

# The Bloodstained House



**F**our hundred years ago, Spain was the most feared country in Europe. Its king, Philip II, appointed a cruel governor over the Netherlands. Finally, the Dutch rose up in revolt under the command of the national hero, William of Orange.

When the Spaniards realized they might lose their hold on the region, they became even more ruthless. Everyone knew that at any moment, the city of Rotterdam could fall to the sword. One morning, the announcement rang out: "The Spaniards have arrived! The fleet is anchored in the river!" Fear gripped everyone.

An officer appeared at the docks with a letter for the mayor, informing him that the admiral needed to pass through the city—without disturbing anyone—in order to rejoin the rest of the army. They feared it was a trap, but they granted permission, and the messenger returned to the ship.

One of the wealthiest men, whose house faced the main square, distrusted the admiral's word and, together with his wife, began transforming his home into a refuge. Working feverishly, the couple moved the furniture out into the courtyard. They smashed the windows and secured the doors so that the

mansion appeared abandoned. Then they invited friends and neighbors to take shelter under their roof. The house filled up, including the cellar.

The Spaniards had barely reached the city gate when the admiral himself killed the guard, thereby signaling his soldiers. The slaughter began—street by street, house by house—leaving no one to escape. Screams that would make even the bravest man tremble could be heard everywhere, yet inside the house, not the slightest sound was heard.

When the soldiers reached the aforementioned mansion, they stopped before the door. One said, “Look, blood is flowing beneath this door; our comrades have already been here.” “Let’s take this other street,” came the reply, and with those words, they left.

Blood under the door? What had happened? The owner of the house had slaughtered a young goat by the threshold of the door, letting the blood run under the door and down the steps. It was that blood the invaders saw, and thus all the refugees were saved. This bloodstain reminds us of the Israelites when they smeared the lamb’s blood on their doorposts. God had said: *“the blood shall be a sign for you on*

*the houses where you are. And when I see the blood, I will pass over you; and the plague shall not be on you to destroy you” (Exodus 12.13 NKJV).*

Now, for us, the refuge is Jesus; only He can save us from the condemnation of our sins— the second death. Just as the young goat’s blood saved the Dutch people in that house, the blood Christ shed on the cross secures the one who trusts in Him. *“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses us from all sin” (1 John 1.7 NKJV).*

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