



Hand of **HELP**



Dumitru Duduman
Founder

The Truth for Today

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Basic Needs

Needs

During our many years of outreach through Hand of Help, we have come to discern and properly triage the situations we are confronted with on a daily basis. This ability does not come through immersion alone, but by daily relying on the Holy Spirit to pour out wisdom, discernment and to guide us through the obstacles and often times the slyness of men.

If the saying that you can't judge a book by its cover holds true it is doubly so when dealing with individuals actively attempting to project an image other than their true self. Although it does not happen often, it does happen frequently enough wherein the discernment the Holy Spirit gives is indispensable.

As a child, I remember walking with my mother, and stopping to talk to every beggar and elderly woman on the street. My mother had the biggest heart of anyone I've ever known, but she wasn't one to hand out money easily. She didn't like being duped, or taken, and as such she took her time to make sure that if she gave, it would be with her whole heart, meeting the specific need of the individual. My mother always took the time to hear the person out, encourage them in Jesus' name, and after assessing their needs go to the closest grocery store and buy them a bag full

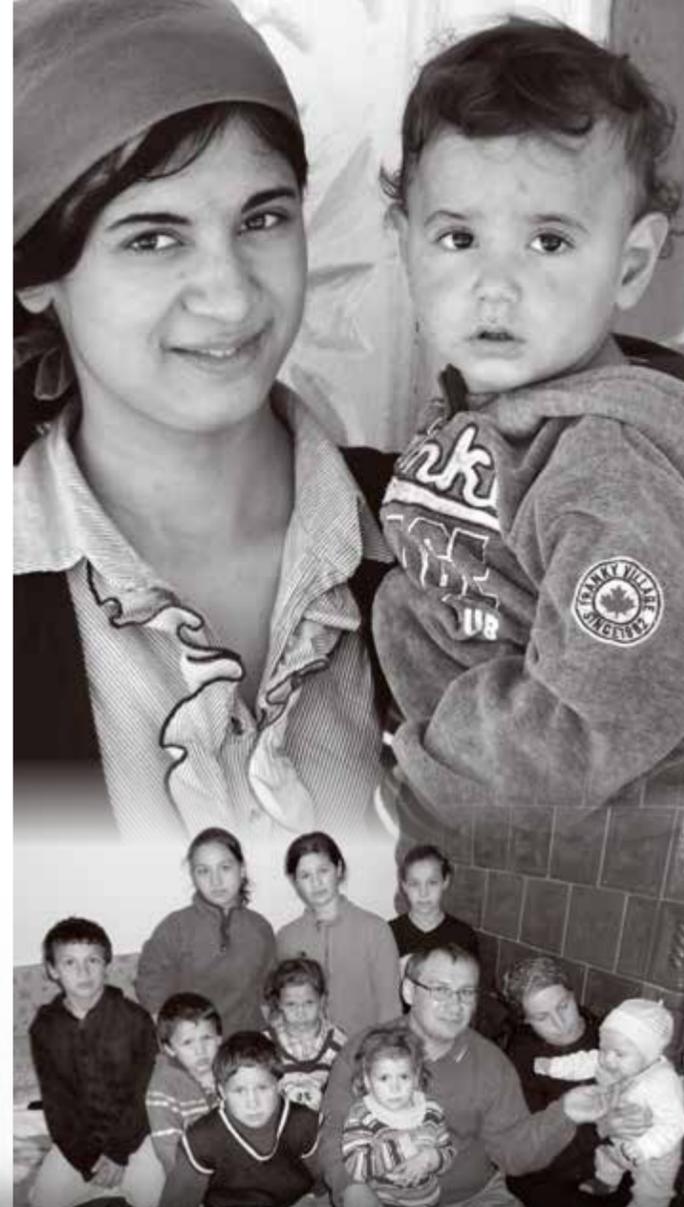
of food, or clothes, or firewood, or whatever their immediate need might have been.

She would then turn to me and offer up one of her many life lessons, such as 'you can't go wrong with feeding someone'. It is a lesson I recall, and continue to glean from often.

I had the privilege of leading two teams through Romania in April. Throughout our journey to the many villages that we visited, the common and overarching prayer was for a cow. Although the pleas with which we were confronted differed, from 'I have lost my lifeline, I have lost my children's food', to 'if only we could have a cow', to 'a cow would change our life', the central theme was the same. These families all needed and would benefit greatly from a cow.

Having grown up in Southern California, and not really understanding how one cow could be such a huge blessing, I inquired of my father as to why so many families were asking for cows, as opposed to anything else.

My father is a soft spoken and patient man, and so he patiently started going through all the reasons of why a cow was so important for a large family. A dairy cow would offer the family milk for the younger children, something they



desperately need for proper growth and development. From milk one can extract cheese, butter, and cream to cook for the entire family, and even make some extra income from the sale of said dairy products to pay off electric bills or other expenses.

Having a milk cow also opens up the possibility of bartering with the other villagers for such needed staples as chickens, corn, and potatoes. Along with all the benefits having a milk cow can bring, there is also the added benefit of the parents being able to teach their young to raise animals and survive off of their own hard labor.



A foreseeable calf would only add to the initial offering, multiplying it and turning this heavenly blessing into a gift that keeps on giving, constantly reminding them of the Father's love.

Prompted by the Holy Spirit, we have created a list of families in need of a milk cow. The larger the families the higher the priority since there are more mouths to feed. As the Lord blesses with His provision, we will continue to add names to this list, and provide for as many families as we are able.

We are both honored and humbled to be able to meet the needs of the hurting and be the avenue by which their prayers are answered of God. All I can do is thank you for standing with us, and doing as the Lord would lead.

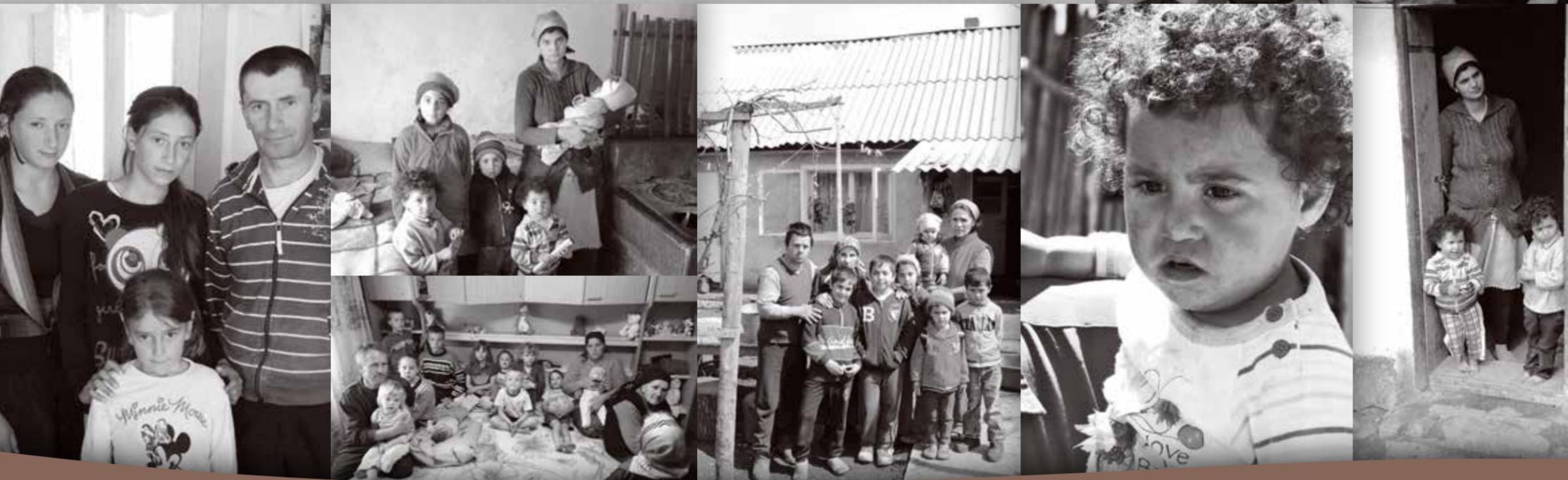
A good milk cow runs about \$1000, and it is more than a villager struggling to survive could ever afford.

As their prayers are lifted for these needs, we ask you to join and intercede with us, agreeing together, that we might see the fulfillment of the blessed promise in Philippians 4:19-20.

“But My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Now unto God and our Father be glory forever and ever. Amen.”

As you look at the pictures of those in waiting, may the Holy Spirit speak to you and prompt you to cry out for their provision.

In His Service,
Daniel Boldea



Our God is an

Awesome God



It was our very first trip to Romania, and our very first visit to the Hand of Help Ministry, and we knew from the start that it wouldn't be the last. We all had the urge and desire to visit Hand of Help for quite some time and when there was an invitation, we just knew it was a confirmation and we had to go. It was the start of an experience which forever changed the course of our lives.

The song 'Our God is an Awesome God' was just a familiar song that we have been listening to, but it has become one of our family's favorite songs ever since we heard the children singing it in Romanian, and we felt a strong surge of God's presence as we sang along with them in English. We couldn't really communicate with each other because of the language barriers, but we've learned that love is shown through actions, and there was no need for any words. We were all so overwhelmed by the children's warm loving hugs and kisses. Their smiles which melted hearts, their unending bolts of energy and constant state of cheerfulness and joy which emanates through them were just too contagious. Since day one, we have been treated like a part of this family and have been constantly surrounded by these bundles of joy and love-filled kids. Despite them having sad pasts and unimaginable injuries, which is something that no child should ever go through, they still radiate a sense of happiness which could only be from our Lord who comforts and heals them.

We have experienced first-hand how well each and every child is taken care of. They have their fair share of fun as well as discipline. They respect their elders and care for one another, with godly fear being instilled into them. They are all so well behaved, polite, adorable and each has a humorous side to them. It is comforting to know that the funds that are being collected are put to excellent use at the orphanage. To be able to spend quality time and getting to know them has enlarged our spiritual eyes to understand and pray even more specifically for these children, and become more child-like, for unto such is the kingdom of heaven.

As we get to know more of the children personally and build eternal relationships with them, it seems like we have got a foretaste of heaven, constantly being around people who love the Lord. Regardless of our nationalities and differences, it just felt like home. We are all so blessed and thankful for this opportunity, which has been a wonderful experience for us not only as individuals, but as a family. We can see how much we've changed as a person just being there for a week.

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The children have taught us many life lessons, one of which is being satisfied and contented with the simplest of things. It's amazing how God is working through each and every one of the children in many different ways. To see how they sing praises to God and thanking Him for everything is so precious and endearing. The older children and youths are such a joy to be around as well. Some are very matured and wise for their age, always helping and teaching the little ones, setting a good example for them to follow. It's incredible to see how talented these children are and it warms our hearts to know that Hand of Help is a family where the children can truly feel at home.

We have also gotten to know some of the teachers there and it is touching to know that they do what they are doing, out of love and passion for the children. They are grounded in God's love and they take good care of each and every one of them. It wasn't so much of a teacher-student relationship, but it felt like they were a big family, guiding them in the path of righteousness.

We can see very clearly how God is working in this place. There was never a day that went by where the children would not give thanks to God or pray before their meals. We could see and feel the presence of Jesus everywhere in this place. There wasn't any sense of carnal authority, but it was that of a ministry that was being led by the Holy Spirit. We are so grateful and honored to be part of this ministry as we can see how God moves and acts.

Our perspectives and thinking have also changed drastically. We have discovered the meaning of love on a whole new level and we know we have gained a family here. Hand of Help has indeed shown us that family isn't about having the same surname or blood type, but it's by our Solid Rock Jesus Christ, Our Lord and Savior who is the Head. This experience has been a preview of what heaven will be like, with children constantly playing and singing praises to God. We see Jesus when we see His obedient servants trading

their earthly ambitions for heavenly treasures, which have true luster and worth. We see the staff of Hand of Help whistling while going about their work with much dedication. We truly see Jesus in it all. We see spirit-filled vessels of the Most High being used by our Father to help the less fortunate. We see hardworking godly people going about the Father's business with a smile on their tired faces, always giving all they've got.

While we were at the villages, we all felt strongly the presence of God. Our hearts were stirred when we saw how much faith and trust in God the villagers had despite their hard lives. It encouraged us to know that they trust in God as their Healer and Provider. Our favorite part of visiting the villages was when we would all pray together in different languages. It was incredible to be united in spirit and to feel like part of a body in Christ despite being so different. It was a very significant moment which we will never forget.

Lastly, we would like to take this opportunity to thank Michael Boldea Sr, Dr. Daniel Boldea, Alexandra Boldea and the Edman family for being such great hosts during our stay in Romania. You all have truly made this trip very memorable and unforgettable! Above all, all Glory to God

for His grace, mercy and favor. In conclusion, this trip has indeed taught us that in all circumstances and situations, Jesus is always enough.

We pray that everyone who is reading this will be moved by the Holy Spirit to be a part of this labor of love and come to Hand of Help and experience for themselves God's goodness and love, for they will never go away the same again. We pray that God will continue to move more sponsors and donors to give generously to this ministry. May God bless all the supporters with grace and peace.

Love in Christ,
Patrick, Dorcas, Meagan & Krystal Peh



Love in Action

The sweetest kids that we've ever seen,
 Came from Hand of Help to which we've been.
 They brought us smiles, laughter and so much joy,
 Each one is so precious – every girl and every boy.
 To see how God works through them is simply amazing,
 For they serve the powerful, omnipotent and majestic King!
 Their embraces, kisses and hugs were so warm and loving,
 It's a beautiful sight to see them all so caring and sharing.
 Love in action, was what we have been seeing,
 Through the lives of the children whom we have been meeting.
 To have known them personally has been such a blessing,
 Despite them going through so much trials, sufferings and testings.
 With the help of the Hand of Help ministry,
 They are taught to let God mold them into who they were created to be.
 May God continue to bless this God-fearing ministry,
 As they trust in God for only He alone can see.
 We have experienced a different kind of love,
 Love in action, all for the One whom we serve.
 Thank God for Hand of Help and for all that you've done,
 To us it was the start of a new family which had only just begun.

- The Pehs



That cold afternoon, however, their baby girl was doing better. Wrapped in two blankets and constantly monitored by her mother, she was the crown jewel of their castle of love. Her physical appearance which might have been considered gruesome by an objective third party was of no importance to her family. To them, she was beauty personified. It was then that a fleeting thought passed through my mind unhindered: few children in the world are ever recipients of such an infinite love as this baby lying before me.

Three surgeries are necessary to help Simina Paula. This is the only way to help her surmount the difficulties of being a sick child, unable to retain nutrients, unable to breathe or talk normally, unable to have a normal life...

I wish I could depict the warmth in all the Lupan Family's eyes or the candid love of their words. Try as I might, however, I find my own words to be scarce, and no picture could ever adequately portray the atmosphere in their home. One thing I believe wholeheartedly, that God will answer their prayers, and help them overcome through Him, the needs of their family. He is faithful, He is consistent, and He will make haste one way or another.

It is with this certainty that this mother of twelve wakes up each dawn, constantly adding to her faith and love, and continually growing in both patience and grace. She truly desires to walk with God, and she is able to do so even when the world around her is falling apart. She knows she is serving a mighty Lord, and as a true servant she views

trials and afflictions in her life very differently than those of the world do, fully trusting in the Master's plan for her.

Long ago I came to understand that a person's true self is revealed most readily during times of distress, pain, and suffering. This mother has so far uncovered the deepest love of a person, and this very love is being multiplied day by day in her entire family.

As I write these lines, I realize that throughout the earth, suffering is more pronounced than ever, but I also know that no matter the trial, no matter the hardship, with God we are all more than conquerors. Our God has made us exceedingly great promises so that we might become partakers of His love, the source of everything we are and everything we have. In the midst of trials and hardships, the Lupan family's faith sees the means by which God sends His blessings and makes them fruitful.

Daily our purpose for being here is becoming more and more evident, but we also humbly comprehend that without your prayers and your support of the work we could do nothing. Thank you for being so obedient to the voice of God, and know that He will amply reward your time spent in prayer and your sacrificial support of families in need like the Lupans. Thank you for being a miracle for many and please be confident that God, unlike man, never overlooks your labors and in due time He will reward them abundantly.

In Him,
 Alexandra Boldea

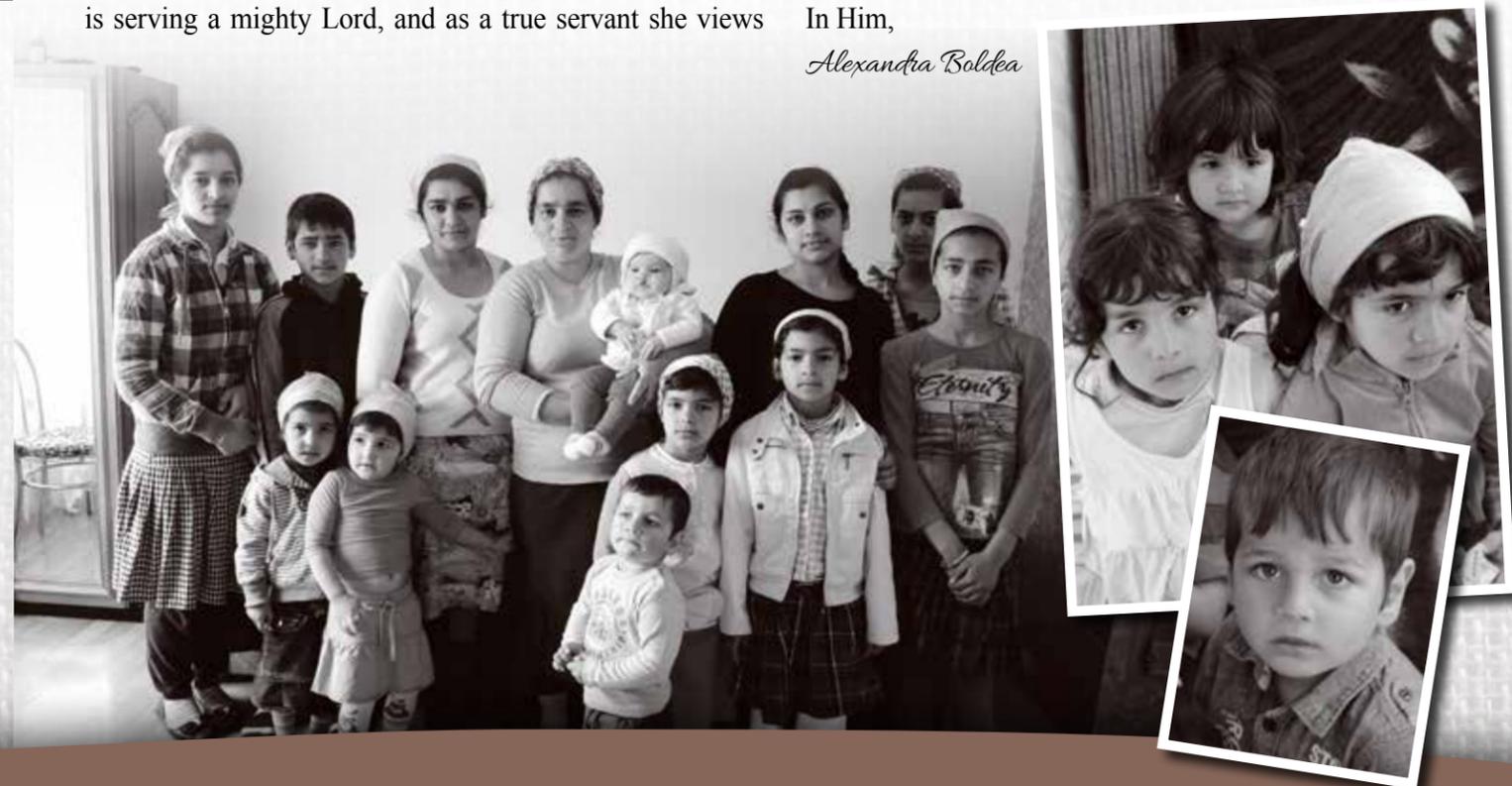
The Love of A Mother

There are certain moments in time when the manifestations of love and affection between the members of a family are so profound that the walls of their home, however degraded or cold, seem the fortified walls of a splendid castle, exquisitely decorated and bearing the telltale signs of a timeless beauty.

This very feeling was enveloping the walls of the Lupan family's modest house when I first met them on a cold afternoon last April. The children were gathered in one room, together with their mother, all affectionately looking at their baby sister Simina Paula.

'Just look at her now! She is so much bigger, and so beautiful!'...her mother's words were so lovingly articulated and her eyes so warmly by tears, it almost seemed as though her heart was growing in her chest as she spoke, making all of us witnesses to the purest and most wholesome of love... the love of a mother.

Simina Paula was born with a cleft lip and palate. For three weeks her tiny body could not hold down any food. She was losing weight with each passing day, terrifying her parents, and bringing them to the most anguishing and desperate moments of their lives.



Reflections



May 21, 2014

My name is Francisco Cubero and I spent two weeks at the Hand of Help in Botosani, Romania. I have to say I was not expecting the level of care and support that this organization provides. I was impressed by the love the staff has toward the children, and the willingness they show in working with this population. From the cooks to the administration, the kids are able to feel the love and care from everyone in here. The staff here even made me feel like I was family to them.

What I was expecting to see was nothing like what I saw here. I have read and heard what happened in Romania and their orphans back a few decades ago. I even knew someone who lived in the United States who was adopted from Romania. They were so neglected that they lacked some key social skills.

When I came here, I was expecting to see children who struggled with this kind of antisocial behavior. What I saw was the opposite of this. The kids were so full of love and affection that it shocked me. The kids took the time to know me, find out everything about me, tell me everything they loved; all of this despite the obvious language barrier.

Overall, Hand of Help was just amazing. I was impressed at their commitment to the kids and people from the villages. The fact that they took their time and resources to provide relief to individuals outside the city really touched me. I would really consider coming here again. I connected a lot with the staff here, and the kids. I am honored to have served with individuals who are so dedicated to working with children. I am thankful for the trust they placed in me and I pray that God will bless this ministry.

Sincerely,
Francisco Cubero



Dear Brethren,

As I write these lines my wife and I are in the home stretch of welcoming our daughter into the world. Living with the expectation of one's wife going into labor at any minute, and anxiously awaiting that first cry, that first sight, that first interaction, is not what I would call conducive to introspection or deep thought, and so, these hurried lines may seem discombobulated and fractured to some.

From what everyone's been telling us, by the time we get to our third or fourth child it will not be nearly as traumatic, and we will likely be able to have the baby on our way to church on Sunday morning, and still make it in time for the praise and worship.

For now, every contraction is likely to be the one, and my asking 'is it time' upwards of fifty times an hour doesn't make for a cheerful wife.

We are both ready, and very much looking forward to the onrush of firsts in our life, from the first full smile, to the first word, the first awkward step, to her first time on a bicycle. Yes, I am well aware there are less exciting firsts around the bend like the first diaper change, or the first crying fit at three in the morning, even though she's just been fed, changed, and there are no visible signs of why she's screaming as though her diaper were on fire. I think, in their own way, even those not-so-picture-perfect moments will be exciting for us.

In between testing my wife's patience, imagining what my daughter will look like and who she will take after, and simply waiting, I have time to contemplate what the future might hold for my as yet unborn daughter, and seeing how quickly we've fallen into the blackest of spiritual darkness, I fear for her.

Even the most pessimistic of souls would not have come up with a scenario wherein the breakdown of society,

morality, and basic decency occurred this fast. No matter what angle one might view the situation from, the reality that this is an exponential degradation is undeniable. One can't help but wonder where we will be two years, five years, or if the Lord tarries, ten years from now if things continue to occur at the same rate they have thus far.

Many hoped against hope that there would be some sign of an awakening, some pushback to the darkness encroaching upon the most sacred of beliefs, practices, and places, but alas, it seems we are distracted by other things, petty things, futile things, and cannot muster up the courage to stand, to fight, and to overcome.

The tragedy of it all is that we were promised victory, if only we would stand. The tragedy of it all is that cowardice is keeping us from standing on the word of God, and understanding that in Him we are more than conquerors, in Him we are overcomers, but we will never know victory if we keep running from battle, and avoiding confrontation even at the cost of our fealty to God.

More and more men seem to justify betrayal of Christ Himself in their own minds, and fall in lockstep with the world as though it were something perfectly honorable and laudable. The more the hirelings of this present generation embrace the darkness and encourage their minions to do likewise, the more those standing in truth, for truth, and by truth, will be targeted and silenced by any means necessary.

I wish I could paint a brighter future of tomorrow. Sitting here, waiting for my firstborn to enter the world, I wish with all my heart that all I saw for as far as the eye could see were rainbows and butterflies, rose petals and candy canes, but I have to be a realist about it all, and take the necessary steps to make sure I give my child a fighting chance once she enters the world.

-Continued on back-

Dear Brethren,

As heartbreaking as the following might seem, if the church hasn't as yet awoken from its slumber with all that has been occurring, I do not know what could possibly happen, or the magnitude with which it must occur for the church to shake off the sleep and take its rightful place on the battlefield.

The one shining hope in this entire drama is that salvation is not a collective endeavor but an individual one. It is neither the nation, the city, the community, nor the church body as a whole that we are told endures to the end, but the individual or he who endures to the end that will be saved.

Heartbreaking as the proposition might seem to many of us, there are some in our congregations, fellowships, and even families that will not endure to the end. There are acquaintances, friends, and even loved ones that will fall by the wayside, but we as individuals must purpose in our hearts to stand, endure, and overcome.

The hour is upon us, and we have not a minute to waste. If you have not done so, then gird up the loins of your mind, now. If you have not done so, then put on the whole armor of God, now! If you have not done so, then purpose in your heart that you will remain faithful and true, now, for the battle is not afar off, it is not in the distance, it is not something we speak of in future tense. It is in the present, in the now, it is upon us.

Though it might feel like it at times, know that you are not alone. There are others throughout who have likewise chosen to stand, who have likewise chosen to remain faithful, and who have likewise chosen to lift high the banner of Christ.

I thank you from the innermost depths of my heart for your friendship over the years, for your fellowship, for your prayers, for your encouragements, and your consistency. Also, thank you for continuing to support the work to which we have been called, and in which we consider you a fellow bondservant. May you walk in the peace of our Master, may you walk in the joy of His grace, may you know the safety of His protective arm, and may you have the blessed assurance that He will neither leave nor forsake those who follow after Him.

If I can encourage you with anything, I pray it is with the following: no matter what the future might hold in the short term, we know with absolute certainty that our Lord and King is returning, and we likewise know He is not returning empty handed. We know His reward comes with Him to give to each one according to their work, and knowing His nature, knowing Him, we know the reward of which He speaks is not some small or trifle thing.

Revelation 22:11-14, “He who is unjust, let him be unjust still; he who is filthy, let him be filthy still; he who is righteous, let him be righteous still; he who is holy, let him be holy still. ‘And behold, I am coming quickly, and My reward is with Me, to give to every one according to his work. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last.’ Blessed are those who do His commandments, that they may have the right to the tree of life, and may enter through the gates into the city.”

With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea Jr.