

Life History of Johann Hübert

Written the morning of the second day of Easter, 27.3.1978. Johann Hübert

Ever since childhood my loving mother often said, "Wanja [Johnny], you have not only one guardian angel, but a thousand. Once when I was just a kid, about 10 years old, we were building a hut, and I had to hold the post while two older boys smashed the post with crowbars to drive it into the ground. As they later told the story, the bar glanced off the post and hit me on the head, and as I regained consciousness the boys stood by offering me candy and cookies, bribing me not to tell mother, but mother could tell by the pallor in my face that something had happened. I couldn't hide anything from mother.

"Do you see, Wanja, our loving Saviour kept you alive, and where would you have gone, if you had died? After all, you haven't always been obedient." We knelt and she prayed, and as we got up she said, "Wanja, the Saviour has knocked at your heart's door." These words lodged in my heart.

The second time I fell headfirst from the top of a tree to the last branch from the bottom, a branch against which a ladder had been leaned. I yelled for help and was helped down by my brothers, and then chastised. But Mama simply reminded me about the knock at the heart's door. How often did I arrive with a bloodied face and a scraped hand from using gunpowder, etc. "Wanja, notice that the Saviour doesn't want you to die as a sinner." And to this day the Saviour has not let the fading glimmer of life die out, and has not cast away the broken reed.

As I neared starvation in the work camp, I sent three pleas to the Front, but the Saviour wanted something else: I had to endure a severe illness. As I was placed on the last bed in the barracks (the last 5 beds were designated for candidates of death) I had a shocking dream: I was to be loaded into a canon and shot out. But I still pled, "Saviour let me live; I'm not ready." When I awoke they had already taken my little money, my documents, and the last pajka (crumb?) of bread, but as I opened my eyes these things were all returned. That was again a knock at the heart's door.

After 6 months, when I had recovered somewhat, I had my first operation. For this, as far as I was concerned, I was ready to die. Through this operation I was probably brought closer to the Lord, but the Saviour did not yet need me there. As I later learned, I was still to be a tool to help others. The Lord, of course, always seeks out the smallest, the lowest and the most cast away. After all, has he not chosen the Jews? He used me as a sinner as well as the cloth dressing that the doctors left in me when they sewed me up, as everyone knows. Yes, the doctors and professors gave up on my recovery. But that's when God's might showed. He left the rag, without the doctors' help to get it out.

I have often questioned, Why? Why must I endure so much? But now I see that at that time it was too mild, since I recovered so quickly; I cooled down again, although the Lord knocked at the door so persistently. The seed had likely fallen on fruitful ground, but there it soon wilted and decayed. About three years later He knocked again, more quietly. I seemed to awaken, but soon fell asleep again.

Thus from 1946 to 1955, every year my back was cut open, down to the lungs. So as you see, the Lord knocked 8 times. And in 1968 I recognised the knock again, when in the midst of building a house I was suddenly driven to Isilkul. I was prepped for a stomach operation. My wife and I prayed there in the garden. I had asked her and her family for forgiveness. I went under the knife bravely, saying to Anna, "If things don't go well, I know where I'm headed." But the Saviour found more impurity in me. He spared me, gave me grace and healing. We were able to continue with building, and completed the house within a year, in spite of the fact that our son John also underwent an operation within that year.

The construction required a lot of supplies that could not be bought, and that's where the enemy tempted me: many a small glass was drunk, even though it was not much. But I had offered the little finger, so the enemy grasped the whole hand. Within a few years I was caught in the ropes. After I had drunk one, a second little glass beckoned. I certainly felt refreshed after being tired, but later I proved to be more tired than at the beginning. And when it was cold outside, one sought warmth in the wine, but the more the warmth, the colder it felt later.

On March 4, 1978 came not only a knock, but a loud rapping at the door. At 6 A.M. I suffered a hemorrhage. First aid was begun, but in vain. Sunday, March 5, I was driven to Bojewoj, and from there 2 hours to Isilkul. A longing overcame me to see wife and children, as well as persons I may perhaps have hurt, to ask their forgiveness. I felt my spirits sink: perhaps this could be the end, to have to leave without reconciliation – how terrifying! Anna didn't come for a day, and the first thing I did was ask for forgiveness. She was to ask the church community for intercession as well, but she was not in church because she was at watch beside me. But earnest prayers were offered for me. And I have received forgiveness, so I am doubly happy that I can now live as a sinner that has received grace, with my sins forgiven from above and by my fellow humans. In spite of all this suffering, Anna and I have had happy hours together.

The doctor told me that I would not be released before April 7. But the Saviour heard my prayer and I was able to be present at this Easter celebration. There was not a step between me and the grave, so the celebration of the resurrection was doubly precious and important. May God grant that this now be the last knocking, and that the Saviour may live constantly in my heart, and I in His. I only wish that the Lord may knock on many, many hearts, and find entry there. As much patience as the Lord has had with me, it is unusual to accept such grace, especially in the sunset days of life.

Employment History 6. 10. 1938 - 26.09.1980

After graduating from the pedagogical school of technology in the city of Tjumen in 1938, I entered the teaching profession in the Strokinskaja Middle School in the village of Stroking, Omsk Territory, October 6, 1938. I worked there until March 26, 1942. On that day I was drafted into the work camps. On September 4, 1943 I had an operation—Pleuritis. On December 25, 1943 I was decommissioned as an incapacitated worker, and went home to Nikolaj-Pol, in the territory of Omsk. I was under medical observation and care until the beginning of 1945, when I was sent to the clinic in Omsk, where 8 ribs were removed in a double operation.

On October 6, 1946 I was appointed as leader of Trading Company No. 6 in Nikolai-Pol. I worked there until December 15, 1957, when I was let go for health reasons. From June 9, 1959 to October 1, I was the night watchman in Margenau, Omsk Territory, in the Centre for Trade. From January 21, 1959 I served as security guard in Trading Company No. 6 in Nikolai-Pol, until June 4, 1969. I was let go in downsizing. From September 1963 I was appointed as cashier-control in Bank No. 2131/028 in the village of Nickolai-Pol, up to November 18, 1980, when I formally went into retirement.