Dear Brethren,

Kindness is timeless. It is one of a handful of lessons I hope to pass on to my daughters, and if I succeed in doing so, I will have considered my role as their father successful. On the surface, it may seem like an easy virtue to pass on, but selflessness, kindness, empathy, and altruism are not naturally occurring qualities in mankind.

Perhaps when we are young and innocent, we are more apt to share a toy or share a snack, but the older we get the more self-centered we become, and showing kindness, being selfless, exhibiting altruism, or empathy becomes rarer with each passing year.

Absent a heart change, a transformation, a rebirth into a new creation, man spirals into an unabashed self-obsessed hedonistic pit wherein even when he shows kindness of some sort, it is for a selfish reason, with the hope of benefiting or profiting something from it in the long run.

Either they know a camera is rolling and they make a show out of buying someone a sandwich, or they make sure everyone within a ten-mile radius knows that they did something nice for somebody at some point that particular year.

One of the many things I respect and appreciate about you, in particular, is that you give to this work without expectation of accolades or having your name up in lights, without having television cameras and microphones documenting the writing of a check. You give to this work because you obey the guidance of the Holy Spirit. You give because God told you to give, and you know that your sacrifice isn't going to finance private jets or fancy mansions, but rather feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and care for the orphan and the widow.

We have had our share of trials, our good years and bad years, but through it all God has been faithful in stirring your heart; you have been faithful in answering the call, and we have been faithful in doing the work to which we have been called.

It is God who keeps a record of what we have done as unto Him, and it is God who rewards the obedience of His servants. Incomparable as my thanks might be to the reward that awaits you in heaven, from the bottom of my heart, I thank you for allowing us to continue laboring in the harvest fields of Romania, Ukraine, and the United States.

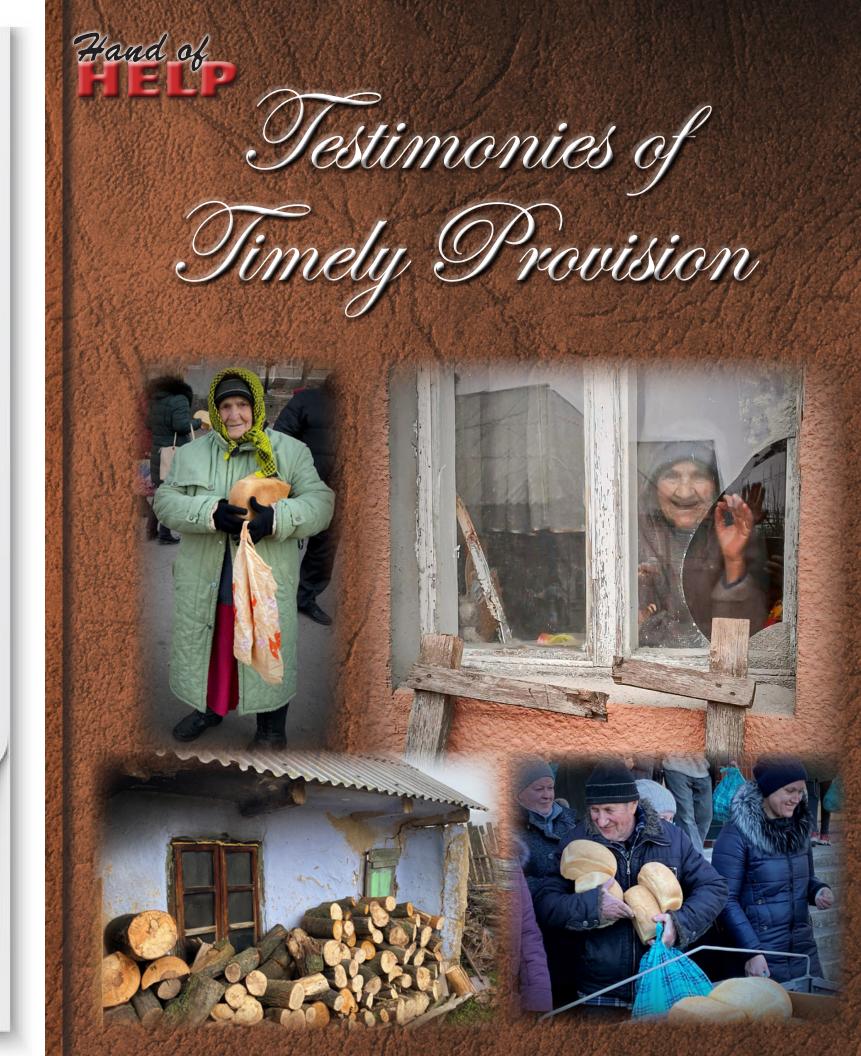
While it is day, we continue to labor. While it is day, we continue to work, knowing that night is coming, and when night comes, no man can work. Once more, thank you for making it possible for us to work, to feed, to clothe, to bind wounds, and restore hope. May you know firsthand the blessing that you have been to countless others.

With love in Christ,

Michael Boldea, Jr.

Chairman

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Psalm 12:5 "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord..."