are home. Now a nice sleep and dreaming, plenty of money, there are no worries. And he is no longer a scaredy cat. But what was it like, Jan, uncle Gradus? What did you think of it? Jeus sees Jan has left. And believes he has gone to tell St Peter. How the angels will laugh. The angels will tell it to Our Lord again and then all the heavens will know. Are the children on earth satisfied for the moment? Do you hear them praying now? It does not cost anything, a whip is not necessary anymore. How childish people are. Then he fell asleep, and did not even dream, because he knew how dead ordinary it was!

Crisje, what do you want now? She has heard that Jeus went along, and has something to say, of course. However, Jeus speaks first.

"Did you think, mother, that I would let myself be called a scaredy cat any longer?"

Crisje says back to him: "That is better than you become a thief."

But then there already follows again: "But this is not stealing, mother!"

"That is all very well, this is not honest, other people have to suffer for it!"

Then you can make everything out to be good, but this is just the way mother is.

"But that is money from a devil", Crisje continues. She wants to release him from that smuggling, and he reacts:

"Are you trying to tell me, mother, that this is committing a sin?"

"That is something completely different and you know that as well."

"But the Baron does it as well, mother."

Yes, now what? The Baron is also smuggling? Who is not smuggling, Crisje thinks, but that is just not allowed by Our Lord and that is the end of the story. Crisje is against it and that will remain so. You cannot justify it; you have to earn your money in an honest way. Believe it, she will know! "Jeus, leave it!"

"Yes, mother, I will make sure of that!"

"When will we go out again, Hendrik?"

"Let's see, Jeus. Monday, I think. No, not Monday. Wednesday, I think, then it will rain and then it will be nice and dark. Just have a rest, Jeus, now you can rest on your laurels and that is also worth something."

Yes, they have a nice rest. At about twelve o'clock some food and drink in bed, then a bicycle ride along the observatory and let the new doves fly, it is a great little life for Hendrik and Gerrit. However, Crisje goes on; she buys goods, and gives it all away! People come from the heart of Berlin to her life to get something. Mother Crisje is already well known there! As far away as Poland! She does not know how the people heard it, but they are sent to her house and leave with food and drink. Do not cheat me! Also give your fellow

people something to eat from it or you will get nothing more from here, these mothers also have the right to life and have children. They reply to her:

‘But of course, Mother Crisje, of course, Mother Crisje, we will share.’

But that did not happen and Crisje felt that. Those thoughts suddenly reached her world. Crisje also knows whom those thoughts came from. Jeus also knows, because Jan Knie’p told him, that he must now help Crisje. Jan now made sure that they could not cheat mother. When those krauts came back and said that they had shared honestly, Crisje could tell from their faces that they were cheating her, from that moment onwards Father Christmas was completely deaf to these people! Crisje’s only reaction to this was, ‘No, but then you should not have lied. You are only thinking of yourselves and that does not happen in our house! We do not intend to be fooled. Even if you think that we are mad, we are doing this for Our Lord. Do you not know what that is? Here, we call that working for Our Lord; do you want to cheat him?’ They would like that, but that is not on! Jan is there as well.

Hendrik and Gerrit now think that it is in mother’s heart, that Crisje is on their side, but they will soon learn to understand that, and then they can complain. Jan just will not leave. Jan runs day and night about the attic. And these psychic phenomena he already got to know in Nijmegen. Sometimes Jan goes along and tells what can be expected, and it always comes true. Jeus notices, Jan prefers to be with Crisje, and feels divine here, and Jeus can understand that. Jan sometimes says:

‘I have come back again for a while, Jeus; it is so nice here with Crisje. You probably won’t believe it, but sometimes I miss Crisje.’ And he can also understand that, because Jan and mother were such good friends and Jan was a good person. Then Jan told him as well, that he was watching over Crisje. However, that was father’s job, but Jan made every effort for it. And this was because Our Lord lived here and was not allowed to be sullied, but for which Crisje served. Crisje did not risk her life for thieves, she did not want to take care of thieves and hypocrites, this was only for the children of Our Lord, Jan Knie’p said to Jeus, which made Jeus tremble and shake because it was so beautiful! Everywhere, he now saw and experienced that, you saw the hand of Our Lord; however, not for Hendrik and little Gerrit, they lost their money, and that was an entirely different story!

It was also at this time that these psychic phenomena began. There was creaking day and night in the attic, and it was not mice, but dead people walking in the attic. There was Jan, uncle Gradus, Peter Smadel, he also saw other, unknown people who were having the greatest fun. One day in conversation Crisje remarked: “I have had Jan with me for so long already, Jeus’, Jan sometimes comes and pays a visit”... that was the proof for him that he was not losing his marbles and that he was healthy and had both feet firmly

on the ground. Then he started to think.

Jan has received other work, you can also do something for your life there, but everything is for Our Lord. He knows Bernard also has the powers in him to see Jan and uncle Gradus; through the powers of all the boys it is creaking in the attic. You sometimes see chairs and pieces of wood move. A while ago, he was sitting with Hendrik at a table. Suddenly he saw flames jumping around the table, there was also a smell of burning, and Crisje knew that they were getting up to 'hocus pocus' again, which she did not want to know anything about, it was devil's work. Hendrik did not see the flames, but Jeus knew it happened through Hendrik's powers, he also saw those clouds in his life, as a result of which those things could happen.

Also this, which Jeus saw and experienced, is part of the upbringing, the development and Casje is taking care of it. Now that the inner life cannot be manipulated, Casje connects him to the physical phenomena in order to open the central nervous system for the inner life of Jeus. That is for later, the organic system does not remain behind now. Since contact was obtained with physical laws, through which Casje removes the physical organs from his own life aura thus expanding the nervous system, which enabled a piece of wood to dance, to creak in the attic, and you could hear the tick, tick, left and right, in front of and behind you, Jeus was not afraid of it, only he became so tired inside. But then what will it be like when Casje really begins?

Direct contact with Jeus' inner life is not necessary now; he must first experience his own life. The flying behind the coffin does not mean a thing to him, because his life is open to something completely different, heavens and sacred matters can get lost, for all he cares. But from time to time, he has to experience something of the occult or his development will die off, and that is not the intention. Life carries on. Wageman has too much to drink now and again, but he has changed. Crisje can now accept that Hendrik now has his normal fun like all the men have during their drinking session, because that is what it is about! Jeus is now working on the land with Dien Gutter Pisser, Anneke Hosman and others, this life suits him very well. Now they can talk about their rich past; about the time when they were allowed to play on the clouds and did not realize that they had received supernatural things from the hands of Our Lord or HIS angels, of which Casje was one and of good character too! That work is better than the smuggling, you lose your own silence and your paradise through those nights and that is good for nothing.

They say that Jeus and Anneke will become a couple and Anneke is really nice. However, Casje does not approve. Casje is now after him, how it is possible, it is he who is open to that childlike love, and not Jeus; he also has nothing to say about this. If you wish to believe it, danger is now threatening

for Casje. How easily does such a sensitive boy not kiss; a girl is open to it, especially if your kind-heartedness shines out and life has something different to tell you, you grasp that pure love, all the girls want to possess it. Jeus cannot say now for himself: I am mad about girls, because Casje lives and acts precisely between those feelings. Those who now follow him wonder whether he is a dead dog, because why does he not react? But Jeus cannot react, something refuses inside, that feeling is dominated by another and that is Casje, who says: 'no, plenty of time, Jeus!' I do not intend to put you on a farm here, you have something else to do in this life and we will soon work together for Our Lord, and for this so beaten humanity! Is that not an entirely different story, Jeus? However, he does not know.

The potatoes have been harvested, the fun is over, but Anneke does not know it. She will also get her own love to experience, and that boy is already there, but it is not Jeus. Millions of souls live on earth and think, 'I want that one', but that one is actually for someone else, people are faced then with laws of which they will not realize the depth or the origin, because they belong to the inner life and they know nothing about it; that life must reveal itself to the personality. This is the most wonderful thing there is for everyone! A person is suddenly faced with his love. He immediately knows it, a while later he knows that he must make up for it or he will get it for free, but now there is always one who will be beaten, it is usually the case, isn't it? And Jeus will get to know those laws, but through Casje, and will then pass them on to the children of Our Lord through his books, for which he will serve and live!

Now watch out, when it becomes serious and Jeus longs for a bit of love, then Casje will share with him according to universal concepts and he will draw his life up a bit to his inner consciousness, then Jeus will experience something. This will serve again for his awakening, when sensitive blows can fall, and he will also receive kind-heartedness, if he wants to act according to the inner feelings and thoughts of Casje, but we already know that, at the end of the day Jeus is not a dry old stick. From everything that his master, Casje, gives him to experience, he produces worldly wisdom. And is there anything more beautiful to experience on earth? That will be Jeus' life!

What Gerrit and Hendrik do for Our Lord is not to be sneezed at either. Mothers come to get something for their children. However, those mothers have to go back over the border. If they go by their own strength, they will be caught. Now Hendrik and Gerrit smuggle for all those people and make sure that they stay out of the hands of the customs officers, for which these souls are grateful, of course. Crisje now knows that it is going well, there will not be a cent left! You hear nothing but:

'Thanks very much, Mother Crisje, Our Lord knows all about it.' And

that is the truth. Our Lord knows exactly what she is doing, in this way HIS children still come back to the universal control, Crisje makes sure of it, otherwise it would look terrible.

As a result, Our Lord gets HIS most beautiful 'orchids' sent from the earth to HIS life. Jeus knows it is a time for inner discovery, a time to ask yourself: what do I live for, really! And finally you see after all that, despite all those troubles, life demands you to follow HIS laws, if you do not do that as a person, then you will get a terrible hiding, which you have to deal with alone. And those years will also pass. A new life is waiting for you, what that is, the new laws will teach you, but they are always there!

Now and again Jeus goes off to 'Das Stolzen Fels am Rhein', in order to do something for his own life, there is plenty of food and drink, but you also need pocket money, especially if you want to play billiards with Bernard, if you do not want to sponge off someone else. They know one thing here and everyone has learned that, the 'Goodbye' was not exploited here, to the contrary, it sounds even more wonderful than it used to, it has been given colour and shape again by the goodness in people, but Crisje is the bearer of this banner and walks at the front, straight to Our Lord!

And then it was evening, a pitch dark night followed, the boys were ready to leave and were told by the people of 'Das Stolzen Fels' that they wanted to buy everything there which they still had in Holland, which brought a prompt reply from the boys.

"You would like that, wouldn't you, but there is nothing more to be got, or to bring, it is almost finished!"

That was the truth and the beginning of another time. Crisje is watching over the boys of her Tall One, as Our Lord watches over HIS millions, and she can accept: everything has been done what could be done, now rest and peace must come to earth and good will in the hearts of the people. Of course, you cannot keep on going! And below, above and behind here lives Casje, he is standing on a high hill and is looking at Jeus. Casje wonders, how much longer; if only I could really start. How many dangers are the two of us still to face? Through how many of these times must I pull that life? However, he is there for a purpose!

And the laws of Our Lord demand it, they do not want it any differently and you see by the silvery white ropes that something else will happen and life always gives you something nice again, something sweet as well, really something for soul, life and spirit and then the human heart flies open like a flower in the spring! Really, that is also worth experiencing!

Playing football and spiritual ropes

Jan Lemmekus now knows, Our Lord is using the voice of Jeus in order to say something to the people, HIS children, Tall One, and is better than you would have wanted to make it. Mienke is now playing in the beautiful gardens of the wonderful Forecourt, and Jan and Anneke have lost her here for a while, but they know through Jeus that they will see her again beyond the grave. Certainly, Tall One, you could have made something of those voices, but a person ponders and HE decides, or do you see it differently there? Casje says: of course, in a healthy body belongs a healthy mind and if you have a healthy mind, you must not neglect the body, therefore, practice sports, Jeus, do not forget those systems either; later you will have pleasure from that. And now we immediately establish that those who can think will also possess space. The human machine is not working, it is its spirit! Is it not true, a half-conscious personality is slow, is lazy, cannot be inspired, but a spirit with consciousness is a completely different story and the Tall One can prove it! However, something does not fit with Our Lord, one person gets everything, another person gets absolutely nothing of all these almighty matters and people call that injustice. The All-wisdom or the Omniscience is therefore contradictory, spiritual riches are handed out just like that and the life which they must have, or do not have, precisely the wrong consciousness or inner life gets spatial gifts from Our Lord and destroys them, brings trouble as well, another life could have done so much good with it. And isn't that strange?

Our Lord works with 'ropes'. Many people know what these things are, but the rest of all the millions of children, who live on earth do not know of their existence and yet, as long as the world has existed, people have experienced such ropes. Those people experienced a rope like that, and then did something. For many people it was a warning, for others a direct command to desist from doing what they wanted to do. And those who possess a belief in a God, immediately thought of Our Lord himself, however, the other life, the conscious social part, therefore the life that neither God nor nature, earth nor universe can accept, and experienced a rope like that, thought it was very ordinary that it existed, because a person also had so much in himself that he did not know, this was also a part of it! But is that true? Those people do not think so. Those people take on everything, because all of this belongs to their life, they do not want to know anything about universal knowledge, that is too far removed from them and then it becomes so difficult. Does a person not possess his own independence in anything? Does everything you

can experience like that have to be prescribed to supernatural powers? No, nothing will remain of me, I am also space or I would not be there and it has nothing to do with God. Whether GOD and Our Lord are two worlds, two different supreme powers who do something for themselves on earth, that is also something which millions of people are faced with and wonder about, which of these two now gave me that rope to experience? Who was it? And you continue to ask questions in this way and the life closes itself off, anyone, who wants to know everything and analyse it is a scholar, but what use is such a scholar, now that we are faced with such miracles? The best thing is not to ask any questions now and to accept everything in gratitude, because ... a person ponders, but HE decides... it is still always our faith and our hope, with the living love included or it would just be a waste of time!

Jeus never asks for an explanation and it is because of this that Casje continually takes a rope like that to the human life. If Jeus wondered, what is in that thing anyway and where do these ropes come from, then the human machine would be at a dead point and the life of it would turn in its own direction, but now it becomes really earthly, therefore material reaction, it now belongs to the human thoughts and feelings. However, what can a person do under his own power, Crisje? Nothing! You know it, many people know it. Therefore give in, be grateful and happy if a rope like that links you to a space, nothing more is needed, it now goes of its own accord, because the human life is open to it. Sometimes Jeus gets to experience something, for inside or outside, for material and soul, spirit and life at the same time, but a higher hand is always attached to it. It is not Our Lord for Jeus, it is always Casje!

It was at the time when he followed the paternal and maternal laws for life on earth and Hans, Willemse's bull, beat a huge hole in his life. He was sitting with the chickens and was thinking, he wondered why a cockerel had so many wives and he wanted to know how chickens and cockerels had come into the world, this was the moment that the childlike life began to think of life as a person. We know how Jeus analysed this great problem for himself. However, suddenly, he sees a rope like that again, the same thing, which sent him to the woods to get his fair money there. That rope brought him infallibly to a place in the great woods, and he found real money there. This must now be enough to convince a person that something lives between heaven and earth, which thinks and feels humanly and possesses a clairvoyance, which is supernatural. Suddenly the universal truth is lying next to it that Jeus possesses something great. This should have put this humanity on its knees completely, Father's church should have been bulging with people, but nothing happened, on the contrary, the older people made fun of it, only Crisje did not! She knew her life was touched again at that moment.

It was Our Lord Himself! Jeus experienced misery as a result, the cake for his Crisje, which he had bought with that money was sprayed with Gerrit Noesthede's nonsense and then eaten, what remained of it was nothing but mortal nonsense, there was no respect for Our Lord!

This rope also comes from space; it runs criss-cross through the chicken run and disappears into his head. He feels and sees it immediately and does not think, he runs after it, because the rope disappears from the chicken run. Now he does not need to go into the woods, but it runs around aunt Trui's garden, through a few streets and then into a house. He goes after it, through a yard, through a hallway, straight through a kitchen, and then he was faced with a great problem. What is that there? He cannot get enough of it. He is faced with a human bed. In that bed there are a young woman and a man, but a jacket is hanging on the chair and a cap is lying on it, and he knows the owner, who does not belong here. That is the drama! And at that moment, he hears the rope say to his life:

'Just save this life, Jeus. Because this dirty man is not worth it.'

Did this fresh-faced young woman not know to what kind of libertine she was giving her angel pudding? The man crawls under the blankets, but the woman looks him in the eye. She gets a terrible fright and she immediately knows, it is Our Lord! Our Lord is interceding through Jeus, it is His hand! This is a warning and a protection. Jeus says to her:

"But can you not be more careful? Should that brat have everything from you? He has twenty chickens. You are being cheated, as long as you know."

The woman jumps out of bed, she throws herself to her knees and begs Jeus for forgiveness.

"If you do not tell anyone, Jeus, I will never do it again. I promise you, Jeus. But you know that? That one of mine, Jeus, he lets me pine away. He can do nothing and I want to have a child of my own. You are like Our Lord himself."

He asks her: "Do you really mean that? Will you watch out now? Will you never do that again?"

"I swear to you, Jeus. Keep this to yourself and do not tell anyone, Jeus. I will change my life."

He disappears. A child of six is standing facing a woman of thirty-four, the child understands everything; the life feels everything and is like a judicial word. Jeus has forgotten the whole episode, and goes back to the chicken run where he wanders here and there for a while, he meets and runs with Fanny to the hills, plays near the Mill and races around, comes home and does not know it anymore, and yet, he knows, he will never forget it, because it is something from Our Lord, and he does not need to get upset about it. It is in safe hands, of course, even Crisje will not get to hear about it. There is a lock

on his soul! From that moment onwards, a real human secret lies in his soul. He has shut it away in his little heart and no one will get it out. He thinks about it, understands it, but will never tell another person. But he thinks it is scandalous, that such a beanpole of a man also spoils things, and also turns everything upside down. Yes, of course, her husband is a dope, but this man? This man is a drunkard, a brat, and a dirty criminal. When he met the woman after a few days, she winked at him, it is sweetness and for him alone.

“You said nothing, Jeus?”

“No, of course not.”

“My God, Jeus, what a good boy you are. That you can understand all of that, is a miracle.”

“Do you not have to confess that?”

“I have already confessed, Jeus. I have already confessed to you and that was Our Lord at the same time, of course!”

Such a spiritual rope was hooked into his brains and also worked well, the thing brought Jeus infallibly to the place where Our Lord wanted to warn or protect a child, but Casje came to realize it. The mother of this maternal consciousness saw it, knew it, and she told Casje, then it suddenly happened, because the feeling was present or they would have murdered Jeus alive, and thrown him out the door with all his wisdom and ropes. Now it fell on fertile earth, it was accepted with a grateful heart, this life possessed a belief, hope and love, but wanted to be a mother at any cost. And that would not happen either. Her own mother watched over her child from ‘beyond the coffin’. Can you believe it, Jeus, but now it did not concern money, but a human heart, a lot of suffering and sorrow and a pile of misery. Thank you!

A few people earn it, they are open to it, the remainder of the millions of children of Our Lord say, get lost, leave me alone, I will decide myself how I deal with my business, get out of here! But this was the singing of angels, Tall One, when you were still alive, now you can see yourself where a rope like that comes from and how a thing like that gets its power of thought, because it knows everything about people.

The match, which he has to play today, is one of all or nothing. He is playing centre forward. Now and again he does a somersault, meanders like a snake over the pitch and thinks; sometimes they cannot understand him at all, and his life is so strange and fickle for all those other boys. He works everything out down to the last millimetre, and has discovered a method in order to make the game strong, those thoughts also occurred to him just like that. When Jeus is in town in the time to come, it will become clear to him that it was he who built up such a formation and has to learn the football way of life. Also from Casje, but they were strong because of it. You have to think when playing football and he transferred his thoughts to the other boys. He

is an inventor, they said, Jeus can do everything. He learns quickly, and he is never without thoughts. They also see him run now, it is going well, and they have already scored two goals. They play like devils. Again, he runs up with the ball, they think it will be a goal, but what is he doing now? Jeus runs off the field, grabs his bike, races home blindly but as fast as lightning; there is a fire up in the attic. He grabs a bucket of water, extinguishes the beginning of the fire. There is a pile of straw next to this little fire, good heavens, Crisje, all this neighbourhood would have perished. Jeus puts out the fire, cycles back, resumes play, and slams the ball into the net, then the match is over. What kind of strange thing was that? There was a fire at home, he believes that little Teun was playing with a lighted match in the attic; the matches were also lying there. Good heavens, Crisje, there was no one at home. He sees the real fire in the attic in the ball. Just like that, under that rushing around Casje hooks a rope to his brain. No more was necessary. Then Jeus already let the ball roll on and now did what the rope wanted him to do? No, he has become like that power! It is him! And that through Casje! The boys say, he is always a bit different, they have won, who now still thinks of a fire? In ten minutes, they have already forgotten it. However, Jeus will never forget it; it was an enormous shock for his life. Casje knew immediately that, if it is possible and allowed, he could reach him at any moment and under any circumstances. That was therefore a work of art, this was a piece of sculpture of the kind, which only a Michelangelo has made! This was a spiritual Rembrandt if you wish to know, but madness for them. Who would run away in the middle of a football game if you know that there is so much at stake? No normal person does that, only strange human beings do that; they do not dare to say that Jeus is mad. However, he always has something different, therefore forget it, life will go on! But these Divine ropes, that is what they are, were experienced by a number of people. For many people the rope also remained invisible, because those people did not have the gift of clairvoyance, and that is what Jeus possesses! Infallibly! This warned people in their dreams. Mothers could consciously say beforehand, because of a rope like that, visible or invisible: I will have a boy. My boy is sick; I feel it, even if that child is in another part of the world, many people also felt infallibly, the truth of it, and that because of these Divine ropes! Your whole bible has been built up through them! Your Paul and your prophets, accept it, were provided with these ropes of Divine wisdom. No, I am not going out this evening; I feel that a thief will come when we are away. And the thief did come! But the thief was caught! This child also listened, believed in himself or they would have stolen this life's possessions. If you enjoy such protection, then just get down on your knees, thank Our Lord from the bottom of your heart, be grateful for yourself, it now proves that you were open to supernatural truth and it really is called

protection. Millions of people were elevated to the supernatural by these ropes if you want to know. So it is not just Jeus! There are already thousands of examples; eyes have seen it, but the hearts experienced it. Your belief was born from it; humanity got a belief as a result of it! Through these Divine ropes humanity must awaken and Jeus must serve for this purpose. Not only people experience these ropes, but also the animals.

If Teun's Letty does not warn the boys beforehand, they will not go smuggling. Letty has been given the feeling to have a nice rest on the boys' bags. Letty steps from one bag to another and if it forgets one and refuses to touch that bag, it remains behind. They have already discovered that long ago, time and again, they have to see the truth from Letty, exactly that bag got lost. Nonsense? Even Crisje has had to accept it! Letty has a predictive inner life, that instinct or whatever it is, speaks from the animal to a person and those grades of life are eloquent for Our Lord again, but animals and people have mastered it, Casje later writes it down, or I, through Jeus and we pass this onto your life. After all, now that we are able to experience this, it goes without saying, that Casje could already write a book now, through the life of Jeus. And whether it is dialect or real High Dutch is not important, the reality is there! The rope is there! That same rope also caused another mother to suddenly wander up the street naked and then they called it possession. And she was also possessed; by a rope? By a person from this world, because the rope is and will remain a means, after all!

If you now think, what does Our Lord look like, you must first go through millions of HIS children, if you want to see and reach HIM himself. But HE lives behind all of this, it also goes without saying, if it is done for the good and the life is awakened by it, because that is the intention. Just smuggle, you have to decide yourself what you do, but if Letty has warned you, then just wait patiently until Jan Knie'p approves, because Letty is attached to Jan Knie'p's rope! Now the spiritual knowledge becomes pure and absolute knowledge, and that is from Our Lord!

The weeks and months passed, the butchering fortunately comes to an end and a child becomes older, becomes a man and now has to serve the State. Jeus is also faced with this. First little Gerrit got an enormous shock when he discovered that he was not rich, because Crisje had used up the money, afterwards Hendrik and Bernard accept it, that will come also, and only then will the balance be made. It is Our Lord, HE makes off with the profit. Crisje has also lived all of her life under a rope, which is not only inspired by the Tall One, but this goes higher and higher until you have come to Golgotha and you now bow your human head. God wants to have every child of his there and is also the meaning of everything.

“We are not angry at you, mother”, Bernard and Hendrik readily say, “be-

cause we do not need to confess now either,” little Gerrit ran to that ‘Stolzen Fels am Rhein’ and paid a thousand marks for his cinema. Stupid Gerrit waited too long with exchanging his capital for real Dutch currency, now that lot has plunged to two cents. However, that is also human and there is no rope involved, people have to decide that for themselves. Well, Jeus, you are now faced with drawing lots for the army, perhaps there will also be ropes there, you never know. Will Casje find you there? Because you are drawing yourself in! Just look. A person is made of life. That is also soul and spirit, and we are now chasing it to awaken it inside. Until it will only just tick for Our Lord, and only then will no one smuggle anymore, then it is devil’s money for everyone, dear Crisje. Look now and look later, who has become wiser through it, and then you will immediately know. Take the best of the best for yourself, but favour all of life an existence, only now will we sail towards better things, towards peace and quiet on earth. And that is something completely different!

Jeus the infantryman

Along with the cross-eyed Mantel, Mrs.de Man's Theet, and Mathie, Jeus has had to draw his number and has drawn a place by lot. Exactly the stiff men, with whom they have had nothing to do with, and they could really do without here, drew the highest numbers. Now there was no rope with spatial certainty to let him see into his future, he was completely alone and acted wrongly. What would you say to refuse to do military service, Crisje? If you do that you go to prison, Jeus, and that is not very great. Johan informs Jeus of what he knows of military life: "If you just do everything there, as those people want you to, nothing will happen." But if you cannot stand snapping, well, then it will be difficult, they tease there, you are continually faced with something new, the food is good, but you have nothing more to say, you have lost your mother and everything. The best thing is to pay no attention to it, only then is life there tolerable or, you are a scrag. And he got to know what that was in Emmerik, people then leer at your own life and you are faced with thousands of matters, which you just do not want.

Jeus has spoken about the pros and cons with Crisje. And when he decided, he let Crisje know:

"Just do not worry about me, mother, I am going!"

But that cost a lot and did not happen of its own accord, he has not been able to sleep for some nights because of it. Now his bag is ready, Jeus must go into service. Does Casje know that? He is going into the world again.

"Goodbye, everyone." It sounds nice, doesn't it?

"We will be back." That doesn't sound bad either and will probably be true, but can you believe it, he must leave Crisje and that means something, after all. Just look at those faces!

You can already hear the Zutphen-Emmerik tram at the border, the well-known whopper is on its way. It is crowded with people, the school child has become older, now they are men, and they will represent their fatherland. But what is that? What must you do to serve your own fatherland? What is a general, Crisje?

"Goodbye, father!"

"Goodbye, Jeus!" Hendrik sees him off. Crisje will wave goodbye to him from the Grintweg. Goodbye, brush factory! He flashes for a moment through that space, the combers, and the sawers are busy; he hears the familiar screeching of Antoon van Bree, but all that no longer has any meaning now. It is as if he has become centuries older.

There is the monster already. Get in. The puff-puff is leaving. He does not

need to say goodbye to a girl; he does not have a girl yet. Is that not strange? Is that not something special? Handsome Jeus does not have a girl. Goodbye, mother. Crisje is standing on the Grintweg and waving goodbye to him. That is over, now say goodbye to father. Silence! Just take your cap off.

From the Tall One's grave comes another silence and that is his farewell. He understands it! Mesjoer, I am going into the world, you will probably know, father. Greetings to everyone, I know what I want; do not have any worries about me!

Suddenly everything breaks loose, they are free, yes, he is free; the others have to think, and they have lost their mothers. Their father, their magic lantern, their billiards, their nonsense as well and the real work, the earnings, the six and seven marks from Emmerik, their Saturday evenings at Jan Hieltjes ... Father does not count! Did you not receive your blessing, Jeus? They know from each other how they believe and pray, and now a church and prayers has no meaning anymore. Can you believe it, they have lain on their knees in front of such a man, they have told him everything about their life; what neither a girl nor a mother and father were allowed to know, he got for nothing, they have put such trust in Father. Now you may kill! Because that is where they are going, these children, they are leaving home in order to experience something raw, nevertheless, if a war does come here, or did you think that they were mad and could not think, *Father will bless the cannons. And that should not be allowed!*

The 'doodles', we are going to Arnhem, plenty of time to worry about all these things there. They are not even angry with that good priest, he is goodness itself!

Get out here, gentlemen, the train for Holland will come soon. They have almost broken the Zutphen-Emmerik to bits. Before they are in Zevenaar they feel a bit calmer, but when the train stops there, Jeus still has to smile to himself for a moment, he is thinking of Casje. Casje said: Zevenana ... But where is Casje, anyway? That man or whatever he is, now no longer means anything. That is as far removed from his life as Moscow is from Gelderland. But what kind of nonsense has he experienced? Can that provide you with food and drink? That childish carry-on is now gone, he does not want anything more to do with it, that was from his youth and now he is a man. What a pity, he has forgotten Anneke. Anneke looks at the cows too much and he does not feel like taking on the role of farmer. The new life smiles at him, another spacious life has started.

Arnhem, get out here, gentlemen! Walk nicely, gentlemen, you will get food and drink here, we will continue within an hour. They may also look at the girls for a moment longer, which will be over soon. They enter the barracks. Just look at those yellow collars, Mantel. So is that a general? How

much 'pop' do those men have inside? Just follow those poor troublemakers, Mantel, Mathie, Theet, we have lost our Grintweg!

Now, carry on. The officers in charge are standing before their noses in Amersfoort. Come on, kids, just march nicely in the beat or there will soon be something waiting for your lives, and you will not like the inhuman side of it anyway. We will bring you into line here. Just look at those faces! Are you not crying for your mothers, brothers, and sisters? Where do you come from? Jeus feels separated from all the good things in a person. It is not up to much, there is nothing good about it, and this is stuff and nonsense! He has already seen it; he knows it! Is that the case, Jeus?

"That is a Corporal", the cross-eyed Mantel says, "I also want to have a few stripes like that, then they can no longer order me about."

Not a bad idea, Jeus thinks, but he does not want anything to do with that rabble, they will not get any stripes on his body. He does not say anything, he is thinking. Good heavens, how life has suddenly changed. He is back in a dirty cesspool, even worse than with the combers, this is not what he wants! He must first think if he wants to materialize his thoughts and be able to send them to Crisje later. But he knows it for himself, he does not think of taking on all this mess, which is good for conscious devils. The grumbling has already started. That one there is a dirty man, who feels like a lieutenant-colonel, but has two, filthy dirty stripes and looks like an ass. Is that not true? Why must those men always shout like that?

Get your things, then sit down and listen. What must he do with a weapon? Kill people? Don't make me laugh. He already knows it, he has got sacred respect for Father now that he feels and looks at the mess. An hour later they are sitting in front of the different ranks and their authority. The brown bean soup was good, but there was not enough. He cannot listen; he is not able to think about this mess and empty doings. How much money are those people throwing away? What a lot you can do with all that money. They buy rubbish for it here, machines to kill people, Crisje, Johan is right! It is a filthy mess! They are loafers, fat stuffed beavers ... do you feel it, Crisje? They are beavers, Crisje, if there is any real shooting, they will sail with all those stars and stripes to their apparent death, the louts!

"What am I?"

"Corporal, sir."

The youthful group laughs and they should not have done that. The corporal asks:

"What is your name, soldier?"

"My name is Jeus, sir."

"Understand me well. I am a Corporal," away with your nonsense, he says to himself, but that scholar does not hear that or it would already have

looked hopeless for Jeus. Good, you are a Corporal, but what do you mean by that?

“What kind of name is that ... ‘Jeus?’”

No answer. “Well?”, the corporal repeats, “What kind of name is that?”

How can it be. Jeus asks politely: “What is your name, sir?”

He utters sharply: “I am a Corporal. Understood? And you can tell that ‘sir’ to your mother. What is ... ‘Jeus?’”

“The usual form of Nico, Corporal ... I mean ... Yes, how should I tell you that, do you not know any sweet little names then?”

The group laughs again and that is wrong for Jeus, but he meant it sincerely. He suddenly did not know how to make it clear to the man. The corporal has a grip on his life and will not let him go, the man wants to know what this means, but it is the cross-eyed Mantel who says to him:

“Can you not understand that then, Corporal? The people say Jantje for Jan and Piet becomes Pietje and Gerrit becomes Gerritje ...”

“Oh well, is that it. Then carry on. Remember, I am a Corporal and not a sir.” Understood ... understood ... he says again to himself and it is exactly the same as Lumwald, only here they say it differently. Dialect and High Dutch come from the same family he now realizes and he actually did not understand that in Nijmegen, now that is also clear to him. Now, carry on.

A bunch of farmers must be prepared for society and that is not so simple, but the corporal knows what to do. How hard this all is, Jeus thinks. The people in the town make a fuss about nothing, and behave like nervous wrecks. And that corporal is one of them! Jeus, watch out or you will become conspicuous and then you will be sorry. Now just get your bearings. The nice human part, that he has understood, has gone.

Just look at that. Jan the louse from school already knows it. They have forgotten him. Service is great for that lad. That lousy animal gets a nice suit and becomes a person. They should de-louse him first. You still see the lice when they’re on parade crawling over his little neck, but they do not see that here. Finally they have finished going through the different ranks and their authority; they are free for today. Now you can hear all kinds of things and the real moaning begins. The evening is to review one thing and another, but then they are lying there snoring, thinking, feeling their loss, and are unconsciously climbing a steep surface, which is really not human and yet is expected of their lives. ‘But not me, you can drop dead!’

Jeus is thinking. It is one o’clock; he cannot sleep. Various boys roll out of their little beds, not him, he has kicked that thing, made a hole, he is lying in the attic again, hears the doves cooing, picture after picture gets space and now comes back to his life. But how great the Zwartekolkseweg is, how nice it is in the country, Montferland is wonderful. What a dirty town this

is! What are barracks? He has a look in the woods with Fanny, also accepts a scene for a moment with Casje and José, but then those two die consciously here on his straw bed and he falls asleep. The sound of reveille forces him to get up.

The coffee is bad. That bread tastes good, but there is not enough butter. Why can they not give a person who is defending his fatherland a nice cup of coffee? ‘This is horse piss’, the cross-eyed one moans and the others readily agree. You would give them what for!

After four days, he knows how to salute an ass like that. You are ashamed of yourself, he thinks, you run around here like cockroaches in order to sing that man’s praises, to bow to him as well, but then it is still not good, you can start again. The ‘doodles’! Drop dead with your salutes. Are they really people? Are they town people? Crisje receives a letter from Jeus.

“No, mother, I must say, it a dirty mess here. I didn’t imagine, mother, that the town people would be so pathetic. What Father brings to Our Lord, they want to intercept here in order to bring people to the devil. The better you can kill people, mother, dear mother, the more respect you get and of course stars and stripes, which I would not want on my jacket for all the money in the world. They are rotten men, mother. It is a sad bunch, mother. Here they kick everything out again, which Father teaches. If you want to destroy people, mother, then you will be a guest of honour here; mother, you will also be doomed, but they do not understand that. But do not worry about me, mother. I will make it. Greetings to father, Teun and Miets and greetings to you from your Jeus.

The coffee is just like dish water, mother, my God, how I long for your coffee. Oh, yes ... it will be three months at least before I come home. Is that not enough to drive you mad, mother? How are the football players? And many kisses again from Jeus”

Crisje writes back to him, he reads: “If I was you, Jeus”, but now Crisje does not know any more dialect and she writes without stopping, “I would just take care of myself and you must just think like this, this time will come to an end, it is also the only thing to experience here but you know all of that and we have talked long enough about all of that and you must not pay so much attention to it, Jeus. Our Lord knows very well what people are like and those people also have to make up for everything again because Our Lord will certainly not forget and Our Lord knows very well what they got up to there, they would like that, Jeus, but Our Lord is not that stupid, he does not let himself be cheated as long as you know and He knows the people, we know that very well and I do not need to tell you that either and just leave the rest of it, it is only for a short time anyway and then you will come home again and they can tell you more there, Mrs Diekman died suddenly

and so you see when it is time people have nothing to say they are all scaredy cats, I know that very well and you will see that there as well and now warm greetings from all of us, father is very well, and from your dear mother, Crisje, many kisses Jeus, do not worry about anything we are getting on fine” ...

Jeus cries at Crisje’s words. What wonderful letters mother can write. The first weeks have passed, he now knows the salute, they have taught him, and he had to master it. Now they race outside, but life is unbearable, he would like to fiddle with their hoorays one by one, he is irritated to death at all this empty nonsense. This inhuman teasing means nothing, and it would not have taken much or Jeus would have been introduced to the jail. Through the cross-eyed Mantel, Mrs.de Man’s Theet and Mathie, he didn’t go, they made it clear to him that he cannot fight against that group alone, and he understood that, Crisje. But everything makes him sick! He does not know what to do with his weapon and yet he has to make sure that he feels this control or it will go wrong. And you can certainly understand, Crisje, that this is not so simple.

He has decided for himself that he will not go to jail or they will keep him here and the others will go to the field army. If you are punished, Crisje, you can serve longer, and he has respect for that. But he also feels, they force you to change your face here, you may not even look the way you used to in the country, you are no longer a person, and he is extremely annoyed about it. A dog has more feeling than some people, Crisje! If he now thinks about Fanny, it hurts inside and you will certainly understand that. He does not write all of that, however, you can read it between the lines though, in his letters, can’t you?

The people in the town, Crisje, he feels, he already knows, have been brought up to scold. They cannot do anything else. They are unhappy and bad and that is ‘militarism’ for Jeus. What they think about here, that all has to do with murder and arson. Early in the morning when you pray they start to think here how they can kill people the best. Those people grow up to end up on the gallows, they are not cows, Crisje, but dirty stinking beavers. If you can think well for this murder and if you can make a sensitive but conscious calculation, you will get stripes, stars, and your murder money to live from. Jeus sees them, Crisje, like liquorice and salty liquorice. If you see those striped ones walking, he says, they are just like crab lice on stilts, however, he sees the generals as a bunch of cockroaches, they waltz about the street, because what they do is not walking. It is Hakfoort’s turkeys hopping about, however, the nice dewlaps under their chins are under the souls of their dirty and sneaky conscious, you have to laugh at it whether you like it or not, it is such a pathetic bunch, which you must bow to.

Jeus has not yet seen one decent person amongst these greenish yellow

baboons, he now understands, Crisje, what Jan Kniep had to accept, when Jan served in the East. How Jan will have cursed there.

The people he sees here, Crisje, he has understood, have already buried themselves, or they make a fuss about obtaining a stripe, from the highest to lowest everything is wretched, poor consciousness, because they are now no longer people. None of these people have any ground under their feet anymore, and if that is the case, there is a pile of nonsense in it and you are faced with this animal-like carry-on, which Our Lord wants nothing to do with and for which they do not need to follow Him. What maddens him, Crisje, is their talk about culture, he still has to learn those words, but I am telling you, it all takes you to stuff and nonsense!

That stabbing with the bayonet on the weapon at a dummy like that is really bad, Crisje. Those dummies do not accept that from his life and call him all kinds of names. I heard it myself, the dummies said to him:

‘A better person? You are a dirty cad. Do you have to kill us? Do you have to take our lives? Can you not think anymore then, Jeus? Have you forgotten all those nice things that Father taught you? It is scandalous. Dirty boor! Ugly turd! Rotten person! Scabby dog, you are just like all these wild animals, just do not fool yourself, we know very well what you want. Dirty libertine! Rumbling pot!’

Yes, Crisje, you will not believe it, but the dead dummies talk to his life and consciousness. He has to worry about it, he feels it and also the pain of these lives, the good part tells him how stupidly he is behaving, how rotten life is if you no longer possess your own will. And yet, dear Crisje, when he was outside, they were allowed to rest there for a moment and he admired Our Lord’s space, lying on his back, a horrible little ant crawled over his nose and he heard it say:

‘Do not pay any attention to all this misery, Jeus. This is the time to learn how not to do things in later life! Oh, don’t get a shock, I will not sting you, Jeus, God preserve me, I must just tell you this, and only then will everything be different. When you are faced with the lives of the dummies again tomorrow, then you must tell them that. You must tell them, that you are here to learn how it must never be done again, Jeus, then they will no longer feel that pain, and your life will be different, and no one can do anything to you. Do you believe it, Jeus? I will continue, ’But you would say.

Isn’t that something, Crisje? The life of Our Lord will help him, if he is open to it, dear Crisje. Fair is fair, you experience all kinds of things here. However, he will soon turn right and only then will we know that they will not behead him here. You will hear from me again, dear Crisje, see you soon.

The first lieutenant was a grumpy person. Fortunately, this murky stinking life, and consciousness was replaced. “Do you practise sports, Jeus?” “What

did you say?” “Come on then. Can you run? Can you play football, fence, do you do grips, and can you fling a person over your back just like that?” “I can do that, just look; will you hold this ball for a moment?” Whiz! The lieutenant already knows, Jeus can play football, and he can think. The cross-eyed boy said that the previous first lieutenant was just like a worn-out bicycle tyre, and he was right, somebody like that has nothing more to offer. Theet says that he is like a cheap brooch which no girl would want, in Mathie’s opinion, that man was too lumpy, too empty-headed and yet he still wore stars, but that was a mistake. “Where did you play, Jeus?”

“At home, Lieutenant.”

“Man, you are a first class football player. I will take you to the U.V.V. (footballclub), when we go home again, come and play with us. You are a football player for the Dutch national team, Jeus; did you not know that? I will make you a first class player. What do you do, Jeus?”

“I am nothing, Lieutenant, I have not learned any trade.”

“That works out well and that will be fine, I will help you.”

Do you see, Crisje, it is going well now, the first brat had no soul, and this is a person! Jeus has respect for this life and he immediately feels at ease. The regiment has celebrations, they are celebrating a long existence, matches will be played, and there is money to be earned. He is choosing players for the third company and Jeus is lucky, Theet Schuurman and Guusje Hoogland are in his area, they are the back players for his club. They will win. Now the human dolls are standing along the lines, high and low are celebrating. Look for yourself, General, how Jeus of mother Crisje can play football. He can think and that is all, it is his feelings!

The third company to which Jeus belongs, has won from the others, today they are faced with the students and they are dangerous. They left for the field accompanied by music; Jeus took his men to task, in the presence of the lieutenant, that man also had to listen. Do not dribble for too long, they can do that better, give the ball away immediately and play towards me, the rest will follow of its own accord. The cross-eyed Mantel asked Jeus:

“But where did you learn all of that, Jeus?”

“At home, Mantel. Ben Straus could do all sorts of things too.”

And that is the case, there is also something to learn in the country, he thinks, if you are only interested in it and you let your head work. Theet and Guusje know him, they know what he wants and the men see it, those students have nothing to say, Crisje. You know, he flies across the pitch like a tornado, he has got a set of brains which are capable of everything and a head which you can put nails into. Five minutes later there is already a goal; a hard shot by Jeus makes it 1-0. Would you believe it, the hundred guilders is for the third company, and a nice outing this evening. The final score is 4-1 for

Jeus and his men. They adore him, the lieutenant wants to make a football player out of him. That is possible, but he wants to go back to Crisje. If Crisje also wants to live in the town, then he will think about it. Life is great in the country, who would want to leave Montferland? Not him! Who would want to leave the Plantage? He would never want to! Then you must come and live there, lieutenant, it will probably come to something and you will get Jeus in your midst. However, he knows their talk, today you are everything and tomorrow you will be forgotten. Crisje, do not worry yet.

“I have to say, Joost”, that ‘Jeus’ has already changed, “you can play sports. You must join the training and I will make sure of that.”

What is that man interfering in? Does that man want to give him one of those stripes? He can certainly take care of himself, he has a strong dislike and hates everything that he sees as striped and with stars.

At last the happy moment for leave arrives, mother and son talk to each other day and night. But what is five days’ leave? At home, he has understood that, ‘Das Stolzen Fels am Rhein’ has completely wasted away. There is still something to be earned for the little ones, but the good life has gone! However, he leaves with a bit of money for Amersfoort, with it engrained in his head, be careful with your money, they were also expelled from paradise here, Our Lord has closed the gate again. Afterwards there will be an end to all that piggery and he will leave for the field army.

In Arnhem they put him in the Coehoorn barracks with his friends, where they are received by the old guard. There is one of them, a giant of a man, who is called big Gradus. He thinks back to his youth, he was also faced with a monster of strength and violence like that at the brush factory, but he was tamed by a dead ordinary belt like that and then had nothing more to say. This life, the boys see, is a rogue. Crisje, he has an idea, which they will enjoy here or you will find him in hospital.

Big Gradus receives the piglets. He will initiate them. He begins with little Bram, the small seeping Jewish lad with the scurvy. Little Bram also comes from the Achterhoek, weighs ninety-nine pounds, and has curly hair, as a result of which they always had fun, but Jeus thinks little Bram is still a child. Little Bram was the baby of the club in Arnhem and now, you will not believe it, Crisje, big Gradus is facing little Bram in order to annoy this sad ‘child of Caiaphas’, but as a result of which this child undergoes his christening. Gradus proceeds to kick little Bram. What does little Bram do? Nothing, of course, this child does not dare to lift a finger; big Gradus will skin this life alive, he asks:

“What is your name, piglet?”

“My name is Bram.”

“So, you are a Jew. Do you have any sisters, Bram?”

“Yes, I have one sister.”

“Will there be any more children?”

Little Bram doesn't know what to say. Does he have to answer the animal? “Well? If your father doesn't know what to do, then call me. Understood, Jew?”

Whiz! Little Bram is lying on the straw mattress. Now he proceeds to Bernard van Bree. Whom he gives a blow to the head, knocking him to the floor. The cross-eyed one says to Jeus:

“Is that not just a bully? My God, what can we do, anyway?”

Jeus does not say anything, he is following the bunch. The old guard follows Gradus. Then Gradus is facing Theet. Who looks the monster in the eye and waits, he does not say anything, does not give an answer, does the same as Bernard van Bree and accepts the severe blow right in his face. That one strikes home. Mathie is in another section, Gradus is now facing the cross-eyed Mantel. The child becomes pale. And a moment later the cross-eyed one is rolling across the ground. The group is laughing, the piglets are getting just the right amount, and not one piglet lifts a finger. Now big Gradus comes to Jeus. What will you do, Jeus? Have you gone mad? Crisje, he takes off his coat, he wants to fight with the monster. That is madness, Crisje, if you saw Big Gradus, you would walk away. The man can fell a cow with one blow. Just look. Gradus takes off his coat, turns a weapon rack upside down in one blow, which one in a thousand can do, at the most, and Jeus will know what he has let himself in for.

“What do you want, little man? Do you want to fight with big Gradus?”

The group roars, there is some fun to be had, which is something they have been lacking. There are some who warn him. Gradus will break him. Jeus is ready. The tables fly over the beds, there is plenty of room, but they had better call for an ambulance. Big Gradus throws at his companions:

“Isn't that just a wind biter, boys? We will just behead that cheeky little chap.” Jeus sees that Gradus is strong but he himself is fast. What Gradus has in strength, he has in speed. Now the boys will see what Ben Straus taught him, now he will demonstrate Jan Lemmekus' skills. Gradus must go over his head in a flash or he will have lost. Gradus tries to intimidate Jeus.

“So, bantam cock? Do you want to fight with the fright of Arnhem? Do you want to tease big Gradus? Man, how do you get it into your head. I am warning you. Come here, I will now put you across my knee. Do you not want that, bantam cock? Good, then we will fight each other.”

The others have gained respect for Jeus. The cross-eyed one thinks that he has gone mad, but Jeus, Crisje, is very calm, he knows what he wants. Gradus comes towards him. Jeus bends as fast as lightning, jumps up, grabs big Gradus by his bull's neck and see, the giant is already flying through space.

About six metres further, he crashes to the ground. Now the monster flies at him, he will tear Jeus to pieces, but Gradus is faced with his own flock who block his path. There is a bit of a kick-up; the men stop him. Gradus must accept his opponent. Jeus, who was standing above Gradus, says to him:

“You see, if you are fast then you can do all kinds of things. I can kick your head in, but I will not do it.”

The men liked what they saw and accepted Jeus. However, Gradus was very upset. The big man has to accept his men. He is foaming at the mouth, this person is dangerous, and this untamed life is bubbling with poison, they have not had that here before. Gradus wants to destroy him irrevocably. One of the boys fetched the lieutenant. Who proceeded to tell Gradus:

“So, Gradus, you have found your match. Haven’t you? And now give in to it fairly and squarely.” He then turns his attention to Jeus:

“My compliments. I must say, that is daring. No one dares to fight with Gradus. Where did you learn that?” Gradus is sulking.

The boys from ’s Heerenberg have respect for Jeus now. They do not understand it, but he has proved it, this is pure art. Gradus wants to kill him; they now have to watch over him together. The lieutenant gives Gradus an ultimatum, give in to it or be gone away from his herd, the storm section. The bear takes off. The boys who usually sleep at home remain in the barracks. Jeus is in danger, Crisje, but they will continue to watch over him, he has now received help from all the boys. At about half past ten Gradus comes home, drunk. Now you will have it. The light goes off. The boys are not sleeping; they know what the bull wants. About half past twelve someone is sneaking through the room. Suddenly the light goes on, the men jump in front of Gradus. The rascal has a knife in his hand. It is as if the life of big Gradus is possessed with anger. The lieutenant is standing in front of his nose again. “What do you want, Gradus? Will you stop now, Gradus, yes, or no? I will have you taken to Hoorn, Gradus, you will calm down there.” The bear gives in. Jeus follows the inner life, and he knows Gradus is giving in. Even if it takes a while, Gradus already feels different inside. Just go to sleep, nothing else will happen.

Now that they have stepped forward, Jeus next to Gradus, the bear still wants to give him another nudge. The lieutenant now gives the bull the very last warning.

“Gradus, another move like that and you can leave here! Understood? You must be able to bow your head!”

They go into the space. When it is quiet, Gradus wants to know how Jeus pulled that on him. Gradus flies through space again. That is too complicated for him, he now knows, he is not capable of learning it. Three weeks later Gradus is fighting for Jeus of mother Crisje. Try pointing to Jeus. They have

become friends. Now they have real fun, they get to know Jeus; they do not want to miss him for the world. The boys have respect for his enthusiastic character, his being the life and soul of the place, when he is not there, life amongst the troops is stone dead, and they start to grumble. Now Jeus gets his nickname for the first time. He thought he would get one in Emmerik, but that did not happen. In Amersfoort, he felt like a nice bathing costume. The sales girl emphatically wanted to talk him into another one. He thought, yes, of course, there are moths in it and I do not like that. No, the child says, you must take this one. If this girl had just said frankly that he was buying a bathing costume for a girl, then he would have picked another colour, of course. He liked this one, a nice blue costume with white stripes around the neck and the little legs, and found it the most fashionable. When they are together at the swimming pool, he comes out of his changing cubicle, wants to show off, he hears someone calling:

“Oh, look at that Sissy!”

From now on, he is called, Sissy. How they laughed. He may not take off the nice outfit under any circumstances. That belongs to the section, this is their own property, but he is now called Sissy! They have fun, they have been selected, and can make and break who or what they like, their lieutenant, a minister's child, can you believe it, follows them in everything, and he does not make the slightest effort to stop them either, he is a soldier, Jeus sees, who is a dead loss, just like he has become. It is time, Crisje, that he must join the training. Now you will see something, because Jeus does not want anything to do with that browbeating. He completes one stunt after another. He and Jantje Zwaan have to fetch food. It is as though Jeus is mad, Crisje. He cannot get over his inner inspiration, he is bubbling inside, and they keep on experiencing something different here.

“What will you give me, if I fly through those windows, Jan?”

“What did you say, Sissy?”

“I want to fly through the kitchen windows.”

Jan thinks that he has gone mad. “Great, you will get twenty-five cents from me, but you are not serious, are you?” “Yes, I am.” Plop, he is already lying there under the cook's stove, through the windows just like that; the whole barracks is in an uproar. Goodness, that one really is mad! Not ten minutes later he is standing in front of the captain. “What do you want, man. Why are you behaving so strangely?”

“It suddenly entered my head, Captain.”

“So, that entered your head, did it? Well, four days in the cell will make you think about it. And pay for the window. That thing costs at least twenty guilders. Can you believe it? It is madness. Do you know, soldier, that you have to join the training?”

“What did you say, Captain? I have to join the training?”

“If you do that again, you will not join, understood?”

“That is just what I want, Captain. I do not want to join the training. I do not want to play at snarling. Just put me in jail.”

“I see, is that what you thought. Did you think that you could force us here?”

Four days in the cell; Yes, Crisje, he is in jail. He may also go to jail after service when all the other boys leave. After service, Crisje, until the morning, he can take his straw mattress, and then sit down and think. Is this now exactly to your Jeus' liking? And we haven't finished yet, Crisje. Once you have been involved in the jail, Crisje, you will be back just like that, and they know that here. The window is paid for by all the boys. He is in jail with seven others, and listening to all the talk, sometimes he sings his songs, 'At the door of your house' is piped into space, the 'Stolzen Fels am Rhein' resounds a while later through the barracks, until they come and warn him from the watch and forbid singing. "What do you want, Sissy? To go to Hoorn perhaps?" They have respect for that. The four days pass just like that.

It is now November. They have a good time; however, there is just one sergeant who makes life difficult for them. That rascal does nothing but tease the boys. Gradus has already been leering at him for a long time, but he cannot do anything about it. Jeus thinks that snarling is terrible. That cad of a man does not seem to like any human beings. Everyone would like to murder that bully, but the major and the captain support that dirty monster. The lieutenant does not see anything. The redhead can make jokes, but he does not see this. It is the cancer for these lives, and yet you are powerless, those rotten stripes do everything. How do we get rid of that life from here? What should we do? They do not know.

This morning they are going out. There, in the area of Westervoort, they have to jump over ditches with full gear. They have taken along long sticks with pieces of wood and have to prove what they can do. The animal does not think of healthy bodies, little Bram also has to jump. Jeus says to the wild animal, the teaser, that little Bram cannot jump. Little Bram will drown, but little Bram shall and will jump. The boys are incredibly annoyed; however, there is no one who can do anything. It is always Jeus who reacts. What do you want? Does little Bram have to jump? Good, then it will happen. Little Bram is lying under the water. Jeus takes a jump and immediately drags the sergeant into the water. He is lying there trying to catch his breath. Little Bram is taken out; the sergeant may drown. Then the inhuman character is standing in front of his class. He orders them to rest. Jeus understands it. The man wants to let little Bram freeze. He says to the boys: "Come on, we will run back to the barracks." They run fast to the barracks. However,

mr.Sergeant did not want that. Half an hour later Jeus is standing in front of the captain again.

“Why did you pull the sergeant into the water?”

“Because that man has no brains.”

“ ‘Captain’, you will address me as Captain, understood?”

“It doesn’t mean anything to me.”

“What did you say?”

“That it doesn’t mean anything to me!”

“Did you hear that, Major? We have to listen.” He then addresses Jeus:

“But what do you want, man? Did you think you could make an orphan-
age of this?”

He does not say anything. The captain asks again:

“Will you answer for once?”

Not a word ... “Answer me!!”

“I will not listen to snarling. Is that the behaviour of gentlemen? Is that training? Is this something which you have to learn?”

“Did you hear that, Major? We are being taught training from a farmer.”

Dirty whore ... he curses to himself, but he knows what he wants. They will not achieve anything with violence and snarling with Jeus. Crisje, you know, he cannot stand it, however, this is going wrong.

“You will never join the training, soldier.”

“I don’t want to either!”

“So, you don’t want that. We will see about that.”

“So will I!”

“Hold your tongue! Stand to attention! Go away!”

He leaves, does it wrong and has to do it again. Once more, he looks the man with the three stars in the eye. And the captain stares back.

“Why are you going against the grain, soldier, you are so good at sports and you can achieve a lot.”

“I do not want to become a cattle drover.”

“What did you say? Are we cattle drovers? But what do you want then, soldier?”

“We want to be treated like humans, captain. That bully has to leave. That is not a human. What you build up, he kicks to pieces again. We want to be treated like humans, nothing more than that!”

“Go to hell!”

“Thank you!”

The man calls him back; he does not do it properly. He is laughing inside; the star man sees it.

“Are you laughing at me?” No answer. He is silent. He no longer has any respect for such people.

“Why are you laughing, I ask you, soldier?” ‘just hang yourself on a silver thread’, he murmurs to himself,

“What are you murmuring to yourself?”

“I told my mother how rotten the people are here. That is all!”

“So, is that all ...are you from the border?”

“I come from that ‘Stolzen Fels am Rhein’, Captain!”

“Dismissed, quick march!”

“Of course!”

He can leave with ten days’ close arrest. He is in a bad way, Crisje, that is day and night in the military prison. Alone! Completely alone, what you now get to hear from him is not very good. And yet Crisje, they will not destroy him, he knows what he wants, however, the other boys do not follow him, they are sensible, they think ‘get lost’, but Jeus cannot do that and yet, he has much to learn. This is the only way, the only method, Crisje, to experience this mess. Little Bram is seriously ill with double pneumonia; it is so serious that his parents have already visited him in the hospital, they think that the child from Jerusalem will kick the bucket. This situation will have a nasty aftermath. The real lieutenant-colonel is already involved, and Jeus gets to hear all of this in the military prison. He may not sing anymore, he has been forbidden to. And a few days later he heard that the piece of poison was almost beaten to death. The sergeant has a broken leg, has lost half an ear, and was beaten up just like that behind the barracks, which this life can make do with. That animal of a person is lying in the hospital and no one knows who did it. Big Gradus perhaps? Not him, Gradus was at home playing cards. Then matters started to speed up, Crisje.

Jeus has to go to the highest council. He is a good person, Crisje, and he can talk there in a human way for a change. Jeus’ first question before the council was:

“Just tell me, soldier, how did all that happen?”

“Well, Lieutenant-Colonel! Little Bram cannot jump. And it was really cold. Why was that necessary? Does a person really have to be destroyed? Did that sergeant not have any parents? That man, Lieutenant-Colonel, destroys more than is built up.”

“Why do you not want to be an officer, I hear that you are that good at sports.”

“I do not want to join the training, Lieutenant-Colonel. I do not want to give orders. I want to have peace. There are men here who have a wife and children, Lieutenant-Colonel. Do those men have to be ordered about by a person like that? We want to do service, Lieutenant-Colonel, of course, but we are people!”

“And then, soldier?”

“Then I pulled the sergeant into the water, Lieutenant-Colonel, but an animal like that does not learn anything.”

“Why did you jump through that window, soldier?”

“Yes, Lieutenant-Colonel, what do you do if you have too much feeling and energy inside and do not know what to do with it.”

“Was that it?”

“Yes, Lieutenant-Colonel.”

“Will you do your best?”

“When that animal has gone, yes, Lieutenant-Colonel.”

“Go back! Be more careful, soldier.”

“Yes, Lieutenant-Colonel.”

Jeus, Crisje, is back in his military prison. He has already managed to reduce it by four days. One thing is a pity, Crisje; his leave will be lost. More so, he wanted to play football with the boys there. They do not need to count on him now; he has to serve his time. And what do you do when you are sitting all alone like that? Then you start to think, Crisje. You must not believe what he writes to you, he is lying; he does not want you to know that he is in the military prison, Crisje. However, the authorities here have gained feelings, that sergeant, Crisje, is being sent away, that man, they have learned through Jeus, is not suitable for service, they have established that he is a devil. That man cannot get on with people, because he undermines authority, Crisje, he has to go! And that is worthwhile, now the boys will get a different life. However, Gradus was the one who roughed him up. No one knows it; they cannot do anything to Gradus, and Jeus could be satisfied; if only that military prison was not there. Oh well, that will also come to an end. Having a lovely rest on his back, he thinks of the old days. He suddenly hears the doves cooing. Are there doves here? No, but they were there, Crisje. But that is something special. He already sees Fanny, Crisje. He is now already walking up the Zwartekolkseweg; he is going straight to Montferland. A moment ago he was standing in front of Sint van Tie'n's hut, Crisje, he walked for a moment over the Jewish graveyard, ran back through the Plantage, had a play with Anneke Hosman, played football as well, one thing even nicer than the other. Believe it, he is enjoying himself, Crisje, but it is nonsense that they are in the country with the troops. However, you know it, after all, don't you? Did the boys not tell you, that he is in the military prison? You have to laugh at it, Crisje. I understand very well that you feel a pain under your heart, because you know your Jeus. But he can stand it, Crisje. He is enjoying the old days again. Those things of the old days come back to his life, Crisje. He can no longer free himself from that anymore and it is the only thing here which keeps him going! It will bring him comfort, inspiration, and the tenacity to experience the days in his cell. It is quiet. He is thinking about Casje. He has

not thought about Casje in years, at least it seems like it; it has been so long ago since he left you. Where is Casje now? Is Casje still alive? Does that Casje still exist? Was he really a person? Did he not fool himself all those years? Was that whole Casje thing not just very childish? No, where did that money come from, and who brought him to ... that woman ...do not mention her name ... but was that not Casje? And was that woman not lying in bed with another man? You see, Crisje, he is now going back to his great youth, only now does he begin to think like your own child again. It is nice, all kinds of things can happen in this silence!

A moment ago, his lieutenant came to visit him, Crisje. The minister's red-haired boy is going out this evening with his girlfriend, but he received the money for that from the boys. They would give anything for him, Crisje, because he is a good person, this one will never be a soldier, this child is not a minister either, this life is something very different, but the boys adore him.

“How are you, Sissy?”

“Fine, Lieutenant, I can think again now.”

“Think, did you say?”

“Yes, Lieutenant.”

“Sissy, but you are a strange creature. I cannot fathom you out. What do you really want to become in society, Sissy?”

“They say that I am good at football, Lieutenant.”

“Yes, you are and you can probably earn your living with that later.”

“That man from the U.V.V. said that already as well. But, oh well, I do not want to leave Crisje.”

“Who is Crisje, Sissy?”

“My mother, Lieutenant, my own dear Crisje!”

The man leaves, and Jeus is alone again, he continues. They took him out for a while, Crisje, but you have heard, he does not want to leave you. Is Casje still alive? Does a Casje really exist? But where did that José disappear to? I never heard anything more from him. And that bit with Fanny, they were my own thoughts, of course. How you can let rip as a child. Anyway; it was a strange time. Yes, mother, it was a mad time. Also when that person started to talk inside me! Jan Lemmekus is a good man. Jan is already old, Anneke is ailing, and their child is with Our Lord. How he was able to predict those things, after all, what a nice guess he had. It is ridiculous, nonsense perhaps? Oh well, it is strange and yet still so human.

How nice life is, if you are not involved with an animal like that, life is truly worthwhile. Great, we will not see that brute back again. It is silent, what time could it be? It must be at least ten o'clock. No, he has just finished his dinner, but how quiet it is becoming here!

Why do people always have to be at war? When can he go back home?

Everything makes him sick. He could cry from misery, but there is no misery to be experienced. What the people do is miserable! Chickens and pigs have more sense than people. Here they follow the medals. They run until they drop for a thing like that. And they call them sensible people. Lots of kisses from Jeus, Crisje, a letter leaves for your life again. He is in the country, he is now having a nice rest on his back, they are having fun, but the silence of mother nature makes him think differently. He is already asking for Casje again.

It has become quieter. The great light of the day has gone out. He has plenty of time. Is Casje still alive? Suddenly he hears him saying:

“Good day, Jeus.”

“Good gracious, Casje, are you still alive?”

“Yes, I am back again for a change, Jeus.”

“Goodness me, Casje, what a long time that took. You are still alive, after all?”

“Did you think that I was dead?”

“They have got me, Casje.”

“I realize that, Jeus.”

“Do you know why, Casje? No, you cannot know that.”

“I know, Jeus. You wanted to help that Jewish lad, didn't you?”

“Good gracious me, wonderful, Casje. Yes, I wanted to help little Bram. Because of that they now have me. I felt sorry for that monkey; he is not a soldier, Casje.”

“Of course. And now you are thinking, aren't you?”

“Yes, I have nothing else to do, Casje.”

“The world is bad, Jeus. People make a mess of it.”

“Where did you learn that High Dutch, Casje? You gave me a fright.”

“I have already known that language for so long, Jeus. I understand these matters more than you think.”

“Isn't that something? What do you think of me then, Casje?”

“Yes, what will I say to you. You are right as far as little Bram is concerned, but this is like nothing on earth. You are now in prison because of those men. This is just like a prison, do you know that?”

“You can talk, Casje; do you have to approve of everything then? They were destroying little Bram.”

“Also true, of course, all fine and well, but what have you achieved?”

“Do you not think that this language is completely dead, Casje? I never want to become a Dutchman. It is a dead language, Casje. Can you not speak the dialect anymore? Just give me the dialect! Just get lost otherwise, you can talk your way round everything.”

“That's what you say, Jeus, but you do not mean it. Did you think that you

could get through the world with your dialect? Did you think that you could experience society through your dialect? Of course, if you stay there then you will not need anything else, but do you want to live in that dump for eternity? Behind the cows? What do you actually know about life, Jeus? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! What you told me just now is very nice, but you cannot eat from it. And you know that yourself. Or do you want to play football? Yes, you want that, but can you still play football when you are fifty? And do you want to earn your living with it? Do you believe it yourself? What do you know about adult life, Jeus? You know nothing!”

“Do you know everything then, Casje?”

“Probably more than you know. For example, I could tell you where your father and uncle Gradus, Peter Smadel and Jan Knie’p live now. I know those laws. I could connect you to the stars and the planets and tell you a lot about it, also about illnesses and the teachings of different universities, about the teachings of Darwin, about a Socrates, Buddha, Mohammed, something about Egypt, about a God, who is a Father of Love! And that has always been the case! I could tell you something about the hells, and heavens, and about a thousand other matters, which you do not understand and have never heard a word about before, because you still have to learn an awful lot.”

“How do you know about planets and stars, Casje? That is enough to drive you mad.”

“I know all those things, Jeus. You say, that is enough to drive you mad, but what you are and you think up, that is enough to drive you mad.”

“Who are you really, Casje? What do I have to do with you? And why do you come here to tease me?”

“Do you call this teasing? I did not come to tease you, Jeus, you know better than that, for that matter.”

“Where are you all the time then? What do you live off, Casje? Off the wind?”

“Where I am, Jeus? You are asking me a lot there. If you want to know, I really do live on wind. I do not need to do anything else. I can go where I want, no one can order me about either. Yes, Jeus, I have everything my heart desires. I am everything and I am nothing. I could tell you something completely different, but then you will not sleep for a minute more. I am not such a monkey as you think, Jeus. What do you want? I do not feel anything any more for your inhuman dialect, as long as you know and can accept it. Have you not learned any High Dutch then? Is that not something completely different from that cackling from the countryside? If I may give you some advice, then you must listen to what people say in High Dutch or you will have wasted your years in service. What do the other boys do? They have your stripes. You think, I do not want that rubbish, and you will not

get your rubbish any more on your jacket, they do not need you anymore for that, they need decent boys, not troublemakers, but you could have learned something worthwhile. Now you are a pathetic wretch. You think that you are right, of course, but they laugh behind your back. You must now listen to what those men have to say to you. Those same blockheads can teach you something, Jeus. Whether it is true or not, and if you know better, well, go ahead! I know what you feel about this poverty, this mess, of course.

Did you not think of Crisje for a moment? You think, mother does not know anything anyway. However can those men be quiet? I thought it was very stupid of you jumping into the water. You cannot stand bullying, but you bullied yourself into it, Jeus. They lock you up and they go out!”

“Where did you hear all of this, Casje?”

“I already told you, you still do not know me. However, I know what you are up to. Yes, you can run, and you can play football, you can also be a good soldier. But do it differently, Jeus. You must try to get through your time. Soon you will go back to Crisje, and then you can say goodbye to this mess. But I would not let myself be put behind bars by this gang. You go through hell for stupidity and poverty, but you do not become a single bit wiser. I am not telling you that you have to like this gang, God preserve me, Jeus, but you are stuck with it, and now you must try not to let them get to you through those dirty matters.”

“You are like a professor, Casje, aren’t you?”

“I am, Jeus. I can do everything. I have this whole big and mighty world in my pocket, if you wish to believe it.”

“Where are you going now, Casje?”

“I am going back to my paradise, Jeus. I will wait there until you are free, and then I will come back to visit you again.”

“How strange you are, Casje. I have never known you like this.”

“Little children, Jeus, grow up. Have you not got older? I am still going to school and I learn to know more of life every day. And I carry everything with me carefully. Sometimes I give some of it to people if they want to know, of course, because there are millions who are blind and deaf.”

“And have you forgotten our dialect?”

“Dialect, I said to you a moment ago, you can’t live on it. I am better at it than you are, Jeus.”

“That’s a lie, that is boasting, Casje.”

“So, that’s what you thought. Is that a lie? Now, you just write in the dialect to your mother. You cannot do that, but I can. You can talk the dialect, but you cannot write it yet.”

“That is true, Casje, I agree with you. Now I understand you. I know now as well, why mother writes in High Dutch.”

“The only thing you don’t understand is yourself.”

“You are a bother, Casje. You are annoyed. Did they also pull your leg, Casje?”

“Not me, they are not capable of that, for that matter. However, you are annoyed, Jeus. Did you think that I did not know that? Do you mean: my God, how good life is for me now? Thank you very much? You are shouting inside, and you are complaining all day, if you wish to know. You behave as if it doesn’t matter to you, but I know that. Our Lord thinks, ‘work it out for yourself.’ He does not want anything to do with your troubles.”

“Why not, Casje?”

“That is a good one, did you think that Our Lord was interested in people who destroy His life? Do you have to teach people how best to murder other people?”

“So therefore I have chosen the best thing?”

“Yes, you have, Jeus, but you are doing it in the wrong way. Millions of people think the way you do on this matter. But those people do not let themselves be locked up. What you are now doing is showing yourself completely, and that must not happen now. Those terrible men see through that and they are leering at your life. Sooner or later you will do something wrong and you will be behind bars. Is that experiencing life? They say ‘bite, we have you’, and you are opening yourself to their torment. You keep falling for it again; you behave strangely and it gives them a laugh into the bargain. You let them kick, Jeus, you give them the opportunity to kick you. That is stupid! Extremely stupid! Crisje thinks you are old enough. Did you think, that Crisje was crying day and night about you?”

“Then they betrayed me, Casje.”

“So, do you call that betrayal? If Crisje asks for the truth, do Mathie and Theet have to lie then? Did you think that Crisje did not know when you are due your next leave? You are digging trenches, yes, of course, but Crisje knows better.”

“What should I do then, Casje?”

“Better your life here. You must not give those men any opportunities. Did you not see how those other boys do it? Are they in jail? They are laughing at you, Jeus. They like you, but they do not feel like being in the military prison.”

“I don’t suppose I’m allowed to call you Casje anymore.”

“I am not talking about that now, Jeus. You have to listen to what I want to give you. That is an entirely different story. And you know better, you know me, after all, don’t you?”

“I do not know you, Casje.”

“Thank you, now we are getting a bit closer to each others’ lives. You

would say!”

Jeus has to think. He hears nothing from Casje for a while, but he feels that Casje is still there. He has become a very different person, he thinks. How is it possible? When Casje says:

“Just think about it, Jeus ... I am going to pay a visit to Crisje” - then he can ask directly:

“Can you do that then, Casje?”

“You are still asking me whether I can do that, Jeus? Have you forgotten everything about your nice life? Finally, you are starting to think.”

“Why are you so angry at me, Casje?”

“You have to speak High Dutch or dialect, Jeus, but not dialect and High Dutch mixed up, no one understands that.”

“Mr. Casje, where are you going now?”

“Don’t make me laugh, Jeus, Mr. Casje? That sounds extremely pathetic. However, I forgive you. But I told you, Jeus, I can go where I want to go. No one can order me about anymore. I fly through space and life. I am telling you, I am going to visit Crisje. I enjoy life, Jeus, you don’t! I have my own paradise, so do you! However, I am one person amongst the millions of Our Lord, who can think. You can do that as well, but you think in the wrong direction. You want to climb up a steep surface, and that is ridiculous. I am not so stupid, Jeus, and I understand what Our Lord wants from me, and I will do that as well! I am working for Our Lord. Sometimes I meet people like that. I mean, people, who want to hear something different from life than this small talk, all this nonsense, and then I give those people a bit of myself. Because of this, Jeus, I am happy and I live! I tell those people what they have done wrong and many are very grateful to be able to know. Now you suddenly know what I do, Jeus.”

“That is great, Casje.”

“It is, Jeus.”

“And who gave you this job?”

“Our Lord, of course, who else?”

“Have you already seen Him then, Casje?”

“I see Him every second, Jeus.”

“Is that true? You know Him?”

“Yes, I know Him better than I know myself. But I have to add, I still have a lot to learn from Him.”

“Does He pay well, Casje?”

“He pays me, Jeus, as much as I need in my own life.”

“But you certainly cannot splash out with that, can you?”

“I must say, you have odd thoughts about Our Lord. What do you say to hundreds of thousands of millions a month, Jeus?”

“You are kidding me now, Casje.”

“No, I mean it. I cannot even spend all that money.”

“Good gracious, isn’t that something, Casje? And I do not have a cent here.”

“That is understandable, you do not earn a cent either.”

“Are you laughing at me now, Casje?”

“Should I cry about your nonsense then, Jeus? Don’t make me laugh.”

“Did you mean that about that money, Casje?”

“Yes, of course.”

“But you say yourself, you no longer need food and drink. What can you do with all that money then?”

“You do not understand that yet, Jeus. I can get as much money as I want, but I do not need it any more, for that matter.”

“You are kidding me, Casje.”

“No, only you are not thinking right. You want to take me back to your own mess. But if you want to know it right off, I can tell you, we have everything and the money from your own stinking world is also part of all of that, Sissy!”

“What did you say?”

“I said Sissy!”

Jeus does not know anymore. He does not know Casje. He says:

“It is quite something, what I am involved in, Casje.”

“I will not even go into that anymore, Jeus. Sissy! It is a nice name, I must say. They should have tried that with me.”

“What would you have done then?”

“Nothing, I would just have betrayed myself. However, I am wasting my time talking. I have something else to do. All the best, Jeus. I think it is rotten that I have to go and leave you alone now, but that is your own fault. You do not have the right yet to lock me up as well. So, I’m going. I am going to Crisje.”

“Will you give mother my best wishes, Casje?”

“I will make sure of that, Jeus.”

“Can you do that?”

“Do you not know that? But Crisje does not think and feel now as she did then, now Crisje feels differently.”

“Just look at yourself and you will know immediately.”

“But mother has not changed, has she?”

“Your mother will never change, Jeus, but she has to accept her life and that’s it!”

“I understand, Casje.”

“Thank you. However, you knew all that, now you have forgotten

everything. It will probably still come back to your life.”

“Have you not seen what this life is like, Casje?”

“Yes, of course, but you are becoming annoying now, you always ask the same thing and I cannot stand that any longer.”

“That’s a pity.”

“You think that, but it is not the case, Jeus. For that matter, pities do not exist.”

“Thank you, Casje.”

“My pleasure, Jeus. As long as you know, this is your own fault!”

“I know.”

“Then I didn’t come here for nothing. See you, all the best, Jeus of mother Crisje!”

Casje, he sees, dissolves before his eyes and disappears through the walls of his cell. How that man has changed. Is that his Casje? And now go to sleep. Yes, Crisje, you will get Jeus’ best wishes from Casje, through him you will now start to feel something, and those are his best wishes. It now looks a bit better inside for Jeus. Because Casje has found him. It took a long time, but he was there! Jeus does not understand himself anymore, Crisje. He is completely out of it! The army service has made something else of his life. What is that? Who is scratching at his nose now? There is a little mouse in his cell, Crisje. And he will become good friends with that little creature, then the time will pass more quickly. Casje has become a stranger, but he is right, Jeus felt that he should not have got up to that nonsense.

In the morning, the little mouse comes back to him. They eat ration bread together, and he notices the little creature has young. He has already forgotten Casje. The days now pass under this happiness. He plays day and night with mother mouse. At night, the little creature nibbles his ear and he really likes that, the heat from this little thing is enormous. Another two days and his prison sentence will be finished. And those days also pass, together with mother mouse and her little children. Life is good, life is wonderful, and he would like to stay here. Now he is faced with saying goodbye to his little friends, Crisje. The mouse squeals as it were. That is her goodbye. He can almost not say goodbye to the little creature. But he has to. And see, the little creature goes back to her little house; he has been allowed to have a look at the children. Now he goes back to the gang.

He is received there with open arms. That same day one of the boys has to go into the police room, enter the same cell and lie down to sleep. What is that? A mouse? The little creature is kicked by a soldier’s shoe on her little body and is stone dead. Then that life comes to tell him what he experienced there. It is a shock, Crisje. Can you believe it; did that bloke not sense this pure contact? However, it is this, Crisje, which opens his eyes. Those rough

characters make him sick. He can no longer stand those boys. It takes him for a moment to other thoughts, but for how long? Sissy is back in service. They are moving, going to the Willems Barracks, life goes on. Crisje gets him home again for a while, they can talk, and he can play football. Casje is forgotten; the war is almost over, but something keeps coming, as a result of which he has to accept the military service and they keep the men.

In Huissen and Elst they experience other things again. When they are marching one day through Nijmegen, he thinks back to Knerpie. Also to Jan the policeman, and his family, however; he cannot visit them. He has not forgotten those lives, but his head and happiness are now open to the sport of football.

The boys have to play at home. He will make sure that he is there. Away again for twenty-four hours, that is possible, but the leave has been cancelled again. Did you think, Crisje, that he has learned something? He has to play football; for all he cares, the fatherland can get lost. He will go anyway!

The boys will get him through it, but there was nothing to get through, Crisje, at five o'clock they had to come forward and he was missing. Where is Sissy? Sissy has gone to his aunt in Arnhem, the good soul is on her deathbed. Where does that woman live? They do not know. Sissy cycles home to Crisje, which is a long way, but that does not matter, you will do anything for a match like that. He is at home, meets his friends, plays the following day as well, is back with his friends again and does not think about going back quickly, on the contrary, it is Monday now. Now there will be something, but oh well, can you walk away from so much fun? When he sees that they are coming to get him, he runs out the back door and dashes back. Crisje thinks, that is your own business. She cannot take him under her wings anymore now.

“Where were you, Sissy?”

“I went to play football, Captain.”

“Did you win?”

“No, Captain, we lost.”

“That is a pity, Sissy and I cannot do anything for you. But I will still try.”

The old Barabs, as the boys call him, is a good person. Nevertheless, Sissy has to go in again, he gets ten days close arrest. The other boys do not accept it now. They want to go to military prison as well. And the men manage that. When they have to go on watch, they are not there. A fine bunch of men to go to war. They all end up in the Willems Barracks. They are mocking their Fatherland.

Nothing can be changed about it, half of the section flatly refuses. Big Gradus is on leave, he does not know any better, or Gradus would have forgotten himself as well. The first few days are fun, but then they all get their

own thoughts and the lives come to human contemplation. He now established that the service is just a big mess. A person does not have a free will anymore. He thinks well, he has a lot to learn, he will learn how not to do it! And it is in this silence again that Casje comes and visits him.

“So, Jeus, they got you again? That did not take so long. I must say, you look great.”

“Good day, Casje. Yes, they got me again. I ran away to play football. But where were you for so long, Casje?”

“In the middle of a war, Jeus.”

“What did you say?”

“I was there for a while, where the men destroy each other. I was also able to help a few of those men. They were looking for their own heads there.”

“Do you mean that, Casje?”

“Yes, of course, Jeus. This is the sacred truth. Those men lived. And they thought that they had been murdered and they were, Jeus. But in the world where I am, they lived there as well, and then they looked for their arms and legs.”

“Because they were so mad, Casje?”

“Yes, because they were so mad to destroy each other. Those people are completely crazy, Jeus. They let themselves be ordered about in order to kill people! That is the worst thing there is. Those people do not think. They are forced to shoot! They have no more will, Jeus. They do not think about anything better anymore. What exists has lost its own head.”

“And you saw that, Casje.”

“I can see every moment, if I want that, Jeus.”

“And what does Our Lord say about it, Casje?”

“He does not say anything. He only thinks. It is dirty.”

“Isn't that something, Casje. It would have made you sick, of course.”

“No, not that, but I felt really bad.”

“From all that blood?”

“No, that is not so bad, Jeus, but because people are so stupid! You feel sick from that. Why were you so stupid again?”

“I will not do it again, Casje.”

“I am curious whether you will keep your promise.”

“Can you lose your head there and still think, Casje? I mean ...”

“What you mean, Jeus, and feel, you can understand, but you are not thinking any more in that direction.”

“That is true, Casje. I cannot think anymore. But I will not shoot any people.”

“I know that, or I would not appear to you anymore.”

“But what you just told me, Casje, the people do not understand that

anyway, do they?"

"They don't, Jeus, but they will have to learn sometime anyway."

"You would certainly have seen a bunch of scaredy-cats there?"

"Yes, it is a mean carry-on, Jeus."

"They are children, Casje."

"Precisely, just like you are. You're back here again now."

"But now the other boys are here as well, Casje."

"I already saw that, but is that nonsense any good to you?"

"No, I understand it, Casje."

"You say that, but that is not true. You do not want to understand. I thought, good heavens, where is he running off to now. You will be going somewhere else soon, to the country."

"We are in the country, Casje."

"I know that, but I said, you will be going somewhere else. And when you are there, Jeus, then you must just think about me sometime. If you call me, I will come back."

"For what, Casje?"

"For something, which involves the Grim Reaper."

"Will something happen, Casje?"

"Yes, the Grim Reaper is angry. They took his work out of his hands and now he will see about that."

"And will people laugh then?"

"They will weep, Jeus, until their tears run dry, because the Grim Reaper is furious!"

"Because they interfere with his work and wage war?"

"Yes, and to quote his words of anger 'Do I not have enough yet to fetch? Are there not enough complaints? Do I have to punish more severely? I am fetching little children and the elderly, but now they kick themselves out of life. And I am furious about it.' The Grim Reaper says that, Jeus."

"I can understand, Casje. That goes without saying."

"My compliments, Jeus, you are speaking better High Dutch."

"Do you like that, Casje?"

"Yes, because then we will go further. You must try to learn everything which you can pick up during your army service, it will probably come in useful later, Jeus."

"I will do my best, Casje, I will listen now."

"You always listen, Jeus, but you are too playful. And that is also wrong, if it costs you your own freedom."

"I understand now, Casje. They will not get me into prison anymore, and I will no longer run off and play football."

"Then, Jeus, we will get a lot further together. Only now will you live for

yourself. You have done that, but through your empty trivial fun, you ended up behind bars. And is that so pleasant now? Is that the way to follow and accept life?"

"Thank you, Casje."

"My pleasure, Jeus. But I am going off again. So to over there. All the best."

"Good day, Casje."

"Mesjoer, Jeus, as long as you never wish to forget that I love you."

"I know, Casje, I love you too!"

Casje has gone; he is alone again. He can have a nice think again. Now everything makes him sick, Crisje, this is the last prison sentence; he has learned a lot from Casje, after all. He now complains to the Grim Reaper about everything, which wishes to help him to kill. You are treated like a criminal for playing a football match, but if you murder people, you get medals. And is he not right, Crisje? He has already come this far now, we are really improving, the army service, you now see, has taught him all kinds of things.

However, he has not had the time to look for a nice girl, Crisje. Or have you, Jeus? He tried it once in Arnhem, Crisje. She was a Jewish girl, but she did not want him to give her a kiss and then, Jeus thought, go to the 'doodles', then I will carry on. But, then he didn't think about it anymore, Crisje. That is until now, because inside something finally begins to tickle anyway. As long as it is a good girl or we will have the devil to pay again and then we will be sorry.

Casje was right again. They go from Huissen to Doesburg. And it is there, where the Grim Reaper begins! Within four days hundreds of people are dead to the world, they are not screaming like pigs now, but they are being sucked empty by the Spanish flu. Will the Grim Reaper also get him? Jeus is not afraid of the Grim Reaper, he really wants to be with his Casje and work with him. You can experience something there and you have nothing to do with rotten people anymore. Then you will be free from this world and all this dirty, rotten misery. However, the 'Reaper' works differently. The 'Reaper' does not yet need him. But you would say! What is happening here, is only a small part of it. The whole of Europe is suffering from this. People fall victim to it everywhere. Is that not enough yet? Do the people not hear anymore what Our Lord is saying?

Crisje knows it! Our Lord is angry, really angry; do those adults never learn anything? No, they do not learn anything, Crisje! But you see it yourself! Now they can cry. And there are quite a few crying. The whole of Europe is crying. There are all kinds of victims, more people are victims here than at the front. That shooting means nothing anymore. Jeus sees it

happening before his eyes. He could devour Casje. He has got such respect for Casje. In six days one hundred and fifty soldiers are already buried, and no one is able to do anything about it.

Jeus is on watch. He does not feel well, Crisje. You will get him home quickly. He has a bad fever and it starts with that. Does the Grim Reaper want him now? It is the sergeant who is concerned.

“How are you feeling, Sissy?”

“I feel fine, Sergeant, they will not get me yet.”

“I would not say that too loudly, you will see.”

He is a good person, Jeus thinks, but he collapses. He crawls back there on his knees. What did Casje say again? It is three o'clock at night. He screams:

“Casje? ... Casje? Come, the Grim Reaper has got me.”

Suddenly his friend is there. “Jeus’, he says, “just listen ... Get that man there out of bed. Ask him for a half bottle of brandy, then drink that liquid in spoonfuls. Not too quickly, but it must be brandy. Just go, he will give you a bottle, even if you have no money, then just pay him when you are better, you are going on leave tomorrow, after all, aren't you? Get off as quickly as possible, it stinks here of the Grim Reaper!”

Yes, Crisje, the man believes him. The man says: “But of course, soldier, we will forget everything now. Nothing has any value anymore, only brandy and we still have enough of it. I will get my money.” You see, there are still people in this big world who believe something and who understand what it is about, yes, they feel, now, nothing has any value any more. Jeus drinks, he takes spoonfuls, he feels dizzy, but everyone has that. The fever goes down a bit. This is almost the end, another two hours and then he will hurry to Crisje.

He has to go, he will not let his leave be taken from him. He will get through it, he does not know how he managed those last few hours, but he has made it. It is stinking here; they all say that. Then he is off to Crisje.

Crisje tucks him into bed and he is very ill. There is a large flask of brandy next to his bed in the attic. The brandy is nice, he feels burned-up inside, but that does not matter. After four days, the fever finally goes down. He has made it. The children also caught it, but the Grim Reaper did not get hold of a single one from Crisje. Hundreds of thousands of people died from it. Casje was right again! And Our Lord said: ‘

‘Reaper, just have patience now. We must now see what they do.’

Have people learned something? No, but the war is almost over now, they have realized yonder that they can do it better at home and it was no fun anymore. Casje pays Jeus a visit in the attic. Jeus can say:

“Thanks, Casje.”

“My pleasure, Jeus.”

“Did the Grim Reaper let rip?”

“Yes, Jeus, the Grim Reaper let rip something terrible.”

“Will people learn something now, Casje?”

“No, Jeus, not yet. They are not at that stage yet.”

“Will that come, Casje?”

“Yes, Jeus, that will also come.”

“But what strange creatures people are, Casje.”

“Yes, Jeus, people are almost mad. People are worse than animals. An animal understands more than a person does. But still, they are and will remain children of Our Lord.”

They already do not talk the dialect anymore, these two, they have learned something. Casje left, and Jeus is getting better, but he must leave again.xax

The doctor gave him a great note. Because he has been away five days longer than he should have, however, they are pleased that he is back, and he is welcomed with open arms.

It is strange, not one from his section died, but half the company perished as a result of the Spanish Flu!

From Doesburg, they leave again for Arnhem. The whole of Holland is overflowing with the Germans. The German officers already parade that ‘Rheinstrasse’ of Arnhem. They must salute those men, that was decided by the high-up ones, and they plodded over it for weeks on end, talked about it; one was for it, another one was completely against it. Nevertheless, the army must salute them. Consequently, you will now get to see something else.

Jeus is walking with Gradus and Jantje Zwaan one evening through that Rheinstrasse. A German wants them to salute. They already know that the Yellow Riders hate krauts. The three men leer at those krauts, in order to show them how it should not be done. Gradus, Jan and Jeus are held by a lieutenant-colonel-am-Rhein. “Can you not salute?” Yes, of course, that is fine. Gradus says: “See that you leave.” Jeus and Jan are already running. But Gradus takes seven steps back. The kraut is standing exactly in front of a grocers’ shop. Gradus is marching, to the kraut cadence: “Left, right, one, two, three, four, five”, and then Gradus said, “Six and seven”, but then the German lieutenant-colonel went flying through the grocers’ shop window. Gradus quickly disappears!

What took weeks for the parliament to accomplish, Gradus beat out of the world in one blow. What barrels of ink were used for, they could not write enough pages about, Gradus’ calculated hit was the nicest thing yet that Jeus had seen in his time of service. Good heavens, what a blow that was! The citizens wanted to honour the man. Anyone who could do that deserves a medal. That man will get a hundred guilders from me. However, Gradus did not ever dare to collect that money. Who was it? A Yellow Rider, of course.

Gradus, or that Yellow Rider, was known all over the world. Paris and New York talked about it and suddenly the war was over, no, they had still not had enough. The lieutenant-colonel went to hospital, saluting the Germans was no longer necessary, and the boys laughed themselves silly! Hooray for big Gradus! A Dutch factory worker put an end to weeks of quibbling by learned people. You can feel yourself learned, are you not smart then? But what a lot you can learn in service!

Crisje, he will get leave again, this is probably the last. Now watch out, something will happen, Jeus. But Jeus, watch out! That is much worse than saluting the Germans, but it will take you to 'Stolzen Fels am Rhein' again. It is really sweet, but, also fatal, you have to decide for yourself! Fair is fair!

Jeus and his girl

He is back in the Coehoorn barracks again, the boys have still not been demobilized, but Jeus is on his way to Crisje, this is probably his last leave. Now he can tell his friends a tall story of what he experienced and which the whole of the Netherlands is talking about. Who was it, Jeus, who gave the lieutenant-colonel am Rhein his slap? Was it a Yellow Rider? Was Antoon de Wild not there? Didn't you see Gieles van de Kemp? They also have their Yellow Riders; men like stone and afraid of nothing. Good heavens, you should see Gieles and Antoon, the whole of the Grintweg trembles when they come home with their spurs; for Antoon the Dassensteegje shakes and they know all about it. No, it was big Gradus! He had to repeat the story ten times already and then there is laughter, old stories are not only dragged up, but they are fresh and exciting, told again, and the contents of this story receives great significance.

However, Jeus is not aware at the moment, does not feel anything, and that is something for his thoughts and feelings, his sensitivity; he will get a girl in ten minutes. Inside him it has started to tickle for such a long time, but he has not yet received that happiness until now. Many nice girls have looked at him, he never got the urge to take that plunge, and there was always something in him, which said: no, not yet, I am not yet awake! Or what was it, Jeus? There were enough here, Germans, and girls from his own area; also in Arnhem, and wherever he had been, his life was ogled at from the maternal viewpoint, but he has never dared make a move. Yet, now that he is having fun there with Bernard, who also gets to see his happiness, they do not know that this is hanging above their heads.

They go back to Crisje, neither of them feel yet that there are two angels with Crisje, fallen from a heaven, or the very last from 'Das Stolzen Fels am Rhein' for Crisje, "Mother Crisje, can we have some food? But there is nothing more to be got from Crisje, everything is completely finished and she has not a cent left.

"Good evening, everyone." "What is that, mother? Two angels in our home? Good heavens, what beautiful children they are, mother."

"This is Bernard, ladies, and that is Jeus."

The ladies look at Crisje's handsome chaps. Bernard has been run down by a tram but is Bernard not beautiful? Just look at his curls, and Bernard has a good job, he is a tailor. If you have Bernard for a husband, you will never have to sew anything yourself again, Bernard will do that for your life and happiness. And that other one? He is doing his national service, you can see

that yourself, ladies, Jeus will soon be home for good.

“But have I said too much, ladies?”

“But that is a miracle, Mother Crisje.”

However, Crisje has her own thoughts about the ladies. She cannot help it that they have come to her to get something for their family. Crisje senses that they are scroungers, she is sent these feelings, but Jeus will undoubtedly be careful. She is not afraid that he will fly into that life without thinking like a mad dog, she knows, Jeus will think, he will not make a decision just like that. Jeus surveys the ladies. Inside everything is already in turmoil, Crisje. During his time in the military prison, he thought about girls and decided for himself that it was finally high time to look for some love for a change, at the end of the day he now has to know what a kiss is like. But, he must have a girl like you. Those thoughts fly ahead of a thousand others. Are they not pretty faces, Bernard? They have come to get some food and drink, of course. Do you see that elegance, Bernard? They are real ladies. Can you believe it, Bernard? These are lives, which are sent by Our Lord himself, aren't they, Bernard? The nicest one and smallest one is already looking. He as well, that one there, what is her name, Elly, is for Bernard. And this Irma is for him, isn't she? Jeus' thoughts are of Irma, and can we not go out together, dear?

Crisje is talking about the war and all the people she gave food to, while Jeus is gauging this life, he descends into it, but only looks at the outer core, doesn't feel what is inside and he does not see, he now throws away his knowledge of people, his great sensitivity, this universal certainty, Crisje, he has gone 'completely' mad! Good heavens, Jeus, what are you letting yourself in for, anyway?

Just look at those eyes shining. Look at those lips, you would have a kiss to spare just like that, those lovely cheeks, those little hands, those little feet, that little silk dress, she is an angel, Crisje! He continues to gauge, descends into this soul, does not see anything, does not feel anything of the personality, he has thrown all that over-sensitivity overboard, there is no Casje either who warns him, there are no other angels, he is standing like a wild duck for natural happiness and grasps what can be grasped. In his thoughts, he has already kissed Irma a thousand times. Good heavens, how wonderful that is, Crisje, he now knows what you felt all those wonderful years from father, he is beginning to feel why father was so mad about you, he is also crazy about his girl, absolutely crazy, Crisje, but where must this ship strand? Bernard has already had his first contact. But that Bernard. In Crisje's presence, Bernard gets the first kiss of his life. Bernard becomes green and red from excitement; his wooden leg is tingling from it, but that is not an obstacle to Elly. They have plenty of money, of course. They are rich ladies. An entirely different story to the country girls here, he thanks Our Lord that he has

waited so long. If he had looked at a girl, then he would never have known this joy. He blesses himself, this is a real miracle, Crisje, do not be afraid, just go to sleep, mother, we have a lot to discuss with each other. But what a pity, he has to leave tomorrow, this is his last day. Why did you not come before, angel? Well, they did not know that, they have come straight from mother to get some food. Well, if they had only known that! Of course, then Irma would have hurried here. Can he understand that? What mother thinks about. Where will the ladies sleep? Something will be found, but may they not remain sitting in a chair, they have so much to tell each other, Crisje!

Crisje and Wageman go to bed. The petroleum lamp goes out, Bernard and Jeus are sitting there and chatting with the angels of Our Lord. Yes, it has happened, they are courting. The angels are sitting with their little feet by the stove, he stokes the fire, makes coffee, does everything possible to treat his angel, and he enjoys his love. How beautiful Irma is, and he feels so thankful, it is a blessed moment for his life. He kisses ... and forgets the world, inside it is chaos, inside there is nothing left which is still eligible for human rest, normal peace and happiness, this is his girl, nothing has any meaning anymore, no one will separate him from this life. The Grim Reaper can drop dead! Casje is consciously mad! Can you believe it that he could have listened to all that nonsense? This is it! This is his girl! There is nothing better than this, the whole world pales into insignificance, when you have Irma in your arms, feel the blood, the living contact enters your soul and happiness, you almost go mad, everything tingles inside, it is a great happiness! Whiz ... he has carefully kissed her again, my God, Crisje, how Jeus can kiss. Did you not know that this was divine? He never knew. He is one with this life. He feels her heartbeat thumping inside him. Does Bernard feel that as well? No, he feels it is an entirely different story there. The ground trembles under his feet. What a pity that it is night-time otherwise he could have shown her the doves. What a pity, but he can be satisfied with this as well.

How good life is! How great life is! My God, how grateful I am to You. Father will get flowers. I will give my life for Irma; I want to die for this love. „Are you mine? Are you really mine? Have you never kissed a boy before? No, is that the case? Did you wait, just as I did? I once kissed a girl, I will confess everything to you honestly, and can you forgive me, Irma? Have you also thought as if I was able to during the time in military prison? I did not go to the military prison for bad things, no, believe it, only because I was bursting inside and because I had such fun. Will you believe me, angel? Have you ever had a boyfriend before? No? That is good. I have just come from mother, Crisje can tell you, I was careful. I will take care of you in this life, dear. Just ask Bernard. Bernard has not had a girlfriend yet either, we have been pure, all those years, and we have waited for you. How happy I

am, Irma, that I have never done bad things. I only have that. And nothing else, Irma. I have not learned any trade, I had to take care of the household; when father died mother was left with all the children. I am just a child from a working class family. Does that not mean anything to you? May I go with you to your parents? Does your father own a shoe factory? Didn't I know it! You are a child with rich parents; you can see that from everything. But I am honest and good. I want to work hard; I don't care what I have to do for you, as long as you love me." He confesses everything honestly; he is kneeling at this sacred miracle's feet and lays his deep human heart in her lap. Elly looks now and again, isn't that a good chap, did she not take the wrong one? Now it is too late, he does not want any other girl, this is it, he would die for his Irma.

How wonderful life is, suddenly you are faced with the highest happiness of all in your life. Just look, how beautiful her hair is. Dark blond, just like his hair, they reach a complete union. „Are you tired, angel? I will continue to watch out, just go to sleep, lay your little head against my shoulders and go to sleep." It is a pity, he would like to remain awake for ten years, now he would never want to go to sleep again, but he can understand that. He thinks that his angel is sleeping. Bernard is also sleeping, everyone is sleeping, he is thinking, he cannot sleep and he does not understand that a person is able to sleep now, at this time, now that the paradise was opened for eternity. He keeps her in balance and follows the maternal heartbeat, ticking inside, it takes him to space, to the first life light of Our Lord and he can see the sun rising, it is beginning to get light. He makes coffee; Crisje gets her happiness brought to her in bed. She looks him in the eye, has he not felt anything then? Crisje had a dream last night. He didn't. She points there with her finger, but he does not see any fingers. Crisje has come just too late. Must she doubt her own feelings? Jeus can think better than she can, Jeus has had more visions than she has, what is the matter? Nothing? Still, she saw the girls in her dream. First Crisje did not want anything to do with it, she shakes it off her; she does not want to think badly about people. Nevertheless, those thoughts came back. There was something which told her, this child is not right, this is not a girl for Jeus, this is a slut! And the other one no less so. These girls are just cheating the boys. They are real good-for-nothings, turds, even if they have money, that may be the case, but they are turds!

When Crisje shakes her head, she points with her fingers that he must not accept any contact with Irma; he shrugs his shoulders. Has mother gone mad? Does mother want to deny him this happiness? That is impossible, mother. Irma is a pure girl; they crossed the border because of hunger. But where did you learn this High Dutch? Have you been here before? At school? He can understand that. They also learn German at school, which is very

simple. No, Crisje, no, mother, you will not get me out of this life for the world. I finally have my girl and no one will take her away from me. I want to die for this life.

Irma loves his life, mother. Look for yourself, just listen to what she says. Is that not lovely? She does not care that he is poor and does not own anything, has not learned a trade, which will be fine. Her father is rich, mother. Was Crisje wrong last night? Probably, if you look at it that way, then you must believe these souls. But Crisje cannot renounce her dream just like that. She talks to Jeus when she gets the chance.

“Watch out, Jeus. I am telling you, this is not the girl for you.”

He talks very convincingly that Irma is an angel. Crisje cannot compete with him, this is an angel. Crisje just gives in, because she could be mistaken. And she does not want to think badly about people under any circumstances. Still, there was the dream! They face each other, he does not believe that this girl is bad, but it is a decisive moment in his life. You can learn from it and you can be destroyed. What will Casje do now?

This is all very simple. Every boy and girl, is at some point faced with the unbelievable moment, human love, fatherhood and motherhood. That goes without saying, that is natural, the soul lives for this, and that is God’s intention. A person cannot imagine a greater happiness; this is everything! And this is everything for Jeus! He is almost mad inside. A girl is like the Lord himself for him. Where he has received these deep feelings from, he will only learn that much later and this has nothing to do with passion. He does not know what it is, when people speak of passion, it is a word which he does not understand; it is only love for him. Crisje knows that and Casje knows that, the Tall One knows him now. It is something wonderful for him, this feeling which lives inside his soul is indescribable. It comprises a universe, and that universe is now his girl. It is depth, for Casje an entirely different story, for Jeus the possession of a human life which has said to him, ‘I belong to you’ and he was gifted with that, it is enough to make you jump for joy. For him Irma is a million, even more! There is nothing higher to receive, or to experience, it takes you to paradise!

Crisje thinks, if only he had asked Anneke. Anneke is sweet, but well, they have money there. Now Jeus will get a rich girl? She is probably worrying too much, and yet, Crisje wants to avoid troubles. She talks to Irma, she tells her about her life and Jeus, how Jeus fought for her. Can she understand this? She is getting that now. Jeus is worth more than a pile of shoe factories put together. You must want to fight for his life and love. Even if Jeus is a poor boy, it is what is inside, and she will get a heaven on earth because of it. None of the boys are like him, you can even tell Father. Jeus lives in your heart, he is always in you and he will carry you, Irma. Crisje already feels, that child

bows to it and says 'yes, Mother', but she knows that. She could give herself a hiding. She should have sent these girls away immediately. Does Casje know what will happen now? Couldn't he just give him a spiritual slap? Those spiritual slaps work wonders, why not now? Jeus is not thinking of Casje, he does not need him now, he will decide for himself and not Casje. And yet, Jeus, we will soon carry on, and only then will we see everything differently.

Casje has a different opinion about it, Irma. You are opposed to him and space. This life is also from space! This life has a true meaning for many people. If you understood this life, you would realize Crisje's words. Jeus is like a Plato, but he will soon fly past that life. Have you ever heard of Socrates? You have, you have had an education, Jeus hasn't, but that will still come. It lives in his soul, that has all still to awaken. He is like ancient Egypt was, he is one of the priests from those Temples, a master, shrug your shoulders and laugh, but that is there! And that spoke to your life and soul last night, that kissed you, that submits to your life and you will now dispose of it for a while. That says to you: I will let myself be kicked? Yes, of course, but he means that differently. He is lying at your feet and he gives his life for you, Jeus can do that, and he will do it, he will never look at another girl again. What he has to give you is faith, love, peace and happiness, justice, willingness, continue, list the virtues in human beings, you will find all these attributes in him. Do you not hear what he is saying?

'I have nothing, I am nothing, Irma, but I love you. I am just a poor creature, but I will work hard and do my best. You will never have any regrets about me, you will never have to be sad about me, I am always the same for you, I will take care of you, Irma. I will put you in my own palace and that is infinitely deep.'

But where does he get all those words? He is talking like a scholar, just for a moment, and then he was an ordinary soldier again, the Joost, and Sissy, Jeus of mother Crisje. Irma laughs to herself and he does not see anything, does not feel anything, something refuses inside and does not want to see anything!

Then he has to leave. But he has already made his plans. No one will stop him. Jeus is completely mad.

Last night he did not sleep for a second, they must throw sharp grenades today, it is a heavy day, but that does not matter. After his army service, he will cycle back to Irma. He does not think about food and drink now; he has no peace anymore. He is not open to anything. He sees Irma everywhere, he nearly hurt her a moment ago, and his love is even in a hand grenade like that. Did I hurt you? Then I will not throw those things anymore, you are right. Then they are home. 'See you tomorrow morning, boys. You will make sure that it will be perfectly okay.' He has gone! Now cycle until you

drop. In a terrible hurry to Westervoort. He wants to be home in two and half-hours. On the way, it starts to pour with rain, but that does not matter either. A cold wind raises its dirty head, that does not matter to him either. Westervoort, now to Zevenaar, at Beek he races into the woods and he cuts a bit off his journey, that makes a difference of at least ten minutes' happiness, if you wish to know. He knows the woods, he can follow them in the dark, the beautiful paths of Montferland; they are his.

No one can keep up with him, it goes fast, he stamps, he is already coughing, you could catch a cold from this, but that does not matter now either, it does not affect him, he is cycling to his loved one. Didam ... Crisje, he is coming. It is terrible when you see him panting. Those last kilometres are hard, he is having trouble pedalling and for what, Crisje? Has Casje also gone completely mad?

Is this not going too far? Is this not giving yourself a hiding? But what is a hiding if you are fighting for a girl, if you are kissed by her? He pedals the blood from his brain, Crisje, where must this ship strand? He is betraying his whole fatherland for his girl, they must not count on him ever again, and this is a completely useless soldier!

On the bare landscape he gets a beating. He is already soaking wet, but he continues. Meanwhile he thinks of his love. Irma is sitting on the handlebars he is stroking her, he is talking to her. No, a while later he sees her with Crisje, she is waiting for him, they will soon go dancing, then he may talk to her, he still has so much to tell her.

She is sitting there, look, he sees her, she is talking to Crisje, he hears everything, he understands every word. They are talking about him, mother pours coffee; Crisje has even got out some biscuits. And that is for his girl. Mother has now seen her, and is no longer afraid, she knows how nice and good his love is. Yes, mother, I know very well you are worrying, and you want me to get a good woman, now I have found her. Is that the case, Jeus?

Another good bit and then into the woods there. But he does not let her go. He puts her back on the handlebars, but he may not do that, she could catch a cold and he must watch out for that. Give me a kiss. Will you become my wife for eternity? Will you never look at other boys? No, you wouldn't, would you, boys mean nothing to you, you are mine and you will remain my own girl, you will become my wife. There are nice little houses here along the road. Good gracious, why did I not learn a trade? But that does not matter either, he will go to Irma's shoe factory, he will become the master servant there and then they can get married. Yes, mother, we will also have babies, and then I will become a father! Oh, my God, if I may become a father and will be able to look at my own children! Our Lord, I am praying now. He is praying, on his bike, he is soaking wet, and now his prayer is significant, Our

Lord feels that, he now knows how much he means it. Oh, my children, my girls and my own boys, I will adore them! And the mother of my children, I will adore her! I will lie at her feet; she will get a heaven on earth. When the children grow up, I will talk to them and I will do what father did, but I will not be so strict. There will be no cellar for him, his children will have a good life, and he has learned all about it. Irma is like mother, always good, always sweet, he will never get a harsh word, you will not hear snapping and snarling, he will live in her thoughts eternally and she in his, moreover, they will never be apart, each thought, such as mother had, is for her and her thoughts are for him. They will be man and wife. He will not want to wait too long to marry then. Marry ... my God, what a day that will be!

Beek ... Now through the woods, straight to Montferland, then I will cut out that bend. He races over Montferland, goes down the hills soaked in sweat, it continues to rain, it is stormy all that time, but there is 's-Heerenberg already, now a bit faster, and yes!

“Good day, mother! I am here.”

“Whatever are you thinking of, Jeus!”

“Why, mother? May I not just come and see my girl? Where is Irma, mother?”

“She has gone dancing with Bernard.”

“At Hendriks, mother?”

“Yes, Jeus, but watch out.”

His first slap, but he says:

“I have watched out, mother, just do not worry about me.”

Then to Hendriks. Could she not just have waited? Could she not have welcomed him at home, behind the stove? Doesn't she know what it means, to cycle after army service, from Arnhem through rain and wind? Can she not consider that? What a pity! The first pity is already there, but soon he will get other pities to experience, and Jeus can know, but he does not see or hear anything! If you are in love you do not see anything wrong, then you are in love or you are not, and he is in love!

There is Irma, she is dancing with another boy. Good evening, Bernard, good evening, Elly. Look at his girl dancing. It is a feast for your eyes. Should she not fly into his arms? He would have done that. He would have left that ugly thing. Not her, that is probably the custom of the rich and he still has to learn it, hasn't he? Bernard is sitting there and talking quietly to his girlfriend, and Jeus has had to miss that today. Give me everything, you will get everything back, do not lose a second, but Irma continues to dance, she waltzes on, he looks, he is already bothered by this poor show, why does she not fly into his arms? Why not? Bernard cannot dance, but his girl is sitting there with him. Elly is sweet! And where does this thirst suddenly come

from? Bernard, gives him his beer. Cheers, one, two, and then another one, that is three, they are just small glasses, Bernard, but he is soaking wet from sweat. Then Irma approaches him.

“Good evening, Jeus!”

“Good evening, saintliness!”

“I had a lovely dance, Jeus, that boy is a good dancer.”

I see, is that right, Irma, but Jeus can cycle. Will you not even ask him? Do you know where he has come from? No? Jeus, she does not know. And you will have to explain it to her. A while later he is waltzing with Irma in his heart. It is the waltz for his life. Is it going well? Is this not just lovely? My Lord, how can I thank you? How can I make up for this, are not Jeus' thoughts! On the contrary, he says: 'this belongs to me! This is mine and Our Lord has nothing to do with it. This is very ordinary and human.' But, it is his! It is a pity; he had wrong thoughts a moment ago, he could hit himself on the head. They were wrong thoughts. He should have understood that Irma could not wait at home and that she was free to go and do a bit of dancing. True or not, Jeus? this is wrong. He must not become jealous, that is completely wrong. Because then there will be nothing left of yourself, nothing! He does not want anything to do with jealousy. Yes, I have a girlfriend from the town. These country girls can get lost, for all I care. But the boys are envious of him; it is perfectly obvious. Of course, you can dance for a moment with my darling, of course, Theet, go ahead. I will look, I will languish, I don't mind anything, but just ask my girl! Good gracious, she is doing it. Again he feels deeply disappointed, but he gets over it. Just taste what this child has to say to you! And? What an amazing girl she is. Now Bernard's big one is dancing as well, he can have a talk with Bernard. What did she say, Bernard? Does she love me? Will she live and die for me, Bernard? Are you really courting? Is that your girlfriend, Bernard? Are you not grateful to God and his angels now, Bernard? Yes, you are, it is okay. It is enough to make you jump out of your skin, Bernard, isn't it?

He has to accept that his Irma is dancing with every Tom, Dick and Harry. Is that not going too far, Jeus? Are you tired, dear? Will I carry you home? I love you! How I love you. I will do anything for you, anything! I have had a horrible disappointment, but I will gladly forgive you, everything has to be experienced and analysed humanly. I see it. Jeus has to accept that his angel is different from the way she was yesterday. He feels she is open to everything and more, and gives in to it completely. She is dancing with Herman and little Gerrit, unfortunate souls, helpless bantam cocks, she sways with the boasters here, lets herself be fawned on and even more, has a drink, accepts everything, but she does not see him. But, I will bow to your life. Does he perhaps not understand what is part of education? Does he still have to learn

all these things? Is this part of the town, and do these rotters understand that? Why does she let herself be put down by those lads? Look for yourself, he is not stupid, he should now have taken off, hit himself over the head somewhere, it would have been better than all that looking of his, his feelings and thoughts, this is being destroyed. Is she not leaning against those male bodies too much? Isn't she hanging in those measly arms? Good gracious, is that my girlfriend?

Jeus does not carry on any further, his love is back; the dance has ended. Soon she will belong to him, then he can and may kiss her again, and then they will be together for eternity. He has not slept a wink, the day was heavy, they had to run, then back through wind and rain and now he is faced with a poor show here? That is not possible, he almost crushes her, is he getting the last dance? None of it, Irma is dancing with another boy and then he can take her home.

How cold it is! Why is he trembling like that? He is standing shaking and trembling. That is from the rain and the wind. Isn't it? Has he caught a cold? It is a strange feeling! But his love turns everything upside down. This feeling inside rises above everything. His dearest must now rest. She has to go home soon, but the feeling reaches her that she will come back to him as soon as possible. Then he will go to her parents. Isn't that nice, Jeus? "Will you write to me?" "Immediately, of course." "And you will take care of yourself, Jeus?" "Of course, you too?" "Of course, do not worry, but I am so tired now, I have to sleep." Jeus is awake for the second night and he will watch over his loved one, Irma; sleep well. She is lying in the box bed, he is sitting at the stove and cannot sleep, and feeling feverish. Jeus is sick!

It is now sunrise, and he must waken her. Will he do that? He must leave, or he will be punished, and he does not want to risk that again. He is standing there looking at the panting beat inside. Miets is lying there as well. Miets and Irma, angels of Our Lord. Just look at those closed eyes quivering. Is she dreaming? Just look how red those lips are. And then all that other as well. Just look at her lying there, she does not know that he is watching, that he is lying at her feet, she is sleeping. Look at her waist shaking. Do you see that there? My God, how beautiful a person is, what sculptures you have created. I love that image of Yours. Just look, just see, good heavens, how beautiful that child is. Will he touch her? He has to! ...

"Irma, I have to go. Irma, I have to disturb you, it is only for a moment and then you can go back to sleep." But I have not slept for a few nights. I can understand, a girl needs more sleep than a boy, but do you not just wish to say goodbye to me? He squeezes her hand. She opens her eyes; she looks, but does not see him.

"Goodbye, Jeus ..."

“Goodbye, my angel. I will come back, but do not forget to write to me.”

“No, I will write, just let me sleep, Jeus.”

He releases her hand and leaves. Crisje does not hear anything, he is already at the top of the Grintweg. It is starting to rain again, it is stormy as well, but the love now lives in his heart. Zeddám ... But how tight his body is, surely from tiredness, because he has not slept. Now carry on. As quickly as he can, he wants to get to Zevenaar. Faster and faster or he will be late for roll call, and that must not happen. Now pedal! He gets a thrashing on the empty road. Isn't that strange? His beret keeps blowing off his head and he can feel that. It is just as if that thing has become too small for him, surely from the rain, of course, it is not possible otherwise. His body is groaning with tiredness! What a pity, he has not even had a kiss, and that would have been possible, after all. Will his legs no longer work? He is pedalling away like mad. It went of its own accord on the way home, now it is not working. It is becoming increasingly difficult, every kilometre costs blood, but he does not mind it. Is his life destroyed? Are his brains tired? How difficult and heavy the cycling is now. He can almost not pedal anymore, and he is only in Zevenaar. Further, in the direction of Westervoort.

He determines he is not making any progress. Even if he bends over the handlebars it is not working. He needs more for this than a year's hard army service, but he has to be on time at all costs. He has to keep getting off his bike, because the cursed beret is no longer working. That thing has got too small for him, he must have a new one. Isn't that something? Now a new beret as well? He would do anything for his darling and that is understandable.

Finally, he thunders over the Westervoort Bridge. Another pitiful bit, but then he can say, I have made it. Now he has been careful, he does not want to go in the military prison again. Now calmly to Arnhem, he has already been travelling for an eternity, but he has been able to have a lovely think about her. Oh, those cows. Do you also love your girlfriends? Oh, that dog, oh, those chickens, oh, that cockerel, I am also mad about Irma, but one is plenty for me.

Arnhem ... he dashes into the barracks. The boys are just sitting at the table. What is that man doing there on Sissy's bed? “Oh, what do you want there?” “What do you want? What do you want from me? I am Sissy!”

They look. Truly. “What happened to you, Sissy? Go to the doctor immediately, you have a fever.” An hour later Sissy is in the sick bay with real Dutch mumps in his head, the boys did not even recognize him. Now go to sleep! Rest, soon you may think of your girlfriend again, she will write to you soon, Jeus.

Two days later Sissy is in hospital with a bad kidney infection. He is lying in a ward with twenty boys and he does not even feel ill. Is that being ill?

There is nothing wrong with him, but he may not get out of bed, he gets food without salt and that is nothing for Sissy. Nevertheless, he has nothing more to say here. Why does Bernard not write? Why has Irma not written to him yet, he wonders? I have only been gone a few days, he must have patience, however, a week has already passed and he does not yet know anything about his girlfriend. Where is Casje? Where are you, Casje, are you leaving him all alone? Do you not see that Jeus has a head weighing a thousand kilos? Can you not do something about it, Casje? Can you not just help him? He is lying under the blankets and is pretending to sleep, but he is thinking until his head nearly bursts. Three letters have been sent to Bernard. Why does Bernard not write back to him? Three letters for Irma, not one for Crisje. His love is now everything and is more important than anyone. Bernard, why don't you write? How is Irma? Can you not just write to me? You can do that in five minutes, can't you? He seems to be out of his mind. Now and again, he is able to have fun, but then he falls back into his world and Irma is in front of his life. There is a boy next to him with chronic TB, but he lets this young life laugh heartily and naturally, which is not allowed, but little Karel asks for it. After a week, he still hasn't heard anything. Where is his girlfriend? What is Bernard up to? Why do neither of them write? He can no longer rest from sorrow, he is suffocating in bed, and he is not allowed to get up, anyway. The life is furious, this is not human anymore, he has caught the flying, or the universal love and that is worse than TB, worse than anything in this big ward. You would suffocate from it if you were that stupid, yes you would, they would like that, he doesn't want to lose his girlfriend because of this lousy illness. He wants to see her and hold her against his heart! That is all and the only nice thing in this rotten society which he knows about! A letter comes from Bernard. Not from his girlfriend yet. Read it now, Jeus, and you will know!

After ten days, Bernard writes that he must not have any ideas about her love, because they are being cheated. Jeus was disappointed that there wasn't a note included from Crisje. Irma is cheating him! Bernard writes:

'They were not for us, Jeus, they were only here to cross the border, and they needed us for that.'

It is a dirty blow, but he does not believe it, his faith in this girl cannot be affected by anything. Whatever happens, Irma is his girl, has Bernard gone mad? And now worrying. Bernard wrote that they had already left the next day, but he did not find out where they went. He will probably still hear something from her, Bernard has already accepted that they cheated him, but that is their business, Bernard will not cry about it. Jeus is destroyed by it, he can cry and he is crying himself to destruction inside, but they must not notice that here. "What is the matter, little Karel? Yes, I am sad, my

brother has written to me.” Go away, sorrow, little Karel notices something and that must not happen.

The nurses adore him, they have not had a boy like that before, everyone is mad about Sissy. Little Karel, Jeus knows, will now be collected by the Grim Reaper. Nevertheless, that life still wants to laugh a bit, and yet, it is not allowed. Little Karel must remain lying quietly and only think of his health. But is laughter not healthy, sister? That is dangerous now, Sissy, what are you trying to do with little Karel? Do they not know then that little Karel is fighting with the Grim Reaper and that he must lose the fight? Do other thoughts come to his life for a moment. Yes, but that one will remain as well, nobody can collect Irma from his life, but the other sensitive part also comes back to his day-consciousness, and he knows all about it, he will give that to little Karel. Just listen to his nonsense, he gives everyone a good laugh, a while later he falls back into himself and he feels his own misery. There is sorrow inside, it is painful, and it is enough to drive you mad.

Little Karel doesn't want his food. Jeus does, but that isn't allowed either. He is sick of all that salt free food; he would like something savoury. He eats little Karel's delicious pudding, along with lovely bits of meat and feels good, he isn't ill. The fat head has gone and yet he has to stay in bed? He wants to fly through the world, he wants to look for his girlfriend, why does she not write? Jeus goes against little Karel's healing. Don't you see, Jeus, that that particular nurse is completely mad about you? But she is too late, just too late. Jeus has got his girl and he only needs one and that is his angel. But my God, what has happened? Can you understand, little Karel, why my girlfriend does not write to me? He has shown them the photograph. If only you had her, yes, of course, that is my girlfriend. He has it in mind to clear off out of here, but he is stranded, they have taken his clothes and he has to bow to that as well. He asks the nurse every ten minutes how he is getting on.

But what a boy you are, Sissy ... Jeus ... because Jeus is a nice name.

This nurse brings him everything. The other boys in the ward observe that he gets all kinds of things from this little nurse, she is crazy about Jeus! She does not dare to say Sissy, she says Jeus, but with ten times an 's' at the end, and now it sounds very different. No, sister, he already has a girlfriend. Yes, of course, he is as faithful as a dog, a pity, isn't it? A sensible person can understand that. Look for yourself, is Irma not a treasure? But don't you see, Jeus, that this is a much greater treasure? That she is faithful, possesses love, wants to give you everything of her life? He is blind and deaf to this beautiful serving life, good heavens, Casje, could you not have changed this? No, then he would not have been here either, then he would not have had to cycle until he dropped, and then everything would have been different. Yes, of course, you have to accept this now; there is nothing else to it!

He does not hear anything from his love, nothing! It remains a strange thing, and from Crisje, he does not hear a single thing, she is silent. Then a letter comes from Irma. Good heavens, Jeus, do you still not know anything? Not from Germany, but from prison, his love lives near to his area, Irma is sitting waiting for him in the 'Arnhem jail'. My God, what a strange world we live in anyway, could you have imagined this? It is enough to drive you mad! But he can also understand that and it has nothing to do with his love, or with his girlfriend, this can happen to anyone.

She writes that she and Elly were caught at the three hundred-metre mark. Those cursed three hundred metres are still there. They wanted to go home, but were walking on forbidden territory, and are now in prison. Can he understand that? She could not write to him before because of this. Now he knows everything. Bernard is mad. Bernard has told him lies, and that is a pity. Of course, they wanted to go back to their parents. Is that so hard to understand, Bernard, Crisje? What do you want then? A letter is sent immediately. Whoever reads this letter, will succumb and will feel that he has love, pure love; he is as pure as gold, Jeus of mother Crisje is now truly in love, Jeus will not let himself be denied his darling, not by anything! Anyone who reads this letter will get tears in his eyes or they are not human. A dog has to cry, the words, which must support Irma in her prison are so human, are so loving, so unbelievable; which he knows all about, that on top of everything! Of course, he will support her with all that he has. His letter is now sent; he knows, he will soon get one back. And that will also be over soon. Now just wait.

Meanwhile little Karel is getting sicker from laughing. And when that is over again, he falls back in his own misery and he cannot be reached for anything anymore. The apples and pears from the little nurse do not mean anything to him, she can just leave that, he has a girlfriend. If his girl is in trouble, then he must help her, every thought is for Irma. Little Karel wants to know all about him, especially everything about the Grim Reaper. That life is experiencing something, Jeus senses, and that is very simple as well, he experienced that with Jan Kniep, and father, he knows all about it, even more than all those doctors and nurses. Now and again, he has a great conversation with little Karel. And then they hear here:

“No, little Karel, you do not need to be afraid of the Grim Reaper.”

“But how do you know about it, Sissy?”

“I already experienced and saw that as a child, little Karel. I know the Grim Reaper inside out.”

Do you hear that, boys? Sissy knows the Grim Reaper. Do you hear that, sister? Is Jeus not a hero? He talks to all the boys. They may laugh at him if they like, and a few do that, but now that they start to feel what it is about,

everything is deadly serious. There is no longer any laughter, it now concerns little Karel. Jeus continues to tell little Karel, what to expect, “there you can fly. Oh, Karel, it is so great there, so lovely. You will see lovely birds and beautiful flowers and you can go wherever you like, no one has anything to say to you there. In five minutes you can fly over the world, if you feel like it, of course, but who would not like that, little Karel? Just believe me, Karel, I am not telling any lies. But whether your father and mother will see you, of course, that is a different story again.”

“Why, Sissy?”

“That is a good one, Karel, they must have those eyes and I have those eyes, I have always had them, for that matter.”

Little Karel is lying next to him with his eyes closed, but he is listening and is absorbing his words. Jeus now hears, in a weak voice:

“And what am I going to do then, Sissy?”

“When you then”, he now looks at all the other boys, the nurse also hears him talking, there are some who have tears in their eyes, “see your father, Karel, of course, of course your mother as well, your sister and brothers, then you can see them. You can then see exactly what they are doing and I experienced that almost every day when I was a child, little Karel! If they now have those eyes, then they will also be able to see you, and then you can tell them all kinds of things about your own life.”

“What kind of eyes are they, Sissy?”

“Yes, Karel, how can I explain it. I have four eyes. Everyone has four eyes, two inside, and two to look with here, but they do not know that yet. I use those inner eyes as well. I have always looked with them, Karel. You can see through life with those eyes.”

“And then you can see people, Sissy?”

“Of course, Karel. You then see all kinds of things. And you also know people, you know exactly where you are. You know clearly, that is your father and mother, because you have not changed at all.”

“Is that all true, Sissy?”

“Yes, Karel, I am not telling you any nonsense. I have those eyes, I already had them when I was two years old, Karel. Then I played with children from that world. Children die, but they are not dead. People die, Karel, but that is not dying, you stay alive. Oh, Karel, when you see all those children and all those adults, you could cry from happiness. You can pick nice flowers there for your mother and father. Also for your girlfriend.”

“Yes, Sissy”, little Karel utters with a cough, “yes, I want to do that as well, Sissy. I have a good mother. Yes, Sissy, a good mother. Father is also sweet, but I do not have a girlfriend yet. Oh, I am so happy, Sissy.”

“Yes, Karel, life is good and true there. I know! Here it is just a big mess,

Karel. And you can work there as well if you want.”

He does not say anything about Our Lord, or the tough guys would laugh at him. And yet the gentlemen are listening, because it is worthwhile; that Sissy is a strange person, but the nurses are mad about him. So are the doctors. There, he sees the Grim Reaper is sitting on a bed. He knows the Grim Reaper very well, he is waiting for little Karel. After a conversation like that he sinks back into his misery again, and Irma is sent everything from his life which she can make do with it. Who can help him? No one! However, those little patches on Karel’s cheeks look suspicious. Suddenly, Jeus experiences another miracle. Bernard stumbles into the hall and comes to visit him. Good heavens, Bernard, how is that suddenly possible? He immediately asks:

“But what happened to Irma, Bernard?”

“She is in jail, Jeus. Mine as well. I do not believe in my girl anymore, they have cheated us.”

“Do you think so, Bernard?”

“They cannot be trusted, Jeus. And that was understandable. They were not girls for us. I am pleased that I am rid of them again. They were real bitches, Jeus. Mother said to watch out or you will get a load of trouble. You should watch out, mother said. They are drunken bitches, Jeus, I discovered that.”

Is that not all harsh? Bernard leaves. Bernard is going to The Hague, to Johan, he can earn more there. He says to Jeus that he must also go to the city, they can stay with Johan, and then they will be together again. But what can he do there? After Bernard leaves, Jeus asks himself. Would Irma cheat him? He does not believe it. Must he mistrust his girlfriend now that she is in prison? That is a great scandal. No, Bernard, not me, I have my girl and no one will take Irma away from me. The little nurse observes that Jeus is seriously deep in thought and asks:

“What is the matter, Sissy, you have suddenly gone so quiet?”

“I have to think, sister.”

“About what, Jeus? You have a nice name, nicer than Sissy. Why do they call you Sissy, Jeus?”

“I am called Jozef, sister. They call me Sissy here in Arnhem, because I put on a ladies bathing costume, the boys called me Sissy, and that is all. But just look at Karel, sister.”

The sister looks at Karel, they are worried, that life is very sick.

“But why are you so quiet now, Jeus?”

“But what a good child you are, sister. It is my girlfriend. They have put my girlfriend in prison, sister.”

“What did you say?”

“Do not get a fright, sister. She cannot help it. She came from Germany

to get food from here and then they caught her in the area of three hundred meters where you are not allowed to go. And they put a person in prison for that! Is that not pitiful, sister?”

“So, you have a girlfriend, Jeus? And a German girl at that.”

“Yes, sister, you can see her, just look. This is her.”

“Good heavens, Jeus, she is beautiful, she is a picture. Have you known her for long, Jeus?”

“Two days, sister, no, I have known her for longer, but I have only seen her for two days.”

The sweet nurse now gets to hear his drama and then she suddenly knows who he is. Good heavens, I am just too late, that love cannot be conquered. Jeus is ‘completely’ mad about this child. How would she be for him? My God, give me this love, just give me this boy. But Jeus cannot be reached. She asks him cautiously:

“Is it not better, Jeus, that you make enquiries?”

“What should I do, sister? Make enquiries about my own girlfriend? Is that not below the belt? Do you not believe your own boyfriend then? But it is really simple, sister.”

Is the nurse jealous? But what does that child want? It is a pity, you cannot trust anyone anymore. However, his Irma is in trouble. That nurse is good, but she is not a patch on his Irma. He goes to sleep and thinks.

It is four o’clock in the morning. The doctors are with little Karel. Karel wants to talk and, coughing, he says to Jeus:

“But I do not have to be afraid, do I, Sissy?”

“You, Karel, dear Karel, do not need to be afraid, you are going straight to a great heaven. I know, Karel. You are going straight to a paradise, Karel, because you are a good boy.”

Tears run down the face of the dying boy. Tears of happiness. The nurses cannot keep their tears back either. Karel is taking off. The Grim Reaper wants to have little Karel. Jeus sees the ‘Reaper’ is doing it carefully. Little Karel cannot release himself from Sissy. Father is also there, little Karel gets something, but that which Jeus gives him is worth more to little Karel, he wants to have all of it. The nurse thinks: my God, I am two days too late to receive a heaven, my God, why does a person have to be beaten like that? Jeus is carrying a paradise inside him. She could hit herself on the head, life has no more value for her, a slut, probably, gets to experience his divine love and kicks it to bits. My God, how superficial You are. Just look at this life and you will know!

Little Karel is hanging with his head turned to his bed. Jeus feels that the inner life of Karel is already flying. The dying boy is releasing himself from the bodily systems. The nurse looks Jeus in the eye, she gets the ‘universal’

kiss from his life, when Jeus speaks to little Karel.

“Yes, Karel, I am still here. Yes, dear little Karel, you will soon fly. You will pick beautiful flowers for Our Lord, Karel, you will do that soon as well and you can do that there, Karel. Then the birds will sing for you, Karel, they will bring you love and happiness. They will sing for you, Karel!”

The nurse and the boys in the ward think: where does Jeus receive this from, it is a miracle. The sweet nurse has to cry. Karel still hears:

“It is true, Karel, if you hear this, everything is true. I can also fly, Karel, and now and again I am allowed to fly. I saw those angels, little Karel. I walked behind my own father’s coffin and talked to him. Father walked with me behind his own funeral procession, Karel.”

Everyone is listening. You could hear a pin drop! The pure night gets to these young boys and what will happen here. The nice nurse is crying loudly, that is a pity! Jeus has his girlfriend, after all, sister, and no one can deny him this, not even Casje, who still inspires him, but he cannot give you Jeus. You deserve him certainly, but what can you do? It is visible love, isn’t it? And that rolls off his lips just like that, it is universally deep, sister, and his Irma has already sullied it. But can you cut this out of his heart?

Little Karel is still listening, the nurse lets his head hang; the ‘Reaper’ is almost ready. Little Karel can no longer utter a single word, even if this young life wants to try it, it is not working. Jeus continues to speak to him:

“Little Karel? Everything is true, dear.” And then little Karel still utters, through white lips:

“I believe ... you ... Sien ... tje.”

“It is the truth, little Karel, as truly as I am here with you. And you will not want to miss it for the world. My father said then that he was working there, Karel. Yes, little Karel, you can work there. Just go and fly, Karel. Go on, just do it, Karel. Little Karel ... Are you going to fly now?”

The Grim Reaper has Karel. Thank you, ‘Reaper’, that was good. You have now grabbed a soldier child by the scruff of the neck, but you did it gently, fair is fair! You are a good one! I know you, after all!

No more was needed. Little Karel passed over, but little Karel is alive, Karel’s father and mother, little Karel’s brother and sister, he is alive! Then silence falls in the ward, everyone falls asleep, and the boys are dead tired from this sacred sensation. The nurse can no longer work, she gets a few days leave, inside a part of her life has been destroyed, her heart no longer works, the doctor says, and he can understand that.

“Can I do anything about it, doctor? I have my girlfriend. Irma cannot help being in prison, anyway, can she? That is this rotten society’s fault, doctor, isn’t it? Are you not allowed to fetch some food for your dear mother and father? And that little nurse is mad, doctor. I cannot love ten girls, after all,

say it yourself, doctor.” The doctor adores him, Sissy is love, he understands him very well!

When little Karel’s parents come, he gets flowers, and chocolate. The boys have a feast. He has to tell them everything about the last hours of their child. However, they have already heard it from the doctor and the nurses. They also adore him, they thank him for being so good to their boy, and the dearest thing they had on earth. Yes, little Karel’s mother and father, he was lovely, we all know that! There is no death, mother, father of little Karel, you will see your child again! Do you want to accept this from me? The nurse comes back. She wants to serve and take care of Sissy as long as he is here. She looks really well, the Doctor has spoken to her. She must remain herself, nothing can be changed about this, Jeus has his girl. What would she do if she were Irma?

“Is it true, Jeus, that you saw your father at his funeral?”

“Yes, sister, I mean it. Were you not well for a while?”

“I am okay again, Jeus.”

“Did you not see little Karel dying then, sister? If you are with a dying person again, then you must use those other eyes better, because I saw the Grim Reaper sitting there. But he did it gently, I asked him to, sister. Then the Grim Reaper took little Karel away calmly, but little Karel is alive! I had forgotten everything, but it has come back to me again and now I will just think about it, then it will go away again, because I am expecting my girlfriend.”

Would you not kiss a boy like that in the presence of everyone? Would you not jump out of your skin if you were faced with the true love, a love of two days old, which is so inspiringly good? But then you will be destroyed, then you will no longer be a person, then you will reach the same situation in which Jeus now lives and then you will be sorry. Now the nurse gets to hear all about his life, and then this box was locked. For a long period, but it will open again in time and through Casje! Without Jeus realizing it, he is serving Our Lord. The first pages were now written. They are good, they are great, they are universally deep, the Grim Reaper is there as well! Or they would have no meaning. The nurse cries because of it and little Karel is flying! Is that all now?

Now that Karel reaches his heavenly paradise, Jeus is faced with something completely different. He gets a letter from the prison. Not from Irma, but from another woman, and that life warns him about his girlfriend. She writes to him that he is too good to be cheated; this girl is not good for him. She immediately writes that this girl is a slut. Dear boy, I feel obliged to warn you. Is this a fright? Is that woman mad? Another jealous bitch? Are people just angry? It is nonsense, they want to take his girlfriend away from him,

how is that possible now. The 'doodles'! Another letter is sent to Irma, more conscious, more loving, his heart lives in the prison; his blood is sent to her. Just wait again. I was in prison myself, because I wanted to play football and could not stand snapping. I understand what you have to experience there, my dear. I believe you, and you do not have to be afraid of me. I swear to you that I love you! And the letter goes on, And your heart turns when you read it. He writes his letters in such small handwriting that he can fit a lot on a page. After four days, a letter comes from the prison again, but now from the governor who says to him:

'Dear Sir ... I feel obliged to warn you. I read your letters myself. Your Irma will no longer get to see those letters. She is a bad girl. Do not dismiss my words, sir, believe me, it is hard, but you have been warned. Yours sincerely ...' What will you tell me about that? Jeus, what will you do now? He is powerless. Should he believe this now? The governor is writing to him that Irma is bad? Is his Irma bad? Is she a slut? Is she a cheat? He gets on his feet calmly. Is Irma a bad child? He cannot understand it, would a man like that tell him lies? It is a pity, but they cannot murder his feelings for his girlfriend. He looks at his situation differently for a moment. Did they think that he was mad? What does that woman want and what does that man there want? Is that not sorrowful? No one will get a word from him. He doesn't even notice the nurse anymore. Am I not allowed to go back to Crisje yet? How am I, sister?

A week later he flies out of the hospital, as strong as a lion, and back to Crisje; he has been demobilized now. 'Goodbye, sister! Thank you for everything.' 'My pleasure, Sissy. Thank you for everything.' 'We will probably see each other again. Goodbye, doctor, goodbye, everyone, goodbye, Arnhem. I am going back to Crisje.' Where have all these scholars gone? Where is the U.V.V.? There is no one!

Where have all those friends from the storm section gone? A few come to visit him. The rest have gone and he can understand that. They could get lost, for all he cares, but they are not even worth it.

'Goodbye, horrible national service! Goodbye, Coehoorns ... and Willemsens ... the 'doodles'! His flowers are on the nurse's bedside table. He bought them with his last money, with a card saying 'thank you for everything, I will never forget you, sister ... Jeus ...!'

Now Crisje is hanging in space, exactly as her Hendrik was able to do. Jeus is back home. Where is Casje? What are you going to do, Jeus? His love lives in Arnhem, is in jail there, he has almost forgotten her. Jeus is already playing football, he is at home, and his life is open again to Mother Nature, the woods, and his Montferland.

How beautiful and wonderful life is, except it is a pity the happiness is

not complete; his love has cheated him! He thinks of this continually ... but sleeps well up in the attic. Crisje wants him to take care of himself.

Now what, Jeus? I do not know, but that will come as well!

Dirty turret ... leave my love alone ... Are those people right, and did they send him the sacred truth? Who knows? Casje?

Jeus the seer (2)

He is walking up the Zwartekolkseweg with Teun, they have been to the woods. He is in thought, because he does not know what he must do, this tramping about is starting to bore him, and he cannot live from playing football. What should he do, Casje? Have you not worked it out yet? What that lieutenant told him is now nonsense; they have forgotten Sissy. He must first just have a good rest for his dear Crisje, because he has been in a bad way. They do not see anyone in the woods; but who is that? Teun, just look, do you not recognize that step? My God, it is Irma, Teun; it is my girlfriend. Yes, it is her! Teun runs back to mother, Jeus is anxious to discuss many things with her. Do you now see that people are mean?

“What has happened to you, child? What did they do to you?”

“Good day, Jeus!”

He has to think first. He will believe her, but, which part of it is true, are they all lies? “The Governor wrote to me, Irma, what that woman wrote to me does not mean anything to me, but what did you do to that Governor that he should write to me that you are a slut? Here, read it for yourself.”

“Now what? Can you no longer trust me then, Jeus? Do you not know then that people are jealous?” She bites a piece off his heart, she hangs on his life, he cannot cast her out of his soul, Casje, and Jeus will accept her again! He has not given her freedom for a single second. Did he not know it? All nonsense. Is that not just scandalous? “I love you, Jeus. I suffered so much there. Can you understand that?” “Yes, of course, I was in jail myself, after all. But what awful people live in the world anyway, if a Governor like that already grabs onto a person, makes a person look bad? Come on, dear; do not cry any longer. What did mother say? We will go home, just come on; we will be welcomed there with open arms. However, I must tell you something, Irma, listen carefully to me.

I am a poor boy. I already told you that. I believe you in everything. If I ever hear one thing about you, if I really have to accept that you have been bad, that you are cheating me on purpose, then it will be over once and for all. But I must see it myself, I will not listen to gossip, I have unlimited faith in you, because I do not want to miss you for all the money in the world.” He will get his own words back, and now, to Crisje. Crisje does not say anything, she does not know anymore, her story, they know that, hundreds of thousands were caught between that area of three hundred metres and it is acceptable. Crisje has not seen any bad things from her yet. And Jeus must decide for himself. I can, Jeus thinks, cycle on the stage, he is a good acrobat-

ic cyclist, he can remove the wheel from the bike while cycling, and he can cycle on one wheel as well. No, he will go with her soon, he will not get better work and father can make good use of him, he must join father's business. Now, mother? Is Irma not good? Are you still worried about my girlfriend, Crisje? She does not know, she must see it first, but Jeus is mad! And then they can marry in Germany. Casje, do you hear it? Can you not do anything? Irma has him completely under her power. Is everything that you did in all those years nonsense then? Whom should we believe now?

Jeus gets to wear a brown suit and goes along to the parents of Irma. Isn't that something, Crisje? He is leaving home, he will work in Hanover, and he will be his own boss. Of course, the son-in-law will join the business and he will love those people. Now to that 'Stolzen Fels am Rhein', with his angel, it couldn't be better. He cannot live from playing football. Goodbye, Crisje. Goodbye, everyone. Jeus is leaving. He will write. Irma is happy.

In the train, his love becomes sweet and silent. What is the matter, child? Why are you so quiet? Are you not happy then that you are going home and that I am with you? The child becomes quieter; but what is the matter? They arrive home by taxi, he cannot get enough of it, and he has never made such a journey.

There it is. Now he will know immediately.

The shoe shop is there. The name is written on the big window, all that is as sound as a bell. And she has a mother as well, there is mother, are you not going to throw your arms around her? No, what's the matter?

"What were you up to, Irmgard? Our Lord only knows how bad you are. You were gone a whole year, Irmgard. What have you done with all that money? My God ..." And with a glance at Jeus:

"Does that person understand German?"

"Yes, mother, Jeus knows it, he has understood everything", it is terrible. Irma does not say anything except: "yes, mother, he has understood everything."

And as if that was not enough, her father storms into the room and gives her a good talking to. Should he now continue to doubt any longer that his girlfriend is bad? Her parents say it themselves. A while later they are sitting at the table. They would rather be rid of him; you can feel that from everything, those people are not happy. The father almost sucks him empty. He is studied from top to toe and then her father says:

'What is Jeus doing here, Irmgard?'

He hears she is worse than a street girl, worse than a dirty slut, and her parents say that in his very presence. His brown suit looks crumpled; it is hanging on his body. You do not have anything special for twenty guilders. But how stupid, when he was doing his national service he gave all his clothes

to Johan; when Johan got married he had nothing and Jeus had everything. And what do you do then, if your brother has no suit and you do not need those things? He can press his army clothes, can't he, and he will look smart again. He feels all too well that they are studying him, and that they would prefer to kick him out the door. You achieve everything with politeness, you achieve everything with love, are these people not pleased to see their daughter again? Mr. Mayor knows all about it, why has she caused her parents such sorrow? They talk about his love as scandalous. The man talks about 'prügel' and he has not forgotten that word yet, he knows what it means. But they do nothing, mother makes coffee, father goes back to his business. Irma talks sweetly; mother kisses her and begs her child never to do a thing like that again. However, there is something wrong here and he would like to know that. "Come with me, Jeus."

He follows her, as they climb the stairs. Not to the attic, but to the rooms. Which one would you like, Jeus? The red or the blue room? Would you rather sleep in the green room? Good heavens, how rich these people are. Everything looks excellent, it is high fashion, and she has not lied about that either. Irma decides to explain herself:

"Look, Jeus, I have been in Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague. I used up my own money, because my parents were never kind to me. I lied, of course, but I only wanted to tell you this now or you would not have believed me anyway, would you? Can you understand that, Jeus? I could not stand it here, Jeus. My parents moan day and night, and are mean. I am young and so are you, we must see a bit of life, and they just refused to understand that. I am their only child, but they work hard enough to support ten children; is that so hard to understand?" He now understands everything. She had also taken off, that is plain to see. She has cast Casje out of his life again. Jeus has chosen the blue room, and she will sleep downstairs. Mother does not trust her and that is also understandable. Good gracious, how rich these people are, Crisje. He will be well off, Crisje; it couldn't be better. Casje, where are you?

The mother already likes him. She feels that he is a good boy and she says so herself. 'Irma, Jeus is good.' He is her true love, Jeus is so ... charming ... there is no one like Jeus, mother. Does Jeus not like homemade coffee? You must just eat what there is; we have nothing more. Why did Irma not bring all sorts of things back? The money was finished. She bought fun for it, he must understand that, but he does not. Irma lives here like a countess, he does not want to lose his girlfriend for all the money in the world, at least if the parents will accept him! Of course, that will be fine, Jeus, but after three days they already want rid of him. And after a few more days, he already hears: 'when will he leave? There is nothing to do here, what does Jeus want

to do? Work here? Don't make me laugh. Now what, Irma? Back home, there is nothing else for it!

Jeus feels like a prince in his blue room and does not know what he should make of it. He understands that she needs him as a buffer and that he has done his service. His angel consoles him that everything will be okay. However, there is nothing to be earned here. She promises him the earth ... He served for that earth ... now the lady is back home, but he now knows about that 'Stolzen Fels am Rhein', and chokes on the sweet potatoes that the people have here. "The war has destroyed everything, including my daughter", and he can understand that.

Ten days later he is ready to leave, they would sooner see the back of him. Irmgard is destined for something completely different. Mister Officer has his prospects, Mister Jeus has nothing, absolutely nothing, what will Mister Jeus do any longer? Eat and drink here? But ... it is fine, you know, I am out of here already! The gypsy girl sees him off, the train is ready to leave, she is even crying. "Jeus, I will save up, and then we will marry." His heart is breaking, he believes her without question, everything will be fine, in a few months, she will have everything sorted, and then he can work here. Crisje hears everything.

"What were those people like, Jeus?"

"Those parents, mother, they are good people. And they are extremely rich, that man is in the town council, mother."

"But that is not a girl for you, Jeus."

"I am crazy about Irma, mother, and I just can't get that out of my system."

He convinces Crisje that she loves him. He will get work and then they will get married. Casje has nothing to say, and he is not there anymore either. What happened in the past is nonsense. Jeus works in the woods with Teun, they dig up tree stumps and play football. That is all, there is nothing else to do. He is a farmer, a very ordinary labourer, no more than that, and feelings inside no longer mean a thing. Too much feeling in a person is enough to drive you mad. He trusts everything; and everything will soon be different. It is Saturday, he just got her last letter, everything is absolutely fine there. Tomorrow, they are playing football in Duisburg. She writes that she is saving like mad and that she is doing everything to get him here to work, Mister Mayor, who is a friend of father and likes her, is thinking about us. Then afterwards he can join the business, because father is getting old and mother wants us to get married here. Is that not sweet, Jeus? Irma is a treasure, she will not cheat him, she could not help this, it was the circumstances.

He is lying in the attic, and everything is ready for tomorrow. With the letter held to his heart, he falls asleep. What is that? In his sleep, he gets to experience a wonderful vision. He is dreaming, but almost awake at the same

time, he knows what he sees and hears. Jeus sees that Irma is in Emmerik. That is not possible, because she has written to him but he sees it. She is sleeping in a hotel in the Kasstrasse and that was fine, he can understand that, she probably had something to do, but he sees that a boy is sleeping next to her and that is the hotel keeper's son. He knows that boy, Willy. The blood rushes to his head and he is awake at the same time. He knows the whole hotel, he knows exactly in which room she is sleeping. My God, if that is true? The vision lives under his heart. He cannot free himself from it, he will convince himself immediately. But this is the truth. He saw even more, she left two days before, has just let another person post her letter. After a fortnight, the daughter has disappeared again. She is bad, he now knows for definite, it is terrible.

The Zutphen-Emmerik tram takes him to the Mühlenweg, another bit to walk and then he is faced with that Kasstrasse. He says to his friend:

"Come on, Jan, just come with me.' Jan has read the letter, he knows everything, Irma is in Hanover.

"As sure as we will win 3-1 today, as sure as Irma is sleeping in that room."

"Have you gone completely mad, Jeus?" Jan says to him.

"No, I am not mad, just look for yourself."

Jeus will get her out of the room. He looks up, she appears there from that corner, that little room. And yes, the little window opens. It is Irma! At the same time, he races up the stairs. Left, now right, then up the stairs again, now another four steps and then across the corridor. Here is the room; he saw it last night. He storms into the room. With everything he has in him, he pierces her soul and humanity, he knows it. He still does not say a single word, he only looks. She does not know how he knows that; it is a great mystery to her. He looks at the bed, and throws his ring at her feet.

"Here, dirty slut, now I know! Now it is okay! You are a slut, my God, can you believe it. You slept with Willy last night. Yes, you did not know that I was clairvoyant, did you? I will now tell you something else."

She races towards him, wants to prove to him that she is not bad, but he flings her off him. He now sees something else. Jeus continues:

"Listen, Irma. As sure as I knew that you slept with Willy last night, as sure as what I now see is happening. There will come a time that you will die from sorrow of the soul, because you will then understand who I am and how I loved you. I will hear you screaming, Irma. You will eat away your blood from sorrow and pain, I predict that for you! And I let you die! Do you hear it; I will let you die! I will not come. I will let you scream ..."

She is laughing inside. She wants to give him chocolate from mother. She is here to visit a sick family member, but that no longer means a thing to him. Even if she shows him a telegram, he will not go into it, she is a slut to

him, she has cheated him, but she has wrenched his heart from his ribs! Now that is quite enough, Crisje. Casje, gives thanks! That was really a work of art! It took a long time, but it is just on time. Jeus has now been saved for the future, nothing more can happen. Now carry on!

The boys are sitting in the train, she is also there. He does not want to see her anymore. She tries to convince his friends, he does not believe anything anymore, it is finished and will remain finished! He drank the last drop consciously, no, Our Lord can change his mind; even if she were to give him millions, it is finished! What he said to her was amazing, he experienced this vision like the last one and he saw her, lying screaming, with people around her, she was dying! He saw her father and mother, the doctor, there were people in that room, her own room, and father and mother were at their wits' end. He felt that they called on Crisje, but mother is not stupid, he is not stupid either! But where was he himself at that moment? He experiences his future in the train. He gets to experience it bit by bit! No, the whole drama lives under his heart; he would be able to predict a thousand things for her, but she laughs. Did she did not know that he was clairvoyant? It is extremely interesting. Jan now tells her about his strange things. He has always been like that. Jan feels sorry for her, also Theet de Bussel, and the others; they are starting to believe her. Jan tells her that they will win 3-1 today and that is part of his clairvoyance. "Yes, what it is, I do not know either, but it is strange anyway!" "But I got a telegram, Jan. Here it is. I am not bad. Can you believe it, that Jeus has such a low opinion of me. My aunt is seriously ill." "But what do you think of the fact that he knew that?" "Yes, it is a strange thing, I did not know that Jeus possessed marvellous things, he never told me about them." She is sitting there chatting away to the boys, he experiences one wonderful scene after another. Casje will not leave him alone anymore! But this blow was necessary! And Jeus will understand that later, only then will he be protected from an awful lot of danger, he will now watch out and Casje can continue to work on the construction, the development of his instrument, for which Jeus must serve!

It is a day never to be forgotten, Crisje, angels; Our Lord, thank you very much, His angel, Casje, is a master?

He no longer looks at her, he does not want to see her anymore. And now that she knows that about him, he will show her today what he can do, yes, that he can even earn his living with playing football, and a good living at that! He wants to beat her with his art, with his feeling, his knowledge and show her that he is not a farmer. They are playing against a club today in which seven boys from the German League are playing, seven first class players and the German national team. Irma has not seen him play yet and she will enjoy that, because he is furious. The lady is sitting in the stands, they

come onto the pitch, they look really good like that in white with an orange pocket on their chests. What they get to hear from the Germans is not so nice, because the Germans are giants and they look small and insignificant.

“Do we have to play these children?”

They will soon experience that. They will prove to them what they can do. Did those boys beat Germania in Emmerik? And do you know who Germania is? That Willy plays for them and he therefore knew that wretch, but that Willy cannot help it. Yes, these mites beat Germania, Wezel and Düsseldorf, first class clubs and you will see something nice today, ‘we will win 3-1 and that is just enough’, is his prediction!

The game begins. Jeus has agreed with the centre half that he, as the centre forward, will play the ball back to him immediately, if they get to kick off. If that is not the case, then they have other tricks. They have to kick off. Arnold Noordmeer is a first-class player. Little Guus and Theet are backs with incredible strength, everyone is ready for his task. They have been able to train for long enough together in the evenings and Jeus has thought up something for himself, which none of the clubs know a thing about. He got this W-formation by thinking. He does not know that the whole world will later use his thoughts and feelings for this game, of which he is the inventor. They are small, but as quick as lightning, only both backs are strong lads. Yes, they are children.

The game begins. He does not pass the ball to the inside right, nor to the wings, that will happen soon. Arnold gets the ball, he can dribble, but then the ball flies immediately to the right, he does not keep the ball for a second, gives a pass immediately and then the rest follows. They have balanced out this part of the game a thousand times, it is usually successful – it can almost be calculated infallibly – because Jantje Teeling, the boy of nineteen, that small but quick rat, gives a centre pass, which is as sound as a bell. Jeus has received his passes for months in a row; he has made a study of it. High or low, left or right, it does not matter, his foot under it like that straight out of the air and then whiz, a super shot with a punch to it. No one can shoot as he can. They do not understand where he gets that strength. With his spindly legs, he really makes the ball rocket and they know that from him. Or the head will go under. Jantje passes, the ball floats in front of the goals, he gets his chance and yes ... after one minute it is 1-0! Do you want more? Irma is already bursting. She is screaming above thousands of people, he can hear her. “Those children have done it!” My God, isn’t that a devil? That boy can certainly play! Is that a goal getter? That boy can earn money, we need him here. That is a football player. Ten minutes later he gets his chance again, and whiz, from a distance of twenty metres, it flies exactly in that dirty corner: it is 2-0. Any more? Just wait. Five minutes before half-time, he places a ball in

front of Jan, who plays inside right and there you go ... before half-time it is 3-0 for those Dutch children. Jeus is like a snake, they want to play a nasty trick on him, but the krauts run into each other, he knows beforehand what will happen and that is perfectly obvious.

He sees Irma again in the changing rooms, she will not leave him alone, but she can forget it. They ask him to come and play for their club; he will get a great job. They really want to have him, and his love is there with her nose in it, but he has had more than enough of that whole 'Stolzen Fels am Rhein'. They approach him from all sides, he just laughs, he will not forget his boys, and he does not want anything more to do with Germany. Jan says:

"Then we will not get any more in, Jeus, and that is a pity. We had to make them sick today."

And that is the case, little Jan, they will get one. Jeus will not get the chance any more, they will cover him with four men, you have beaten the German League, and they will not forget that here in a hurry. And whatever he tries, he cannot get away from the four men, the krauts score; the final score is 3-1 for the Dutch B.V.C.

Now there is a party, they will go dancing. They have won a beautiful cup. The whole evening passes with nagging, they want to have him, he must play for their club and he will be in the German League. Irma does everything, she begs him to come to Germany, but he laughs right in her beautiful face. He drinks his glass of wine, yes, of course, but the rest can drop dead! When it becomes too much, they do not want to stop their nagging, he grabs the cup and throws the thing at their feet and it breaks into smithereens. Now they have to get away as fast as they can. Irma is already sitting in the train, he cannot throw her out, she wants to talk to Crisje. The boys help her; she has got them so far that they believe her, not him! However, that is their business and he can understand it! But when Jan wants to talk him round, Jeus says:

"Then just come with me, Jan."

He has a plan. Jan follows him. They go straight to Willy. There is the young man. What did you say, you beat Duisburg. That is a miracle. Yes, that's right, but he has grabbed Willy by the scruff of his neck at the same time.

"Just listen, Willy. If you tell me the sacred truth, we will not give you a bloody nose. But if you want to keep the truth from me, we will destroy you. What do you want? Did you sleep with Irma, yes or no?"

"She asked me for it herself. I had to send her a telegram."

"Well, Jan? Isn't that something? Is that not enough yet? Is Irma a turd, yes or no?"

Now Jan knows. And that is a pity. Jeus was crazy about his girlfriend, fair

is fair, they felt the happiness, they wanted him to have this small thing, but now Jan knows, that she is a slut, he is on his side and Irma must leave here. They cannot get her off the Zutphen-Emmerik tram, she is like a wild cat, and she must tell Crisje that she has not cheated Jeus. But, what did Willy say? Do you believe that, Jan? Does that brat want to blacken me! Good heavens, but how bad people are. The child is weeping. Jan has fallen for it a thousand per cent, he succumbs, not Jeus! She runs after him, up the Grintweg, into Crisje's house, now she falls at Crisje's feet and begs her for mercy, begs for help from Crisje, she does not want to lose Jeus for all the money in the world. Jeus talks to Crisje, he tells her about his dream. Crisje also tells him what she felt and was able to see. Now Irma can get lost. They agree with each other to steer her away. Now she gets to hear:

"Listen, my child. I will give you another chance. You will go back to your father and mother tomorrow."

Yes, she has already decided that for herself, she must go home anyway, and must tell father and mother how her aunt is doing.

Nonsense, Jeus senses she is talking herself in a real corner. "Now listen for a moment.

You are going back! You must go home. If you do not do that, it is finished. If you go, then I will think about everything."

Irma leaves. He puts her on the Zutphen-Emmerik tram. She begs him to go back with her. He feels she will now get a beating! But that is not his business. Ten minutes later he sits down and writes a beautiful letter to Irma's parents. Yes, he gets the words out of a little book, but that does not matter, the letter looks good. He writes:

'My dear parents, father and mother of Irmgard. I am really grateful to you for everything which I was able to receive from you. I loved your child, so that I would have given my life to be able to keep her, but your child, I must tell you, is a slut, she loves every Tom, Dick, and Harry, and is ruining herself. Now she has tried to make me believe that she had to visit an aunt. Do you have relations living in Emmerik? I saw, she lay there ...' No, not that. But he also says: "It is a pity, but I must warn you. Your daughter is a slut ..." He now uses the words of the prison governor and finishes his letter. Now he has to translate it into German, it is dialect and German mixed up, but that does not matter, they now know exactly what their daughter is really like. Will those people understand him? After ten days, he gets a letter back.

The father writes that he collected her there, and she will not leave the house anymore now. He has made a good impression and if he ever comes to Germany again, he will be welcome. It is a shame; we know everything now. The war has destroyed all the goodness in people. There, bury it, their child is forgotten. Crisje talks to him, they are as one again, of heart and soul one,

they understand each other. Crisje will pray that he will get a good girl, but Jeus is in the woods crying until his tears run dry. Good heavens, how lucky he was with this life. Girls are vipers! He does not want a girl ever again.

He is close to Golgotha. He has lain under the bushes, and cried until his tears ran dry for something else. Just cry, Jeus, the trees call to him, that is a relief. If only Fanny was here now, you cannot talk to anyone, no one can understand that, only mother knows everything, she has experienced the same thing. But Crisje says, it is better to bury them than this sorrow, this is worse, this destroys you. When they die, you will still have your love, now you have nothing more and Jeus really loved. Why did she cheat him? Why?

If it weren't for Crisje, he would have put an end to his life. But he does not want to do that to his dear Crisje, he cannot. Who wants to talk to his life? Did he not know it? Casje returns to talk with Jeus.

"I thought to myself, there is something the matter here, Jeus, what is the matter with you?"

"Could you not have warned me, Casje?"

"Will I tell you something, Jeus? Would you have wanted to listen to me then?"

"No, of course not, you are right, Casje. But do you know what I am going through?"

"Does it hurt much, Jeus?"

"Yes, I'm groaning."

Casje lets him cry. Has he nothing to say to him?

"I can understand that, Jeus."

"You know nothing, you should warn me as a friend, but you did not know anything."

"I knew everything, Jeus, but you were almost mad."

"Girls are vipers, Casje."

"That's a lie, what about your mother then?"

"That is true, but they certainly got me. I am groaning with pain. I never want to kiss again."

These words cause Casje to laugh and Jeus to respond. "Do you have to laugh about it as well?"

"I am not laughing at you, I had to laugh at myself."

"Because she also got you?"

"Of course, all people have to experience that. Then you should just have chosen a good one. But something else, Jeus. I am going to the city now. We will not see each other for a long time."

"What are you going to do there, Casje?"

"Work."

"Do you not have a job there for me then?"

“That is a point, Jeus. I will think about it.”

“It won’t work, will it?”

“That is difficult, so to speak.”

“That goes without saying, but you are in your own life.”

“But I will still think about it.”

“If only it was the case, Casje.”

“Everything is possible, Jeus. Now all the best. Do not take it so to heart, there are plenty of girls in the world.”

“I have had enough of it, Casje.”

“Mesjoer, Jeus.”

“Good day, Casje.”

“Go to your mother, she has nice soup for you, Jeus.”

“I can no longer eat, you should know that.”

Casje has gone ... That man is mad, he thinks. That is not a person. That man knows nothing about this life. He had wanted to ask him many things, but when he hears that voice, he always feels irritated again. It is something, which makes you feel powerless. It says to him that that life has everything and he has nothing. He had wanted to forget the dialect and that is not even possible, when he hears the voice it suddenly comes back, and it is really better as well. He only feels rotten from all that High Dutch and German. You are now so far from home, then you have nothing at all anymore, and you feel cold and cheated. He does not know, does not feel anything of what he possesses, and that his clairvoyance is enormous, is infallible, that he could give thousands of people happiness with it; he does not understand anything about himself. Who would think about nice soup at a time like this, if you have no heart left? You see, that is why Casje is a rotter, a person worth nothing, who can just talk nonsense and has no understanding of life. This is bad, but he has not felt that, it is therefore not a human being either. What does that wretch wish to do for him in the city? It is enough to make you die laughing, but he cannot laugh anymore, his soul has been destroyed. Yet, she would want that, then they would have even more fun there and that must not happen! It is fine like this, Jeus. Each tree gets to experience his sorrow from him. Towards evening he wanders home, he must forget that life. He does not want anything more to do with ‘Das Stolzen Fels am Rhein’. A peace now enters him. It is Crisje, who now takes care of him, because she knows what lives in him.

“You must now prove what you can do, Jeus.”

“Yes, mother.”

“Have you forgotten what happened to me?”

“No, mother, of course not.”

“There are other girls, Jeus.”

“I know, mother, but she was completely different. My God, mother, can you forget father then?”

“Of course not, Jeus, but we must look forward and not back, as long as you know that.”

He knows. He will do everything in order to beat this blow. But never a girl again! What will he do now? Just wait a while now, Jeus, and you will know. That feeling will also awaken. Only then will you reach a decision. You will serve! You will work for Our Lord, Jeus. All the great ones received blows through love, exactly those feelings, Jeus, have strengthened them, because of this they received another consciousness. If only you knew, everything will be okay! Everything; however strange it may appear to you, life will soon explain it to you, but then you will be faced with the universal laws!

Greetings from Casje!

Jeus the sorcerer

Bernard, who has just had the chance to visit his Crisje, storms into the kitchen and has a lot to tell about his life in the city. And when they have all heard that, he has something else for Jeus. Yes, Jeus, Bernard can talk to dead people. They taught him that in the city. Sometimes they get to know an awful lot. Now that Jeus gets to hear that from Bernard, he can tell him that he has already experienced that for years, it already started in Nijmegen. Bernard does not really know him and that is understandable, he does not know everything about his brothers either; a person thinks for himself, he experiences his own life, even if you are with each other day and night, everyone goes his own way.

This is nothing new anyway, but, he is curious to know what Bernard experienced in the city. Bernard will give him the proof at a friend's house. What he needs is a table. They sit down around the table and then it is a question of waiting. Your hands relaxed on the table and if you then just wait, Jeus, then the table will begin to creak and only after that can you ask questions to the dead, who will answer you. You can ask them questions about everything, illnesses, troubles, they know something for everything, and they will not let you down. If your father died, you can ask him how he is now, because that is not a dead person, when people die they continue. Is that not wonderful, Jeus?

He must see it first. But he knows these things. Before, when he got a piece of wood in his hands, that thing started to talk to him. He has not forgotten Nijmegen. And later, in the attic, everything creaked. Jan Kniep and uncle Gradus, father and the others, they are alive. He knows that, but what Bernard tells him is something else again, he has never experienced it like that and he wants to get to know it. Look for yourself and you will know!

The four of them are sitting at the table; he is sitting there in a corner and will experience it from there. But that Bernard. It's amazing that Bernard can experience all these things in the city. It is quiet and scary. They look at each other, these Catholics, but they want to know something about it. Bernard is talking. Suddenly the table begins to creak. The boys look at each other. It is frightening. They are coming into contact with the dead. That means something after all, but they are on their guard. They are trembling inside, they feel they are sitting on a grave and it has to do with real worms. If you lay your hand on the table, it is as if you feel a grave like that. There is something slimy to it and you tremble inside. Your heart beats faster, your throat closes, you are sitting shaking on your chair. Yet, you want to know

if your father has something to say. Your mother, your sister, who are lying in the graveyard, and yet are still alive. How did Bernard get in touch with these things? Bernard asks:

“Are there any spirits here?”

No answer yet, but you feel the clattering in the table. A moment later Bernard asks again:

“Are there any spirits here?” ... Once more, the table lifts itself and taps. It is now that Bernard can ask questions. He lets the dead know:

“We will agree that I will spell it. If you hear your own letter, then you must knock, and then we will write that down. Have you understood me?”

Since the table follows Bernard’s alphabet, it taps out the letter, Bernard can work out what they want on the other side and he gets to hear:

“Of course, Bernard.”

Bernard immediately asks:

“Do you know me then?”

“Of course, Bernard, you are one of Tall Hendrik’s children.”

They all know that. They already shrug their shoulders, but that does not mean anything yet, Bernard continues:

“Have you anything to say to one of us?”

“Yes”, is the answer.

“To whom then, may we know?”

“Yes”, is the answer, “to Johan, my son.”

Johan is his father’s son. Johan laughs and has something to say.

“But, Bernard, that goes without saying, we can all know that ourselves.”

That is also completely natural, but we have not finished yet, they get to hear from Bernard. Just have patience. He asks again:

“Will you give Johan some proof then?”

“Of course”, is the answer through tapping in the table. “Bertha is sick”... Bernard asks:

“Is that the case, Johan?”

“Yes, Bernard, good gracious, that is true.”

Now they are already becoming afraid. Bernard continues:

“Will you tell us then what Johan has to do to make Bertha better?”

They are told that Johan should not look for it in Emmerik, but that Bertha’s illness will soon be over. He must not worry. Johan falls off his chair, because this is true, and Bernard does not know that he has been to see a doctor in Emmerik for Bertha.

Now someone else comes. One of the boys has lost a sister. Graatje already makes herself known. She says to her brother that mother must not mourn and that she is very happy. And in order to prove that it is her, she says:

“Do you not know then, Hendrik, that I can see you? You must stop that!”

Hendrik gets a fright. What is that? Again, the table creeps towards him, and it is said:

“Leave it, Hendrik, you know what I mean.”

Hendrik laughs, he disputes it, those spirits can tell him more. Then there is said:

“If I tell you, Hendrik that I know everything, will you then stop doing it? Do I have to tell everything here?”

The men tremble. Hendrik becomes pale, but Bernard does not let himself be cheated any longer, he wants to know everything and asks:

“Can you not tell us something which only Hendrik knows, but which will give us the proof that you are alive?”

From the table comes the response:

“Just let Hendrik think about the corner. Around twelve o’clock.”

Hendrik gives in. They see it; the child becomes pale. Can Hendrik not be trusted? Is Hendrik up to dirty tricks? “Say, Hendrik, are you not Achter de Kom too much?”

They understand it, Hendrik has been warned by his sister. It is the truth what Bernard is saying, but also frightening, you are suddenly between the worms. A moment later it is said:

“Jeus must sit at the table.”

Jeus is now also sitting with his hands on the table and immediately the whopper begins to fly. The table flies against a door with a thud. The table then says what they could not have known, that there is someone listening at the door. They suddenly open the door and yes, Johan’s brother is standing there. Isn’t that something? Johan has already had enough of it; it will cost him a door. Are dead people that dangerous, Bernard? You could have to do with evil spirits, and that was certainly one of them. After an hour, the boys are completely fed-up with this. However, others want to talk to their loved ones and Bernard can connect them to their loved ones everywhere, because there is no death. Bernard manages to give them great proof of a life after death, but then he has to go back to The Hague and Jeus will begin. Crisje hears about the hocus pocus and does not want anything to do with it. Even Father knows about it and speaks of it in his sermon. People who think that they can talk to the dead, must accept that they are getting the devil as a visitor. And it is strictly forbidden. It is strongly mentioned in the middle of his sermon and they know to whom this message is for. Crisje is ashamed of Jeus; he may not do that. It is quite something. You cannot deny that, mother. After all, it is true what Bernard can do. Bernard possesses great gifts, mother. I know that, is it any different in my case? Nevertheless, Crisje is afraid of it, she does not want to get a reputation, she does not want her boys to do witchcraft.

Jeus will organise an evening like that with friends. Bernard has made a card for him with the alphabet, the dead can now indicate the letter themselves which they need, and that is quicker. It is called in The Hague: a cross and board session, a Western possibility, but an old Egyptian method in order to get contact with the dead, used by many and of which the western inner life has also mastered the space. Jan, and his sisters are present. They have taken a seat at the table; the spirits may come. It is quiet for a moment, but then the creaking starts immediately, not in and through the board, but left and right through the kitchen. They suddenly hear the pigs begin to squeal, they see that the coffee pot experiences its own journey from the stove through the kitchen, everything shakes, everything starts to move and gets a life and conscience. It is a strange but frightening carry-on. His friend's mother and daughters become afraid, this is devil's work, the devils are in the kitchen, or what is it, anyway? Suddenly they experience pandemonium. Get out the door as soon as possible, there will be victims.

Jeus also want to go outside, but at the door he gets to deal with a blow, which throws him into the corridor just like that through an invisible power, or whatever it is. At the same time he flies into the street. The pigs continue to squeal, but now that everyone is outside, peace comes there. Isn't that something? Have you ever experienced that before, Jeus? Devils are breaking down the house; you experience inhuman misery because of these things. And that is the case!

A while later, when it is quiet in the kitchen, they tear up everything used for the séance as quickly as possible. No more of these tricks in my house again, they are all completely in agreement, this is a dangerous thing. However, what is it actually? It is also a strange happening for Jeus; he had not expected such violence either. How the people will sleep there tonight is a mystery to him. He wanders home, and goes up the stairs. Who is following him there in the house? There are people walking in the attic. Jan Kniep is there as well, but also other people, all men, whom he does not know. It remains noisy in the attic, the whole night. It is not so strong, not so conscious as with Jan, but almost everything is creaking and shaking, it is as if the things have something to say to his life. Even the doves are anxious! Around daybreak, he has not slept a wink, peace comes. Precisely when the sun rises, the phenomena weaken. When he comes downstairs, Crisje asks:

“What was that creaking in the house last night, Jeus?”

“I slept well, mother”, he lies, Crisje also heard it, but the children were sleeping peacefully. It is strange and he wonders how such things can happen. Of course, he is not afraid, he knows many phenomena, but this takes people to raw, but invisible violence, at least as a result of which, things happen, the powers cannot be perceived. And yet, Jeus, through your own life

fluid, these miracles happen, because these matters also take place through the metaphysical laws, which you will later get to know yourself. Crisje also says to him:

“Will you stop those tricks, Jeus?”

“Yes, mother, it will not happen again.”

“The priest talks of it as scandalous, Jeus.”

“I know, mother, that is why I won’t do it again.”

Mother is right, he thinks, this must not happen, you do not get anything out of it; you must let the dead rest. However, he has to smile, they come to the mortal people of their own accord, and through that thing. But that Bernard as well. But the Tall One sometimes comes to his boys. It is the Tall One himself, who gives them nice messages, advice in everything, and Bernard and Johan have determined that they had to do with their own father. Because of this they got the proof of an eternal life. Who is behind this and what this is all necessary for, they do not know. Jeus does not know either, but it is frightening here, each sensible man or woman shies away from the occult reality, because the devils come to visit, true or not, you have experienced it yourself there, or were they angels? Dead is dead! Anyone who is lying in his coffin, must remain there, and means nothing more to the mortal, living person, that life is over! Bury it and do not get it into your head again to work it out, you have to wait until the Last Judgement calls you. Is that not true? But do people not think, Jeus? Can those bones soon begin a new life again? How is the human machine composed? What is true of it? Of all of this then, which you were able to experience a moment ago, Jeus? You were linked with thousands of material and spiritual problems there and all these problems are universal miracles. However, if you look consciously behind the miracle, it is a very ordinary law and one for the soul and the spirit, if you want to know it. And that is certainly not a small thing. Can you become wiser from it? No? You can only experience misery from it, your friends say, but Bernard now knows better. Johan also possesses these powers; these phenomena come about through the human life aura.

What do people know about metaphysical laws in the ‘Achterhoek’ of Gelderland? Nothing? You would like that. Jeus is a born instrument for these laws. He can know, but he does not think any further than his nose. And that is understandable, he also has to watch out. Now Casje has done something, as a result of which his youth is completely closed off. It was Casje! Casje and Tall Hendrik, uncle Gradus, Jan Kniep and a few pupils of Casje’s, they were needed in order to just awaken the physical powers of Jeus, after which Casje, consciously and for space, closed off his spiritual and material life. For the future, when Jeus is old enough to be able to bear all these laws and he does not know any forwards or backwards anymore, it is then he gives himself to

Casje. And Jeus of mother Crisje will experience that. Of course, the Tall One now knows the laws and has his own opinion. He sometimes comes to the boys to tell them about his own life, his life after death. Because of this the Last Judgement has already collapsed. The boys already know that there is no purgatory; eternal burning does not exist.

Listen to what Bernard and Johan's Tall One said and think about it as a normal person, as a father and mother, it is worthwhile, but of which Jeus will later explain the universal laws. The Tall One answered Bernard's question when they were sitting at this same cross and board in The Hague:

"Father, are there hells with fire?"

"No, Bernard, there are not, my boy, of course not, Bernard."

"But then they just kidded the people, didn't they, father?"

What does the Tall One say now? They speak dialect because they understand that father has not learned any Dutch and this touches their hearts.

"Yes, Bernard, what do people know about Our Lord? The fire which they talk about, Bernard, that is the passion, the violence, in which many people live and those people look for evil. Do you believe that it is me?"

"Of course, father."

"If not, Bernard, then I will give you proof that I am alive. You must tell Jeus that he must not pay any attention to that girl, and you must write to him, he must come to The Hague, Bernard."

Bernard has told Jeus what he already knew, but Bernard did not know anything about it and so they found much proof in The Hague of an eternal life. When the spelling was done in Dutch, then it is Casje, Casje himself, he already gives Johan and Bernard proof for the future, but does not say that their brother will be a mighty instrument for him and this humanity. If Jeus just thought a bit, then he could know it, but Jeus does not think that far and that deeply either, because that is not possible. Casje told Jeus that he was going to the city. He has something to do there. Jeus asks, just as a child does, whether or not Casje will give him a job there. Bernard and Johan do not feel that these foundations are being laid for Jeus. Johan and Bernard serve for this purpose, and for this the Tall One was able to experience his contact with them and Bernard was sent to Crisje for a while, because Casje now wanted to close off Jeus' youth in order to move him on to the next part, for which these seances served. Everything is composed like an universal clockwork, but none of the boys are aware of it, and they may not know it either or they would just destroy this contact. Behind the veil lives Jeus' master, it is he who has consciously experienced all the laws of God and will now complete a task for Our Lord, which all the boys of the Tall One belong to, everyone to his own power and conscience! Bernard and Johan are faithful Catholics, it is obvious, since they got proof from their father, that Bernard asks him:

“Father, is there fire in the hells? Do people have to burn for eternity? Can Our Lord doom His children? What does the Last Judgement mean for us people? Now that you are there, father, you see everything and will you not take that fear away from us? What is true, what is nonsense, father? Do you live beyond the grave? Are we just fooling ourselves with something, father? No? Then we ask, as your children, we love you, we know how awe-inspiring your love was for Crisje, our dear mother, we ask for the truth! Tell all of us the truth, father!”

Bernard received an answer to all these questions, and in what a way! Bernard, it was you who laid the first foundations, with Johan, for Jeus. Then your task there was already over, no more was needed. You have got nice things through your father, haven't you, Bernard, but everything was necessary and served as the first foundations for your little brother, your Jeus, but our universal instrument, and for this humanity! This is why they sent you back to Crisje. You thought, I have the time, just go to mother, but that inspiration received from Casje and your father, now has a significance for millions of people. You were only back there for a while, but that was long enough in order to bring in Jeus: just go, go to Johan and Bernard, or Casje and your father, the Tall One, would have had to build up other contacts. However, this was the most sure and the only infallible one!

For Jeus, everything is over again. He thinks of course about his lost love, but he does not know it yet. Yes, how did he see his loved one? There is no wrong concept in him, no passion, he sees the mother as something awe-inspiringly holy, and he has built up a heaven from it. He looks through the material world, the inside, that is it. And that cheated him. The great miracle, that the mother possesses, as a result of which children come to earth, that has such an enormous power and is so sacred for his personality, which only the angels of Our Lord know all about, but he was also touched by it. Those eyes, such a mouth, as a result of which you can say the most sweet things, that figure as well, that hair, in short all of that being is holy for him, completely sacred! And that being has cheated him. It deals in lies and deceit! He still does not understand it!

That life, that soul, that spirit, he loves it unendingly! And all that together is a girl, is an independence and his own, that loves him, that does not snap, that is everything on earth, and that has cheated him? Did not know him? No, a pity? He would die for that child, his life and his happiness, his everything! Can he do that to Crisje? No, of course not, but it is bad!

Irma does not know, what a king of love she has kicked. She does not know that he will become a Prince of the universe! And when she realizes that, she will bleed to death, he will not come, and that will also happen, because he also got this from his universal Casje. Yes, Our Lord knows about it!

That is Jeus of mother Crisje. He is ready, well then, we will follow him, the way to his future has been paved, prepared by the Tall One's Bernard and Johan!

The preceding matters, Jeus, are physical manifestations. You will write books about that! As truly as there is a Father of Love, as truly as there is no purgatory and this humanity still has to learn all about God! You are now under the control of your Casje, who is a cosmic master! You will soon awaken at his feet! Now it beats under his heart: go to Johan and Bernard! Just go! What do you want to start in this dump, Jeus? Go, just go then! It continues to call, continues to force him to listen, until he reaches a decision. And that decision will now be born, it must come under and in the human heart to the universal birth, and it will happen now!

In Irma comes: do not go, you will stay here, leave him alone! However, something happened there as well or he would have been faced with troubles again. All that was prevented. Casje shared honestly with him. Of course, Jeus will meet his love, but Casje will also take care of it then. That will also be worthwhile and believe it, a miracle of a supernatural nature, because the spatial part of it will be felt by everyone. By then Jeus will be living in the city, and when he is almost at that stage, the angels will be ready to start.

'Just go, Jeus, go to Bernard and Johan, what can you do in this dump?' Every tree tells him that, the Zwartekolkseweg and the Montferlandseweg also call to his soul and spirit, the Jewish graveyard also says it, the hut of Sint van Tie'n, everything here calls to him.

'Just go, Jeus, go to Bernard and Johan, must you waste away in this village? Go, and go quickly, we will follow you. Say goodbye to all these nice things. But know you are a child of ours, you give eternal life to everything!'

Now he starts to talk to Crisje. Yes, that is not so simple, but what can he do here? Casje and the Tall One see: it is going well like this, soon he will reach a decision. That decision came, it just took a week, and then he knew what he wanted. To go to The Hague to Johan and Bernard! It is Casje who now has his future in his hands. Jeus goes to The Hague, it must happen there! Crisje cannot do without him, but it must happen! They talk a lot with each other, day and night, they calmly release each other through talking, they look each other in the eye, neither of the two know what will happen. However, until now both souls have been on an accessible surface, but behind all of this, one in particular, and also others are waiting; everyone serves Our Lord! Up in the attic he reaches a decision. Jan Lemmekus, Jeus is leaving. He has completed his school, the first foundations for his life and his serving, you were able to experience and see and admire from close by. Yes, Jan, a Prophet provides his own light. Jeus cannot do anything and that is not necessary either, he must not possess anything. Nothing will come of

playing football anymore, Jan. Everything will die from here, however, know that he will never forget you. No one there knows how at one you had become. Goodbye, Jan! He will leave tomorrow, you will hear from him again and I assure you, you will read his first books! You still have so much life, and then, Jan Lemmekus, you can prepare to go 'in', with your Anneke, your own eternal love and, as we were able to, you will get to know the God of all life! Goodbye, Jan Lemmekus! Goodbye, Anneke! Goodbye, Mina, your lives are blessed! Casje, Jeus is ready. Will you find him there? We will follow him, his youth is now over. Every footstep there, for his personality, takes him to deadly seriousness!

Well then, have a good journey, Jeus, and happiness. You have earned it! In the heavens, they know when you will experience the very first contact for the city. However, know, Jeus, you will build the University of Christ!

Goodbye, everyone! Do not forget Him! He is life, soul, spirit, light, but for everything ... Love!

The End

The third part is entitled:

Jeus at the feet of his master

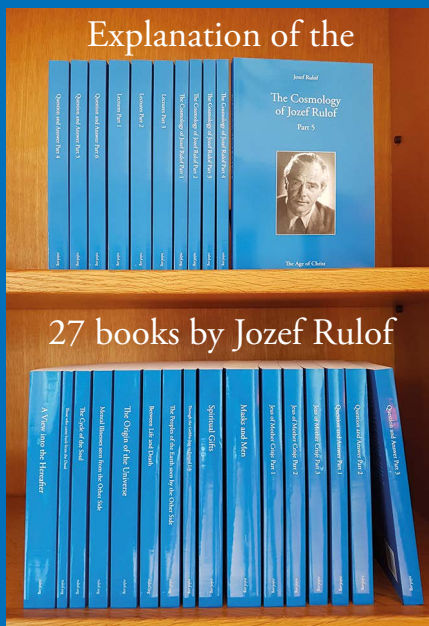
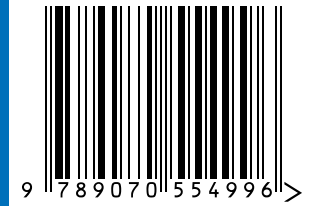
Jeus of Mother Crisje Part 2

Jozef Rulof (1898-1952) was born in 's-Heerenberg in the Netherlands. His mother Crisje called him Jeus. Even as a small child, he sees an illuminating shape which later makes itself known by the name Alcar. As a spiritual guide, Alcar assists Jeus in everything and explains to him both the earthly and the spiritual life. As a result, Jeus experiences 'Life in two worlds' such as the first part of the biography 'Jeus of Mother Crisje' has as subtitle.

Jeus receives his education directly from life after death. Alcar shows Jeus how the people around him live. What they say and what they conceal. What they know and what they especially still do not know either. Jeus experiences a tremendous means of learning, described in the second part of the biography, which has the subtitle: 'Jeus amongst the people'.

When Jeus moves to The Hague as an adult, he has to arm his personality against the demanding life in the city. The people in The Hague call him Jozef and as a taxi driver he has to work hard in order to earn a living for him and his wife Anna. The third part of 'Jeus of Mother Crisje' describes how Alcar increases the mediumship of Jozef Rulof until he can begin with his main task: writing the spiritual-scientific book series.

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Explanation of the books by Jozef Rulof

As publisher of the books by Jozef Rulof (1898-1952) we describe in this explanation the core of his vision. With regard to a number of passages in his 27 books, we refer to articles from this explanation. If you have any questions about the contents of his 27 books, we advise you to consult this explanation. On our website rulof.org you can read the 140 articles from this explanation online as separate web pages or download them as a free e-book.