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“TT – EXTRA” – “Dramatic Developments” ...

Dear Friends,

September 7th, 2019

Friday 6th Sept. we got back from our time of service and short holiday in Finland.

As we were still travelling we received the following news:

Our Austrian colleagues in Muğla, Turkey, are about to be expelled...

A very moving video about their situation can be downloaded – see <https://youtu.be/cMHoww-n2Pg> (in German).

Please do share it as widely as possible!

Thank you for your prayers for Hans–Juergen, Renate and Hanna Louven!

They have given permission for this video to be shared as widely as possible.

From Hans–Georg & Margret Hoprich

[Background: The family have been in Turkey for the past 20 years. They are settled, they have properties (one house is called The Yayla) and a smallholding. Hans–Juergen has even had a gravestone made; he wishes to be buried there. Renate is currently back in Austria caring for her elderly mother. Hanna is a student.]

We have just received the following news:

Dramatic Developments involving our Austrian co-workers in Turkey...

“As it all happened...”

My name is Hanna and I'm writing to you today on behalf of my Dad. First and foremost: He is safe and well.

I would like to tell you how it all happened... You just can't imagine this happening in Europe.

My Dad and I wanted to have a quiet day yesterday and enjoy some peace and quiet following the busy days we have had with the lawyer, the court and me being in Istanbul, etc. However, early in the morning during this quiet time Dad had the idea of going back to the Governor's Office to hand in a letter for the Migration Office giving his reasons why it wouldn't be possible for us to leave the country within 10 days (I am studying, I have medical insurance via my Dad, he is receiving his pension, we have houses and chickens ;) that we can't just abandon).

And so Dad decided to go back into town after breakfast... It was 10.20am. Hardly 10 minutes had gone by when I heard a car pulling up outside. I heard voices and through our wooden gate I saw 2 young men in blue uniforms.

They were asking our neighbours if the Germans lived here. I knew immediately it was the police and ran back into the house to text my Dad and tell him: “The police are here!” They then knocked and came in as the garden gate was open.

My pulse was racing as I came out to speak to them. They asked, “Is your Dad there? He has to sign something at the Police Station and then he'll come straight back” (this was a lie). I explained he'd gone to the Governor's Office to hand in a letter.

They asked after my Mum, they then wished my Grandma a speedy recovery, they said I was just like a Turkish lady and asked where I was studying, etc. They said they thought the The Yayla was a lovely house and I told them we bought it from a police officer 20 years ago.

...When they saw Dad's gravestone, they asked if all Europeans do that. I explained that the Bible tells us that we should think about death and let it make us wise. They also saw the sign by the front door, “The Place of the Good Shepherd” and said they thought my Dad was a deeply religious man. I answered that we were simply living out our faith. And then things happened really quickly.

They wanted me to call my Dad and one of the policemen spoke to him and said he must come to the police station straightaway and sign something. They then wanted his mobile number and set off for the police station where Dad was to go. At least that's what I thought...

I got worried, I texted all the friends in my contact list to say that Dad was being arrested and could be taken off anywhere.

Brothers and sisters from the church here, and even my cycling instructor, came straight to the The Yayla to be with me and we prayed together, sang songs and read from the Psalms. I felt a lot calmer. I called the lawyer but he was already in the picture, Dad had already called him.

He was ready to speak for Dad at the court and the police station. The court's decision should be made today, but he asked me where my Dad was.

Clearly he was NOT at the police station. Of course I didn't know either. After a few minutes he called me back and could tell me that Dad was with him at the office and they were deciding what to do next. Thank God! 12.30pm: Suddenly Dad came through the garden gate. The first thing I managed to say was “Hayırdır?!” (meaning “What are you doing here?!”). Dad had come back to the The Yayla through the back streets on his mountain bike, he'd turned off his mobile so the police couldn't reach him :). We then prayed together.

The American brothers and sisters who had arrived back in Turkey only the day before also came to see us. We never thought that we'd see them again in circumstances like these. In spite of that it was lovely to see them again and slowly the brothers and sisters set off back home.

We didn't want to stay at the The Yayla any longer as we didn't know when the police would be back. So we set off to the home of brothers and sisters who had already invited us round for an evening meal. We'd only just closed the gate behind us when a good friend of Dad's arrived by car.

He'd tried ringing me a few times, but I couldn't answer as I couldn't say where Dad was as our mobiles were probably being tapped by the state. All the same he'd managed to find us, and he gave us a lift, again via the back streets to the house of our friends. God has such perfect timing! Dad's friend was very courageous, he'd been looking everywhere for us. He then told us that he'd been in prison himself: when he was 19 he'd had some books on Communism and Marxism in his school bag. When the police searched him they found the books and threw him straight into prison where he was kept for 3 months in harsh conditions. It's incredible that this country is still called a 'democracy'...

At our friends' house we thought back over the day and everything that had happened:

God's perfect timing was amazing: if Dad had been 10 minutes later leaving he would still have been here when the police arrived.

But if he'd left 10 minutes earlier then he'd have met the police at our house in the city, as they'd gone there first.

They'd simply climbed over the locked garden gate and had left the outer door open when they didn't find us there.

AND... Dad had even seen the policemen! He was on his way home and the police were on their way to The Yayla. They'd crossed paths as Dad later recalled. But they didn't see him on his bicycle as they were deep in conversation and Dad didn't think anything of it as police cars frequently patrol the streets. God arranged everything wonderfully. We've mentioned the situation in this country and the developments really aren't good.

One person has too much power and even the Governor who'd been phoned by one of our friends didn't think he was in a position to do or say anything. The police tell lies, we are being expelled for no reason, the courts work very slowly (deliberately?).

Of course the police know that the court is making a judgement very soon and they would like to deport Dad beforehand if possible.

Even if the court rules in our favour they would never allow him back into the country. There are so many things going on behind the scenes that ordinary people know nothing of...

After the evening meal with the brothers and sisters we set off back to The Yayla to gather up our essential belongings and to close up the hen coop.

I was going to spend the night with the brothers and sisters and Dad was going to an undisclosed location. We are presuming that the police will carry on looking for Dad. If the court rules in Dad's favour on Monday they have no right to deport Dad till the case is closed. This can take up to 12 years, as we've heard from other brothers and sisters.

Please pray that the court will rule in Dad's favour on Monday and that he will not have to leave the country.

We will let you know the outcome as soon as we hear.

Thank you for taking the time to read this long and dramatic story.

I hope I have given you a bit more insight into the Turkish justice (injustice?) system.

If you can, please do get in touch with the Louven Family via this e-mail-address: lk19.10@posteo.de

Dad is now somewhere else. Even I don't know where, but he's OK. His mobile is off for the foreseeable future and I have been asked to pass on his greetings to you. Please don't worry about me. I am in safe hands – I know God is taking care of me.

Best wishes from Turkey,

Hanna Louven (on behalf of Hans-Juergen & Renate)

lk19.10@posteo.de

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E-Mail from Hans-Juergen received Tues 10th Sept.:

Dear Friends,

The past few days and hours have been very strange, something that you would never forget. And yet the whole thing doesn't seem to be at an end, perhaps only just beginning? Hanna phoned just now and said the police had been to the house again.

This time there were three of them. A neighbour probably told her. I don't know what happened after that, I've turned my mobile off again.

We really need a miracle. From my side I have done practically everything that you could think of.

We are still waiting for the decision from the court. The case was heard on Friday [6th?] as far as we know.

The lawyer is trying to find out the result (even this seems to be difficult here).

I have a plane ticket for tomorrow evening [Weds 11th] from Istanbul to Friedrichshafen (S. Germany, by Lake Constance) (I'd bought it before all these developments took place). It may be that the court has been ordered to withhold its judgment – we don't know.

If nothing else happens, then I will have to leave tomorrow and leave Hanna and everything else here.

This is the link to the video that we made here (in German): <https://youtu.be/cMHoww-n2Pg>

Please do share it as widely as possible!

We have been, and still are, so glad that we have you at this present time!

From Hans-Juergen and Hanna (Renate is still in Austria and is taking care of her sick elderly mother, among other matters)



With much gratitude, Hans-Georg & Margret

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