



## Nutts' Notes – Nutts about Missions

### July 2020

Thank you for your prayers and faithful support during this time of heaviness of heart for our country. We are so thankful to our Lord for continuing to use us during this time. I have had the privilege to preach at least six weeks during this time. I preached several times by the internet to churches in Germany.

While some are drying up like a water skin in smoke, the Lord has given us hope. *Psalm 119:83 ..."For I am become like a bottle in the smoke."*

- 1. Dried up Christians.** *Psalm 119: 49..."Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope."* We have been in God's Word and He has with His Word raised our hope.
- 2. Hoped up Christians.** He has never failed us. He has never let us down. To many this is a fearful time.

I am reminded of Gideon and his army in Judges 7:1-6: the prideful – the fearful – the fainthearted – the careless were put aside. God used the 300 to defeat the 135,000. I desire to be used more by God than ever before in my whole life.

Please prayerfully read the article enclosed.

**Please pray for BIMI Candidate School December 6-11, 2020.** I have the privilege of teaching two classes. Please pray that the Lord will greatly bless this missionary training time. Please pray that the Lord will open up meeting for us.

If we can help you in any way our phone number is 423-544-4045, email – [twonutts@gmail.com](mailto:twonutts@gmail.com). Also please go online and read the GI BANNER ([www.bimi.org](http://www.bimi.org)).

In His Harvest,

Steve Nutt  
Proverbs 4:23

STEVE & FRANKIE  
**NUTT**  
Missionaries  
to the US Military  
Worldwide

- Logistic Coordinator for Military Missions
- Assistant Editor for GI BANNER
- USA Coordinator for Military Missions
- Coordinator for Relief Ministry BIMI



# Echoes of Compassion from the Greatest Generation

## Encounter with a Stranger Who Made Our Day!

by Steve Nutt

Some days are unforgettable and embedded in our hearts forever. My wife, Frankie, and I were driving from Germany to a missions revival in the Netherlands. As we made our way through Holland, a man in a car behind us flashed his lights, indicating for us to pull over. We had German plates on our car, so he told us in German that our brake lights were not working.

I thanked him in English and he told me that they loved Americans. As a child, he stood holding hands with his family as they looked up in the sky and they promised not to ever forget what the Americans did for them. He asked me to follow him to an Opel G.M. dealer where my car could be repaired.

When we arrived at the dealership, he translated for me. Before he left, he told me again that as a child, he stood with his family, looking up into the sky and they pledged that they would never forget what America was doing for them. Waiting for the repair, my newfound friend continued to express gratitude to me for what my country had done for him and his people in one of their darkest hours.

Although I had heard of the horrible Nazi occupation of Europe, my newfound friend's story personalized it. Later, studying the events of the war in Holland, I understood more what had so impacted this man as a child.

Around the end of World War II by the third week of April 1945, the Russian army was hammering its way through the suburbs of Berlin. With the German capital doomed, the American and British air forces ended offensive combat operations in Europe. There was simply nothing of importance left to bomb.

One nation still suffered under German occupation. The Netherlands had been under the German's harsh control since May 1940. In western Holland, the German command stubbornly held on, waiting for word from Berlin.

These German ground forces were a deadly curse on the Dutch people. The Dutch people were resisting the enemy occupation and Holland's underground forces blew up bridges and railroads. The Germans retaliated by blowing up dams and flooding most of the farmland.

Dutch workers went on strike and then came the cruel winter of 1944. No fuel and no food! By spring, 1,000 people a day were starving to death. Famished people and hollow-eyed young girls and boys searched in bins and gutters for anything edible with food value. It is documented that from October 1944 until early 1945, starvation claimed the lives of 20 to 30,000 people. Hunger ravished the Netherlands.

General Eisenhower heard through the underground about their crises and negotiated with the Germans in Holland for food drops. Amazingly, the Germans agreed that Allied bombers would not be fired upon as long as they were unarmed and stuck to specified air corridors.

Drop zones were set up where the bombers would be allowed to fly in at about 400 feet and drop the food without being fired on by the German anti-aircraft guns. A total of 3,100 flights were made by four hundred B-17 Flying Fortress bombers of the United States Army Air Forces. RAF and Canadian planes also participated dropping tons of food.



The BBC broadcast, reaching into Holland, gave the news of the coming missions of mercy known as *Operation Manna*. Operation Manna was the codename for the bread that rained down from heaven onto the Israelites in the Book of Exodus.

Hollanders were lined up along the streets waving and cheering the unbelievable scene before their eyes of American and British planes. They waved with anything they had, even with sheets. People were everywhere—leaning out of windows, on balconies of windmills, and in the street hailing the incoming planes. Airmen reported that it was an incredible scene.

The Americans could not hear them above the noise of the B-17 engines, but what they could see stirred their hearts—thousands of starving people lined up, weeping and waving. With white sheets they spelled out “Thanks, Yanks.” Along all the drop zones it was the same. They spelled out “Thank You” with Holland’s famous tulips.

The Americans could see the grateful, hungry people waiting for the life-saving food. Little children darted between occupying German soldiers to gather food parcels. That day the men, women, and children vowed never to forget the Americans.

When my car was repaired, I discovered that the man had paid my bill before he left.

He told me, “We were determined that we would never forget the Americans.” We left the dealership that day with his words embedded in our hearts. We too...will never forget



...a stranger who made our day!