



Hand of HELP



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The Truth for Today

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THE LASTING ECHOES

of Final Prayers



THE LASTING ECHOES

of Final Prayers



As I am trying to piece together a few paragraphs to relay the complexity of this need, I cannot help but ponder what true desperation means and how I have never experienced it myself.

First off, I must specify that I believe as servants of God we are all called to different kinds of ministries. Some are called to minister on behalf of unborn, doing their utmost to prevent what amounts to infanticide, others such as ourselves are called to minister to the orphan, others still to the poor, to the widow, to the elderly, and some are called to be a comfort and a blessing during those last moments before we shake off this mortal coil and the spirit takes flight.

Every such ministry has its purpose and its

usefulness, and so when we come across other ministries whose desire is simply to serve as ours is, even though they focus on different areas than we do, if we are able, we like to be a hand of help to them as well.

We often times fall ill or have seasons of loneliness that lead to depression. Though I am not a stranger



to pain or physical suffering myself, I have never experienced both physical pain and loneliness simultaneously. I believe that is where true desperation lies. As believers we already know that in the worst of these moments, God has an open door to intervene and show His might. It is our duty to stand on the promises of God, appropriate that which He has given us, and take that power into the world.

As a ministry we are always praying and asking for guidance on what He would have us do. The elderly have been heavy on our hearts for quite a while now and the Lord has brought us to a wonderful work that He is doing on the outskirts of Arad.

The facility in question is currently caring for 35 elderly souls suffering from various illnesses including: MS, cancer, strokes, Alzheimer's, blindness, as well as paralytics and amputees. Many of them are in late stages of illness or even on their death bed. These patients are homeless and have no one.

The clinic is run by Pastor Mircea and his wife Dana who in 2005 cared for a close friend who died of cancer. It was at that time, after experiencing firsthand what a special ministry this was, that the Lord spoke to them to start building a residential facility, in faith, for the ill that He would bring, for them to take care of. Through the years they have grown significantly and have reached a maximum capacity of 35 beds. Requests for help continue to pour in and they have started a second building project designated specifically for dying patients.

When speaking with Mircea and Dana you can feel the love of God at work. They share their testimonies of patients in agonizing pain being led to the Lord. They speak of the peace that surpasses all understanding that comes





knowing that they are stepping in to the eternal and that they too have a place at the great table the Lord has prepared for His beloved.

Truly their strength comes from the Lord as they often go through all phases of cancer with those who they grow so close to. They are currently holding Cristi up in prayer as he is going in to yet another surgery for colon metastasis at the age of 24. Also, they are fervently praying for brother Popa who likely only has hours to live before the Lord takes him home. The list of the testimonies of those who would have died alone or without being given the opportunity to accept the gift of salvation can go on and on.

The palliative care building project that is pictured above is \$35,000 away from completion. This building will help the many who are suffering to pass from this life with dignity and most importantly offer them a unique opportunity to be counseled, and accept Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior.

If we did not believe this was a worthwhile work, we would not have brought this need before you. It takes a special kind of person to be able to see those they have grown close to go into eternity time and again, and I for one know that I could not bear it for long. God however, has called and equipped Mircea and Dana, giving them the requisite love to be able to do what few today can. We are all servants of God, and each of us at some point or another has had to lean on a fellow brother or sister in Christ. If you are able to help with this project, please do, and He who



sees all will reward you in due season.

In closing, pastor Mircea asked that all those who are compelled, all those who know what it is like to battle cancer or have stood alongside a loved one who has, to pray with us.

In Jesus, Daniel Boldea





WATERMELON

Wednesday

This past month the children here at the Hand of Help orphanage got to spend two weeks at summer camp. Since the heat indexes beat all records going back fifty years, it was especially nice for the children to be able to be in a cooler climate, in the foothills of the mountains, just being children and nothing more. No homework, no chores (other than cleaning up after themselves), no alarm clocks, no sounds of traffic, no dust, no smog... just pastures, hills, horses and streams; that which God created in its most basic and pristine form.

Although I would have liked to have gone for the entire two weeks, work kept me from going for the first week, and when I finally got everything I was

supposed to done, it was already Wednesday.

The two hour drive to the campsite was brutal, with overheated cars in the middle of the road, horse drawn carts trying to haul more wood than twice the animal power would have had a hard time pulling, and individuals who were apparently in a race against time, judging by the way they drove.

I arrived just as the children had finished lunch, and as I made my way to the dining hall, I began to hear whispers that desert that particular day would be watermelon.

Although the cabins we rented have a couple refrigerators in them, it's not nearly enough to hold watermelons for all the children. What we did have



however – and what the staff seemed to make good use of – was a creek running through the property which is essentially runoff from higher up in the mountains. The water is cold, and crisp, and for the last four hours the aforementioned watermelons had been left in the creek to be cooled off by the water.

By the time I got my camera out of the bag, the deed had already been done. Cool watermelon dripping with water had already been efficiently sliced and passed out to our uncharacteristically patient children, and the smiles as they took to the task of consuming it were not only heartwarming, they were contagious.

You don't get many perfect moments in life so when one comes along you are quick to recognize it. Sitting there in the cool breeze, surrounded by our children enjoying the simple pleasure of eating chilled watermelon, was, for me, one of those perfect moments.

For the past few days since returning from camp I've found myself looking at the pictures of that moment, and smiling to myself. I hope these captured moments bring a smile to your lips as well.

With love in Christ, Michael Boldea Jr.



THE HAPPIEST

Boy in the World

Today I met the happiest boy in the world. His name is Marian Cataranciuc, he is almost four years old – as he is quick to point out – and his happiness is contagious.

Although I had met Marian's two sisters Mihaela and Andreea while I was in Romania last time, Marian was still in the hospital. What's amazing about this little boy is that his happiness is not tethered to his lot in life. In fact, even at almost four, Marian has seen more heartache and felt more pain than fully grown adults in the twilight of their lives.

This past winter, due to a makeshift heating system in their home, Marian suffered severe third degree burns to his feet and legs. He spent two months in the hospital, and managed to make the nursing staff, the doctors, and even fellow patients fall in love with him. Even now, some of the nurses still come to visit him at the orphanage, and a young man whose fiancé was in the bed next to Marian's while he was in the burn ward, takes him out for ice cream regularly.

Shortly after being admitted to the burn ward of the Botosani hospital Marian's mother left one morning, never to return again. Although she has been

actively sought out by the Child Protection Agency, as well as the local authorities, she has not been found, and it is assumed that she abandoned her three children and fled the country.

Through it all, from the agony of suffering third degree burns, to being abandoned by his mother, Marian's smile never faltered or faded.

When he first got released from the hospital, just standing was agony for him, but his wounds slowly closed up, scarred over, and now he is running around with the rest of the children. At some point in the future the doctors have told us he will need one more surgery and perhaps some skin grafts to replace the burned skin, but all in all, they are amazed at his recovery, and at his perpetual joy.

This autumn Marian will begin kindergarten where he will bring his smile, and his joy. Thank you for making it possible for us to do what we do, and may God remember and reward every sacrifice.

With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea Jr.



IT'S HARD

to Say Goodbye

The end of every school year is a bittersweet experience for the Hand of Help family. Yes, another school year has come and gone, and summer vacation looms large, but it also means that at least a handful of our older children will leave the proverbial nest.

This year four of the girls will be going off to college, all four placing in the top one percentile in their entrance exams. Since in Romania if you place high on your entrance exam the state covers the tuition fees, all we have to provide for is room and board, which we pray we will be able to do.

Because everyone knows some of the children will not be returning after summer vacation, each year we've taken to gathering in the church, letting the children who are leaving say a few words, have the choir sing, the orchestra play, and after, enjoy a special meal together.

As was expected, there were tears, hugs, and promises to return as soon as possible to see everyone again, but also a hopeful anticipation of what the future held for those who were leaving us.

There is a certain sense of accomplishment that





comes over you when after having labored for years to instill values, in a child you see the product of your labors, and realize it was worth the long hours and hard days.

We do the best we can by the children God entrusts in our care, and when we see them outperforming peers and classmates who perhaps had more advantages than they did, it is fulfilling and gratifying.

It's sad to see our children leaving every year, but the sadness is somewhat attenuated by the smiles upon the faces of the new children who have come to call the Hand of Help orphanage home.

And so, our work begins anew with every generation that comes along, trying to do our

utmost to raise them in the fear of the Lord, and instill in them values and morals that will guide them throughout their lives.

Some of us have been here since the doors to this orphanage first opened, and though we believed then as we do now that it is a noble endeavor, none of us thought it would last for so long, or produce so many productive members of society.

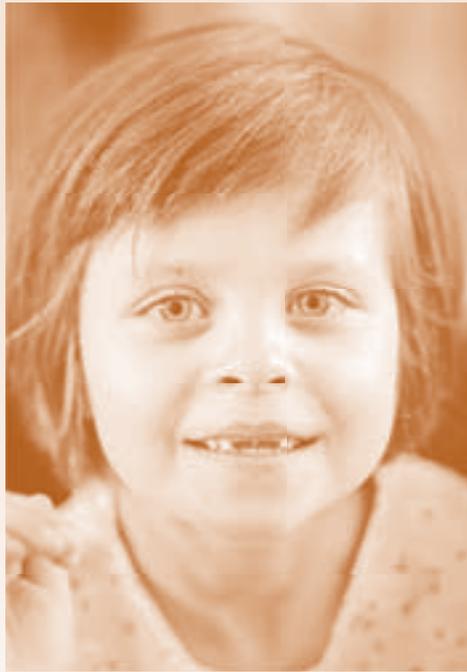
We have you to thank for our longevity, and for making it possible for us to do our duty before God and raise these children as they ought to be raised. We are forever in your debt, and our prayers are always with you.

In His Grace, Hand of Help Staff

*To everything there is a
a time to embrace
a t*



*a season ...
ace ...
time to let go.*



TRIP TO

Romania



family. One woman's husband went to Italy two years ago looking for work and now he no longer communicates with his family at all, leaving his wife and 2 children to fend for themselves by working in the fields. Full time work is very difficult to find, so when seasonal work is available it's a time of catching up, not getting ahead. Many families, not knowing how they are going to make it, cry out to God for help. Every day we see God's Hand of Help in answer to these cries. The answers come in the form of food and clothing, the purchase of a cow or a horse, or a well being dug right in their yard after years of walking long distances to get water. Repairs are made on houses, ranging from windows with no

Each time we come to Romania we are amazed at how God loves and cares for the orphan, the widow, and the poor. It is such a blessing to be God's hands reaching out to His children in such need. Every home we visited spoke of the very difficult winter and the many trials they face on a daily basis. Some face extreme loneliness due to a spouse that has died or a spouse that is working out of the country trying to support his

glass to a roof that leaks. Furniture and appliances are purchased for families trying to get started in life. Oh, the joy and the tears that flow as God answers their prayers are a beautiful sight to behold. Many, many lives are touched every day through Hand of



Help. Word spreads quickly of God's love being extended through this ministry and people come from all over with their various needs.

We have been coming to Romania for several years and we consider it a privilege to be a part of what God is doing here. We know each of the children here and can attest to the fact that they are well cared for by a very loving staff. They are blessed to have fallen into Loving Arms instead of some institution. On behalf of Hand of Help, we thank you for your support of this ministry, both with your finances and with your prayers. The investment you are making is truly eternal in the lives of these children. The Lord will certainly bless you for your love and care for the orphan, the widow, and the poor.

Dave, Cheryl, and Hosanna
Kalispell, Montana



TRIP TO

Romania





A GOD OF

Provision

Experience has taught me that a man who knows his calling is a blessed man indeed. I consider myself a blessed man because I know what God has called me to, and I do it with enthusiasm and abandon. As such, I focus on what I know God has assigned for me, and don't concern myself with the peripheral issues of the work.

If for some ministers the finances of their work are of utmost importance, for me, at least most of the time, the finances of the ministry are one of those peripheral issues except for when summer rolls around.

For some reason, every time summer is in full swing, I get squirrely concerning finances. As I shared with you some time ago, summer is the slowest time of the year for any ministry, and there have been years when we barely squeaked by without having the lights shut off.

And so, after chewing my fingernails to within an inch of being bloody stumps, I finally gave in, picked up the phone, and inquired how far behind we were on the bills.

To my surprise, I was informed that we were not behind on a single bill, and everything was paid up to date.

I don't live in an ivory tower. I buy my own bread, I pump my own gas, I pay my own bills, and so I know how the price of everything has been inching up lately. I realize full well that giving is becoming more sacrificial with each passing day, so when I heard that we were not behind on any of the bills, I started to cry and thank God for His provision.

It is said that a rising tide lifts all boats. What happens when the tide recedes, and your boat is still aloft, kept there as though by an invisible hand? Can this not be designated as a miracle? Can it not be said that something supernatural has taken place?

Although some of you are new to our work, most of you know that when God blesses, we simply pass it on. Because of your generosity, and selflessness, we've been able to continue being a blessing both in Romania, as well as in America.

We realize full well that need, hunger, and desperation know no nationality or geographical

boundaries. As such, our mandate and ministry is to help the needy wherever they are. To this extent, in recent weeks we've been able to distribute food to no less than 680 people, in the very town where our offices are located.

Our food distribution campaign in the US will be an ongoing thing for the foreseeable future, and I would ask that you keep this area of our ministry in your prayers also.

As a ministry we have much to be thankful for, beyond the fact that we've been able to keep abreast of the bills.





One of the greatest reasons to be thankful is the success of Constantin Lupusoru's surgery and recovery. Due to burns he suffered as an infant, and the scarring that followed Constantin's use of his left hand was minimal, and as he grew and the tendons pulled on his hand, it would only have gotten worse.

The surgery was, by all counts a success, and the doctor who performed it refused to charge us when it was all done. The change in Constantin is visible, as he is less withdrawn, plays with the other children more frequently, and is smiling more often than before.

The work goes on, and in times such as these our presence is needed more than ever before. All I can do is say thank you, from the bottom of my heart, and let you know that we are using God's money frugally, responsibly and efficiently.

Since this ministry began we have strived to do more with less, and we've grown quite adept at it. Thank you for your prayers, thank you for your support, thank you for your obedience, and may God bless you as you have blessed others.

With love in Christ, Michael Boldea Jr.

THE

Irreplaceable...

Many a time, we have written articles of lives being turned around and changed for the better. Orphanage children are being schooled thus given the opportunity to pursue careers, and the very ill being offered a chance to live a healthy life. In all honesty we must acknowledge when, regardless of our experience and the full attention of our loving orphanage staff, we fail to provide all the aspects necessary for harmonious growth and development.

Abel has been with us for many years and has had a hard time adjusting without the presence of his mother in his life. Even now he is not as he ought to be, acting out inappropriately and disturbing the other children on a regular basis. The love he carries for his mother without the requisite reciprocity is driving him to draw all kinds of negative attention towards himself. His condition has gone from disobedience to abuse toward others. Upon confronting him he acknowledges that he misses his mother so much that nothing else matters to him.

After talking with our staff we have all come to an agreement that Abel needs to be with his mother. She



is currently in Italy for work, trying to save enough money to renovate two small rooms so she can come home and take care of Abel. I have

spoken to her personally, and she has said she would return within a month if we could help her finish the renovation.

Please pray for Abel's mental health. He has been having very dark thoughts, especially after his older brother's suicide. Please pray for the provision of all needed finances to cover the materials for the renovation of their home, so Abel can be with his mother and receive that which we can not provide at the orphanage, his mother's love.

In Jesus, Daniel Boldea

DEAR

Brethren

If in any given equation there is one constant and one variable and the answer to the equation is different than the last time, we can readily conclude it is because the variable has changed. The constant never changes, and this is why it is a constant. The variable however changes, and this is why it is a variable.

In the age old question of 'why aren't we seeing the power of God as the primary church did?' there is also a constant and a variable.

The constant in this particular equation is God. The word of God tells us He does not change. He is ever the same, yesterday, today, and forever, and in Him there is no shadow of turning. Now if God is the constant, and He remains perpetually the same, then the variable must be the other component of the equation, namely man.

All one must do is look to see the marked difference between generations past, and our current generation to understand why the power of God is so sporadic in our day and age. I submit it isn't God's hand that has grown short over the centuries. It's not that God decided not to pour out His Holy Spirit or work signs and wonders within the congregations, or chose, on a whim, to leave us helpless and powerless. The reason we are not seeing the power of God as we ought is because men's constitutions have changed, and not for the better.

It used to be, the saints of God prayed for boldness to stand firm, and not flinch in the face of the enemy. Nowadays, most believers are praying to be spared, or otherwise sheltered from anything resembling hardship or persecution.

It used to be men such as Paul looked upon their present suffering and considered it unworthy to be compared with the glory that would be revealed in him. Nowadays the very notion or hint of the possibility of suffering is enough to paralyze most believers in their tracks, never mind actual suffering for the cause of Christ.

It used to be Christians defended truth, and the word of God, and the sovereignty of Christ. It used to be Christians stood for something. Nowadays, they're falling for everything, and defending anything except for

the Christ who redeemed them and bought them with His blood.

It used to be we knew our place in the kingdom of God and the duty we had toward our King. Nowadays, we're all little gods, with our own little fiefdoms, making up the rules as we go along, and expunging whatever tickles our fancy from the Scriptures without a second thought.

It used to be Jesus was the great prize, and the singular desire of the heart. Nowadays He's just a means by which we attain what we really want...from fame, to fortune, to acclaim, to notoriety.

It used to be you could identify a Christian by their character. Nowadays, the only thing distinguishing us from the world are the fish stickers on our back bumpers.

It used to be men labored for the glory of God. Nowadays we strive for our own glory, doing all we can do to shift the spotlight from Jesus to ourselves.

It used to be righteousness, repentance, and holiness unto God, were elementary notions which even the babes in Christ understood. Nowadays we've done away with such things, replacing them with self-esteem and prosperity thinking.

It used to be men who wanted to know God went to His word and read it. Nowadays, we're told the Book is unnecessary, antiquated and passé, and if you really want to know God, all you have to do is open your third eye.

It used to be men offered their all to God, and to the service of Him. Nowadays the first thing men ask is 'what is God offering,' and 'is He willing to sweeten the deal any.'

What was is no more...the variable has changed, and thus the equation must give a different aggregate.

It is not God who has changed. Man has changed, and rather than own up to what we have become, rather than admit to the cowardice, indecisiveness, duplicity, hypocrisy, selfishness, covetousness, and lawlessness coursing through our veins, we are quick to shake our fists at God, and blame Him for not moving among mankind as He once did.

We can either focus on the suffering or the glory. But know this: you get to the glory by going through the suffering. Just a thought!

With love in Christ, Michael Boldea Jr.