



**Hand of Help**  
Ministries

# Hand of **HELP**

*The Truth for Today*



Dumitru Duduman  
Founder

## HAND OF HELP

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## HAND OF HELP OFFICE

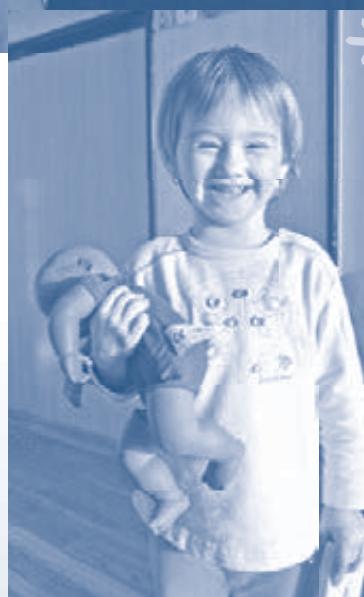
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OCTOBER • NOVEMBER • DECEMBER 2012

LABORS

*of Love*





# Labors





# of Love



# *Labors of Love*



What do eleven people of varying ages, gender, nationality and denominational affiliation have in common? What could bring almost a dozen individuals from three different nations together, united under a common cause? Love! The answer is love.

The love we speak of isn't just any kind of love, it is not a passing, fleeting, cooling kind of love, but rather it is the love of Christ in the hearts of those who serve Him as Lord and King.

This October we had the privilege of hosting three different teams, from three different countries at the same time. At first we were concerned about the logistics of it all, since there would be no less than eleven individuals, but as we continued to ponder the situation we realized logistics was not the only issue we needed to be concerned about.

Would they get along? Would there be peace?  
Would they go about the labors at hand joyfully?  
Would there be endless doctrinal debates, or  
discussions concerning denominational edicts which  
would take away from the real reason they were there?

All these questions fought for supremacy in our hearts, because although we knew some of our guests well, and knew their true heart, others we had only met once, and others still we had never met.

Every individual is unique and different from everyone else. Even identical twins can differ in temperament, so our concerns, at least in our own minds, were legitimate. Would these three teams get along, or would we have to play the referee the entire time they were here?

Would personal preferences overshadow the work they were here to do, or would they realize the calling is greater than the individual?

As it turns out, our concerns were wholly unfounded, because although the teams varied in doctrinal understandings, what united them was the love of Christ which was evident in every one.

The love of Christ brings us together, and when we allow the love of Christ to guide our steps, we do great and wondrous things for His kingdom and His glory.

Every one of our visitors exemplified Christ in their selflessness, in their empathy and in their tender hearts. They all found common ground in the act of

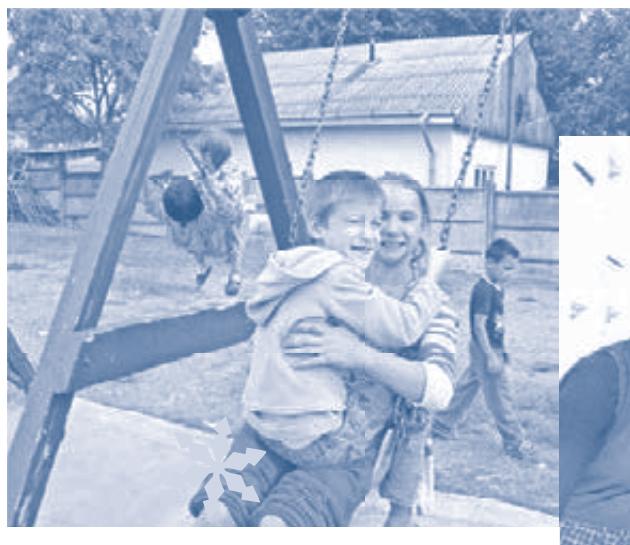


reaching out and being a hand of help to the helpless, of doing unto the least of these as unto Christ Himself, and being the hands of Jesus whenever they were called upon to do so.

Rather than tell you of the time we spent together, we've decided to show you, and our prayer is that you will be edified in seeing sincere servants doing that which God called them to do with sincerity of heart, and selflessness.

Between visiting nursing homes, families, churches, and spending time with the children at the orphanage, we were also able to fellowship together as brothers and sisters in Christ, having His love as our common and uniting bond.

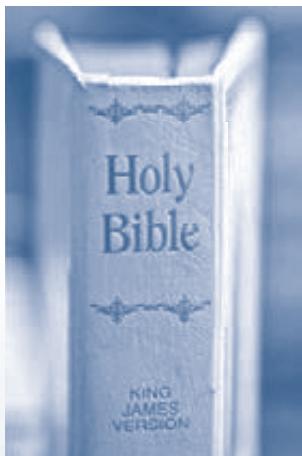
In His grace,  
Hand of Help Staff





HUNGER

# for the Word



We are living in a generation where hunger for the Word of God has been replaced with a hunger for anything but the Word of God. It matters not what the surrogate is, whether technology, a certain sport, or politics, whatever else men can find to fill their time in lieu of the Bible, they pursue with abandon.

I have a friend who needs to be first in line whenever a new upgraded model of any of his preferred gadgets comes on the market. Sometimes the only difference between the two models is an application he will never use, and a successive number in the name. No matter, in his mind he's got to have it, and he is willing to sacrifice his time, and squander his resources in order to get it.

Such attitudes ought not to surprise us, at least among those of the world. When we see it among the children of God and those called to be separate, however, it is somehow off-putting and not a little disturbing.

I did not intend for this article to get preachy, but sometimes in spite of our best intentions we end up on a different path than the one we had previously envisioned. If it is any consolation, I know it is the Spirit of God who urged me to pursue this avenue of thought, and share what is on my heart with you.

My heart weeps as I consider the present reality the church finds itself in. I come across fewer and fewer

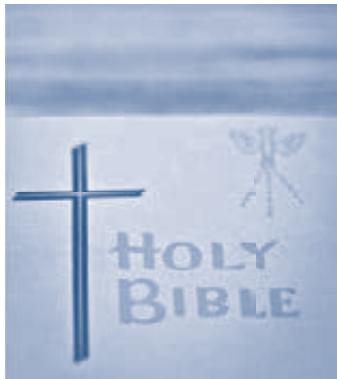
genuine leaders, and fewer still that are willing to forfeit their lives in order to take the Gospel to the ends of the earth as we are commissioned to do.

I earnestly try to explain to those who feel called to such ministry, that true dedication is not necessarily spreading the Gospel where you are comfortable doing so, in some evolved country where the only risk you're taking is tripping over the two steps that lead to the pulpit, but laying down things that are most important to you for the sake of Christ.

Because true servants are so rare, I remember them whenever I meet them. And yes, I have had the privilege of meeting some dedicated missionaries who have laid down their lives and even inadvertently exposed their own families to danger for the sake of Christ. These are people who speak of the Lord to cannibals, who proclaim the Gospel in warzones and famine stricken areas, and who sleep in tents for months on end surrounded by malaria infected mosquitos. Whenever I encounter those who were called to such callings and surrendered their all, I can't help but be humbled.

No, we were not all called to such sacrifice, we were not all called to go and preach in war torn nations, but we can never lose sight of the fact that there are plenty of souls all around us dying every day without the knowledge of the Word of God.

Recently I ran across a ministry whose sole calling was to take the gospel to the prisons of Romania. As we spoke, they shared testimonies of souls saved and lives changed. What I found most encouraging of all is that former prisoners are now returning to the prisons in which they were once incarcerated as bearers of



salvation, sharing their personal testimonies of transformation. They have even taken to running a pen pal Bible study with any of the prisoners interested in doing so.

There is a desperate need for New Testaments in the Romanian prison system. On average, they go through 200 New Testaments per month. As a ministry, we would like to support this group of men in their calling to take the Gospel to the incarcerated. The cost of a New Testament and related shipping is \$2 per copy.

Please pray for this ministry, that many would come to know Christ, and His Word continue to be spread to the ends of the earth in preparation for His return.

In Christ, Michael Boldea Sr.

# Hand of Help



When we planned our trip to Romania, I was very excited about it although I did not really know what to expect. The first time I had been in the country was 35 years ago on holiday at the black sea - a very different scenario. I

knew with certainty that God had called me to visit Romania again and wanted me on this trip.

My first surprise was when I climbed out of the car on arrival in Botosani seeing the imposing building and the well-maintained complex. My surprise grew even more when we were given our first tour through the facility. Seeing all the rooms so lovingly decorated told me that there was a great love for the children, everything was so well looked after, amazingly clean and tidy.

Over the days, we gained a great insight in the children's everyday life and extracurricular activities including musical education some of the children had taken up. It was wonderful to hear the children playing their instruments in church on Sunday. What a joy to hear all these violins, flutes and guitars.

What really stood out to me though over the days was the obvious fact that many children had developed a very affectionate relationship with the Hand of Help



## DIARY NOTES FROM MY FIRST VISIT, OCTOBER 2012

staff. Love seemed to abound everywhere and our team was accepted and grafted in very quickly too.

It struck me how much the children actually had found a "home" at the Hand of Help. I saw many happy children's eyes gleaming with happiness and laughter was heard all around us all of the time. The girls were dressed nicely and the boys were running around with such freedom.

The reason why we noticed all these particular things perhaps is that I have been working with orphans and in foster care in Germany for twenty years. I have seen quite a lot and I can tell you that what I saw at the Hand of Help was really special. So, having returned to Germany I am telling everyone how I loved being with you all. I have even learned a few things.

Thank you for letting me be part of your big family. I hope to return next year.

Christel Loges, Germany



# Village Life



In the majority of villages we visited, the people are finding it increasingly difficult to survive. They experienced a very cold winter followed by an extremely dry summer. Many experienced a very small yield from the crops or even total crop failure, which means a lack of food and money for this coming winter. You can only imagine the disappointment of doing all the work and not being able to reap the benefits. Many plow their fields with a horse and hand plow. They work all day in the hot sun and sometimes in the rain.

Another problem they are facing is that their wells have gone dry, causing them to have to carry water long distances. Some are having water delivered by truck, but the prices are extremely high. Others go to the rivers and bring the water back home by horse cart.

It is rare that we hear 'yes' when we ask the families we visit if they have firewood for the winter. Most people use corn stalks to cook with, but they do not provide enough heat for the cold nights. The temperature in the house is often the same as outside. We are praying that God will lay it on the hearts of



many to send funds to buy firewood for the winter.

James 2:16 says, '*And one of you say unto them, 'depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?'*'

1 John 3:17 says, '*But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*'

Thank you for your love, support and prayers for the orphan, the widow, and the poor. We again and again see the joy that it brings them when their needs are being met and their prayers are being answered.

Blessings,  
Dave, Cheryl, and Hosanna Edman  
Kalispell, Montana



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**Due to the drastic need in Romania,  
we are launching the following program  
F.I.R.E.**

***Firewood Initiative For Romania's Elderly***

Meeting the basic need of warmth for Romania's Elderly

Many of the younger generation have fled the country to find work in Germany, Spain, Italy, England, and Austria, only to leave their elderly loved ones to fend for themselves during the harsh winter.

**Winter of 2012 in south of Bucharest, Romania**

More than 86 people died in the 2012 winter storm in Romania, mostly elderly. In some areas, the bitter cold followed heavy falls of snow, 16 inches on February 11, 2012. The Danube was reportedly completely frozen over.

The 2012 European cold wave was a deadly cold wave that started on January 27, 2012 and brought snow and freezing temperatures to much of the European continent. There were 824+ deaths reported. Particularly low temperatures hit several Eastern and Northern European countries, reaching as low as -39.2 °C which is -26.6 °F. Help us lend a Hand of Help to Romania's elderly by meeting their basic need of warmth this winter.

- 1 month's worth of wood \$75.00
- 2 month's worth of wood \$150.00
- 3 month's worth of wood \$225.00
- Full Winter Sponsorship \$300.00

***handofhelp.com***

Please indicate F.I.R.E. Project when you make your online donation or place it in the memo portion of your check.



# GROWING *with the Need*



We do not grow because it is our desire to grow, but rather to meet the need which is ever growing and expanding. This can be said of our outreach to surrounding communities where we've delivered more food, clothing, and firewood than in previous years because the need required it, but also of the orphanage which is, in the words of one government representative who came to visit, '*bulging at the seams*,' with new children of varying ages, traumas and needs.

We will labor for as long as we can, helping as many as we can because it is the calling to which we have been called, and we know that if we possess the willingness to continue the work, the Lord will provide the means by which we can continue it.

One of our newest additions is Ionela-Florentina Solzariu, born January 8, 1996. Florentina comes from a modest family. Her father is a farmer, and her mother is on disability due to illness. At first glance Florentina's situation didn't necessarily look desperate,

but once we took the time to listen to the family history, we were compelled to extend a helping hand.

Florentina's mother has been blind since the tender age of fourteen. The father had to carry out the duties of both parents, as well as take care of the mother during Florentina's entire adolescence. Because he was responsible for taking care of his family by himself, farming was the only work Florentina's father could do and still be close enough to the homestead.

As Florentina grew older and began to attend high school far from the village she grew up in, it put an added financial strain on her father. The education of their child meant so much that the Solzariu family took out a loan to cover the expenses.

Just as Florentina was about to begin her junior year of High School, her father came to us pleading for help as he would no longer be able to support his daughter's school expenses. Realizing



*Florentina*



that without our assistance Florentina would have to abandon her studies we made an exception and received her into the orphanage even though both parents are living.

We are thrilled to be the channel through which God can give Florentina and her future a hand of help. She is full of life, very sociable, has an amazing voice, and when she discovered we had a music class, she made her desire to learn to play the guitar known to us.

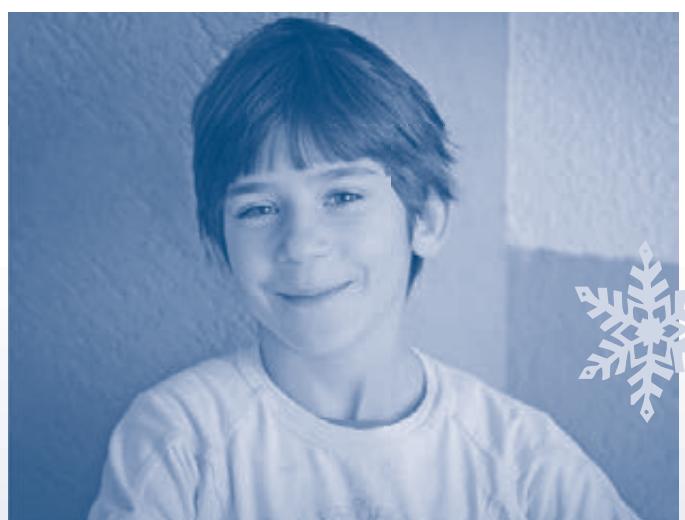
Shortly after Florentina's arrival, we also received the Panait children into our care. After the father went abroad to work two years ago, and stopped corresponding or sending money a year ago, the mother grew disillusioned and began to leave her children unattended for long stretches of time. A few months ago, the mother abandoned the children altogether, and hasn't tried contacting them since. After a few weeks where the children were at the mercy of the village neighbors, the Child Protection Agency was called in, and the children were taken into the custody of the agency's emergency shelter.

Hand of Help opened its doors and its heart as soon as we heard the situation and too Petrisor,

Iuliana, and Miruna in immediately.

Without your love, prayers and support we could not do what we are doing, nor could we meet the needs of these children as we are. May God who sees all reward you for every kindness, and may you one day know what your selflessness has meant in the lives of these children.

In His grace,  
Hand of Help Staff





THE LEAST

# of These



*"Jesus lives here!"* These words are the first thing to greet everyone entering the clinic pastor Mircea and his wife Dana oversee. If anyone happened to miss the sign on the front door, every subsequent door has the same words on it, printed on a piece of paper and taped at eye level. For anyone with only a tangential knowledge of Jesus, reconciling what the clinic is with the idea that Jesus is present is very difficult indeed.

Most people today tend to believe Jesus avoids the hurting and the dying as readily as they do. Although they have no issues with Jesus being present at a wedding or at a feast, being present in a room where someone just breathed their last

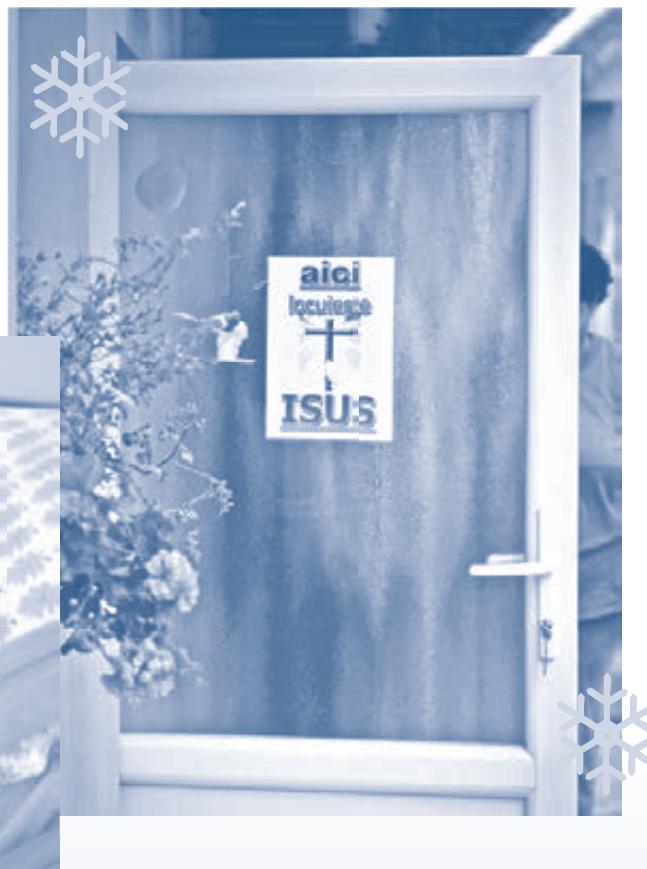
breath is harder for them to come to terms with.

While I was putting together the last issue of the newsletter, the story of pastor Mircea and his work near Arad touched my heart. I have always had great respect for anyone that can do something I cannot, and I know in my heart I could not bear to watch people passing almost daily. It is not who I am, and I am thankful to God that He knew me well enough when He called me into the ministry not to call me to minister to the terminally ill and dying.

It takes a special kind of heart and a special kind of compassion, and knowing this I wanted to see the work firsthand and visit with pastor Mircea and his wife personally.

Since my brother Daniel had a few days of free time, and our bookkeeper was also anxious to see the work we were planning on supporting financially, we loaded up the car with blankets and made out for Arad. Being literally on the other side of the country, the drive to Arad is at least eight hours on a good day, and most days aren't good days.





When we arrived the weather had turned and it had started to rain, ceasing as we unloaded the car, and then starting up again with greater intensity. I knew what to expect from the pictures I had seen, but pictures can only tell you so much, and being there in person, seeing the faces of the people pastor Mircea and his staff minister to, made it somehow real and caused me to understand the immensity of the calling to which they have been called.

For most of the people there, the last faces they will see while in these husks of flesh will be either pastor Mircea or his wife Dana, and the last words they will hear will likely be spoken to them by one of these two individuals. Just this knowledge alone would be enough for me to beg off such a calling altogether and look for another way to serve God.

As we sat and talked, and I asked the questions I had planned on asking even before I arrived, I realized this husband and wife team reminded me allot of how our ministry started out, with nothing more than zeal and a

willingness to step out in faith.

With each day we saw the work advancing we were surprised, and with each miracle and provision we were thankful to God anew, and now twenty-nine years later we are still in awe of God's goodness towards this work.

We spent a few hours in fellowship, visiting the new building and seeing the progress they've made, praying for those still under their care, and getting to know their heart, and at the end of it all I concluded that Jesus really did live there, because the love they showed toward those abandoned by all but God could not be feigned or manufactured.

I want to personally thank every one of you who gave to this work, and though the drive is long, we will continue to visit and bring you updates of the progress and the continued vision of this ministry.

With love in Christ, Michael Boldea Jr.



THE LEAST



# of These





## THE DIFFERENCE

# a Day Makes

It is difficult for me to sit and prepare to write this article without pondering the twenty-four hour increments in my own life that have dramatically and irrevocably changed its course. Not all were good, at least not to the naked eye, but faith that '*all thing work together for good to those who love God,*' kept me hopeful even during the bad days.

For many most days go by uneventfully. We don't really think about the 1,440 minutes that make up a day, never mind the 86,440 seconds, but although most days go by as they ought, without life altering events, some days mark us, and what transpired in that twenty-four hour window stays with us for many years to come.

Although I am not the best of writers, a recent experience has compelled me to put pen to paper and share with you how a life can be changed in one day, by the power of the Almighty, through His Holy Spirit.

During our usual morning leadership meeting at the Hand of Help orphanage, one of our social workers shared a story about a boy in his early teens, who was currently in the Child Protection Agency's emergency shelter. Since she could make no progress with him, and would not sign off on bringing him to the Hand of Help orphanage until we could assess his mental state, she requested I

visit with the boy to see what I could glean. It was her opinion that he was suffering from some type of psychological disorder, and would likely need special care we could not offer at the orphanage. The boy, in her words, was unresponsive, uncommunicative, and would not stop crying.

As I walked into the emergency center I found the boy sitting quietly with his head down. The crying the social worker mentioned was not that of an overly sensitive child, or one who was throwing a fit because they wanted attention. It was a quiet, desperate, and sorrowful cry.

As I began to speak to the shelter employees, they filled in the missing moments of Gabriel's life, and it was only then I was able to understand the anguish this boy was feeling. Within a year Gabriel had lost all those who once cared for him. First, his biological father passed away, immediately followed by his stepfather. Gabriel's mother then suffered a stroke which left her paralyzed.

With no one else to care for her, Gabriel dropped out of school to take care of his now crippled mother. All the love and compassion he had for his mother could not keep her near, and she soon suffered a second stroke which would lead to her death, and would leave Gabriel alone. Neighbors of the family had brought Gabriel to the shelter where he was left with only one bag of dirty clothing, and another bag filled with his mother's medical records. This was the sum of his life...two plastic bags, one of which documented some of the worst moments of his life.

After a conversation of over thirty minutes,

without even a glance from Gabriel, the social worker bent down so she could look him in the eyes and asked, '*would you like to go and live at their orphanage?*' He nodded in the affirmative, and within minutes the Hand of Help family had grown by yet another member.

We went through our usual protocol of treating for lice, picking as many out as we could, burning the rags that were once his only clothes, and setting a hot plate of food before him. To our surprise, Gabriel started speaking, very softly and politely thanking us every step of the way.

After he was done with his lunch, he looked at me and asked, '*what do I do with these?*' pointing at his mother's medical records. It was then that I broke. No thirteen year old should ever have to feel mandated to be the man of the house, take care of a sick parent all by themselves, or be responsible for holding on to medical and legal documents in case a doctor wanted to see them.

Twenty four hours had gone by when I went

to check on Gabriel. I was shocked to see a totally different boy than the day before. Gabriel was smiling and enjoying a conversation with one of his new brothers at the orphanage. Though Gabriel has a lot of work ahead of him to make up for the time he spent away from school, we are praying for a full recovery and a healing touch from God.

It is such a great privilege and blessing to be a part of this ministry, and it is amazing to see a life turned around and brought back from the brink of desperation. It is not anything we ourselves can accomplish, but a restoration and a work that only the Holy Spirit can do.

Thank you for being a part of this ministry, responding to the needs of these children, and changing their lives for the better, one child at a time.

In Jesus,  
Daniel Boldea



DEAR

# Brethren

**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."**

Although I've always known what Paul meant by making mention of the brethren in his prayers because it's pretty self-explanatory, I never truly understood what he meant by remembering without ceasing their work of faith and labor of love, until I found myself doing it.

During my last few days in Romania I did a bit of traveling in and around our region. From having some families I wanted to visit, to attending a couple prayer meetings, to seeing

some relatives I promised myself I would see before returning to America, I must have spent at least eight hours per day for about a week just driving from place to place.

I'll be the first to admit I am horrible at remembering names. I just can't do it and believe me I've tried every method. From associating the person with a vegetable, a fruit, or inanimate object that rhymes with their name, to coming up with an acronym for it, no matter what, I just can't remember names. Faces and places however, are a different story. If I saw a face fifteen years ago, I can point it out in a crowd of a thousand. If I've driven on a given street, or by a given house, I'll remember it as though it just occurred, and these memories of mine are very real and very vivid.

The reason I share this is because during my

protracted drive throughout the countryside, I would remember certain homes we visited, families we helped, clothes we delivered, cows we've bought, houses we've built, and a myriad of other things God has allowed us to do in Romania for the past twenty three years.

The homes I remembered were not few, and each memory I had of a family or individual we helped was tethered to the remembrance of your unceasing work of faith and labor of love.

By both nature and necessity I am not a sappy individual. I cry but not often, and when I do it's for good reason. I found myself crying more often than not during those drives just remembering the journey thus far. It has been a long journey and not one without perils and valleys, but God has always been faithful, and His faithfulness is what we continue to stand upon.

By the time you read these words, many things in this nation will have already been settled. The die would have been cast, the outcome of the elections certain, and hopefully the abundant emotions connected with everything that's been going on lately abated.

Although I have a general idea of what the future holds, and some specifics which the Lord has shown me, one thing I am certain of is that God is already in tomorrow, waiting patiently for us to arrive. The knowledge of this singular truth alone gives us boldness and courage to walk fearlessly into the future, because if God is there, then it will be well with us.

Another thing I am certain of is that both those we help, and God Himself remembers without ceasing your work of faith, your labor of love, and your patience of hope in the Lord Jesus Christ as readily as I. Nothing we do for the least of these, or for the kingdom of God is forgotten no matter how much time has passed.

Many things have changed in the world over the past few decades but I thank the Lord that your tender hearts toward those we help have not. I can but add my voice to the chorus of all those we've helped and continue to help over the years, and thank you for being obedient to the Lord both

in the small things and the great ones. As this year draws to an end and another begins anew, I thank you for your prayers, I thank you for your kind letters of encouragement, I thank you for your support, and I thank you for remembering this work, myself, my family, the children, and the Hand of Help staff in your prayers as well.

**Psalm 25:1-5, "To You, O Lord, I lift up my soul. O my God, I trust in You; Let me not be ashamed; Let not my enemies triumph over me. Indeed let no one who waits on You be ashamed; Let those be ashamed who deal treacherously without cause. 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 day."**

With love in Christ,  
Michael Boldea Jr.



## Year End Giving

Just a note regarding your year end contributions, please have your donations post marked no later than December 31st, 2012 to ensure its inclusion on your Annual Giving Statement.

Your 2012 Annual Statement of Giving will be issued by January 31st, 2013.

If you have any questions or concerns you may contact [accounting@handofhelp.com](mailto:accounting@handofhelp.com) or call 469-744-7348. Thank you for your heart in embracing this work and helping us be an extension of God's hand, a "Hand of Help".