

# The Bomb under the Bed

During World War II, the Nazis were approaching the Soviet town of Berdyansk, with a constant barrage of shelling to announce their onslaught.

Zinaida Bragantsova of Ukraine was nervous, but she sat near her window, sewing and trying to remain calm.

Suddenly, she heard a whistling noise. Then she was struck by a blast of wind. When she came to, her sewing machine was gone, and there was a huge hole in the floor. Inside of the new crater in her house was a German bomb, unexploded, but there it was.

Unable to get anyone in authority to help her, she patched up the floor and decided to wait until the end of the war. By then, she would certainly be able to find someone to take care of it, she thought. She moved her bed over the hole and lived with it for the next 43 years. From time to time, she pleaded with anyone who would listen to help her deal with the potential problem she slept on top of every night. No one would believe her story.

In 1984, a new telephone cable was being installed in the neighborhood and demolition experts were in Berdyansk to check for any unexploded World War II bombs that might have escaped earlier sweeps. Bragantsova again pleaded for someone to come and take it away. This time, an army lieutenant went to investigate the old woman's complaint.

"Where's your bomb, Grandma?" asked the smiling army lieutenant of Bragantsova. "No doubt, under your bed?"

"Under my bed," Bragantsova responded dryly.

Sure enough, they found a 500-pound bomb. After evacuating 2,000 people from surrounding buildings, the bomb squad detonated the bomb. Bragantsova moved to a new apartment.

There is a spiritual lesson in this story.

Many people live as if they have a bomb under their bed. They cover up a terrible secret, a great hurt, a seething anger while everyone goes about their business.

Perhaps it is a resentment that has been carried for years, and there is a need for forgiveness.

No one is truly safe or whole until the bomb is uncovered and removed.

*You (God) have set our iniquities before You, our secret sins in the light of Your countenance (Psalm 90:8 NKJV).*

– Beecher Hunter