



Hand of **HELP**



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Founder

The Truth for Today

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A Glimpse of Romania



The Languid Days of *Summer*

We were all young once. Some of us more recently than others, but all of us still remember our summers with a certain degree of fondness. Rarely does thinking back about my younger years and the summers spent with my brothers in our small apartment in California fail to bring a smile to my face. We didn't have much, in actuality, we didn't have anything, but we managed to play, laugh, sing and spend the days in a jovial mood.

It didn't take gaming systems, 3D glasses, tablets, internet or television to keep us entertained. All it took was a water hose, a hot day and mom's permission to get wet. Until my brother Sergiu got a hole in his foot, lawn darts were also involved in our activities, but they were short lived entertainment. Yes, those were simpler times, children seemed to have simpler needs, but simplicity works most of the time. Especially during the two weeks per year our children get to go to camp, we like to keep things as simple as possible, with little to no distractions. We let the children be children, have fun, laugh, play, sing and fellowship, and they in turn revel in the idea that for two weeks they get to be somewhere different, experience new things and enjoy the summer.



Since we've had camp in the same place for the past few years, this year we decided to venture out to a new location. The campsite we used to attend had not done any meaningful improvements for the past decade or so, yet still demanded top dollar for renting the facilities. After consulting with our staff we began looking for a new campground and by the grace of God we found a newer, cleaner and even cheaper campground near Piatra Neamt.

Piatra Neamt is a beautiful city with much history, and many things to occupy one's time with, even if one happens to be a child. We toured the old castle which overlooks the city, we went to the local beach which even has sand – something the children found very interesting – we took a ride on the gondola lift which has breathtaking views of the entire region, we went hiking in the mountains, we visited the local zoo, we played, we sang, we worshiped and we bonded as any family would on their summer getaway.

These are precious moments the children will cherish for years to come, moments they will look back on with fondness and nostalgia.

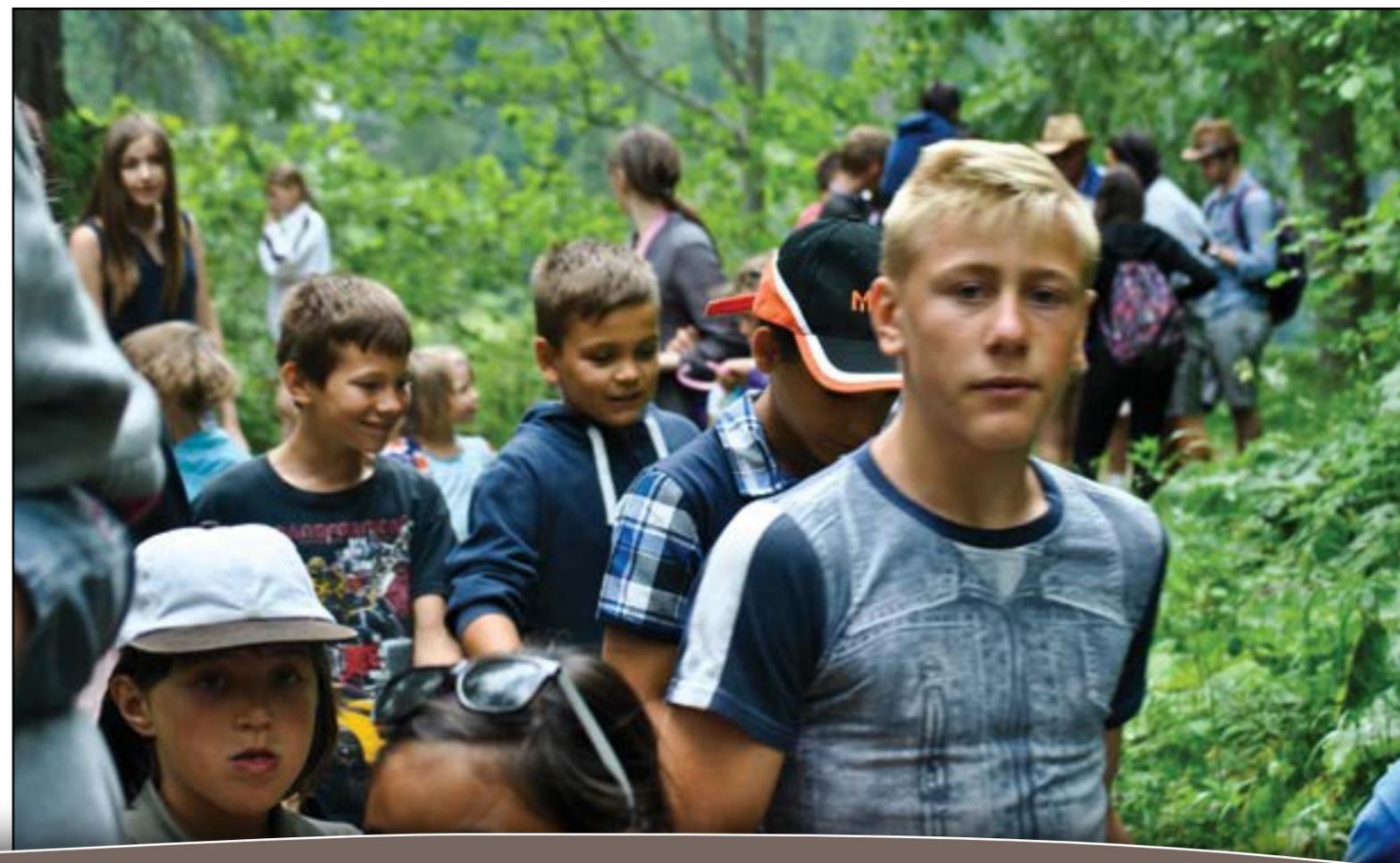
Even now, almost a month after the children returned to the orphanage, you can overhear conversations about that time they went to see the bear at the zoo, or that time they went to the old castle and got to see all the armor and swords and spears and such.



Without your help and continued support this excursion to summer camp, as well as many other things we are able to do as a ministry would not have been possible. For this we thank you wholeheartedly, and pray that blessings rain down upon you in the same manner you have blessed these children.

To the cynical eye a trip to camp may not seem like much, but to our children it meant more than you could possibly imagine. The pictures included with this article were taken by our children. As such, some of them are a bit blurry, others not quite centered, but they enjoyed taking them, and we wanted to share them with you. It shows their viewpoint and what they perceived as being the most relevant parts of these two weeks. Again, we thank you and pray the Lord's blessing over you.

With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea Jr.



When Tragedy Strikes



For some unexplained reason we usually associate house fires with the dead of night, when everyone's asleep and someone is either awakened by the smell of smoke or the barking of a faithful pet.

A recent trip to Tudor Vladimirescu to visit the Pinciuc family dispelled that myth, proving that fires are not exclusive to the night, but can also take place during daytime, when the sun is shining and all seems right with the world.

If news travels fast, bad news travels faster. Within a day of the Pinciuc family's tragedy we were alerted to their situation and given the broad stroke details of what had occurred. The family had awakened long before the break of dawn to go work the field – since due to a prolonged heat wave it is nearly impossible to work the fields during the day without getting heatstroke – worked until close to midday, then returned home to eat, rehydrate, and begin work around the homestead from feeding the animals, to making jam and canning vegetables for the coming winter.

It was shortly after lunch that Titinel, the head of the household, began to smell smoke and when he went to investigate, their barn was already aflame. In trying to save the horse, sheep and mare from the barn, Titinel suffered third degree burns, and is still in the hospital. Thankfully the cow and its calf was out to pasture, and so were spared, but since it has been a dry, hot year the fire spread quickly, and before anything could be done, both the horse, the mare, six sheep, the chickens and the ducks all perished in the fire that quickly spread to half of the family's home as well. By the

time the fire department showed up to put out the fire, the family's winter provisions such as corn and hay were also burned beyond saving, as well as their horse cart, something indispensable when living out in the Romanian countryside.

When we arrived the children were hard at work trying to clear the area of debris. Although mere teenagers, the children labored intensely, the worry for their father etched on their faces, but also a resolve rarely seen among children so young. David, the oldest boy in the Pinciuc family had just finished taking the burned bodies of the animals to the dump, and was in the process of cleaning the neighbor's horse cart in order to return it to him.

Although the trauma of the past day's events was clearly visible on everyone's face, including Marcela's, the mother, there was also a hopefulness that was undeniable.

"You can't prepare for something like this", she said, "you don't know how you will react, or how you'll get through it until you do. What gives me hope is that since the fire, there have been people stopping by offering us everything from clothing, to food, to help with cleaning. Everyone is willing to help, they want to help, and that warms my heart."

What Marcela didn't tell us, and what we found out from the neighbors, was that her husband Titinel was the one person everyone would come to if they needed help. Whatever it was they needed, if it was within his ability, Titinel would gladly lend a hand and do what he could. From helping the neighbor who had just lent his family the horse cart to pull the selfsame cart out of a creek bed which was getting ready to flood, to offering a place to sleep to another neighbor when their house burned down, to taking of what little he had and purchasing blankets for another family in the village, Titinel's reputation is one of giving.



"We know he would do the same for us, so we are pulling together and doing what we can", a neighbor from across the street said when we asked what prompted him to come and chop at scorched timbers in the midday sun.

Knowing there would certainly be a need, we did not come empty handed, and when we asked Marcela what their greatest need was, she said they needed close to a thousand dollars to buy new timbers for the barn and home.

Since this was their most immediate need, we met it joyfully, with the promise of returning once Titinel was released from the hospital to see where else we could be of help. By all accounts he should still be hospitalized for another three weeks or so, due to the need of having his skin grafts monitored.

"It's better that they keep him" Marcela said smiling, "if they let him come home, he'll just go right back to work,

and I know he's not supposed to exert himself for a while yet. God will keep us. Of this I am certain."

Please keep the Pinciuc family in your prayers, and if the Lord leads to help in any way, it would be greatly appreciated. At a bare minimum, by what we saw, they need another \$6000 to finish rebuilding, but nothing is impossible to the God we serve.

*In His Grace,
Hand of Help Staff*



One Need Among Many

We have been acquainted with the Dascalu family for some years now. We visit periodically, bring food packages, deliver clothing and anything else they may need. It is always a blessing visiting this family, as you can feel the peace and joy of the Lord the instant you enter their home, a feeling that stays with you long after you leave.

The Dascalu family is comprised of ten children, all between the ages of 3 months to 16 years. Currently the children sleep three to a bed, in a pair of bunk beds, and the older ones sleep on blankets on the floor. "It gets harder during the winter", Iulia said, "the ground gets very cold, and the kids have a hard time sleeping on it. There are no problems in summer though, as it tends to be cooler on the floor anyway."

What strikes you the moment you walk into the Dascalu family's home is the joy everyone shares. There are smiles upon every face, and all the children get along, help and love each other.

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The Languid Days of Summer



Sister Iulia's mother Adela also lives with them and helps out with the children, a necessity especially since Marta, the family's 9 year old daughter, was diagnosed with Down's syndrome, while brother Ionel works to provide for his family. By trade, Ionel is a well digger, but in recent years with the competition becoming fierce, and the price for digging a well being undercut to the point of not making very much at all, Ionel does whatever he can, from carpentry, to laying tile, to building chimneys in order to provide for his large family.

The family lives in an old mud brick home, and over the years water damage has corroded the foundation to the point that there is nothing more they can do to keep the house standing. At first the family wanted to reinforce the foundation of their existing home, but once they started work, they realized it would not hold, and whatever they tried to keep the house from sliding further off kilter has not worked.

As such, they began laying the foundation for a new home, and the foundation is as far as they got before they ran out of money.

Although they've been trying to save to continue building their home, it's becoming increasingly more difficult, and although Iulia's mood is as jovial as ever, she did confide that only a miracle would make this dream a reality.

"We just don't have the means, and unless God moves on our behalf, we will never have the means to finish this home."

Although this is just one need among many, I was stirred to share it with you in the hope that we can come together, and make the dream of the Dascalu family a reality.

The family would need another \$5000 to finish building their home, a paltry sum for some, an impassable obstacle for others. Please join your prayers for this family together with ours, as we know our God is able to do exceedingly beyond what we can envision, and make a miracle happen for this family.

In Christ,
Pastor Michael Boldea Sr.



A Glimpse of *Romania*

"Since we have gifts that differ according to the grace given to us, each of us is to exercise them accordingly...if service, in his serving ... he who gives, with liberality; ... he who shows mercy, with cheerfulness." Romans 12:6-8.

It's late June in northeastern Romania and pleasantly warm while the vehicle we are in bounces and sways past horse-drawn carts and pedestrians walking on the road. Farmers' crops paint the undulating hills around us an artist's palate of green, brown and maize. We are following the large truck loaded in Botosani with boxes, bathtubs, doors and donations. Our convoy of two vehicles is headed to a pastor's house in upper Baranca, a kilometer from the river which divides this area from Ukraine. The local pastor and his wife warmly greet us with their homemade drink made from native flowers (tastes like peach) and then he jumps in the truck to point the way to the poorest of the poor in their neighborhood. Some are Christians already, praying for their basic needs to be met; some have not yet found Him, but still need the love of Jesus to visit them today.

For the next few hours we drive up rutted graveled lanes, stopping at house after house. Often, the homes are just brightly painted cement rectangles sitting on patches of dirt and weeds, lacking any foundation or other crucial elements, such as a front door. Other houses have front doors with holes in them; some have no inside doors dividing them into rooms.

That's why Hand of Help is delivering doors that have been salvaged from roadsides or recycled from projects near. At least six families today are receiving the treasure of a door. Two are getting a stand-alone claw foot bathtub, most likely salvaged after someone left them beside a road in Hungary. One family is even getting a refrigerator and washing machine purchased because of a special need. Michael Boldea Sr. reminds this family that God loves them and brings this to their family as a true miracle. Two women who are ill today receive prayer as we each pray aloud for them; we hope by faith for healing miracles, even better than appliances.

As the truck rumbles up the lane, dozens appear from everywhere, many chasing our vehicles with big grins and dirty faces. Hand of Help has been in this neighborhood before with candy and they meet us today with expectant eyes. We hand out wrapped candies this time, too, as the men and older boys unload huge sacks of potatoes and boxes of clothing at each house that the local pastor has chosen.

Although my English cannot be understood, I babble at them anyhow; smiles are a universal language. The teacher/mother gene in my DNA cannot resist prompting the children to have good manners with the one Romanian word I know: "Mulțumesc?" Thank you? Happily, most of the children respond "mulțumesc" back to me.

One girl, appearing to be blind and mentally challenged, clutches the candy I put in her hand and then shyly stuffs it into the pocket of the teen boy with cerebral palsy standing next to her. My heart is broken to see these impoverished children who are not able to follow with the other children.



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As we unload another door, a jovial man arrives from down the hill and does a little victory dance when he sees who has arrived. In the past he has challenged Hand of Help to follow through on so many needs in this rutted lane. He reminds Michael Jr. that he has asked Hand of Help to set up a tent and hold a crusade so the families in this area who are not Christians can hear the gospel. Michael assures him he will check into a tent.

The family at this house though asks for something they consider even more basic than a one night crusade. They wish to have help to dig a well. Currently they walk down the hill to the house of the jovial Christian to draw water from the well that he shares with others and then they carry water back up the hill for their daily needs. This house on the hill will need a deep well. Michael Jr. challenges the father at this house to raise part of the money for the well by the time they return.

Hand of Help will try to provide a few hundred Lei towards the project. He explains to us later that at least twenty families a month ask Hand of Help for the basic necessity of a well so they can draw water. A well, he says, is a part of the homestead that families appreciate more when they have raised some of the money themselves.

Hand of Help will continue to do just that—help—as God provides through the sacrifice and gifts of the body of Christ. Your hand, my hand, the hands of those who work with this organization, the local pastors' hands, all of these join together as the body of Christ, representing the nail-scarred Hand of Jesus Christ that handed out a lot of love and mercy today. The truck is finally empty...until next time.

Jane Frazier, Florida



September's Child of the Month



Catana Petrisor Vladut (born May 3rd, 1999) started his journey with us in May 2011, together with his sister Berce Valentina.

The local authorities first intervened in September 2006, establishing protective measures and that led to the children being placed in foster care, since their environment was beginning to impede their growth and development; their mother was deemed unfit to offer them a proper home, mostly due to having to deal with numerous traumatic experiences herself, scars left from years of dealing with an alcoholic mother herself. As soon as she was able to find a job and rent a small studio, the children were allowed to come and live with her again.

By April 2011, their situation, yet again, took a turn for the worse. The siblings were again found living in an unsafe environment,

malnourished, lacking the most basic of hygiene and having to cope with lice and fleas running rampant on their little bodies. Their appearance was dreadful and as a consequence the other children treated them horribly and the neighbors marginalized them. One could see the sufferings and shame in their eyes and very few individuals took the time to lovingly come to their assistance.

As soon as Vladut walked through the doors of our orphanage, he felt at peace that he was finally home. He is doing very well, has adapted easily and still keeps in touch with his mother and her other children. He is currently in the 10th grade and hopes to be able to study well during high school and transition to independent life smoothly. Please keep him in your prayers and ask God to direct his path and guide his day to day existence.

Dear Brethren,

Galatians 6:7 “Do not be deceived, God is not mocked; for whatever a man sows, that he will also reap.”

There are no actions without consequences. There are no choices without repercussions. One of the fundamental laws of the universe states that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Although attributed to Newton as his third law, the reality of this law existed far, far before Newton put it into words.

I do not live in a vacuum and neither do you. Consequently, teachers don't teach in a vacuum, preachers don't preach in a vacuum, and as such there are repercussions to the teachings and the sermons men utter. Real lives are being shipwrecked, real faith is being shattered, and real hearts are being made weary by the onslaught of falsehood being passed as gospel nowadays.

The real heartbreak is that it takes some time for the repercussions of certain things to be made evident to the naked eye. One indulgent meal replete with cookies, cakes, and milk shakes will not make you obese, but keep eating it for a few months and you will see the pounds gradually tick upwards.

We are beginning to see the repercussions of our choices in many areas nowadays, from overly stimulated children whose youth was spent in front of the internet, to adults who no longer know what it is to have a meaningful, loving relationship because of all the pornography they have ingested, to Christians who honestly believe the only expectation God ever had of them was to raise a hand in church on any given Sunday even if they didn't really mean it, or because they felt pressured by their parents to do it.

When seeds are sown the harvest does not come in overnight. It takes a season of germinating and growing before they take root, break through the soil, and grow into what they were intended to be.

The seeds of our Christless gospel, the seeds of our powerless gospel, the seeds of our fraudulent gospel, and the seeds of our heretical gospel have broken through the ground and now we are seeing the gnarled, misshapen dead shrubs it has produced.

Like most anything, false doctrine has a cumulative, compounded effect, to the extent that there are certain brash, arrogant individuals who will vociferously argue against the sovereignty of Christ, the infallibility of the Gospel, and God Himself all the while calling themselves Christians, due to all the falsehood they've absorbed and accepted into themselves over the years.

We are just now beginning to see the repercussions of the *Me Gospel*, the *Social Gospel*, the *Prosperity Gospel* and the *Fire Insurance Gospel*. Worse is on the way, and those who still dare to stand on the walls of the citadel and cry aloud are bone weary, and down to their last ebbing strength.

Pray for those who still preach truth. Pray for those who still walk in light. Pray for those who still insist upon righteousness, because they are growing fewer by the day, and the darkness is set against them and their loved ones.

2 Timothy 4:3-4, “For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but according to their own desires, because they have itching ears, they will heap up for themselves teachers; and they will turn their ears away from the truth, and be turned aside to fables.”

With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea Jr.

