

A MUST read from Athens...

...written by Helping Hands staff member Kallie Skaife...

(note: "mullah" is a Muslim title applied to a scholar or religious leader)

17th February 2012

LOST AND TRULY FOUND!

Our Dear Family and Friends,

Last week was such a full week, as usual, but in the midst of it all God came to us with a big present.

This is what happened

While one of our team was visiting a little Afghan girl in a children's hospital she unexpectedly came upon a familiar and missing face.

Ali! The mullah's son!

And not only Ali*, but also his sister and his three year old brother. The children we have been searching and praying for these the last two months.

You might remember his story. Last summer Ali's mother asked repeatedly if Ali and his sister could attend the Christian camp and God opened the way. A lady came one Sunday morning, after we had finalized the number of the children we could send from our centre, and said to me, "*I have money for two more children to go to camp. Have you got any who are interested?*"!

So Ali and his eight-year-old sister went to camp. Ali exhibited delinquent and disturbing behavior and it was decided that his stay at camp was unfair and unsafe for the rest of the children, but the Lord put it in the leader's heart to take on herself the responsibility of keeping him, against her staff's judgement, and kept him with her at her headquarters, where he opened up like a bud in the spring sun!

After that the Lord followed him and enrolled him this year in a new school, (all previous schools had expelled him for bad behavior) with a lovely Christian lady teacher, full of the Lord, who I had met in the summer while on holiday and kept longing for Ali to be under her wing!

Ali was immersed in the grace and love of God's people. I knew in my heart that this was the way the Lord was starting to loosen the grip of his Islamic background.

But then, at the beginning of November, they stopped going to school. The father disconnected his phone and both we and the school lost communication with them. We heard through the grapevine that the mother had left Greece with the two younger ones and had reached a northern European country. Then the rumor circulated that father had sent Ali and his sister to join their mother and they were lost on the way. The smugglers did not know their whereabouts and the mother did not have them.

All sorts of thoughts attacked our minds and ever since we have carried them in our hearts praying that God will protect them and bring them again into Christian hands. In our thoughts and prayers, many around the world have wandered around Europe searching for them, all the while entrusting them to the Lord's safe keeping.

But God had for us a huge surprise.

The children were not lost in Europe.

They were in the last room in a ward on the sixth floor of a children's hospital right here in Athens!

What were the chances of finding them in a city of 4.5 million when we weren't even looking?

We worshiped Him.

Once found, it didn't take them long to break their sworn secrecy to their father. Only to us; the hospital and the police are not aware of their full story.

“Father took us to a place, . . . told us to stay there. . . someone would come to collect us to take us somewhere, . . . later mummy will take us. . .”!!!

The father, having taken them out of school and having spread the rumor that they got lost on the way to Europe, left them at some corner of Athens, made a phone call notifying the police that three unattended children were found and they were taken into care by the social services, who admitted them to the children’s hospital to be checked for contagious diseases prior to placing them in a foster home or institution!

Sadly this has been the latest trend among the refugee population.

Mothers are sent with one child to a European country outside Greece, illegally, declare that they have lost contact with the rest of the family on route, ask for asylum on humanitarian grounds, and when legalized try to locate their children and begin the process to reunite the family. Last to follow are the husbands!

The process is devastating to the children that are left behind and more so to those that are left behind in the way of Ali and his siblings. Alone in a foreign country, in an institution for an unknown period, without their parents and possibly each other, damages greatly their ability to trust and creates immeasurable anxiety.

We are beseeching the Lord to break the unseen paths of this trend and confuse the counsel of those who, for a handsome fee, promote it.

It wasn’t long before the three dears went down with the flu.

Hospital is not the place for healthy children!

I felt assured that this was Ali’s time to come to the Lord and that He had delivered them to our notice for His own purposes and so I made time to visit them and so did others.

During the first two visits all three were burning with fever . . . 104°F!

But on this morning God created another opportunity. Ali was up and chirping as a bird.

I took him aside into the little adjacent play room for a chat.

“Are you sad that father left you and you are here alone?”

One thing led to another and eventually out popped the question.

“Would you like to invite Jesus into your life today?”

“Yes!”

“Here?”

“Yes!”

“Right now?”

“Yes!”

“Thank You for knowing me before I was born, thank You for loving me, thank You for accepting God’s punishment for all the bad things I have done and will do, thank you for writing my name on Your hand, please come into my life now and make me your own forever.”

And this is how the mullah’s son became God’s son!

The first one of the family!

God turned around the situation and once again honey came out of the rock!

Doesn’t He always hold all the cards?

Yes! And He knows how and when to play them too!

We are so thrilled watching Him move, and it makes the days of even this crisis spectacular!

Always tender; compassionate; assured of His love; magnificent in His power; executing the works of His Father’s love to the sons of men.

*“I permitted Myself to be found by those who did not seek Me. I said, “Here am I, here am I.”
“To a nation who did not call on My name.”* Isaiah 65:1

“Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come so that my house will be filled.” Luke 14: 23

This is the time!

Now is the time!

Thank you for standing with us in prayer. A special thank you to all those who emailed and prayed for Ali. I let him know how many people that have never met him, love and pray for him and his smile reached from one ear to the next.

You have been in God’s economy the oil that opened his locked hinges!

May God bless you all,
Kallie (and Jimmy)

* a pseudonym.

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