



What Only A Mother Can See

M.W. Story 19

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Reflecting back to December 7, 1954 – March 2, 1955 in Scheveningen, The Netherlands.

Johannes Egbers



*Father of 2 boys,
grandfather, and
great-grandfather.*

Written for his wife:

Bertha "Betty"

*Vanderlinde Egbers
(pictured above)*

Betty had everything ready. With her serene patience she had prepared everything for the arrival of our first child. Even the sheets in the cradle were embroidered with little figures and flowers.

Her water broke and we rushed to the clinic. There we were alone during the night. She suffered immensely while outside a fierce December northwestern storm made the windows rattle and the building shake. In the early morning hours a little boy was born with dark blue eyes and an abundance of hair!

A nurse called me aside and showed that little Frank's foot was on an angle and he had no anus opening. Betty was allowed to hold him for ten minutes before he was rushed to a children's hospital for his first operation.

During the following three months Betty brought her mother's milk to the hospital on her bike every day through the dunes in the cold windy rainy winter. We were only allowed to see our baby from behind a glass window. Betty was courageous and never complained.

During a visit in March, her tears were flowing when she looked at her baby. God then sent an angel in the form of a nurse who allowed her to hold her baby for ten minutes.

She gave her baby back and said quietly "He will soon die." "Nonsense," the nurse respond firmly. "We just gave him a clean diaper and the doctors are satisfied." "No", Betty said, "He will soon die."

She went home and as soon as she arrived the phone rang. The hospital requested we come immediately. I rushed home from work. Betty was standing with the crank in her hand to start our old car. Her face was ashen white, a moment I will never forget.

When we arrived our baby was already in the morgue. I only kissed and touched my son in death. We could only rent a grave and put on a stone "Let the children come to me because theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"He opened his eyes that told me, Mam, I can suffer no longer," Betty said with her face twisted in pain and sorrow, "I kissed him and surrendered him to God."

Our baby lived only three month but forever changed our lives.

Betty saw as a mother what medical experts could not.