



Christmas, 2002

Broken Heart Ministries

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Coming soon: www.BrokenHeartMinistries.com

"He is giving healing to the broken of heart, and is binding up their grief." Psalm 147:3

PRAYER REQUESTS:

- For the salvation of the people of Romania.
- For God's continual guidance in the decision-making process and the planning for Broken Heart Ministries.
- That God will maintain His protective shield around the orphans, and all the children, in Romania.
- For God's peace and comfort to continue to hold each member of the McDannel family closer and closer to Him.
- For a smooth transition for the McDannel's move to Bucharest in the summer of 2003.

UPCOMING EVENTS:

January:

- Missionary conference
- First Broken Heart Ministries Board of Directors' meeting
- Potential unveiling of:

www.BrokenHeartMinistries.com

INTRODUCTION:

Luke and Renee McDannel (and family) are moving to Bucharest, Romania in the summer of 2003 to establish the work of "Broken Heart Ministries". The primary focus will be the development of transitional living centers to support orphans as they make their move out of the orphanages and transition into independent adult life.

BACKGROUND:

Luke and Renee have been serving on/leading short-term summer missionary teams to

Romania serving orphans and spreading the good news of salvation. (Renee has gone the past five summer, Luke the past three summers.)

BROKEN HEART MINISTRIES FOUNDATION (INC.):

Recently incorporated, "Broken Heart Ministries" is a non-profit corporation (IRS 501 c3 status pending) created to support the development of the transitional living centers, and other projects as they develop in Bucharest.

Luke McDannel's Recent Visit to Bucharest

Luke just came back from a week-and-a-half visit to Bucharest in November. It was a blessed trip and God reconfirmed over and over that the move to Romania is in His Will, and that God's Hand is the Guiding Hand.

There were four goals for the trip:

1. Look at houses and apartments in different parts of the city;
2. Meet other missionaries who we have not yet met;
3. Visit Bucharest Christian Academy;
4. Start the search for employment.

All four goals were met and important steps were taken to lay the groundwork for the family's move to Bucharest in summer, 2003.

Between a morning meeting at the American Bar Association's reform program office and an afternoon meeting with a Romanian law firm, Luke visited the largest courthouse in Bucharest, the "Palace of Justice". It was a very moving experience for him, and that same day he wrote the poem/prose on the back page of this newsletter.

THE PALACE OF JUSTICE IN GOD'S CITY
(Palatul De Justitie)

By Luke J. McDannel, Upon Visiting the Courthouse in Bucharest, Romania

Even the marble steps have bowed to time.
Once straight, with sharp edges, strong,
But over the years, decades, shuffling of the feet of people coming to the Palace of Justice, have
worn valleys right down into the stone.
No longer hard and straight, the smooth, bowed marble now welcomes the foot.
How many feet have trod these steps? How many feet have carried persons to justice here?
How many feet have witnessed injustice here?

Walking through halls of smoke,
Sunlight streaming through the windows, clean and bright ...
... until it comes through the panes, then dusty, old and dirty.
The halls are filled with people, huddled in twos and threes, smoking,
Talking firmly and passionately, waiving their hands and arms.
They are not aware of how their surroundings look to an outsider.
They are not aware the outsider has stood in modern, clean, technologized palaces of justice.

But where is justice, if not through God?

Open a creaky large door. It screams silently that it should forever be left closed, left to rest.
Heads turn, who is that stranger coming in?
(But the curiosity lasts less than a moment, and the scene continues.)
Four poor souls on trial, one-by-one they tell their story.
They are guilty ... of course. They have all stood in this large, smoky room before.
The moment is a surreal photograph in the mind's eye.
The outsider does not speak the language. How does he now what is happening before him?
Justice and injustice need no language.
An attorney stands and makes an argument.
She doesn't believe the argument and she does not talk passionately, but justice demands an
argument be made.
The older lady in the middle of the room types into an antique, to make and keep records of all
that goes on. Somebody could ask later what went on here? (Later, when leaving, the same typing is
heard coming up through basement windows. How many records? How many sins?)

Oh Lord, praise be to You for forgiving our sins!

But then ...

The judge, to this point speaking mechanically and coldly, straightens her glasses.
She takes a long look at the most pathetic of the four. He is young, 22, 23. She is older, 45, 50.
Her voice, in any language, now becomes stern but warm.
She is talking like a mother talks to her child.
He looks up from the ground for the first time.
He feels the change in the air.

He says something, a tear falls. The air clears, but then is dust once more.

He is not to go free today, but there is justice in this place.
Among the smoky, green walls, the high ceiling, once bright and proud, the burnt out lights, the
coughing, the warmth, the smells, there is justice in this place. A mother has corrected a child.
The child feels cared for and wanted.

One can see the type of justice that come from this palace and must feel sorrow for the people.

What sorrow God must feel for his children, stuck in our injustices.
Our cleanest thought, our brightest work but a whiff of smoke wafting up through the dirty rays of
light, But Jesus comes and we are clean.

God has called a family to this city, reaching across the world and breaking their hearts.
For them, this is God's City. He uses the Palace of Justice to show one of the family about the
history of this God's City and the strength of the people.
Did the four know God? Did the judge know God? Who will be judged in the smoky room tomorrow?
Who will stand in judgment?

Out on the street, a businessman stops and walks back to an old lady, huddled and crippled.
He bends down and hands her money and bread ... for the family, this is God's City.