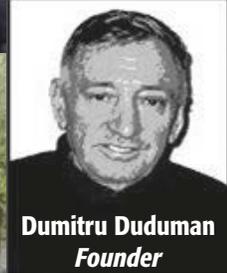




Hand of HELP



May 2022



Dumitru Duduman
Founder



HAND OF HELP

PO Box 496719 • Garland, TX 75049

HAND OF HELP OFFICE

1012 South Third Street • Watertown, WI 53094

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

Toll Free: 866-371-7636 Ph: 920-206-9910
www.handofhelp.com info@handofhelp.com

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

Let Us Not Grow Weary

As I write this short update, the war in Ukraine has been raging for over 75 days. What was predicted to be a brief incursion by all the pundits has dragged on for close to three months, with untold numbers either dead or displaced. While we have seen Russian troops withdraw from areas around Kyiv, a huge answer to prayers, their focus has now shifted to places in the Donbas region where Hand of Help has been a presence for the past few years.

Not only are cities where we work being bombed, but so are areas much further west where many refugees have fled for safety.



In my opinion, there will be a second wave of refugees needing to leave Ukraine shortly if the war drags on.

Many of those who fled almost immediately after the war started were people of means, prepared people, who had a go-bag, some money saved, and somehow connected to people abroad.



Those that remain have been crippled by the thought of leaving the only village they have ever known. Many too frail to embark on a journey into the unknown, who have lived pension to pension and never been further away than to their local grocery store, refuse to leave and say that they would rather die in their homes than live elsewhere.

As politicians make their way to Ukraine for the coveted photo-op that has now evolved into the crown of all virtue signaling, our initial response could easily be to run the other way. After all, how many of us would want to be associated with Pelosi or Schumer even remotely?



Hand of Help is simply a channel the Lord uses to connect your self-sacrificial giving with the desperate halfway around the world.

Ephesians 2:10 For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand that we should walk in them.

Others have started to believe Ukraine has been in the news cycles far too many times, and they have had enough. As a result, enthusiasm to help has plummeted, and humanitarian outreach is seeing a slump when needed most.

We realized early on that our involvement in Ukraine was never going to be a sprint but rather a marathon. We thank God for His timely provision through your prayers and generosity and look forward to the testimonies that will arise.

The need is not proportional to the news presence. The need is far greater than what we see or hear on the news.

We continue our work in areas where news cameras don't reach, and journalists are too afraid to trek. Our help focuses on isolated communities through our dedicated missionaries, delivering food to bomb shelters in cities under attack and in villages where the only food available is what the church brings in.



Our efforts are by no means heroic, but the faithful few doing the work on the ground, given the circumstances, are heroes in our eyes.

We could not do this work without you!

1 Thessalonians 1:2-4 We give thanks to God always for you all, making mention of you in our prayers, remembering without ceasing your work of faith, labor of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ in the sight of our God and Father, knowing, beloved brethren, your election by God.





I crossed over into Ukraine a couple of times to deliver some supplies and meet with our missionaries who had come west to transfer evacuees and pick up food to take back with them.

Though it had only been four months since I last saw them, it felt like years had gone by with everything going on.

We spent some time in fellowship, shared testimonies, wept, prayed, and blessed them with the fuel and resources they needed to make it back to their areas of ministry.

We parted with what has now become a customary farewell, “If we don’t see each other again on this earth, we will see you in the Kingdom of Heaven.”

Pastor Slavic shared how, on the Sunday prior, they had 200 individuals listening to the Gospel for the first time during their morning service. In a city where bombs are dropping, and Russian occupation is imminent if the Lord doesn’t intervene, police and army officials bring people to church!

Pastor Sasha has started working with refugees and people in the local community as an outreach of the church, which he has fled to after the Russians destroyed his city.

Jania and Igor are still in Kurakhovo, carrying on with their missionary work, feeding the homeless,

distributing bread, and preaching the Gospel. But unfortunately, bombs are dropping so close that some of the furniture they had bracketed to the wall has fallen off.

Taras and Svetlana have started a children’s church for refugee families and are counseling those struggling during this time with the truths of Scripture.

Please continue to pray:

-for a great harvest amid this turmoil. May the Holy Spirit draw many unto salvation.

-for continued protection for all of the pastors and missionaries valuing the Great Commission above their lives.

-for wisdom on how to best steward the resources made available.

-for a warehouse that can be used as a distribution hub in the Chernivtsi area.

-for a fuel reserve that we would like to create to facilitate the movement of missionaries and volunteers. Fuel is currently a rare commodity - many wait in lines a few hours long only to find out that fuel is rationed to 5 or 10 liters (1.5-3 gallons) per vehicle, or worse, the station has run out.

-for the children at the orphanage. May they call upon the Lord as Savior as they witness the repercussions of war and how fleeting this life is.

Last but certainly not least, let us pray in unity Galatians 6:9 *And let us not grow weary while doing good, for in due season we shall reap if we do not lose heart.*

In Him,
Daniel Boldea











Dear Brethren,

I heard it said once that the only decision one needs to make in regards to where they will pitch their tents and make a home in America was whether they preferred earthquakes, tornadoes, or hurricanes.

If you preferred earthquakes, the West Coast would be your pick. If tornadoes, then the Midwest, and if your choice were hurricanes, the Eastern seaboard would be a mighty fine option. For some unexplained reason, I've been pondering this of late, and there are a handful of conclusions I've come to, some truisms that, although unpleasant to consider, are valid nonetheless.

The first of these is that there is no safe place. Everyone is susceptible to unforeseen calamity, turning their world upside down and laying waste to the best of plans. Since I grew up in Southern California, I've been through my fair share of earthquakes, and they're no fun. I also saw a tornado touch down and flip a semi on the interstate in Houston not three hundred feet in front of me, and that is also one experience I would not choose to relive.

The one of these I've not yet lived through has been a hurricane, and perhaps that's why of the three, I would choose a hurricane over the others. As far as my analytical mind is concerned, the reasoning is simple. You have time to prepare for a hurricane. You have

enough of an advanced warning wherein you can either flee from its path, or store up on food and water, board up your windows, get a generator, and ride it out.

With a hurricane, you have options. The only thing you can do with the others is hope you survive. Granted, as has been proven repeatedly, people make the wrong choice even with advanced warning, but one of the absolutes of this present existence is that we all must suffer the consequences of our actions, whether to our benefit or our detriment.

As a nation, we have had fair warning far enough in advance wherein if what is happening has caught us unaware, we have no one to blame but ourselves. By we, I mean the church, and by warning, well, if you've been with this ministry for more than a minute, you know exactly what I am referring to.

It is inexcusable that the church is caught as unaware as those of the world because this would mean that for decades now, the church has ignored God's warnings or did not believe them outright.

Even now, when open war has been declared on the household of faith, when Christianity is deemed an existential threat, the alarm bells are muffled at best, and those who see the writing on the wall are few and far between.

It has been a solid decade since the message God has compelled me to speak to the American church that persecution was coming. It was met with eye rolls and empathetic smiles, as though no one had bothered to tell me that this was America and something like that could never happen here.

The thing of it is, when God speaks a word, more often than not, that which is spoken is deemed improbable by the masses and even by those tasked with delivering said word. Faithfulness, however, compels them to speak the words they were commanded to speak even though, in the natural, those words seem farfetched and implausible.

Time being the litmus test that it is proves the veracity of the words spoken one way or the other, and though I'd hoped to be called a liar to my face, we are seeing the genesis of what will be the persecution of the saints in America.

Had we not been warned, perhaps we could deflect, shirk responsibility or lay the blame for our unpreparedness at another's feet, but alas, the church has no one to blame but itself.

It is with sorrow that I say dark days are coming for the Church. There is no sense of vindication in seeing the pieces fall into place, no exculpation, just the sinking feeling that though it has been warned repeatedly, the church has failed to heed God's warnings.

Proverbs 27:12 A prudent man foresees evil and hides himself; The simple pass on and are punished.

Psalm 59:1-2 Deliver me from my enemies, O my God; Defend me from those who rise up against me. Deliver me from the workers of iniquity, and save me from bloodthirsty men.

With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea, Jr.

