

Hand of **HELP**

January - February 2019



Blessings of Warmth

HAND OF HELP OFFICE

1012 SOUTH THIRD STREET
WATERTOWN, WI 53094
HANDOFHELPOFFICE@AOL.COM
TOLL FREE: 866-371-7636
PH: 920-206-9910

HAND OF HELP

PO BOX 496719
GARLAND, TX 75049
HANDOFHELP.COM
INFO@HANDOFHELP.COM



[HANDOFHELP.COM/FACEBOOK](https://www.facebook.com/handofhelp)



[HANDOFHELP.COM/YOUTUBE](https://www.youtube.com/handofhelp)

As a child aspiring to pursue a career in the medical field, I vividly remember various situations in medical dramas where a diagnosis was nowhere to be had. The obvious scenarios were to blame it on an autoimmune disease, some supposedly eradicated disease from decades long ago, or discover an environmental issue in the patient's home or workplace. Teams of doctors then hurried to the individual's home, took cotton swabs to every surface, with an emphasis on the area underneath the kitchen sink, and put a rush order on the labs. The result, you guessed it, positive for mold.



While I believe Romanians have a high tolerance to mold toxins, since the majority of the homes we visit have some evidence of it in some corner of the house, what I saw in the home of Patrascanu Cristinel and Doina exceeded any threshold acceptable for raising 10 children in the confined space of one room. The entire wall, from floor to ceiling, was covered in black mold.

A close inspection of the outside of their "home" revealed that the exterior walls were never insulated and with the extreme variation of temperature between the two rooms, being able to afford heating only one room, the condensation and dimly lit environment were the ideal breeding ground for the mold that was replicating itself seemingly before our very eyes. I know it was an optical illusion, but for a second I was convinced I was watching the mold spread.

Sister Doina was no stranger to us. She would often come to our orphanage seeking some assistance with food, clothing, or any money we could spare. Her humbleness, faith and thankfulness to God in the midst of their trials shined so bright that until we visited

the family, we could not possibly comprehend the extent of her plight.

Doina, like many others we help, has realized that her struggles are far too heavy to bear on her own and in faith, she is laying them down before the Lord.

1 Peter 5:6-7 Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.

The weight they carry doesn't end with poverty alone. During our home visit I noticed that there was a whimpering coming from the opposite side of their spare room. As the sounds resonating from underneath the soiled blanket in the corner of the room got louder, I realized it was not a pet as I initially thought. It was in fact their 18 year old daughter Beatrice alerting the family, in the only way she could, that she was hungry.



Beatrice, weighing just under 40lbs, was completely crippled due to untreated meningitis in her early childhood, affecting all aspects of her growth and development.

Our day visiting the families of Unguroaia was certain to leave a mark. It was the kind of day that you can't just brush off once it's done, but rather one that will keep you up at night, thinking not only of the ways that you could change their lives, but coming

to a place of complete surrender and gratefulness to God for every single blessing in your life.

We returned to the Patrascanu family the next day with firewood, food, warm clothing, shoes, and with the special solution needed to eliminate the bulk of the mold. We pray to be able to muster up the money needed to insulate the home, eliminate the predisposing factors for mold growth and paint their sole multipurpose room

(kitchen, bedroom, living area, etc.).

Many times, need is not as obvious as it is in this family. No lab needed for the mold this time, nor much time to assess that something needs to be done.

Thank you for keeping the Patrascanus, their 10 children and this building project in your prayers.

**Blessings,
Daniel Boldea**



my strengthened soul are filled with joy and laughter! My life is not a mournful story, but one painted by Your grace and written through the love of a Father, a love demonstrated at the Cross. It is Your gift to me and You are my most precious treasure.

There are so many reasons to be thankful and so many words gather in my heart ready to give You praise! My soul will never be able to show You a sufficient measure of gratitude! I recognize You in the hands that carried me through life, in the food that I never lacked, in the advice, teaching and patience that I was surrounded with, in all of the people that were my parents. If today I am able to say thank you, it is because You have worked through them as well.

When earthly hands could not comfort me, when tears flooded my eyes, You lovingly drew me near. You could not stand sin, nor the deep pit in which I had fallen, but You were too grieved to see me like this, too troubled by the thought that a child of Yours would become a lost one. Your righteousness was so vivid and yet all one could hear was Your mercy:

"I have forgiven you, you are still My beloved child"

Oh Father, I thank you! When I lack my armor, You are my shield. When my cross seems too heavy, I see Your face smiling. Thank you for finding me in this immense world, among thousands and thousands of people. Thank you

for giving me Heaven. I am not a slave, I do not find myself caught in the chains of earthly pleasures, I am not defeated. **I am alive, I am Yours!**

I smile, sing and praise You just as I can, through rays of sun or on cloudy days. Today You have shown a piece of Heaven - glancing at it I see the beauty of Your blessings poured over me - so clearly shown and yet so overwhelmingly undeserved.

Thank you for searching for me through ruins, thank you for bearing the cross to the end. If today I am saved, changed, able to talk to You again, it is only because You have never given up.

Thank You for being more than I could ever ask for!



**Signed with love,
One of Your beloved children**

This letter was written and recited by Miriam Musuruc, a child raised in the Hand of Help Orphanage, in the Messiah Church, Botosani during a service of Thanksgiving in December, 2018.

For the first nine years of my life I grew up without indoor plumbing or running water. At the time it wasn't an issue, because everyone I knew in my small circle of acquaintances was in the same boat. We made do. Everyone did. We didn't have a choice or an alternative, and I think those are the times when human beings tend to get most creative.

Bath time consisted of a pot of water heated on the wood burning stove, some very rough, scratchy washcloths, and an overly enthusiastic mother who rubbed at me until I looked like a boiled lobster. It was the way of things, and I didn't know any different.

It was shortly after my ninth birthday that our family got kicked out of Romania, and once we arrived in the United States I discovered the miracle of indoor plumbing and all that it entailed. Who'd have guessed that not everyone had to trudge through the snow in the middle of the night if they needed to go to the bathroom?

Thirty some odd years in, I would be hard pressed to return to the olden ways, not because I think it's beneath me, but because for thirty years I've grown accustomed to indoor plumbing and running water. Some things we take for granted, without realizing just how indispensable they are until we run the risk of losing them.

Such is the case with a recent need that has arisen at the Hand of Help orphanage. For thirteen years the heating system at the Hand of Help orphanage has been



humming along, without much thought given to it other than the regular maintenance. Sure, the manufacturers approximate the lifespan of the system at around ten years, but since it kept running and showed no signs of slowing down, we hoped that maybe just this once they were wrong.

Technically they were partially wrong, because it has been thirteen years. However, the heating system barely passed its last inspection, and now it has started to make heretofore unheard noises, and rattles, that has the entire staff on edge. If the heating system decides to clunk out on us, we have no heat, and no hot water for the entire orphanage. As my dad would say in his broken English, "Is big problem. Is very big problem."

The long and the short of it is that we need a new heating system, and we need it as soon as possible. It's not an extravagance, or an excess, it is an immediate need, because there is no way to heat the orphanage without this piece of equipment, and we would be hard pressed to find a place to shelter the children if the system did decide to die. Some things you can make do without. Some you can't.

The cost of a new heating system is \$25,000, \$5000 of which has already been donated. At this juncture we need to raise another \$20,000. Yes, it is a big number, but we serve a big God, and we would ask that you join with us in prayer for this need to be provided for.

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

Hand of Help

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ADINA ALECU ALEXANDRU ALEXANDRU ALEXANDRU ALICIA ALINA ANA MARIA



ANDRA ANDREEA ANDREEA ANDREI ANDREI BIANCA BIATRISSA CARLA



CONSTANTIN CORNELIA COSMINA CRISTIAN DANUZIA DELIA DELIA DENIS



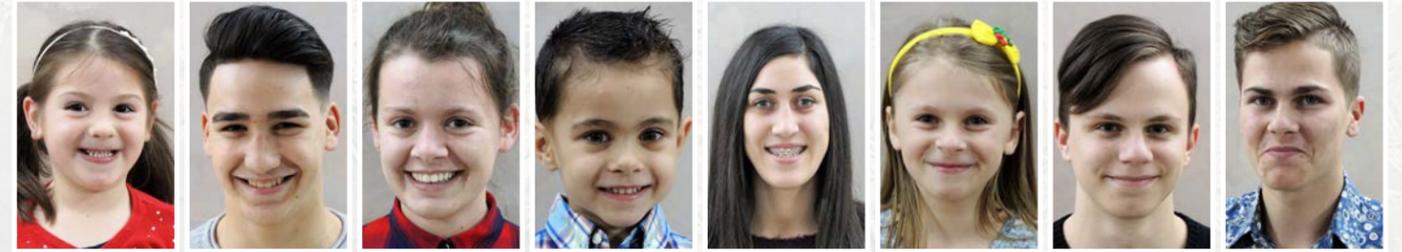
DENISA DIANA DUMITRU EDERA ELVIS FILIP FLORIN GABRIEL



GABRIEL GEANINA GEORGE GEORGIANA GEORGIANA IONELA IOSIF IULIA



IULIAN IULIANA IULIANA LARISA LORENA MARCELA MARIA MARIA



MARIA MARIAN MĂDĂLINA MIHAI MIRUNA NADIA NARCIS NICOLAE



PETRIȘOR PETRONELA PETRU PETRU RAREȘ RAUL RAUL ROBERT



SEBASTIAN SEBASTIAN SORIN STEFANA TEODORA VALENTIN VALENTINA VIOLETA



VLAD VLAD DENISIA VLAD DUMITRU

We urge you to go before the Lord in prayer for Dumitru. He is currently suffering from a very serious medical condition. Our God is able to bring complete healing and restoration!



After decades of working among the least of these, I am not easily surprised by situations that we come in contact with. I have seen all kinds of poverty and what sets people apart is not their specific situation but how they deal with what they have to endure.

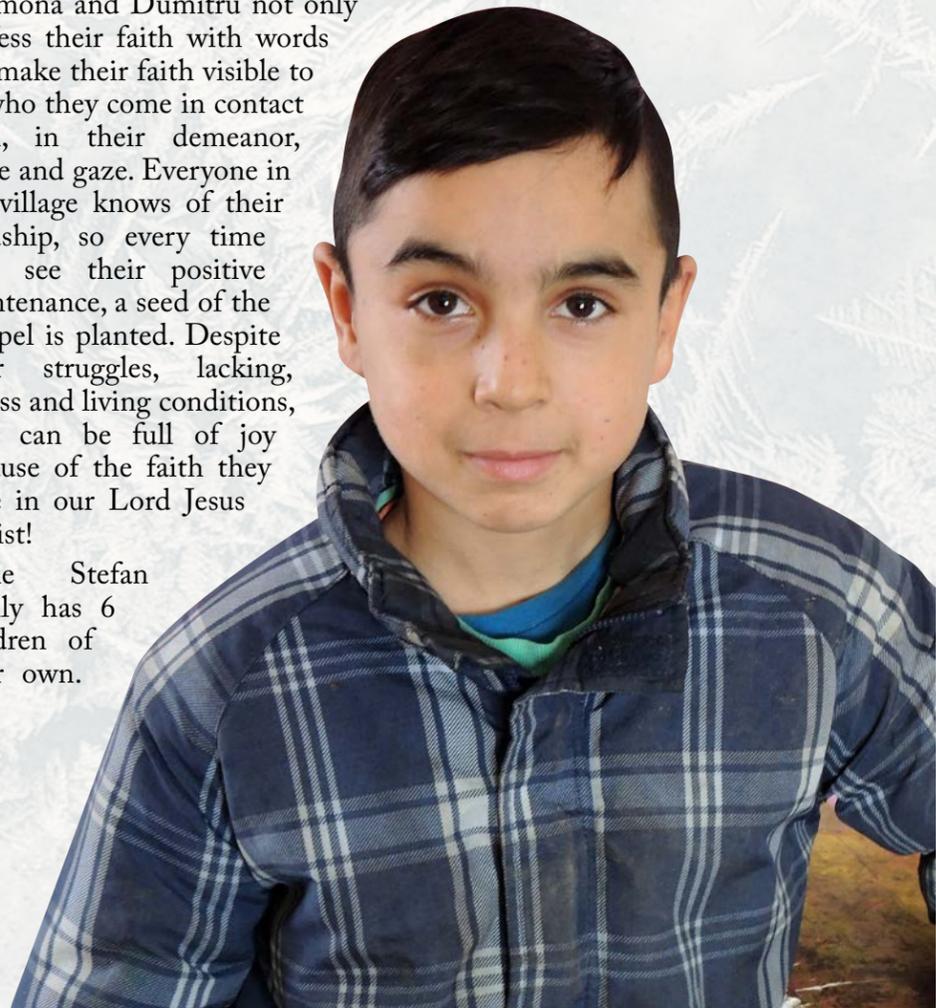
One's reaction is not contingent on the degree of trial alone but on the level of faith they have acquired, bringing their hardship before the Lord.

Discontentment is something that can affect us all, but it seems to have run rampant, becoming the malady of this generation.

Simona and Dumitru not only profess their faith with words but make their faith visible to all who they come in contact with, in their demeanor, smile and gaze. Everyone in the village knows of their hardship, so every time they see their positive countenance, a seed of the Gospel is planted. Despite their struggles, lacking, illness and living conditions, they can be full of joy because of the faith they have in our Lord Jesus Christ!

The Stefan family has 6 children of their own.

As a pastor, my heart is never more full than when I meet a family like the Stefan family that in spite of their own need, reach out to those who are even more in need, even more downtrodden.





In 2014, Dumitru's brother suddenly passed away. Just a year later, his sister-in-law, the mother of four children, passed away. Without thinking about it twice, Simona told Dumitru, "We are taking your niece and nephews in and providing a home for them".

Ilie, the oldest orphan, is 26 years old and due to a psychological disorder, does not speak and is only able to carry out simple chores with supervision and direction. Marian 16, Emanuel 13 and Cristina 12,

attend the local school and high school.

As if taking in 4 additional family members wasn't enough, Simona decided that she would not spend the money the government extends them for Ilie's disability and the small allowance for the others, but that she would save that money and build them a small home that they can live in once they are adults, on their own. I have to say, this is the first time I had witnessed such self-sacrificing love.

We asked sister Simona what her greatest need is and she knew right away to point to the makeshift leaning closet that was ready to collapse, in the corner of the room.

Our prayer is that we are able not only to provide a new closet for Stefan family, but to come alongside the building project for the orphans she has taken in and improve the quality of life for all their children.

Pastor Mircea Boldea Sr



Firewood Initiative for Romania's Elderly

Year after year, there is a specific theme in the needs of the impoverished we encounter. The year 2019 is no different. A month after winter sets in, we get more and more desperate pleas for firewood.

The imagination of those without



hope, that are bracing inhumane temperatures, wearing more layers than they can count, astounds us. We have heard of it all, from dried corn cobs to straw and manure briquettes, the creativity is unstoppable.

Regardless of their attempts, the heat provided is just enough to make it through the night.

The FIRE project is very dear to us and we thank all those who have been a part through the years.

Along with the families in the isolated villages, we help the nursing homes in the area that are unable to prepare for the long winter, and as of just this past year, we have extended our FIRE project into the isolated areas of war-torn Ukraine.

The current price for a ton of wood is \$125.

Thank you for keeping this project in your prayers!

Pastor Mircea Boldea Sr

Dear Brethren,

Revelation 22:12, “And behold, I am coming quickly, and My reward is with Me, to give to everyone according to his work.”

This will not be an easy letter to write. I have wrestled with it for a fortnight, but in the end I have concluded that it must be said, even at the risk of ruffling some feathers or upsetting a handful of you. I do not set out to annoy, upset or otherwise alienate anyone. However, since truth is the goal and the objective of both this ministry and my calling, and I will not compromise it for anyone, it always seems to happen at some point. Someone always gets upset. I’ve learned to take it in stride and accept it as an ever present reality, because between having a man, two men, ten men, or ten thousand men upset with me and having God upset with me, I’d rather man be upset every time, without fail.

I do not want to disappoint God. That’s it. Simple? Perhaps, but highly effective as well.

When we stop speaking truth for fear of hurt feelings or causing offense to someone, we have made ourselves ineffective and useless as far as being the salt of the earth is concerned. Truth is the flavor in the salt. Truth is the preserving agent that keeps everything from spoiling, and it must be liberally employed.

At some point, it seems the church has bought into this mindset of making concessions rather than standing for the truth, and even though we promise ourselves the last concession will most definitively be the last concession, it remains true only until the next one comes along, and we start the grotesque game of justifying compromise anew.

Judgment is coming and deservedly so. Anyone who is halfway honest knows this to be a true and undeniable statement. Since God won’t judge the devil’s kids for something His own kids are doing, judgment always begins with His own first, because He is just.

Although the difference between being chastened and judged is worthy of a protracted thesis all its own, for the sake of this writing, let’s just say that one is used as a corrective measure, while one is used as punishment, or the carrying out of a sentence.

What is about to befall the Western church is not chastening. What is about to befall the Western church is judgment. It is a judgment reserved for the rebellious and unrepentant, for those who have long been worshipping a god of their own making and design.

For the last few years we’ve been living in an upside down world, and it’s gotten so bad I wake up with vertigo most mornings. Recently I ran across a story that both enraged and disgusted me in equal measure.

There is a pastor in California who was forced to resign recently for posting something wholly factual and demonstrably true on his church’s sign. What he put on the church sign was the following: ‘Bruce Jenner is still a man. Homosexuality is still sin. The culture may change but the Bible does not.’

There was nothing false in any of these statements. All are demonstrably factual and true. Even if he puts on a wig and makeup, Bruce Jenner is still a man. Biology tells us as much, and I don’t see much of a spectrum between X chromosome, and Y chromosome. Binary. Two. Man and woman, as God created in the beginning when everything was new and unsullied. Even if the church has become permissive towards it, homosexuality is still a sin, and yes, though the culture has changed, the Bible does not.

The thing that made the bile rise in my throat wasn’t the fact that there was backlash from the godless in the community, it was the fact that all but one family in this pastor’s church gave the board an ultimatum that either he goes, or they go.

So here was a handful of families that had been spiritually fed by this man for years on end, a shepherd in whom they confided, a shepherd who gave them comfort and encouragement, and in order to appease the vile and wicked, they threw him under the bus without a second’s worth of hesitation.

It’s no longer feeding the sheep what they need, it’s no longer leading them to green pastures and pure waters, it’s about doing their bidding, dancing to their tune, and feeding them what they demand to be fed.

And you wonder why churches are closing their doors at a record pace in

this country? And you wonder why less and less people are attending church?

Well, wonder no longer. Such movements always start to cannibalize themselves. The snake always starts to eat its own tail. First the sheep put pressure on the shepherd to speak the words they want to hear rather than the ones they need to hear, then the shepherd either acquiesces or is fired and another hireling is brought in who will submit, then the selfsame sheep who made the demands grow exceedingly disillusioned with their own spiritual state because they realize they’re just treading water at best. These are like spoiled children who are never challenged, who are allowed to eat as much chocolate as they want, then blame the parents for throwing up and having stomach aches. They are spiritually immature souls, fooling themselves, and growing more despondent with each passing day because they are eroding spiritually.

Rather than take a step back and wonder why this is happening to them, they blame the shepherd who they forced into a position of teaching pabulum, and stop going to church altogether. Personal responsibility? God forbid! It’s always someone else’s fault, even though they are the ones who turned away from sound doctrine and sought out teachers to suit their own desires.

Yes, judgment is well deserved, and I for one can’t wait for these temples of vainglory to be hollowed out and turned into ruinous heaps. When supposed sheep make the heart of the righteous sad due to their ignorance, it’s time to cry aloud, “Lord, tarry no longer! Bring Your judgment now!”

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.**