

Hand of **HELP**

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Faith, Hope and Love



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A Moment of Perspective

Life has defining moments. Most often these moments come unexpectedly, but the impact they have on the way one might view or perceive something is permanent and irrevocable. Sometimes it is something subtle, like a recollection of some long forgotten thing that instantly connects a thousand pieces of a giant puzzle, and reaffirms the truth that nothing is chance, happenstance, or accidental.

Other times, it is something bombastic and dramatic; no less than blinding lights, voices from heaven, and temporary blindness.

Whichever way these defining moments manifest themselves, their effect on our way of thinking, being and processing the information we are constantly bombarded with shifts.

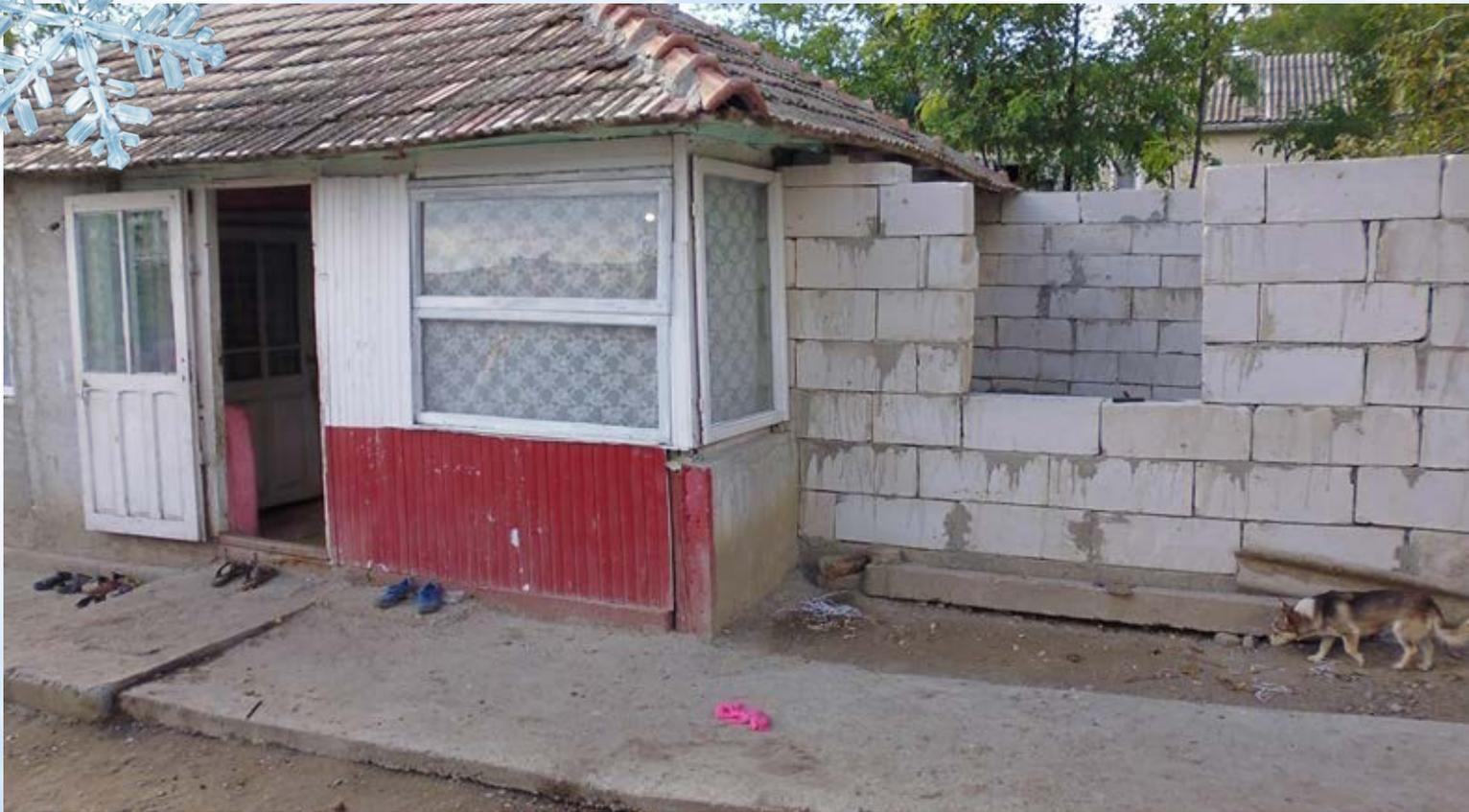
For some people these moments are refreshing and reassuring. They bring joy and a renewed awareness of just how blessed they are, or reveal the chinks in their armor they must shore up in preparation for battle.

For others, these moments are a jolt to the system, like being dunked in an ice bath on a hot summer's day without warning or preparation. The moment is so profound, so defining, that it leaves them breathless.

I have been visiting impoverished families and seeing the conditions they live in for the better part of fifteen years now. I thought I'd seen it all, and by and large, I have. There is very little that surprises me anymore, never mind having one of these visits turn into one of the aforementioned defining moments.



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It is because we know how bad it can get for some families that we persist in going out on a regular basis and visiting them where they live. It is because we've seen how bad it can get that we continue to remain faithful to the urging of God to go and do this work no matter our struggle, our lack, or our weariness.

Yes, I get tired. We all do. This does not mean we do not do the work of God with joy, it just means we are weary. You can be bone tired, and joyful at the same time, and the day we went to visit the Prodan family was one of those days.

We had spent most of the day on the road, bouncing endlessly through unpaved village roads,

and once paved county roads that looked like they had endured a bombing from the allied forces, when my phone began to buzz. When I answered it, it was brother Remus Abuziloaie, a deacon in the church of Borzesti.

After our preliminary greetings, he asked where I was, and after telling him our location, he asked if we had time to visit one more family. "I could try to explain the situation," Remus said, "but I think it's best if you go see it for yourself. It's really hard to put into words."

After agreeing to go, and asking for some approximate directions, we were on our way to the village of Borzesti to visit the Prodan family. At first we thought we had gotten lost. We stopped and sat in the car

looking at each other and back at the edifice standing before us, and the consensus was that we had taken a wrong turn somewhere. Brother Remus mentioned that Prodan Mihai and his wife had eight children, and there was no way ten people could live in the tiny room we were looking at.

We finally turned off the engine and went to see if we had the right home, and to our surprise we did. The entirety of the Prodan family lives, sleeps, eats, and the children do their homework in a single room that measures 10 feet by 13 feet.

To say that conditions are cramped would be the understatement of the century. Up until that moment, I thought my

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family lived in cramped quarters during our time in America because the seven of us shared a two-bedroom apartment. In that instant, the epiphany was as clear as day that I didn't really know what cramp meant up until then, and that even though it might have

been less than optimal, the seven of us in a two-bedroom apartment really wasn't all that bad.

When we were first greeted by brother Mihai, he averted his gaze and in a soft, embarrassed tone said, "I'd invite you in, but there really isn't any room."

We waved off his apology, letting him know that we understood the circumstances, then got right into what we could do as a ministry to help him and his family. With God's help, we want to complete an additional room attached to the room the Prodans live in, and put a connecting door between the two. It may not seem like much, but it would effectively double their living space.

Mihai Prodan is a faithful, good hearted man who is currently helping with the construction of the local church, in spite of his circumstances. This fact is yet another thing that leapt out at me regarding this family, because they are giving of themselves to the work of God not out of abundance, but rather from a place of need.

I have lived long enough to know that God is a rewarder of those who are diligently selfless, and brother Prodan is one such individual.

Please pray for this need as you go before the Lord, and we will join our prayers with yours, hopeful that we will complete construction of this second room before winter is upon us. It would be a great blessing indeed.

**With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea Jr**



Momma Bears

Depending on where you live you are either more likely or less likely to see a real live bear out in the wild. If you live in some metropolitan city, far from wooded areas or land untouched by the progress of man, then you are not very likely to ever see a bear walking down your cul-de-sac unless it escaped from the local zoo.

If, however, you live in rural Montana, or Wyoming, or even parts of Tennessee, all one needs to do is live long enough, and chances are better than good they will spot a bear in the wild. I believe the same can be said of people in regards to how tough and resilient they are, perhaps not so much because of their particular geographical location, but rather the manner in which they grew up, and currently live.

Although there are always exceptions to every theory, generally speaking, someone who grew up with a pampered existence,



having all their wants catered to and having everything handed to them on a silver platter, is less likely to be tough as nails and gritty as brine, than someone who had to claw their way through life to survive, and fight for everything, all the time.

Daniela Arama is strong because both her survival, and the survival of her six children depended on it. Ask her, and she will be the first to tell you that she wasn't born tough, but after having to flee from an abusive, alcoholic husband, and care for her children all by herself, she got tough quick, and there is very little that can keep this momma bear down.

The day we went to take pictures of the cow we purchased for Daniela and her family, we discovered she was in the Botosani hospital because she had sliced

her right leg open with a scythe while cutting corn stalks earlier that morning. When we got to the hospital to check on her and see what she was doing, they told us she'd asked to be released on her own recognizance, because her daughter was getting married at the end of the week, and there was still too much work to be done.

They tried to tell her she shouldn't be putting pressure on the leg, and that there was a good chance she will pop her stitches if she doesn't take it easy, but that didn't seem to slow Daniela down in the least. She had an objective, and she would accomplish it, scythe cut or no scythe cut.

When we finally caught up with her, she was a whirlwind of activity, still preparing for her daughter's nuptials. "If I don't do it, it doesn't get done, and life really doesn't care



Momma Bears

about excuses,” she said. “I thank God He gives me the strength I need to do what I must, because they’re my children, I am their mother, and it is my job to do my best by them.”

Daniela’s hardships only make her more determined to fight on, to do all she can to provide for her offspring, and although Daniela and her children have been living with her mother since she moved out of her home, the house is small, and old, and it cannot adequately accommodate eight people.

With the money she’s been able to earn as a day laborer, Daniela has started building a home, but she ran out of finances before she could put on the roof. Her prayer and greatest hope is to finish the home she’s started, not so much for her, but for her children.

“Every parent knows that once you hold your first child in your arms the rest of your life is



dedicated to seeing to their welfare and wellbeing. I’ve had the grace to do that six times in this life, to look down and see a new life, and each time the need to protect them and watch over them was equally powerful.”

Willpower alone will only get you so far, and even momma bears need help once in a while. The love Daniela has for her children is evident. She wears it on her

face no matter how exhausted she might be, and it is refreshing to see a mother fight for her children the way Daniela is fighting for hers.

Please pray for this need, and for this family, and if the Lord leads you to help in any way it will be an answer to many a plea.

**With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea Jr**



God's Perfect Timing

God, could you really be calling me, a 48-year-old homeschooling mother of 7, to go to Romania now?"

That was a question I was crying out to my Heavenly Father as I drove home from church one Sunday afternoon in August, 2018.

Since the 1990s, when I was in my twenties, Romania, and particularly Romanian orphans, had been in my heart, but I did not know of any organizations working there until 2008 when the Lord orchestrated events and our family met Dave and Cheryl Edman in Kalispell, Montana. At the time of our meeting, the Edmans had been visiting the Hand of Help Orphanage since the early 2000s, and they enthusiastically shared what God had called them to as they ministered there every spring and fall for a total of 6 weeks per year where they spent much



time with the orphans and doing outreach in the nearby villages. As a result of what the Edmans had shared, our family decided to get involved by sponsoring a child at the orphanage. Sponsoring our new child, Costica, became a wonderful experience for our homeschool family. We adopted him in our hearts, prayed for him, and sent him letters and gifts.

Always, it was in my heart to meet him and also the other children in the orphanage, but it simply was not possible because I had many young children of my own that I was caring for. Consequently, I gave my desires up to the Lord and waited on Him, hoping someday



I could go. In the meantime, we sent our oldest son, Benjamin, on two trips with the Edmans in 2015 and 2016.

So, on that Sunday drive in August 2018, where I asked God if now was the time, God answered by impressing in my heart that "Yes", this was His time for me. Also, as confirmation, my husband was encouraging me to go, and 3 other friends who had been to Romania also encouraged me to go. As a bonus, it would be a great opportunity to include our 16 year old son, Joshua, and expose him to God's work in another part of the world. We expedited a passport for Joshua and booked our tickets



God's Perfect Timing



only 6 weeks prior to our departure date. This was a huge trip for a mother with 6 children still at home between the ages of 6 and 18, but the Lord gave His absolute peace over every detail of the trip, and we felt His Hand completely upon us and guiding every decision and action. Dan, my husband, was with the children at home the entire time I was gone.

Once we arrived at the

orphanage, Joshua and I shared a room together in the orphanage guest house, and we did outreach to the villages with Dave Edman and Michael Boldea Sr almost every day, except Sunday. After breakfast, we would go to the villages. I had friends that sent along money to purchase 5 cows for needy families, and we got to participate in this and meet each excited family with their new cow.

We also visited many widows, widowers, abandoned women, and wives caring for disabled husbands. Many of them were so lonely and so excited to have visitors. God had put it in my mind to purchase flowers for many of these people to show His love and care for them. As I would give each one their flowers, I would say, "Jesus loves you!", which is the one phrase of Romanian that I could speak. The response to the flowers was amazing. Even the widowers seemed so touched. The Lord wanted them to have something beautiful and special because they are special to Him. The Lord also directed me to purchase gifts of coffee, tea, pots and pans, toiletries, candy and clothing to be handed out. It is quite typical for Hand of Help to hand out a basic food parcel to those in need, but I felt impressed by the Lord that part of why He had us there this time was because He had special gifts in mind to bring beauty into their lives, so each place we would go to, I would just ask God to show me what to give in His Name, and I used money sent with Joshua and



God's Perfect Timing



I by our friends to personally carry this out. God knew exactly what each person desired, so we got to see the tears that came when someone would receive a dearly loved new pair of slippers!

Besides enjoying outreach in the villages, we had the blessed opportunity to spend time with all the wonderful children at the orphanage. We absolutely loved this! Joshua and I both bonded

with the children and really each left a piece of our hearts there with them. We spent time playing on the playground with them, dancing with the young ones, and playing games with them. As a mother, I especially enjoyed snuggling with the little ones. I also enjoyed conversations with the teenage girls that were practicing their English. We also got to participate in a field trip to the mountains for a

day of hiking which was sponsored by some friends that sent money with us to Romania. We also were blessed to meet our former sponsor child, Costica, who had left the orphanage, and also to pick out a new child to sponsor.

Before we knew it, 18 days had passed and it was time to leave the orphanage to return home. As I was flying high above the European continent on my way



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West, I scrolled through the trip pictures on my I-phone. My eyes filled with tears.

How would I bare not being able to see or hug Bianca, Rares, Teodora, Delia, Dumii, Ionela, Stefana, Maria, Carla, Nadia and so many others? Instantly my mind goes to the thought, "How can I get back to see them?" I can pray for them and I hope by God's grace that if it is His will, I can see them again.....I Love Them All!

The desire of my heart is that through sponsoring a child, we will not only have provided financially for that child, but that through prayer and relationship building, our sponsored children will choose to follow Jesus. There are so many children that need sponsoring. They need someone who will uphold them in prayer and love them, even if they never meet them. I pray that God will raise up a multitude of new sponsorships and that the children will feel very loved and that they will see how

Jesus takes care of them through true believers in Christ.

**Karen Demmerly
Montana**

For more information regarding orphanage or child sponsorship, please contact us at: info@handofhelp.com – 1(866)371-7636 or review the bios and photos of the children at www.handofhelp.com



Child of the Month

Dumitru and Teodora are the newest children to enter the family. While it has only been a couple of months since they arrived, we are already seeing a dramatic difference in their demeanor, social skills and even motor skills.

When children come to us from a foster parent or from a home that provided a safe environment, the difference is not as noticeable. This is not the case of Dumitru and Teodora.

Having witnessed and been the recipients of physical abuse, Dumitru and Teodora were limited in their ability to communicate or react.

When the Child Protection Agency contacted us, our team went to the local emergency center for single mothers and that is where we first met Dumitru and Teodora. Their mother was heavily

beaten, her eyes darkened from all the bruising, with one ear cut and barely able to speak. With the little breath she had in her lungs, she implored us to take her children and protect them.

The sight of the children next to their mother was disheartening. Lost glances, tears dried on their cheeks and hardly able to mumble their names...the children were afraid to speak – anything! Their father hit them violently anytime they tried saying something and now they are mere images of the children they should have been! Witnesses of so much violence, abuse and hardship, Dumitru and Teodora were reluctantly watching us from a corner of the room, uncertain of the future to come.

One reality sent shivers down our bodies – in a few weeks, the children were supposed to go back to their abusive father. Even though the local authorities had him come in for questioning, he was not charged and only given verbal reprimands.

We decided to take the siblings into our care and offer them a place of safety next to Robert and Ionela. We have seen children miraculously surpassing the trauma in their lives and being able to grow up harmoniously even when there seemed to be no real chance of that and we knew we had to offer these two children the same opportunity.

Their older brother, Robert and older sister, Ionela, have been living with us since 2014. They were overjoyed to receive their little siblings into their new family.

Dumitru was born in September,



2014 and at first glance displayed a delayed development. After only a month of being in a safe environment, filled with God's love, Dumitru has improved by leaps and bounds, and is now able put together complex puzzles, recommended for children beyond his years.

The day the mother came to visit them for the first time at the orphanage was precious! Moments like that make us realize once more the importance of the work we have been entrusted with and that you selflessly support – she was thankful and at peace knowing that her children would not have to spend another day in the company of an abusive and indifferent father. With your help, she was able to keep them safe and we thank you, along with her, for making these testimonies possible.

Please join us in praying for Dumitru and his family that He would guide their steps and keep them in His arms for all their lives.



Dear Brethren,

Luke 21:29-31, “And He spoke to them a parable: “Look at the fig tree, and all the trees. When they are already budding, you see and know for yourselves that summer is now near. So you, likewise, when you see these things happening, know that the kingdom of God is near.”

For some people, the leap from violent rhetoric to violent action is a natural progression. Oddly enough, it is those who are most apt at violence that are most reticent to use it, because they know that once you've crossed that particular Rubicon, there is no coming back from it. Individuals who have seen battle, those who have seen war, even those that used to get caught up in fisticuffs in their youth do their utmost to avoid it, because they know the finality of it.

Once fists start flying, rational discourse ceases. There no longer remains room for debate, there no longer remains room for a reasoned argument. It's just primal, animalistic violence, targeted at no one in particular, that tends to escalate, feeding on itself, like some out of control wildfire.

We are seeing an escalation of violence and a cessation of civil discourse in this country that is chilling and disturbing. Seemingly, as never before, people are being goaded, prodded, egged on, and made to feel uncomfortable in the hopes of eliciting a specific response that would then be taken out of context, and dissected by propagandist media figures to no end.

Perhaps those wishing to see anarchy don't truly grasp what it is they are wishing for or they simply don't care, but either way, if this keeps up, eventually they will run across the wrong person, on the wrong day, and the powder keg will go off.

There are two germane questions we must ask, and hopefully find the answers to when contemplating the current climate in this nation. The first is how is it that we got here, the second is whether or not anything

can be done to remedy it.

Strangely enough, the answers to both questions are intertwined, because they are two vines of the same root. What brought us to this place of rage and fury is of a spiritual nature, and if we hope to remedy the situation, the fix will likewise have to be of a spiritual nature.

I've taken part in enough deliverance sessions, I've seen enough people both oppressed and possessed of the enemy in my lifetime to know it when I see it. There were instances in some of the protests that have occurred over the last few months, where the demonic manifestation was so evident, even those protesting in lockstep with the individuals in question would give them a sideways glance knowing that what they were witnessing wasn't what one might categorize as normal.

You cannot fix in the physical something that was broken in the spiritual, and I think this is where so many people feel like they are treading water, even if what they are seeing is troubling them. They are trying to do with the force of their natural man what can only be accomplished via the intercession of the spiritual man.

For many a decade we have allowed our spiritual house to erode, to fall into disrepair, and quite frankly, ignored it altogether. We were told by our spiritual betters that as long as we could keep the tithe flowing into the storehouses, and build another annex to the church campus, then things would work themselves out. Everything would be alright as long as we could get behind their vision, and support their dream, and help build their kingdom.

While much of Christendom was busy building men's kingdoms, the Kingdom of God was neglected, and those few who dared to stand on the battlements and cry out “It ought not be thus”, were ridiculed, belittled, and mocked for having no vision.

For every sowing there is a reaping. For long and long we have sowed platitudes and feel good pabulum, we have sowed false doctrine and escapism, we have taught men that Jesus is a means to an end, and not the beginning and the end, the be-all of our existence, and now we are seeing the aftereffects of the monster we have created. We are seeing an entire generation with no direction, no hope, no foundation, and no inspiration, because you can only lie to yourself in the mirror so many times before you realize you're not only a liar, but a fool.

This generation I speak of is one that realizes platitudes don't work, affirmations don't work, positive thinking doesn't work, and because the church was too busy churning out nonsense, no one bothered to point them to the one thing that does work, the one thing that does transform, the one thing that does bring peace, and hope, and joy: faith in Christ through repentance!

If we hope to restore order, if we hope to win this battle, it will not be won in the streets, but on our knees. Pray! Pray as though you have something to lose, because you do. Pray as though the future wellbeing of you and your loved ones is in danger, because it is. If we allow lawlessness to metastasize, if we allow lawlessness to infect more and more of the populace, there will come that inevitable tipping point wherein it will be every man for himself, and that's a scary, fatalistic future no one wants to see if they can help it.

Ephesians 6:12-14, “For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this age, against spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. Therefore take up the whole armor of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.”

**With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea Jr.**

