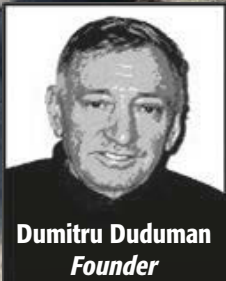


# Hand of **HELP**

*Dark Winter,  
Summer of the Soul*



Dumitru Duduman  
Founder



*November - December 2022*

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# Dark Winter, Summer of the Soul

As the daylight hours are shortened, and the temperatures drop, most of us retreat indoors, grab a good book and start a fire. Having been in Wisconsin for ten winters now, I have concluded that there is not much one can do outdoors when the deep freeze sets in without risking losing an ear, a digit, or the feeling in your face.

As I consider the plight of our brothers and sisters in Ukraine, left without power, gas, or water, I am reminded of what my parents, grandparents, and other saints of generations past used to share with us growing up, “Winter is the summer of the soul.”

Since many were hardworking farmers, they would only catch a break when winter set in. Therefore, it is not so much that they took a hiatus from attending church in the summer or neglected their devotion to spiritual growth for a few months, but rather when the Master decided to change the seasons, any extra time that they had was to be spent praying, being under the preaching of the Word and in fellowship with the brethren.

Pillows and blankets were placed in the windows to protect believers from the prodding eyes of the Secret Police and suppress their ability to listen in. Any gathering of two or more was a violation; the communists must have known the passage in Matthew 18:20: *For where two or three are gathered together in My name, I am there in the midst of them.* The communists knew very well the power of prayer and the commitment of the underground church to be the last line of resistance to their ideologies.

As Westerners, it is hard to fully grasp the benefits of persecution for the believer. We are a spoiled generation consumed by the temporal. Our very prayers often expose where our hearts and treasure are.

There is beauty to be found even in a prison cell when you are suffering for the Lord. There are new layers of grace that we experience when He is made the center of our lives, regardless of our circumstances or what He might allow us to go through.

Time and again, we have seen that when persecution and suffering are great, His grace is greater still.

Though we go through affliction, mourning, pain, loss, or suffering, our souls can sing!

2 Timothy 2:3-4 *You therefore must endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No one engaged in warfare entangles himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please Him who enlisted him as a soldier.*

2 Corinthians 12:8-10 *Concerning this thing I pleaded with the Lord three times that it might depart from me. And He said to me, “My grace is sufficient for you, for My strength is made perfect in weakness.” Therefore most gladly I will rather boast in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in needs, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ’s sake. For when I am weak, then I am strong.*

Our brother Richard Wurmbrand, who endured over fourteen years of imprisonment and torture, three of which were in solitary confinement,

said it very well, “I have heard Bach and Mozart and seen beautiful places, but never have I seen such beauties as those which I saw in the dark cell beneath the earth; never had I heard such beautiful music as on that day – the King of Kings was with us.”

I in no way want to downplay the dark winter that faces Ukraine. As you know, we are trying to get the much-needed resources over there as quickly as possible, as the Lord provides and leads. I understand that the need far surpasses our reach. Still, I am even more confident that our Sovereign God will be with our brothers and sisters and that they will experience new mercies, grace upon grace, and spiritually thrive amidst all adversity.

Whether you are on the battlefields of Ukraine, in the hills of Georgia, or suburbia USA, regardless of our trials or how dark this season of life might be, if you are in Christ, the King of Kings is with us!

Psalm 42:5 *Why are you cast down, O my soul? And why are you disquieted within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance.*

May we persevere in a perpetual summer of the soul until that wondrous day of our glorification!

Come, Lord Jesus!

Daniel Boldea





# I Don't Know What I'm Doing

As I debated the title of this article, the only one still needing a header before sending this edition of the newsletter to the printer, I realized it was "Giving Tuesday." I had thought about titling the article "Where Needed Most," but after waking up to posts and emails of pleas for financial support, since it is "Giving Tuesday," I settled on "I Don't Know What I'm Doing."

From a management or marketing perspective, I missed an opportunity. If only I had studied marketing instead of dentistry, in that case, I might've realized that giving to any ministry, charity, or organization is most generous in the 4th quarter and peaks around this particular day every year.

Praise be to God; I wasn't raised or trained to think that way. So whether it is Giving Tuesday, Fat Tuesday, or any Tuesday for that matter, marketing gimmicks or photo editing to draw on one's emotions have never been our approach. We've always been upfront with you, presented the current needs, and prayed for those needs to be supplied.

Call us relics, antiquated, or old-fashioned, but we rely on the provision of our Sovereign God.

Our Jehovah-Jireh, who foreshadowed the atoning work of Jesus Christ by providing a ram, thereby sparing Abraham's son Isaac, is the very same Ancient of Days in the minutest details of our every day.

Matthew 6:25-34 comes to mind, culminating in verse 33, *But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.*

Proverbs 9:10 *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the Holy One is understanding.*

We persevere, humbly serving our Creator, knowing that it is all grace and He is the source of all. He continues to work in miraculous ways despite us and our shortcomings. We are mere vessels in the hands of an Omnipotent God, "His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand that we should walk in them," and there is nowhere else we would rather be.

Thank you for prayerfully walking with us!

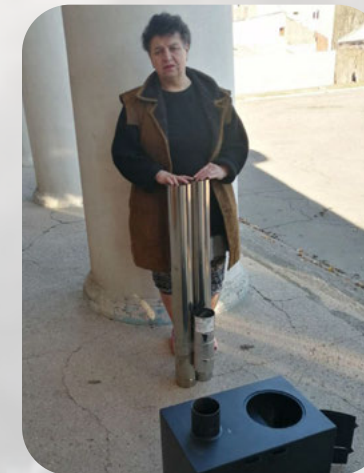
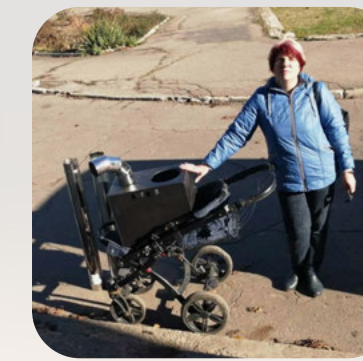
The Lord continues to be gracious to our ministry and those we serve with timely, often life-sustaining, provision.

From the thousands of food parcels, livestock, loaves of bread, hot meals, wood-burning stoves/heaters, generators, firewood, coals, emergency medicine, blankets, clothing, and even tarps to cover bombed-out homes, to providing missionaries with a fuel supply, bakers with a semi-truck of flour, and an entire community with their only source of water, we are humbled and grateful for His provision through you.

Please continue to pray for those who serve the people on the frontlines in hopes that they might share the Gospel with the lost and the desperate unbelievers in their care, "that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in heaven."

Trusting Him in all things,

Daniel Boldea





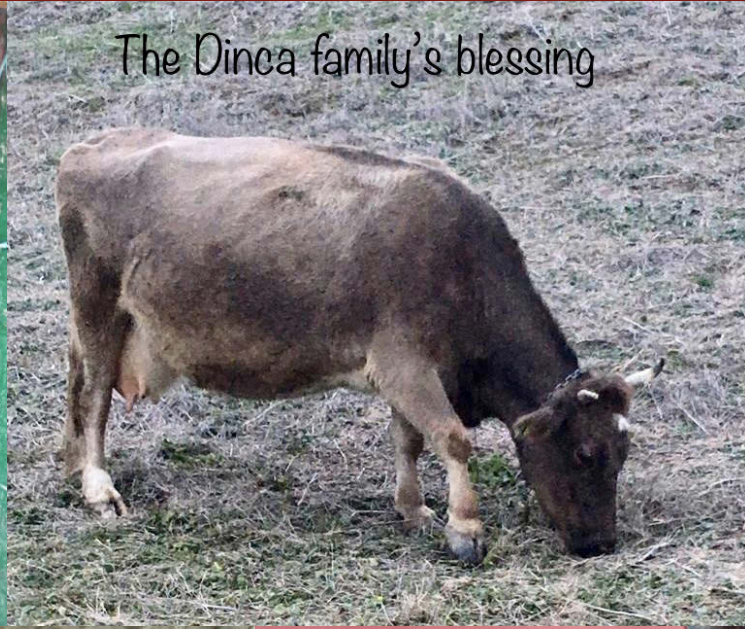




# More Blessings



The Dinca family



The Dinca family's blessing



The Acasandrei family



The Popa family



The Rotariu family's blessings



The Rotariu family



The Hutanu family



# What Was Lost

At first, it's the cold realization that your children have nowhere to sleep and you have no roof over your head. Then you look around, and gratitude over everyone being alive takes over and dulls the pain. You want to break down, just crumple on the side of the road and have a cry, but there are the children to worry about, and you have to be strong for them. All they know is that they no longer have a home; you know what a colossal undertaking it will be to provide them with a new one.



In an instant, the flames consumed three, if not four, of the basic requirements for human survival as though they were a dollhouse tossed into a furnace. Prevailing wisdom states that humans require shelter, warmth, clothing, air, water, food, and sleep to survive. Unfortunately, on November 16, sometime around midnight, the Hirtie family lost their shelter, warmth, clothing, food, and place to sleep.

It was later determined that the cause of the fire was a short circuit from a compressor that had been left plugged in. The Hirtie family worked where they lived, having a woodshop attached to the home, so they also lost their livelihood. By the time the sun rose above the horizon, all that remained was smoldering ash.

After the initial shock wears off, you realize that what was lost went much deeper than timbers and beams, couches, and tables. What was lost were the touchpoints

of all the memories the family of seven made in their home throughout the years. It was a modest home, to be sure, but it was theirs, and they worked hard to maintain it.

They dreamt of something bigger, and after saving what they could from the woodshop and the children's allotment, they even managed to lay the foundation of a bigger home on an adjacent plot of land. However, now that dream seems untenable as they no longer have a way of generating income to continue the project.

That's where we come in. All seven members of the Hirtie family have been living with Cornel's brother, who also happens to be the pastor of the local church in Bucecea, but they can't continue to do so in perpetuity. Since they already had the foundation, many local churches and individuals contributed to this project after prayerful consideration. We, too, have decided to come alongside the Hirtie family and help them finish constructing their new home.

Some things you can replace, some you can't, but whatever the hardship, whatever the trial, you can stand firm in the knowledge that all things work together for good to those who love God. Sometimes God uses His servants to bring that good about, and we are ever thankful to Him for having called on us to step up.

Please remember the Hirtie family in your prayers, and if the Lord compels you to help in any way, there is still much work to be done.

Hand of Help Staff



# Child of the Month

It was April 2008 when Raul, not even three years old at the time, and his three brothers, Alin, Marian, and Alexandru, first came through the gates of our orphanage.

Before us stood four timid children, their faces scorched by the sun, dressed without any forethought, carrying the sadness of past experiences and the worry of what would come on their countenance. Their grandfather, fighting off tears, said, "If I were healthy and had the means, I would've raised them myself." He then told us that the family might have had a chance to stay together if the parents had been more responsible.

The mother abandoned the children, leaving them with their father who was unable to offer proper care.

The local pastor noticed the total lack of care and basic education and asked for the assistance of Hand of Help, seeking refuge for these children. We were so grateful to welcome them into our family! Years went by, and our Father, in His mercy, healed their wounds and helped them through many seasons in life.

The father tried to make strides to reestablish a relationship with the children, but he was far from being apt to take on the task of fathering them. Moreover, after being diagnosed with cancer, his poor health prevented him even more from being able to have his children with him.

Raul's father died in 2015. All four brothers were together when our staff shared the terrible news with them. It took a while for them to adjust to the new reality, but with the help of our social workers and counselors, we were able to see constant improvements. In the meantime, Alin and Marian left the orphanage and started independent lives while Raul and Alexandru are still in our care.

We thank God for how He worked and continues to work in Raul's life. His grandfather keeps in touch, and they often visit each other during school breaks.



Raul turned 17 in 2022. He attends the local Technical College, specializing in mechanics. In addition, he enjoys technical drawing, geography, and sports.



Playing baseball has become his passion, and he has many accomplishments for his age. He plays in multiple games in various championships and is currently the youngest umpire in the Federation. He desires to become a coach and a member of the Baseball Federation.

Thank you for making stories like Raul's possible. We are grateful to be able, together with you, to bring hope to the lives of the orphans. Thank you for your faithfulness and for helping us offer a family to those without anyone in this world who would care for them.



# Dear Brethren,

1 Peter 4:12-13 *Beloved, do not think it strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened to you; but rejoice to the extent that you partake of Christ's sufferings, that when His glory is revealed, you may also be glad with exceeding joy.*


It used to be that believers rejoiced at the thought of being persecuted, concluding that in having to endure persecution, they were found worthy to suffer dishonor for the sake of the Name. Hardship and suffering were deemed badges of honor as long as Jesus was that for whom they endured. My, how times have changed.

Any mention of hardship, trials, or persecution is met with either derision or an implacable wall of arched eyebrows and stern looks. There are certain things you just can't speak of in church anymore, and suffering persecution if you desire to live godly in Christ Jesus is one of them.

God hasn't changed, and neither has the enemy, but those who purport to be followers of Christ, at least, for the most part, don't seem to be made of the same mettle as their predecessors. Not only that, they are trying to find common ground where no common ground can be had.

There has never been an armistice between light and darkness. It's not so much that they are fighting for territory or due to some slight. It's more than that; light and darkness cannot coexist. For one to live, the other must die. It is an existential battle, yet some on the side of the light seem to have forgotten this entirely.

Looking for a way to bury the hatchet is not the best use of our time because it is an impossibility. Making concessions, giving up ground, compromising, and attempting to find a happy medium are pipe dreams at best and delusions at worst. Until they believe they have the upper hand, those of the darkness go out of their way to encourage those of the light to be more yielding and malleable. Once they do, all thoughts of coming together are banished, and their singular desire becomes the obliteration of the light.



I realize this sounds fatalistic, but it is not. It is better to know the rules of the road, understand your enemy's motivation, and form a battle plan than go in blind and hope for the best. That we are at war is not a new concept. It is the reality that we, as children of God, have been living ever since those of the Way met in upper rooms and hidden cellars. It's nothing new. Nothing has changed. If anything, the only difference between now and then is that this generation has been lulled to sleep by the idea that they might not have to stand and fight after all.

It is dangerous to hear your enemy's war drums and pretend they are intent on talking about peace. Doubly so, if those deemed to be generals in the army of the Lord have been bought off, compromised, or become the spiritual version of Benedict Arnold.

More than ever, it is of paramount importance that you be judicious regarding whom you believe, and no matter who the individual might be, confirm that they are in harmony with what the Word of God says. Many are coming in His name, deceiving and being deceived, and because their message is pleasing to the flesh, they are oft received and believed.

Matthew 24:4-5 *And Jesus answered and said to them: "Take heed that no one deceives you. For many will come in My name saying, 'I am the Christ,' and will deceive many."*

With love in Christ,  
Michael Boldea, Jr.