

The Turners

Dave and Dara Turner & Family
Missionaries to Eastern Europe

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Dear Friends in Christ,

Greetings in the Name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Summer has come to an end... the kids have returned to school. We had an enjoyable summer, but it was not an easy one. Besides what I'll write below, I had some health issues, we had a major inspection at the Home and we hosted a mission trip. I'll write another letter this week to tell you about those.

Johnny and Blue have been our kids for seven years, since Johnny was seven and Blue was three. Their grandmother, a believer in our Turkish church, asked us to take them because her daughter, their mother, had gone to Germany to work and left them with her. The grandmother was older and in poor health and wasn't able to care for them.

Johnny and Blue immediately became part of the family. Johnny bonded with our son, Creed, and they became inseparable. Blue was a bright, sweet little girl and we quickly grew to love them as our own. They both loved the church and, Praise the Lord, both were saved and baptized a few years after we got them.

At the end of this past school year, the mother came back and said she wanted to take them for a visit to Germany. She said she would bring them back after a few weeks. Her being their mother, we could do nothing to stop her even though we didn't feel good about it, to say the least.

After she got them to Germany, she contacted us and said that she was not bringing them back and that we should forget about them because we would never see them again. You can't even imagine how deeply this affected Dara and me... they are our kids! They call us Mommy and Daddy and, having gotten them that young, we were now the only family they really knew. This was their life and that life had been stolen away from them.

Everyone knows me as someone who can fix problems and find ways to work things out. Everyone asked "What are you going to do? How are you going to get them back?" I was lost. There was nothing I could do that would bring them home.

I prayed "Lord, you are the only one who can bring our kids home. You sent plagues to change Pharaoh's heart and I know you can do something if it is Your will." I decided I was going to beg God to intervene and then put my trust in Him to hear my prayer and to answer it the best way... Maybe not the way I was hoping, but I was trusting in His goodness and knowing that His way would be best.

Over the summer, we were able to talk to Johnny and Blue a little bit through messages. They were devastated, homesick, and losing hope of ever seeing us again. Their mother and some other relatives there in Germany tried to pressure them not to believe in Jesus, but to convert to Islam. Johnny told them he would not give up his faith in Jesus Christ and refused to go into the mosque with them. He even testified to the hoja (Moslem priest) through a translator about what he believed.

I told them to keep trusting God... we were all praying. A couple of weeks ago, Johnny wrote that his mother, seeing that they were so unhappy, said she would be willing to bring them back, but she didn't have any money for the trip. I told Johnny I would gladly pay for their bus tickets if she would bring them. After a heart wrenching week of "yes, she would, no, she wouldn't", they boarded the bus and came home.

Johnny and Blue are back home and just started back to school. You can't imagine the impact on our family seeing God intervene in an impossible situation when we helplessly cried out to Him in prayer. How can we ever doubt His goodness? Praise His Holy Name!

"The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles" *Psalms 34:17*

In Christ,
Dave, Dara, Sandy and the Kids

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be..." *John 12:26*