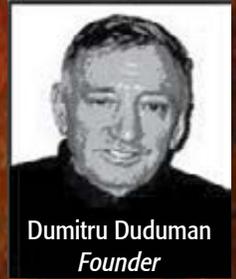


Hand of HELP



Dumitru Duduman
Founder

September • October
November 2016



Hand of Help
Ministries

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The Impossible People

It takes a lot to surprise me. It's not that I'm not easily triled, it's just that I've been in enough situations and have lived through enough experiences wherein unless something is truly bizarre or out of place, I will likely take it in stride.

During my last trip to Romania I got to spend a lot of time with my dad. While some fathers and sons go fishing or hiking, the way my father and I have always bonded was by going out in the field and doing what has always been our calling to do. We travel to out of the way places and help forgotten people.

We get to talk during the drives, we get to see the expressions on people's faces when they realize God has met their need, and we remember the goodness of the Lord throughout the years.

It was about midday and our next stop was the village of Dragalina. There is nothing inherently special about this village, just a dirt track that leads to a handful of homes, that will all likely be empty and given to ruination within a generation, because the young people are fleeing, looking for jobs and opportunity, and the old ones are dying off.



We were going to visit a family we'd visited before, that of Agache Gheorghe and Elena, because they'd sent word that their well has gone dry, and they are getting their water from a bog brother Gheorghe had dug. They have to collect the water, strain it, wait for it

to settle, ladle out the top layer, boil it, and only then can they have drinking water. The other option left to them is to get water from the only other well in the area which is a mile and a half walk each way. Elena does this twice a week, bringing bottles and a wheelbarrow to carry them in, but the owners of the well have already told her to limit her visits since they fear their well will go dry as well.

As we got out of the car, brother Gheorghe came out to greet us with a smile on his face, but as I passed around the front bumper to go shake his hand, I noticed a young man in my periphery staring intently. His elbows were on the fence, and since he was in the neighboring yard, I assumed he was the neighbor. I tried to ignore him at first, but every time I glanced his way, there he was staring, clenching and unclenching his jaw to the point that it was visible from some thirty feet away.

One of the reasons I've never been robbed, had my pockets picked, or found myself in an impossible circumstance besides the providence of God, is because ever since I was a young man I've practiced situational awareness. I am always aware of my surroundings, I always know where I am, I always get the feel of a place or a neighborhood, and I never ignore my instincts. At this juncture my instincts were telling me something was not right, and as I shook brother Gheorghe's hand, then went to the back of the car to get a food package, I always kept the young man within my line of sight.

Through it all the young man said nothing. He just stared and clenched and unclenched his jaw methodically, giving no sign that he was even aware of what was going on.

Getting through brother Gheorghe's gate would have put me within arm's reach of the man, but since I had no other point of entry, I turned my body to the side and tried to sidestep through the gate with a twenty some odd point food package in my right arm.

It was then that the young man decided to speak, and the matter of fact tone of his speech stopped me in my tracks. "You're not possible," he said, "my priest said you don't exist. I told him you come to visit my neighbors and give them food and my priest said people don't do that. You're not possible."

I let out a breath I didn't realize I was holding in upon realizing the young man was not dangerous, he was just distraught. I put the package down, and assured him that we were very real, and that yes, people like us existed, we were possible, and this is what we did.

"Why?" was all he said, "Why do you do it?"

"Because God told us to."

"Then why didn't God tell my priest to do it, too?"

"Maybe He did. Maybe your priest just wasn't listening", was all I could say to the young man who was having a very real and pronounced crisis of faith.

"I know they're different," he said, pointing to the Agache family home. "Are you like them?"

"I guess I am," I answered smiling.

"They're nice people," he said. "My priest says they're not right, but they're nice to me."

I got the backstory on the young man from sister Elena, who was more than eager to fill me in. The young man's name was Marcel, he was in his late twenties, and he'd gotten kicked in the head by a mare when he was young and since then he'd had a pronounced retardation. His mother had been a devout Orthodox believer, and she raised him in the same manner. The Agache family have been looking after Marcel since his mother passed, and they've been trying to share Jesus with him in deed rather than in word.

Even with his disability, Marcel senses the difference between what his priest says, and what the truth actually is.

"That spiteful old man keeps trying to tell that poor boy that we're evil, and we're not to be trusted. He made a show of excommunicating us some years back when we converted, and he still holds a grudge", sister Elena said.

As we exited the Agache home, after some fellowship and prayer, Marcel was still there, elbows on the fence, just analyzing as he had before.

As I nodded and made to walk by, he reached out his hand and said, "I'm Marcel, it's nice to meet you."

"And I'm Mike. It's nice to meet you as well."

"Will you be back?" he asked.

"If not me, then someone else, but yes, we will be back,"

I answered.

"That's good. They're nice people, and they don't have anyone."

Since we always bring more than we expect to need, my dad went and fished a food package out of the car, and handed it to Marcel who couldn't quite believe that a stranger was showing him such kindness. After numerous pleas, he finally took the package, and nodding his head as though he'd seen something unexplainable, he returned to his yard, package in tow.

For the rest of the week, every time my dad and I would head out on another one of our trips, either he or I would smile and say, "The impossible people are at it again."

Ever since we met, Marcel has been in my prayers. It is because we are able to affect the lives of people like him, those marginalized, abandoned, and forgotten, that we continue to press on, ever determined to be a present help in time of need for those who have no one to turn to but God.

Although I say it often, it bears repeating, thank you for allowing us the privilege to be the hands and feet of Christ, and doing unto the least of these. Your reward in heaven will be commensurate.

A new well for the Agache family will cost just under one thousand dollars, and I believe it is a worthwhile project to see through to the end since it will be a blessing not only for the Agache family and Marcel, but for neighboring families as well.

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea Jr.





Fond Memories



I don't remember my first day of school or what grade I got on my first test, but I do remember the first slingshot my grandfather made me from a tree branch and some tire rubber, as well as the day he thought I was old enough to learn how to ride a bicycle. It turned out I couldn't reach the pedals of his bike for another two years, and back during the communist days, children's bicycles were considered a capitalist extravagance so they were nowhere to be found.

We didn't have much growing up, but we had enough, and the love was always there whether from my parents or my grandparents. I have fond memories of my childhood, and the fact that there are no dark memories mixed in, like a drop of ink in a bowl of milk, is something I took for granted for a very long time.

My parents did not abuse me, they didn't hit me with their fists, I never witnessed my father beat my mother into unconsciousness, or suffer the confusion of having my dad, the man that bounced me on his knee, burn me with cigarettes when he got drunk, but many of the children we have in our care suffered many of these things, and far, far worse.

As we were getting everything packed and ready for our yearly trip to camp, seeing as we were busy loading boxes and filling cars, a friend of mine who had happened to stop by because he'd heard I was in town asked, "Why do you guys insist on sending the kids to camp every year? Couldn't you use the money somewhere else?"

I had to think about what he said for a second, because truth be told, yes, we could use the money somewhere else. We still have three floors to renovate in the orphanage, one of our cars is on its last leg, we need to set a little aside for the spike in heating costs this coming winter, we need to replenish our food stores, and the list goes on.

Even with all those backlogged needs and places where we could have used the money, we still send our children to camp every year because, quite frankly, they deserve to have some fond memories of their childhood along with those that will scar them for the rest of their lives, and I told my friend as such.

"Good enough for me," my friend said, "Where can I be of help?"

I've never gone through what some of our children went through, so I could only guess at the trauma and the damage having one's trust betrayed so thoroughly by those whose responsibility it is to see that you grow up healthy and happy. I could only guess at the brokenness, the disillusionment, the heartache and the pain, and even after years of being in a loving environment such as the Hand of Help Orphanage, even years after being loved and cared for, you see flickers of the past in their eyes from time to time, like ripples in a still lake caused by an unseen hand.

Although the wounds of their experiences might heal with time, the scar tissue will always remain. It's just the way it is, and no amount of insistence to the contrary will change this reality. Our duty isn't to try and make them forget what they went through, but bring them to a place of understanding they will never again have to go through it, that they are now safe, and that they deserve the love that is being offered to them on a daily basis.

All it takes is one smile to make it worth the effort, and throughout the two weeks that camp took place, there were far more than one smile on the faces of our children. As I said, they deserve some



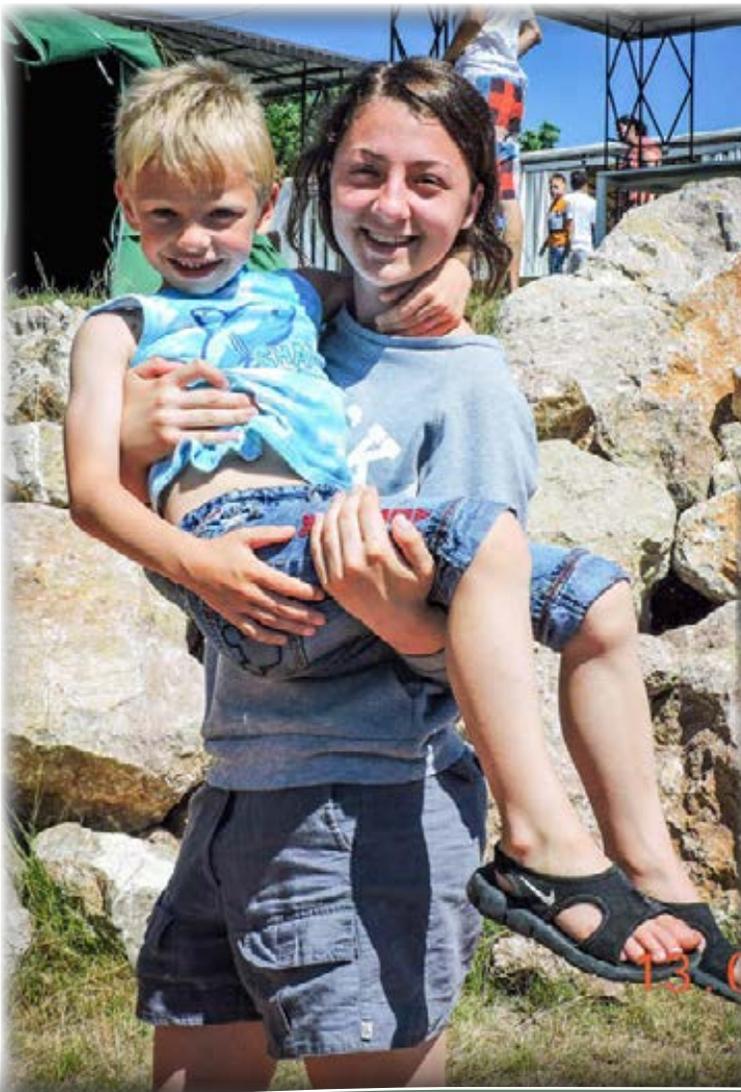
good memories too, and our yearly outing provides such memories in spades.

Life is made up of moments, of memories, of sights and sounds and experiences that we relive and remember long after they have passed. As those responsible for the wellbeing of the children in our care, our desire has always been for the good memories to outweigh the bad, and seeing as we start out at a distinct deficit, everyone here tries all the harder to make up for lost time.

It has been well over thirty years, but I still remember the day a lady my mother cleaned homes for came and took my brothers and I to Disneyland, but not before making us put on “I love Jesus” t-shirts, written in Romanian. My shirt was two sizes too small, and the pink hue didn’t help, but I still remember that day fondly just as I know our children will remember their time at camp.

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea Jr.



Romania

What was but a whisper until recently has turned into full throated concern. At first the people thought it was a fluke, an exception, something not to be repeated, but the weather anomalies keep piling up, and even those who have walked the earth for seventy, eighty years say they've never seen anything like it.

From experiencing twisters, something that is as foreign to Romania as the Japanese dialect, to hailstorms that decimated entire regions, destroying crops, breaking car windows, and putting holes in roofs, to cold snaps, to extreme heat, to flooding, and everything else one could think of except for a blizzard in July, the weather pattern seems to have gone awry and those who work the land and reap the harvest for their sustenance are outright scared.

There will be no substantive crop this year. The corn crop, at least in our part of the country, was destroyed

by the hail, and what the hail didn't get the sudden cold snap did. The only things that seem to have survived are the root vegetables, as well as potatoes, and so people are storing potatoes for the coming winter thereby driving up the price to almost intolerable levels.

Every metric one would hazard to look at is foreboding and ominous. From the economic numbers which have gone from bad to worse, to the system's inability to pay out what it owes retired persons from the money it takes in from those still working, to the growing taxes and the European Union's continued pressures to regulate even the most banal of things, desperation is giving way to frustration if not outright anger.

It is something that is visible throughout the world at this juncture, wherein people are fed up, tired of being told how they can and cannot live, and being taxed half of their income so the privileged few can puddle around in private jets and have lifestyles rock stars wouldn't dare to dream of.



Rebellion is on the horizon, and if things get bad enough this coming winter due to the lack of crops this fall, it may not be as far off.

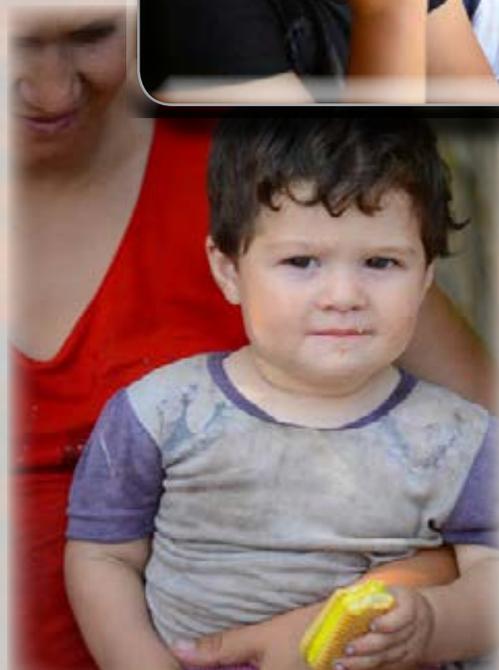
Another worrisome turn of events for the citizenry is the fact that America has decided to move its nuclear weapons from Turkey to Romania, something the Russians are not very happy about, or keen on seeing completed. Couple this newest development with the already tense relations between Russia and Romania due to the missile shield being activated earlier this year, and even the most optimistic of individuals would say there is reason for concern.

If not for the knowledge that God is in control and that our hope rests in Him, we too would be among those who are distraught and disillusioned, looking for something, anything to cling to, and seeing no light at the end of a long and dark tunnel. We know that whether through the eye of the storm or around its edges, God will see us through, and no matter what may come we have the unshakeable faith that as a good Father, He will protect and provide for His children.

In His Grace, Hand of Help Staff



The Children



of Romania



A Sobering Reminder

In the last 5 days of going out to the villages we have encountered sickness and/or death at almost every house! It is so sad to experience and to see the families that have been left behind, now fatherless, motherless, or, worse by far, the parents who remain, without a child. I would like to request that we all really take some time to pray for these families. It is something that is impressed upon my heart in a way which I cannot adequately describe.

In just 5 days we have seen these things in the homes we have visited:

DAY 1: A child with a cleft palate, one with muscular dystrophy, someone suffering from kidney failure, a family who lost the father to cancer in October, that also has a daughter who was born with only one kidney.

DAY 2: A young girl with epileptic seizures, a mother pregnant and in the hospital with kidney and thyroid problems, a father who has lung cancer and their baby is in the hospital, and a lady paralyzed for over two years after thyroid surgery.

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You can't help but leave a little piece of you every time you visit one of these families, every time you cry with them, realizing you are merely scratching the surface as far as understanding the depth of their pain.



DAY 3: A 4-year-old girl died from cancer.

DAY 4: Three individuals suffering from kidney cancer, a heart attack, and a paralyzed leg respectively.

DAY 5: An individual who was paralyzed, another who had their legs amputated from diabetes, another still with stomach ulcers, mental problems.

It seems like sickness and death are a constant wherever you happen to live, and in certain parts of the world such as Romania it is claiming younger and younger lives! May we repent of our wicked ways and turn back to God and ask Him for mercy! May we all cry out to God on behalf of all those around the world that are suffering and ask for strength for the family members that are bearing the weight of caring for them 24/7. If you are one of those suffering, know that we are all praying for you and your family. May God richly bless you and may you feel His presence with you always!

Blessings in Jesus Name,

Hosanna Edman (Kalispell, MT)



Bringing Joy to the Villages

After coming to Romania multiple times and getting to be a part of all that goes on here, from putting together the food packages, to delivering them, to giving money for specific needs, we have really gotten a feel for what constitutes some of the biggest blessings to those here. As we go out to the villages, seeing their lifestyle is such an eye-opener compared to the luxury most Americans enjoy. It really makes a person thankful for what they have, such as running water, electricity, refrigeration, indoor plumbing, etc. We take so much for granted.

One of the major blessings to the people here is receiving a cow. It is like inheriting a bank account for them. After they receive one, they then have milk, cheese, sour cream, etc., to feed their children! This has a big impact especially for the big families! A lot of the cows produce more than one family can use, so then they can sell the extra milk products and make some money to provide other needed things for the family.

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We have recently had the privilege to be there when a few cows were purchased for big families. They were so overjoyed that they burst into tears. One told us the other day, "I have no words to thank you enough! You have no idea how this helps my family." When we are looking for a cow, we always search for one that is fairly young so that the blessing will last them a long time. One that is either pregnant or has just given birth provides the family with two cows for the price of one.

If God lays it on your heart, there are many families here who would be so touched by your generosity and would want to throw their arms around you in thankfulness for what you had blessed them with. May God lead each of us in how He would have us touch these precious lives.

Blessings in Christ,

Hosanna Edman



Dear Brethren,

Psalm 46:10-11, “Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth! The Lord of hosts is with us; The God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah”

It’s hard to be still when everything is rushing at you, around you, like a perfect storm you can’t break free from or ignore. It seems as though we barely get a chance to catch our breath before another event, crisis, controversy, or newsbyte drawing our attention pummels us, demanding that we break away from what we are doing, only to be pulled aside yet again by another thing.

Nowadays everything around us is making a concerted effort to keep us from being still. Everything serves as a distraction attempting to rob us of our stillness, as though fearful of the thought that if we attain stillness, we will nevermore be subject to the tumult and machinations. This present world fears that it will lose its sway over us once we have learned to be still. Its fear is not unfounded.

Our enemy knows that only in the stillness when we are alone with God, can we know the comfort that He imparts and the peace that He pours out. He knows that once we have entered into His rest, once we have come to the unshakeable knowledge that He is God and truly understand what this entails, we will no longer be negatively affected by the things happening around us, but trust in His everlasting arm to see us through.

Sometimes the answers to the questions we have are so simple that we ignore them, thinking to ourselves that it couldn’t possibly be this uncomplicated. I have known men who have gone to great lengths to attain some semblance of peace through the coming storm. They have built and they amassed, they have stored and they have squirreled, all in the hope that they will attain this seemingly untenable sense of serenity others possess so readily.

While they can brush off others as ignorant of the times they are living and conclude that this is why they are at ease, it is not so with me. They know my background, they know the ministry I am part of, and they know that I personally believe trying times are about to blanket the earth, and persecution will be unleashed upon all who desire to live godly in Christ Jesus. What they cannot seem to grasp is how I can possess the peace I possess knowing these things and not having gone to the lengths that they have gone to in preparing by way of storing food and water, building a bomb shelter or other such things that psychologically speaking, can act as a security blanket for some.

First, God never told me to prepare in the physical the way He might have told them. If God commanded them to store food, then store food is what they should have done. If God commanded them to store water, then store water is what they should have done. If God commanded them to do what they did, then they should possess the peace that comes by way of obedience, and be unconcerned with what the future holds.

If, however, they did these things of their own volition, in the flesh, and without divine guidance, then even after having done all these things, they will have no peace or serenity.

True peace in God has no barrier to entry. You don’t have to have a certain amount of money saved, a certain amount of food stored or a certain number of acres purchased. All you need in order to know true peace is to be still and know Him for who He truly is.

In the stillness, when it’s just you and Him in blessed fellowship, you will know that He *is* God, not that He *may* be, or *could* be. Once we come to this blessed knowledge, once we know that He is God, all the worries melt away, all the fears, all the doubts, all the uncertainty and all the insecurity.

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What have you to fear? He is God, and you are His, and He is yours, and He watches over you without ceasing! What have you to fear? Your Father owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and He can speak worlds into existence! What have you to fear? You already know the measure of God's love for you in that He sent His Son Jesus. You know you are precious in His sight.

One of the greatest tragedies I've had the misfortune of witnessing is that believers oftentimes lose sight of these simple truths, and grow despondent and disillusioned, looking for safety in places other than under the shadow of His wing.

Remind yourself, that He is God and what that means in your life, and that you belong to Him, daily if you have to, because there has never been a time in the history of man more tailored to robbing the people of God of their peace as this.

If things start to get too troubling, be still. If what you're hearing on the news is causing you undue fretting, turn it off, and be still. Know Him, know His love, know His goodness, know His joy, know His provision, know His protection, know His omnipotence, and know that they are yours by right as a son or daughter of the Most High God.

Isaiah 44:24, "Thus says the Lord, your Redeemer, and He who formed you from the womb: "I am the Lord, who makes all things, who stretches out the heavens all alone, who spreads abroad the earth by Myself; who frustrates the signs of the babblers, and drives diviners mad; who turns wise men backward, and makes their knowledge foolishness."

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea Jr.

Prayer Requests

FOR wisdom over the children at the orphanage, that they might excel over the next school year.

FOR the "Hear The Watchmen" Conference in Knoxville, TN. September 30th-October 2nd, Knoxville Marriott; that God would alert the watchmen on the wall to be unapologetic and bold in raising our churches, families, nation and uphold Godly biblical standards during these end times.

FOR the "Great is His Faithfulness" Convention in Young Harris, GA. in recognition of Hand of Help's 30th Year Celebration.

When

Saturday, October 29, 2016 at 4:00 PM - Sunday, October 30, 2016 at 2:00 PM (EDT)

Where

Brasstown Valley Resort & Spa - 6321 U.S. 76, Young Harris, GA 30582

Why

To equip the body of Christ with increased faith and fully arm them with the Armour of God in preparation of increased persecution on the saints and the standards they uphold.

To give the Lord thanks and praise for all He has faithfully done for this ministry and the countless souls that have been touched along this 30 year journey.