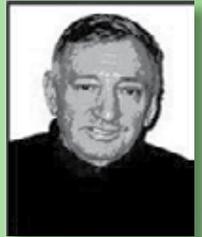




Hand of **HELP**

The Truth for Today



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APRIL • MAY • JUNE 2012

THE LONG ROAD TO

Vladeri-Poderi





THE LONG ROAD TO

Vladeni-Podeni

A couple years ago, after having packed sweets, fruit, and other things one would rarely get in a senior citizen hospice, we were forced to turn back from our intended destination of Vladeni-Podeni due to flooding in the area.

Although the Hand of Help staff has visited the senior hospice many times since our failed attempt, it was the first time I was personally able to go, and visit with the residents of the Vladeni-Podeni retirement home.

Looking back on the past few years, it seemed as though each time we decided to visit this hospice, something would go awry. The weather would turn, floodwaters would wash away roads, and I was never able to make it. Shortly after my departure back to the States, I'd get e-mails from our staff, telling me they'd visited the hospice, how wonderful their experience was, and how great it had been to be able to put a smile on the faces of individuals who in the twilight of their lives, had been abandoned and forgotten by

everyone they knew.

After calling to see what they needed, we loaded the car with food, consisting of flour, sugar, oil, canned meats and canned soup, blankets, sweets and fruit, and decided we would let nothing stand in our way of making it to Vladeni-Podeni. God was gracious, and although there was still snow on the ground, and the roads were icy, we made it without any undue drama.

We had left Botosani early enough, wherein we hoped to visit a few more families after dropping off the food and blankets, but we soon realized we had been too optimistic, since everyone we came in contact with had a lifetime's worth of stories to tell.

What was supposed to be a quick trip, turned into an entire afternoon's worth of fellowship, and stories, and listening to people who had lived through wars, and heartache, through starvation and need, through abandonment and neglect.

I believe wholeheartedly, that they appreciated





someone just being there, and hugging them, and listening to them, as much as they did the food and the sweets and the blankets we brought.

No, I didn't ask any of them to pose with myself, or my father, or my brother. I think it's disingenuous to try and exploit someone's emotional state, so as is my custom, I took what are termed as 'journalistic' photos of these beautiful souls, most of the time without them seeing the camera, or knowing I was taking a picture of them.

This is who we are, this is what we do, and I have an aversion to trying and making it seem more than it is. What it is - is enough. We are saving lives, bringing smiles to haggard faces, and keeping the spark of hope alive in many a heart.

I mention this, only because I've been asked on occasion why I'm never in the photos with the people, shaking their hand, or embracing them while flashing a toothy grin. The short answer, is because I'm usually the one behind the camera. An equally short, yet more apt answer is that though they might be poor, every one of those we help still has dignity, and I refuse outright to treat them as though they were zoo animals.



I remember a few years back, a 'pastor' came to visit the work in Romania, and in our travels he would pose with the individuals we helped, and after having his picture taken with them, quickly fish in his pockets for the germ-x hand sanitizer which was never far from reach.

We are who we are, we do what we do, and as long as God knows the hours we put in, and the souls we help, and as long as you know that what you sacrifice on behalf of this ministry is going to the right place, and helping to save lives, my grinning face staring back at you would be redundant, if not outright excessive.

Thank you for making what we do possible and for helping us bring a smile to faces such as those residing at the Vladeni-Podeni hospice.

May He who is the greatest of record keepers, reward you for all you do in His name.

With love In Christ,
Michael Boldea Jr.



PRAYING FOR MILK

for All My Children!



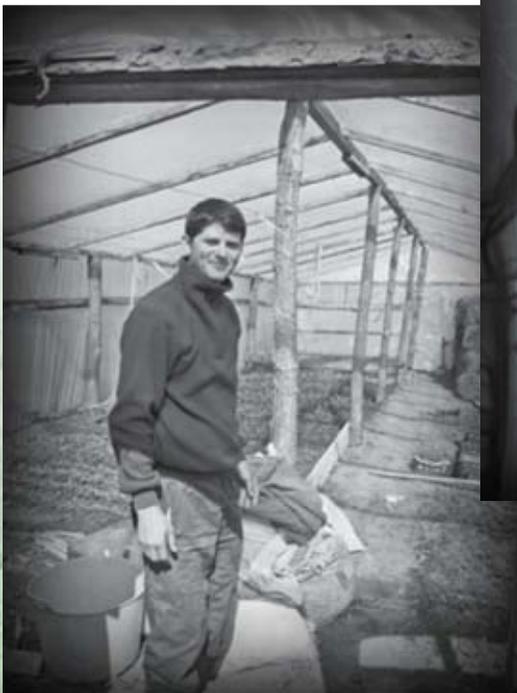
We visit hundreds of homes in any given year, and every family is unique. Each one has their need, each one has their sorrow, each has their pain and their setback. The families that stand out for me, families I never forget, are those who have not given up, who keep pressing on, regardless of the hardships they have been through.

I respect those still fighting to provide for their families, and those who consider that waiting idly by for a handout, is not an option. In explaining what our ministry does to people, making them understand that those we help are not lazy, indifferent, or indolent, is one of the most difficult aspects to get across.

We help two types of individuals, and have been doing so since we began this work. The first type of individual we help, are those who cannot help themselves, whether the very young, or the very old. The second type of individual we help, are those who work, and labor, and sweat and bleed, yet still can't make ends meet. These are men and women who not only want to work, but actually work, whether as day laborers, farmers, welders, mechanics, and whatever else might come their way, but who at

the end of the day don't have enough to provide for their families.

I was recently in the home of one such family, the home of Gheorghe and Rebeca Chiriac. Although





they are both very young, they were blessed with five beautiful children, and the responsibility of making sure that their needs are met. The ages of the children vary from two months, to almost six years old, each more beautiful than the last.

Gheorghe was very excited to take me into the yard, and show me the fruit of his labors. They have two make-shift plastic covered greenhouses in which they grow vegetables and



flowers. Aside from the small government stipend they receive for the children, this is their only income. As we spoke privately, he went from a sincere smile to tears, and shared with me how regardless of how much he works, he can't afford to purchase a cow, or enough milk for all the children.

Many a time only the three youngest get milk, because they need the nourishment more. The other children are still very young and in desperate need of quality food, especially Iosif, who was born with a cleft lip and palate and has already undergone four surgeries.

The prayer of the Chiriac family is to have a cow of their own, that they might be able to feed their children as a child should be fed. Please pray for provision for this family, as well as the other children of Romania who go to bed hungry. Pray that we are able to meet the Chiriac family's need, as well as the needs of so many others who cross our path daily.

In Jesus,
Daniel Boldea

STRUGGLING TO

Survive

Looking into Elena Ursu's eyes, you can see the pain she has been carrying for years. If the eyes are the windows to the soul, then they are likewise the surest way of gauging one's struggle and pain. Even if you could manage to etch a smile across your face, if sadness and pain are welling up from within, the eyes will tell the tale, and betray that which we attempt to hide.

Elena is a woman on edge, and alert at all times. Even the smallest of hand gestures is enough to cause her to flinch uncontrollably, a remnant of systematic and ongoing physical abuse. Elena's only joy in life is raising her five children in the fear of the Lord, teaching them to desire and love God regardless of their family's circumstances.

She wasn't always a single mother. Elena was once married to a man who claimed to be a Christian, named Costel. For years on end she lied to herself, talking herself into believing that the physical



abuse was just a mistake, a misunderstanding, and that he hadn't meant to hit her. Frequent beatings and even an extended hospital stay due to a broken mandible had become a routine way of life, something Elena deemed as normal.

After years of unanswered prayers and ongoing abuse that had now spread to the children, Elena decided, that for the sake of her offspring she could no longer remain in the marriage.

This is how Elena came to be a single mother, caring for five children, some of whom suffer for illnesses for which the state does not cover the prescribed medicine. Tabitha, the three year old is gluten intolerant, and has an enlarged liver that requires a special diet, and liver supplements which cost around \$35 per month. Oana, who is ten, requires surgery for traumatic damage to her inner ear. Elena is also ill with hepatitis.

Ana Maria, now thirteen, David, now six, and Zara now four, all know they have to make sacrifices and give up basic things in order to provide needed medicines for their siblings.

Elena's sister has offered the use of her

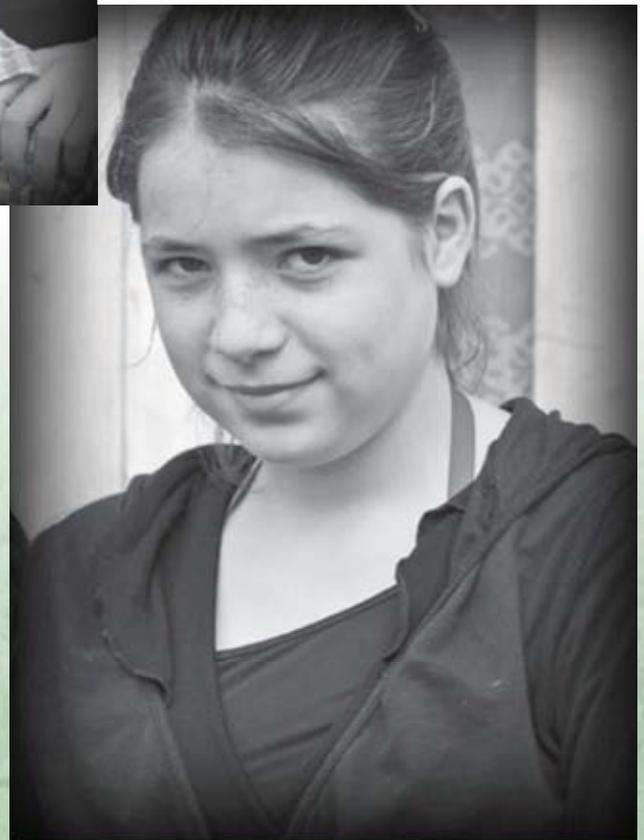


modest home where the family can live, but they have no income. A main issue is that they need to use a neighbor's well for water. The neighbor has chastised them repeatedly, and told them to stop taking his water for fear that his well will run dry.

As we drove Elena, and two of the children who had been in the hospital for pneumonia home, I was shocked to see the compassion she still feels toward her husband. She prays for him constantly, that the Lord free him from any bondage and strongholds, and that he return to be a father to his children one day.

We left a food package, a blanket, a month's supply of medicine for her children, and some money for immediate expenses. As the Lord provides, we pray we can return and build a well for this family, and continue to assist them through their struggle for survival.

In Jesus,
Daniel Boldea





Smile

Whenever I am down, the only sure thing that makes me forget about my worries or problems are the smiles of the children at the orphanage. This past week has been difficult for me, as it would have been my mother's fifty-fifth birthday. After laying a wreath in the cemetery, I walked over to the orphanage to watch the children enjoying a warm spring afternoon.

Walking in their midst, I was comforted by the knowledge that my mother had lived with a purpose, and that we are continuing in that purpose. The Hand of Help family, both you, and us, are making a difference in so many lives. Let the smiles below remind you of that difference.

In Jesus, Daniel Boldea





Therapy



KEEPING

Promises



If you think about it for any length of time, you come to realize the only thing a man's got in this world, that's all his own, is his word. We receive our looks, our eye color, our body type, and our hair color from our parents, we receive salvation by faith through Christ, we receive knowledge from our teachers and our professors, and we receive wisdom from the word of God.

One's word however, and the keeping thereof is not something we can receive from anyone, it is something inherently personal, unique to ourselves, and independent of outside forces. We choose, sometimes daily, to be men and women of our word, to keep our promises, or pretend as though we never made them.

Ever since I could remember, I have strived to be a man of my word. If I promise someone I'll be somewhere at any given hour, if I'm not there within five minutes of when I said I would be, then I've either gone to the great beyond, or something really bad has happened. My earnest desire to keep my word extends beyond punctuality, and whenever I promise something to someone, even though I've forgotten



about it, something in my subconscious reminds me of it each and every time.

Such was the case one morning, as I was standing by my window watching the trucks carry away the last of the snow from the main thoroughfare. Something was irking me, and I could not put my finger on what it was. It was like a mental itch that I couldn't quite scratch, and as I thought about it some more, I remembered what it was. I had given my word to someone, and it was time for me to keep my promise.

I went looking for my cell phone, and after finding it I called my brother Sergiu, since he was part of this promise also. It was still early, and when he finally answered he was groggy from sleep, and before I could say anything he said, 'what happened?'

In order to understand his reaction, one must understand our family dynamic. Ever since I was



twelve years old, I've been spending a considerable amount of time on the road. At first, as my grandfather's translator, later as a preacher of God's word, to this day I spend many days and weeks apart from my family, either driving, or flying, and preaching wherever I am invited.

Since cell phones were not as inexpensive or readily available when we first started traveling, and collect calls cost an arm and a leg, the motto of our family, for as long as I could remember has always been, 'no news is good news'. And so, when the phone rings, you half expect bad news, otherwise, no one would be calling that early in the morning.

I assured Sergiu nothing had happened, but since the snow had ceased, we had work to do, and a promise to keep. When he asked, 'what promise', I reminded him of Luca, the boy with hydro encephalitis, to whom we promised some toy cars.

'You're right, I forgot all about that' my brother said, then asked me to give him thirty minutes to shower and get dressed, then pick him up.



After picking him up, we went to the only toy store in town, loaded up on toy cars, toy trucks, and a couple other things that caught our eye, picked up a few more toys that Sergiu's son Eric decided to give away when he heard about Luca, and proceeded to drive to Mascateni.

When we entered Lacramioara's house, it was as though Luca was waiting for us. He smiled, waved at us, then turned to his sister and said, 'see, I told you they were coming, you said they wouldn't but I told you they would.'

We left the toys we'd brought, as well as some sweets, and a little money for Lacramioara to buy whatever else she might need around the house.

As we drove home, my brother and I began to discuss the topic of keeping one's promise, even if it happened to have been made to a child, because everyone remembers being promised something, whether young or old.

With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea Jr.

PRAISE REPORTS

We praise God for the availability to lend a Hand of Help not only to Romania but also on our home front here in the Midwest/USA. Hand of Help has had the privilege to partner with "Feeding America" to help on a local scale, the many individuals who have been personally affected by the failing economy and poor job market. On a monthly basis we assist approximately 300 individuals on site and an additional 50 to 100 through community outreach agencies such as the senior center, women's shelter, and community thrift venues.

We give praise to God for also providing the funds for the completion of the building project of the church in Siminicea. Given the difficult economic times, it was a large sum to hope for, but God saw fit to provide it nevertheless, and for this and many other blessings we give Him thanks and praise.

We praise the Lord for He is good, and His mercies endure forever. Even with a larger than expected heating bill for the first few months of this year, and an extra five mouths to feed, God is still providing the necessary finances to meet the needs of the orphanage. Thank you for standing with us, praying for us, and supporting this work.

An Ever Growing Family



As of March, 2012, we have increased our ever growing family by five. The children come from two families, the first of which is comprised of three siblings, the second, of two.

There are three children in the Cataranciu family, Mihaela Ionela who is five, Marian Mihai, who is four, and Andreea Madalina who is two.

These children come from a broke home, the parents having divorced due to violent outbursts by the father whenever he would drink. Having been left to fend for herself, the mother of the Cataranciu children moved in with her paternal grandfather, but after a heated argument, she was asked to leave.

Having no other place to go, the mother moved herself and her children into an abandoned home, the conditions of which were unlivable. Due to an improvised heating system which the mother used to cook food, Mihai suffered burns over one-third of his body, and is currently in the Botosani burn ward until further notice. Thus, the reason we are unable to provide a picture of Mihai at this time.

The two girls, Mihaela and Andreea, were brought to the hospital by their mother, on the brink of hypothermia due to the cold weather. The mother was likewise hospitalized, suffering the same symptoms as her daughters, until she left the hospital one day never to return.

Seeing as the children had been abandoned, the Child Protection Agency of Botosani asked for the help of the Hand of Help Foundation, and asked if we would take the children in our care.

The accommodation phase was especially difficult for Mihaela and Andreea, due to the intense trauma they suffered over a short period of time, and at a very fragile age.

It is not an easy thing to cope with one's parents divorcing, being moved to two different homes, being hospitalized, and being abandoned by one's mother all within a matter of weeks.

With much determination and compassion, Mihaela and Andreea are beginning to come around,



and are starting to trust the staff. Mihaela is still very protective of Andreea, her younger sister, and must always be within sight of her.

Gabriel and Stefana Relenschi are eight and five years old respectively. The two siblings were entrusted with their care near the end of February, 2012. Before being brought to the Hand of Help orphanage, Gabriel and Stefana lived in the home of their mother's latest boyfriend, in conditions very difficult to imagine.

The floor was packed earth, the bed were just a few boards strewn together, with no mattress or cover, the walls were black from smoke, and the home had no electricity. The only income the family had was the children's aid the mother received for her two offspring.

The mother of Gabriel and Stefana is illiterate, and practiced begging in Western Europe for a time. Having been caught by the authorities, and having been found out that she also sent her children begging, she was deported back to Romania, along with her offspring.

No matter how much the local authorities attempted to help this woman, it was to no avail, and since the father of both children is unknown, the authorities had no choice but to remove the children from her care for an undetermined period of time.

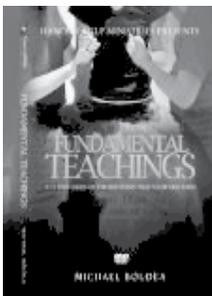
As we do with all our children, we have shown Gabriel and Stefana love and compassion, and they have already integrated themselves within the Hand of Help family.

Please keep these new additions to our family, as well as all the other children in your prayers. The labor is intensive, but so is the reward.

In His Grace, Hand of Help Staff



Resources From Hand Of Help



"Fundamental Teachings"

This DVD contains 12 fundamental teachings of biblical doctrine which are foundational to the Christian life. Often when the teachings of the Bible are discussed, people will say, "...but that's just your interpretation" as if everyone can interpret the Bible differently. Michael Boldea explains throughout the series that the quest for biblical truth can be found for anyone that takes the time to read and study the bible.



"Lessons From A Storm"

This 4 part series by Michael Boldea is about the storms Apostle Paul faced in Acts 27. This part of scripture as detailed in Acts 27 is about how Paul demonstrated courage and humble obedience under very adverse conditions. God knows how to get us through the storms and trials of life without becoming shipwrecked. The Lord is there to teach us that during the hardest trials of life we are not hopeless as long as we cling to God and walk in humble obedience and with Faith and confidence in Him.



"He Gives Peace"

The "He Gives Peace" CD project contains songs which all share the peace that Christ offers a hurting world. This album took 8 months to write and record and the title cut "He Gives Peace" was written in a cabin in Gatlinburg, Tennessee on a deck overlooking the "Smokey Mountains". Another song "Live In Me" is a worship song that encompasses the desire to have Christ live His life through our lives.

I would like to order "Fundamental Teachings" DVD series Suggested Donation \$30.00

I am enclosing a gift of \$ _____ towards this item.

I would like to order "Lessons From A Storm" series. Suggested Donation \$20.00

I am enclosing a gift of \$ _____ towards this item.

I would like to order the "He Gives Peace" CD. Suggested Donation \$15.00

I am enclosing a gift of \$ _____ towards this item.

Name: _____

Address : _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code: _____.

Credit Card Number _____ CC Type _____ Exp Date _____

Signature _____

HELP ME,

Help My Children!

Every day we are inundated with all kinds of requests for support. With the worsening economy, and more people out of work than ever before, it seems as though requests for aid are growing in frequency and volume on a daily basis. As has been our heart since the genesis of this ministry, we always strive to be sensitive to what God would have us do, and the way in which He would have us help on a case by case basis.



Today however, was very different from the normal triage we go through. As I walked into the office where our social workers counsel those who are in need of assistance, a desperate cry filled the room, 'help me, help my children. I don't want to abandon them to an orphanage.'

Aurelia Motoc is thirty-three years old, and few days in her turbulent life have been easy ones. She was abandoned early in her infancy, tossed about from state orphanage to state orphanage, and was well on her way to becoming another statistic. Although the odds were stacked against her, Aurelia was able to complete a trade school, and find a job.

For the first time in her life Aurelia felt content, fulfilled, as though she was in charge of her own life, and soon after she met the man who would become her husband. After they were married, they had two boys, Florin, who is now four years old, and George

who is two.

Aurelia's life took another turn for the worst when her husband started to drink heavily. Although Aurelia put up with the physical abuse, and lengthy explanations to neighbors as to where her bruises were coming from for as long as she could, when her husband started beating Florin, who was only three at the time, she knew it was time to confront the situation.

Although she had no one to turn to, being an orphan from early infancy, Aurelia filed for divorce and promised herself she would create a better life for Florin and George than the life she had known herself.

As her maternity leave is on its final month, Aurelia came to us out of desperation seeking help for daycare costs, which would enable her to continue working at a textile plant where she could earn money to feed her children.

'I'm not looking for a handout' Aurelia said, 'but you must understand, I grew up in an orphanage and I don't want that life for my children. I want to keep them, I want to work, but I have no one to leave them with while I'm at my job.'

Although Aurelia is optimistic, it is impossible to be a single parent of two children in Romania, and live on a \$150 per month income. The father is unemployed, and rarely sends money for the children, and Aurelia is already \$300 behind on her utility bills.

Please pray with us for this family's financial

provision, as well as for the healing of the wounds which have accumulated from years of abuse.

As we parted, I invited Aurelia to church, and I pray the Lord puts a hunger in her heart to seek God and come to know Christ as Lord and Savior. As we reach out with His love, may God compel her to come and receive the salvation which can be had only in Christ Jesus.

In Jesus,
Daniel Boldea

DEAR

Brethren

Since I heard through the grapevine that a friend's church was taking a few days of fasting, (and since all of the Hand of Help staff go to this church, and I knew there would be very little risk of them calling and asking if I wanted to go to lunch if they were all fasting), I decided I would join in, and fast along with everyone else.

Maybe it's just me, but I always feel odd trying to explain the fact that I'm fasting to someone who calls and invites me to lunch or dinner. On the one hand, I feel like I'm bragging about something we ought not to publicly declare we are doing, and on the other hand I feel like I'm making the individual feel bad about not fasting themselves.

I have always found fasting to be a great bringer of clarity, and given the times and the seasons that are upon us, who among us couldn't use a little more clarity?

The first day of the fast, I had picked my brother Sergiu up from the airport in Chicago, brought him home, and gone to bed, when I had a dream.

I dreamt I was walking down a street, but to the left and the right of me everything was utterly destroyed. If not for the foundations sticking out of the earth, one would not have known anything had once stood there.

I have seen the aftermath of earthquakes while living in California in the eighties, I have likewise seen the aftermath of tornadoes live and in person, and this looked like neither of the two. The best way I can describe it, is that the entire street seemed to have been razed. From trees, to homes, to fences, everything had been flattened and annihilated.

The street curved to the left, and as I followed it turning the corner, I was surprised to see a house standing a couple hundred yards ahead of me on the right. There was nothing special about the house. A single story home, with a porch and a porch swing, once painted white by what I could gather, but having taken on a charred look.

I quickened my pace, as even in my dream this seemed odd and surreal, and as I approached the house I heard what could only have been prayer coming from inside.

This was no typical prayer. It was passionate, and fervent, and the only time I remember having heard prayer like this, is when we would have prayer nights in our home in Romania during the Communist occupation.

This was anything but a restrained prayer gathering, and the voices coming from inside the house

were praising God, and giving glory to Him.

I stood just short of the front step, and listened to the prayers coming from within the house, until in my dream, I woke up.

As I awoke from my dream within a dream, the man I have grown accustomed to seeing was standing at the foot of my mattress.

‘Do you understand what you’ve just seen?’ he asked without prelude.

‘I believe I do’ I answered somewhat confidently.

The man gave me a look one might give to a slow-witted individual and said, ‘perhaps in part’, then reached out and touched my shoulder.

Suddenly I was back on the same street, and I realized this only because of the house with the porch swing, now a pristine white. It was the only thing that was the same as in my previous dream, because now there were trees, and homes, up and down the block. It looked and sounded like a typical neighborhood, but above the din of chirping birds and barking dogs, I could hear prayer coming from inside the home with the porch swing. It was the same kind of fervent, passionate prayer I had heard on the previous occasion.

I strained to hear what they were praying for, but I could only hear snippets from time to time.

As I made to climb the first of three steps, I was back in my bed, with the man standing patiently by my mattress.

‘Now you understand’, he said, ‘tell them not to fear, but to draw close to the Father in whom is shelter from the storm, and protection from destruction.’

I then woke up, disoriented, wondering for a while if this was yet another dream within a dream. Realizing that it was not, I knelt beside my mattress and started to pray.

I have not released a dream or a vision in two years, and if not for the specific instruction ‘tell them’ I would have been hesitant in releasing this dream as well.

As I explained in a recent radio interview, the reason why I have not released any visions or dreams is because many within the household of faith have become, for lack of a better term, prophecy junkies.

At every gathering, at every meetings, there is

always the inevitable ‘what’s the Lord been showing you lately’, as though He hasn’t shown us enough, or as though His word is not clear enough.

I specifically asked permission of God to withhold what He was showing me for a season, and have single-mindedly focused on preaching Christ, and Him crucified wherever I was asked to preach, because our safety, our shelter, and our protection is in Christ Jesus our Lord, Savior and King.

Our refuge, our shelter, our place of safety is not a geographical location; it is in the arms of Jesus, in the will of God, in fellowship and intimacy with Him.

If we are walking in the will of the Father, then we have nothing to fear. If we are being obedient to His word, His guidance, and His leading, then wherever He will guide us will be a safe place, and wherever He will lead us will be a place of shelter.

Our safety is found in obedience. If God has told you to go to a certain place, then do as He has commanded. If however God has not spoken, then be at peace where you are, for God is able to protect you in the midst of the storm.

It is time to draw closer to God than ever before, to come before Him in prayer, and fasting, in righteousness, and purity of heart. The day draws near when we will behold the miracle working power of our God firsthand, when we will see what our God can do, and glory in His omnipotence.

Psalm 18:25-30, “With the merciful You will show Yourself merciful; with a blameless man You will show Yourself blameless; with the pure You will show Yourself pure; and with the devious You will show yourself shrewd. For You will save the humble people, but will bring down haughty looks. For You will light my lamp; the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness. For by You I can run against a troop, and by my God I can leap over a wall. As for God, His way is perfect; the word of the Lord is proven; He is a shield to all who trust in Him.”

Psalm 25:4-5, “Show me Your ways, O Lord; teach me Your paths. Lead me in Your truth and teach me, for You are the God of my salvation; on You I wait all the day.”

With love in Christ, Michael Boldea Jr.