

The Testimony of Levi Kapusuz

I remember the evenings when my father read me the Bible. I was only a five-year-old boy. After listening to him carefully, we would spend time talking about the stories and verses. I always came up with many questions, full of interest and enjoyment. My father, Yavuz, is the first Christian in his family. His story begins with finding a copy of the Bible while studying



at college.

He read the Bible, and God's word has changed his heart forever. He met my mother, Olesya, in a church. They dedicated their lives to God and started a ministry in 2001.



My father mentored me as I grew up, and I have been blessed to live in a family of firm believers in a Muslim dominant country. Even as a child, the fact that I lived in a Muslim dominant country helped me realize

deeper problems. As a kid, I kept thinking, "I believe in Jesus, the incarnate God. Yet, what about the people around us?" Millions of people, our neighbours, were openly rejecting the Son of God. Because of our faith, some were swearing at us, planning to attack us, and even trying to kill us. I had to learn the tension and the seriousness of being a believer when I was just a little kid. In my heart, I grieved for them. I knew that they were walking in the darkness and running away from the truth of the one and only God. What can I, Levi, do; how can I help them see Christ? My heart was desiring to help them, although I was afraid.

I was only nine years old when a group of terrorists organized an assassination mission to kill my dad. They sent their spy, and he attended our church for a while. Then one day, he said he wanted to meet with my dad to ask some questions. That day, the spy was going to shoot my dad. They scheduled the meeting. However, God miraculously stopped the people who were

planning to assassinate my dad. Because of that, as a young kid, I understood the risk and danger of this mission and how difficult it can be to follow Christ and serve Him. My passion to share the gospel increased despite the danger and threats.

Being a Christian was not only difficult in church and sharing the gospel, but it also brought many challenges into my school and social life. My teachers knew I was a Christian, and my father was a pastor. They did not want me there. Some of my friends stopped being friends with me because their parents did not want them to spend time and play games with a Christian kid. It was not easy to be lonely and get rejected and beaten by both my teachers, friends, their families, and our neighbors, but it brought me closer to Jesus, and those difficult times became a blessing.

A year before I started high school, I began to play guitar in our church's worship team, Yuce Lutuf Kilisesi (Amazing Grace Church) in Ankara. Nothing made me more excited and happier than actively serving in the church. Things seemed calm for a while until March 2016. A terrorist group called the PKK exploded bombs in the city center of Ankara. Thirty-eight people died, and more than a hundred people received serious injuries that day. People had nothing but fear, grief, and anger. Shortly after this terrible

attack, the police department reached out to my family to warn us of a threat. The same terrorist group was planning to attack some other locations and people; my family's name and also the name of our church were on their list. The police department told us to stop doing Sunday services. It wasn't just a possibility



any more, but a clear plan to destroy us. After learning about this, I went to my room, sat, and quietly waited for hours. I did not feel any panic, but a deep sadness. I was expecting this day to come, and I was only fourteen years old. Then I went to my parents. We prayed and discussed whether we would stop the church service because of the risk. However, we decided to continue the service for that month. That Sunday, our church was the only church that was open. When I was playing the guitar, I looked at my mother. She was playing the piano. Then I looked at my father, then at the community. Although there were not many people because of the terrorism and the risk of an attack, we glorified God that day with great joy. Nobody came to kill us that

Sunday and the next couple of months. That day changed my life, and I wanted to serve God more than ever.



I started high school that fall. It was a new school. I was more eager to share Christ with people, although I knew that would not be good for me. In the first week of school, my math teacher assigned us paperwork filled with questions. The questions were about our future. After summarizing the gospel, I wrote down how much I wanted to share this good news with people so they can be saved through Christ. That night, the school principal called my dad. That call was for a warning. They would have to send me away from the school if I ever talked about it again. After I heard that, I had a smile on my face, knowing that they had read the summary of the Gospel. I did not stop

talking about Christ and who I was.

It is almost impossible to find a Turk who is a Christian, and the rate is even lower for Protestants. Neither my friends nor my teachers had seen a Turkish Christian before me. Therefore, everyone who heard that was shocked and tended to stay away from me. But this time, things were different from what I expected. In my second year of high school, the same math teacher who gave me the assignment came to me and asked me to become a nominee for the student body president election. That was one of the most significant events in the school. Student body presidents were responsible for the school and communicated with other schools, businesses, CEOs, famous artists, and others. I was surprised that my teacher was serious about this. It honored me, but ultimately, I knew I could not become the president. It was impossible. I was a Christian, and people would know this. I knew that they would never elect a Christian boy to be their school's president. After learning that the other nominee was popular, I was sure it was impossible, and I kindly rejected my teacher's offer. A couple of days



later, she came to me with another teacher, and they once again urged me to become the nominee for the election. I accepted their offer.

A couple of weeks later, we held our campaigns. I went to all of the classes in the school to introduce myself to the students, to tell them my plans, and to answer their questions. Along with these, I also told everyone that I am a Christian. It was a great chance to share with people because until then, I could only reach out to a few students. One of my friends came to me and warned me: What do you think you are doing? Why are you telling them that you are a Christian? No one will vote for you. I knew it was true and he was right, but I did not care. That day, everyone in the school learned that I was a Christian. A couple of days later, on a Friday morning, every student voted. I became the school president with eighty-three percent of the votes. Hundreds of nonbeliever students chose a Christian guy to be their school's student body president. That gave me hope for Turkey. I was the president for two years and participated in many big projects and events, like talk shows with artists, meetings with CEOs, the school's online live events, and internships in brands like Volkswagen. All of this has happened not because I was so talented or brilliant, but because God was so gracious and has been with me all this time.



At the end of my junior year of high school, I was looking at college plans. I enjoyed studying physics and math. Everything was going perfectly, and I was planning to do something related to physics, but there was a more profound desire I had been carrying. I had wanted to serve God since childhood, but didn't know where to start. Then, through people I know, I heard about Covenant College. Maybe I could learn English and apply for Biblical and Theological studies. It seemed impossible, but I knew nothing was impossible for our God. So I started to teach myself English, took the exams, finished high school, and got accepted to Covenant College. There were many challenges, but God provided me with everything I needed: financially, mentally, physically, and spiritually.



Recently, I graduated from college with a Biblical and Theological Studies degree, and the Lord opened the doors for the Seminary. The Lord has been shaping me and my life for ministry in Turkey. I am getting into the final round before returning home and delving into what God has prepared for me. This path will not be easy, and I will face challenges. However, I am fully confident that through Christ, everything is possible, and I am honored to be His tool in this journey.

Partner with me

Prayer is the most potent tool that Christians have. I need your prayers. Please contact me. I would be happy to chat with you and get to know you.

Don't forget to sign up for the updated newsletters I will send each month.

I cannot do this lifelong mission alone. Right now, I need support during my seminary studies and beyond that, as I return home to begin full-time ministry.

I've been blessed with a full scholarship from the seminary, but as an international student, I'm not allowed to work and still need support for my living expenses.

When you support me, you're not only helping one person, but you're helping build the future church in Turkey.

Will you walk with me through prayer and giving? Your support truly makes a difference. Let's witness God's wondrous works together, not through me but through HIM.

ONLINE SUPPORT:



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