

## EDITORIAL

### *The death of an Editor*

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In December 1989 the students' winter holyday came earlier. This time not because of the authorities' love for the Christmas feast, but in order to avoid the unleashing of some street turmoil, expected by Ceausescu regime, in the great university centre of Iasi. The circulation in the city was restricted to groups no larger than two persons and in the city centre – the Union Square – very early in the morning you could see only two member teams of militia.

Usually, near the winter holyday, the communists were feeding the alimentary shops with oranges and bananas, but in 1989, at Iasi, they didn't do it. Despite this, even from the beginning of December, I had in my nostrils the persistent sensation of orange smell that I couldn't explain. The sensation had to become real earlier than I expected.

We all expected, excitedly, a change for good in our lives that didn't come. The terror, that Ceausescu's regime imprinted in the men's life by the 'party and state machinery' (militia and securitate) reached maximum levels. For example, among the thirty colleagues from my group of students in faculty, ten used to be informers at securitate. You did not dare to tell anything in front of the others, but if you spoke then you started to think if you have spoken if the wrong persons or not.

Nevertheless, the change started not where Ceausescu expected it but on the other end of the country, another major university centre, Timisoara.

Being already in vacation, Thursday morning, the 21<sup>st</sup> of December 1989, I went with my wife Alice-Antonela to some friends, in order to see at television the great meeting organised by Ceausescu's men in order to condemn the beginning of revolution from Timisoara. Happily for us, the pro-communist meeting degenerated lighting the revolution flame in Bucharest too. When the transmission wagon of the Romanian Television started to move strongly under the pressure of the meeting participants we all sprung in our feet and we screamed: "It has started!". We took in a hurry our jackets and rushed to the Union Square hoping to participate too to the beginning of the revolution at Iasi. Arriving there we had an unpleasant surprise. There was nobody in the square, not even the militia men that used to patrol in teams of two last days. After waiting for about an hour in the same desolate landscape we realised that something is not going very well and we separated by the two friends going worried to our homes.

In that afternoon and the coming night we scared listened, to the Free Europe radio station, the development of bloody events from the Intercontinental Hotel from Bucharest. Subsequently, after the revolution, we have found out from what danger we escaped on the day of 21<sup>st</sup> of December. In the semi-

basements from the Traian Hotel and the shops from Union Square, machine-guns were installed with persons who had orders to shoot in case of some events similar with those from Timisoara or Bucharest.

Obviously, all the time that passed since then I was grateful to those who sacrificed their lives for giving back to us, the rest of Romanians, the greatest gift that man receives from God – liberty. I have to say here that all people going out on streets in December 1989 were not screaming asking for food, despite the fact that the alimentary shops were empty, and neither asking for heat in their homes, even if in winter used to be terribly cold due to the fuel economies imposed by Ceausescu, but all together cried on one voice – Li-ber-ty, Li-ber-ty! During all this time that passed from the revolution I considered myself indebt to shout, because saying to protect would be too much, in the support of keeping that liberty won so difficult and with so much bloodshed.

Finally, the communism was bad by that it tried to take out God from society and replace Him with men, to replace Theology and religion with science, in one word to transform God in Deus ex machina. And by this, the communism is depriving the people by the greatest gift made by God to man, the liberty of choice, the free will, the liberty of hopping in salvation.

Despite my wife Alice, until the revolution I was an atheist, risen such in the spirit of the respective epoch. The dramatic and tragic events from 1989 profoundly affected me and in January 1990 I had a dream in which I saw our Lord Jesus Christ coming from the West on the sky's clouds and asking to each and everyone: "Stop killing each other!". At that time I did not understand the profound meaning of that dream but the subsequent progress of my life revealed the sense of Christ's words. Looking back retrospectively I realise that I permanently tried to make bridges between people, bridges able to make them know each other, not to hate each other, to respect each other and to mutually respect each others values, and up to the limit to stop killing each other. And my wife Alice, the one that I knew, was beside me during all my work.

She was the one who, after waiting to convince myself of the power of God and faith, taught me to be a practicing Christian, supporting me in everything I tried to do on God, and the *European Journal of Science & Theology* is probably my best attempt I made for peace and for the glory of God in front of the people. And I made this risking up to sacrifice my career and what is worst, as I wrote in the June editorial (*Eur. J. Sci. Theol.*, 6(2) (2010) 1), risking the security and health of my family.

She was the one who encouraged me to continue in the moments when, in 2007-2008, I was told, including the Romanian Police, to stop publishing *EJST* and to get in contact with the Romanian Service of Information (SRI) because the journal disturbs both the Romanian state and the Church – which is a transboundary institution I was told again! She has paid many times from her salary the printing and mailing of the journal's issues and eventually she paid the big and ultimate price – her life – for being next to me in this maximum trial of our lives – *Science & Theology*.



**Alice-Antonela Rusu (1965-2010)**

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

The Romanians have a word: “God postpones you but never forgets you”, and after twenty years He remembered that me and my wife have to die in the Union Square in December 1989 and fulfilled this for Alice by the perverted work of those who used at that time to protect the communist state and Ceasusescu and now they ‘protect’ the democracy values, those who at that time were informers at securitate and now they pour information at SRI or to whom pays better. They made this using some of the most abject and base humiliations passing from persecution in the society, to poisoning, psychological manipulation, rape and finally murder.

Those who made this are those who have sold their country, their children, brothers, neighbor and Christ for thirty pieces of silver. They are those who postponed the lustration law for the longest time in the post-communist Europe. They are the persons whose files from securitate ‘were lost’ at Revolution and now they are the pillars of the society. A society built on lies, robbery, injustice and murders. A society built up on garbage and mud and which has exactly the same stability as its basement and their pillars in front of God!

And God says: “like Adam they transgressed the covenant; there they dealt treacherously with Me. Gilead is a city of evildoers and defiled with blood. As bands of robbers lie in wait for a man, so the company of priests murder on the way to Shechem; surely they commit lewdness. I have seen a horrible thing

in the house of Israel: there is the harlotry of Ephraim; Israel is defiled.” (Hosea, 6.7-10)

The Church is the gate to the Kingdom of Heavens. And “the Kingdom of Heavens is like a man who sowed good seed in his field; but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and went his way. But when the grain had sprouted and produced a crop, then the tares also appeared. So the servants of the owner came and said to him, ‘Sir, did you not sow good seed in your field? How then does it have tares?’ He said to them, ‘An enemy has done this.’ The servants said to him, ‘Do you want us then to go and gather them up?’ But he said, ‘No, lest while you gather up the tares you also uproot the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest, and at the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, ‘First gather together the tares and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into my barn.’” (Mathew, 13. 24-30) Therefore, how did the enemy entered in the Kingdom?

After forty days of diluvium, God renewed His covenant with the men by two messengers sent to Noah, the dove who brought in the beak an olive leaf as sign of peace and the promise to an Earth sure and fertile, and the rainbow as sign of forgiveness from His much too great mercy toward the human race. What would have done God to the people if Noah would have decided to sacrifice the dove to eat it instead of enjoying the good news? And us, the Romanians, we have the great ‘talent’ to sell cheap our values, and what is worst of killing the messengers who bring good news and to appreciate those who lie better.

After forty years of communism, God gave to Romania, as He was giving to Noah, in the sympathy of the entire world, a chance to build a new and clean way detached by all the misery of the past. But, by what happens in the last twenty years, the Romanian people proved, unfortunately, that the forty years of communism have not passed over the country by chance and Ceausescu is not the only one on blame for all these years.

In his sermon “Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is near” (Mathew 3. 2), Saint John the Baptist was asking the change of life, the return to God and the reconciliation (making peace) with Him, in order to receive the new life brought by the Kingdom of Christ. For all those who rejected the chance of reconciliation with God I write to them “Be ready because the harvest time is near”.

For all the efforts made since the founding of EJST until her death, I decided to keep the name of the Editor Alice-Antonela Rusu on the Editorial Board list as long as I shall still be living.

I end with these words of the Saviour from His sermon on the mountain: „Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.”

Blessed are you Alice!

**Dr. Iulian Rusu**