

Clipă de Lumină

SHARON BEMIS—ROMANIA PROGRAM HOPE! INTERN—CRWRC

Gotta get outta this place...



A few weeks ago, a friend and I went to Venice for three days. It had been quite awhile since I had been out of the city, much less the country! I was looking forward to some much needed rest and relaxation.

Venice was wonderful! It's one of those places that people dream about visiting "sometime before I die" for good reason! I've never been to a place quite like it, with no transportation other than boats or your own two legs,

virtually no grass or trees (we took pictures of the random trees that we saw!)...not to mention the world's friendliest pigeons! But after coming back to Bucharest I didn't feel terribly rested or relaxed.

Then I realized why...I got out of the city, but I went to another city. Venice isn't very big—I was surprised by its smallness—but there were people everywhere, even in the freezing cold and rain. I'm not a city girl. I don't like the crowds and noise and smells of the city. I remember being asked in college if I liked big cities. "No!" I answered, "but that's where I'm going to be." There is something about the city that draws me to it: the people,

the problems...many of the things I'm passionate about drag my heart grudgingly into the city.

Now it's time to get out of the city again. Not for good; but in order for my brain and hands and feet to function at their best I need to regularly go up a mountain or something...somewhere where all of the passions of the city are second to the glory of God. The mountains are where the pain of my muscles drown out the cry of my heart, and where joy overflows and silence deafens and hundred-meter cliffs make ten-story blocs seem insignificant.

Someday soon I'm gonna strap on my boots and crampons and get out of this place for awhile.

Market Meal!

- 1/2 kilo Fresh spinach greens
- 3-4 Onions
- Fresh sheep cheese
- Olive oil
- Garlic salt

Cover the bottom of a wok with olive oil and place over relatively low heat. Cut spinach greens and onions and dump them in the wok. Sprinkle garlic salt to taste and add more olive oil if greens and onions start sticking. Stir frequently. Remove from heat when spinach is completely shrunken and onions start browning.

Grate cheese over food and serve hot! Serves 2-ish.

BucureștiFest

Something exciting is happening in Bucharest these days! Evangelical churches and organizations are working together with the Luis Palau Association to hold a two-day festival in a large public park on May 31st-June 1st. What is particularly exciting is that Christians in Bucharest and even outside of the city are really uniting for this festival! The festival will include bands, speakers, athletes and organizations from Romania, Great Britain and the United States to share the gospel in Bucharest. But it's more than

just a two-day event; there are dinners and programs leading up to the festival and a follow-up plan.

I had a surprise when a friend asked me to do a favor at the beginning of February. "That depends..." I answered. He then proceeded to describe an opportunity to be involved in BucureștiFest. The part that I was asked to do is to coordinate an anti-drug program that will hopefully go into 40-50 high schools in Bucharest during the week before the festival!

Prayer Requests

- FOR THE ANTI-DRUG PROGRAM AND BUCUREȘTI FEST, AND MEETING WITH THE INSPECTOR GENERAL!
- FOR OUR TRANSITION TO FUNDATIA NEEMIA AND THE FUTURE OF OUR WORK —THAT WE WILL KNOW GOD'S WILL
- MY WORK WITH CLINICA PRO VITA
- WISDOM IN SPEAKING AND WRITING—THAT I WILL GLORIFY GOD
- FOR MY PARENTS—THEY'RE VISITING FOR A WEEK IN APRIL!! FOR SAFETY AS THEY TRAVEL AND FOR A GOOD VISIT TO MY HOME



After prayer and talking to wise friends, I said yes to this opportunity. It has been a lot of work but I'm enjoying it!

Right now, we're waiting on a necessary approval from the inspector general of schools to let us visit the high schools. This approval was recently turned down, even with the support of the National Anti-drug Agency. We'll be meeting with the inspector again soon, and only through God's grace can we enter the schools. Please pray for us to see something amazing happen!



CRWRC

Living Justice. Loving Mercy

Easter

It depends on where you live in Romania as to when you celebrate Easter. The vast majority of Romania is Orthodox, but Romania also has a significant Protestant population, especially in Transylvania. In Bucharest, where more than 95% of the population is Orthodox, even the evangelical churches celebrate Easter by the Orthodox calendar (April 27th this year). Most of the western side of the country celebrates Easter with Protestant churches in the rest of the world. In Bucharest, the Orthodox tradition includes a mid-night service to start Resurrection Day, painted eggs and people everywhere greeting each other with, "Christ is Risen!" "He is risen indeed!" Easter in evangelical services is celebrated similarly to how it is celebrated in the States. There is no Romanian Easter Bunny, though!

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http://images.google.ro/images?q=romania+map

Rabies

Many of you probably already heard, but for those of you who didn't, I'll say it loud and clear: I DON'T HAVE RABIES!! What brings on this declaration? Just the fact that one fine, balmy January evening, while waiting at a lonely bus stop (for the bus, naturally), a furry, rude, sharp-toothed stray dog attached itself to my knee. I wasn't impressed. Not only did he rip my favorite pair of pants, but he also broke the skin.

by a stray (there are many strays) AND it breaks the skin, it's almost a guarantee that you'll start getting rabies shots. Friends told me to prepare myself for a bunch of shots in the gut (it used to be a series of 26 shots!), and jokingly said that they heard the dog went mad after it bit me...it's always nice to have supportive friends!

You'll be happy to know that I had my shots—only five, and all in the arm; not bad at all! The moral of the story is that these are good days to

get rabies shots. That, and dog bites aren't fun, but realizing and receiving the loving care of friends almost makes it worth it!



FUNDATIA NEEMIA
FINANCIAL SUPPORT:
In addition to prayer, you can also support us financially through the CRWRC Home Office, with donations marked specifically for ministry in Romania.

PERSONAL MAILING ADDRESS (NEW!!):
Bld. Ion Mihalache
Nr. 321 Bl. 11 Ap. 73
Bucuresti, Sector 1
ROMANIA
... DO NOT SEND MAIL TO MY OLD ADDRESS!



Snow this winter in Bucharest! I took this picture in front of my house right after the New Year.

"NOW FAITH IS BEING SURE OF WHAT WE HOPE FOR AND CERTAIN OF WHAT WE DO NOT SEE."

~HEBREWS 11:1

From a broken heart to a crying heart

In the midst of everything that has been happening, I completely forgot that March had arrived and another newsletter was due. It just doesn't feel like that long has gone by since December.

Over the past several months, I've undergone many changes in my life, the biggest of these being completely overwhelmed by God's presence and a burden for others to know the joy and hope that I have. I've often been skeptical of some Christians—they seem so crazy about Jesus that it occasionally makes me wonder about their authentic-

ity. But in the past several months, I've grown more and more into this person. I'm not saying this to say how great I am, but to profess how great God is, and what a transformation He can do.

I wrote about a broken heart in my December newsletter. Since December, my heart has been broken and healed in a way that I can't explain. But out of this incredible healing has come an even greater cry for something greater. I've seen hypodermic needles lying on the ground near my house, witnessed young boys sneaking

hard liquor into a school bag and talking about getting drunk, watched accounts of a girl being hit by a car—and police saying that it wasn't their job to help her, resulting in her death. This is the city that I live in. This is the world that we all live in.

I love living. But even while living life to the fullest, my heart cries for the world as God intended it to be. He created something greater, and he promises something greater. This is the cry of my heart that I can't even express. I'm glad that God understands this cry.