

Hand of **HELP** *Our Rock*



February - March 2025

Our Rock

This update is long overdue, but necessarily so. We wanted to have clarity ourselves before we attempted to inform you of some significant changes at the Hand of Help Orphanage.

These past few years have not been a smooth journey, but few things in life, especially those worth doing, are. If anything, it has been an arduous journey, fraught with setbacks, trials, and moments of nail-biting anticipation where all we could do was wait on the Lord, knowing full well He alone could bring about a resolution.

At times, we even wondered if the Lord was closing the door of working with the children and leading us into early retirement. It was not outside the realm of possibility, and with all the headwinds we faced, it was a viable outcome. With the benefit of hindsight, we now know He was preparing for more and not less.

For those of you who have been following the ministry for a while, some of these details may be redundant, but we believe that the context is important to understand. Ever since the genesis of this ministry, transparency has been one of the pillars upon which the work stands because being in God's service demands it. It is not optional, it is essential.

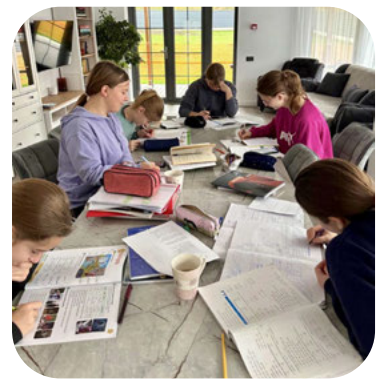
At the start, when our founders, Dumitru Duduman and Virginia Boldea, were able to return to Romania and seek out a parcel of land for the construction of the orphanage, land itself was not being sold to foreign entities. The second-best option at the time was to lease the land for 99 years. The orphanage, the subsequent Mesia Church, and the guesthouse buildings were all built on the same leased lot.



Through the years, numerous attempts have been made to initiate purchasing the lot from the local authorities but to no avail. The red tape of Romanian bureaucracy has proven exhausting.

In 2015, we initiated the process of renovating the orphanage, one floor per year, which took us through to 2019, when that project was completed. Along with updating plumbing, electrical, and the roof, we had to install smoke detectors and restructure the layout from that of an orphanage functioning as one whole, with dormitory-style facilities, to that of smaller homes, to function independently of each other, in an apartment-like setting. It was the new law of the land and one we had to abide by.

Just as we were completing the fourth and final story renovations and drawing a deep breath of relief after four years of enduring the mess and noise of construction projects, we were informed by the local authorities that, pressured by the European Union, legislation had changed, and we could no longer function, even in the newly restructured layout.



E.U. changes in regulations required that the apartments/homes, which were now built in a familial-type setting, be dispersed throughout the community and not on the same footprint. We were given a deadline to either start

working on building homes in the community and move the children there, or all of our authorizations would be pulled and our doors shuttered.

Immediately after receiving this news, we learned of the possibility of applying for funds from the European Union for the construction of the required homes to cover up to 98% of construction costs.

The application process would prove to be colossal, and the deadline was only a few short months away. Two main caveats were that the organization applying, in this case, Hand of Help, had to own the land where the future homes would be built, and also, a new afterschool project would have to be implemented in order to prevent children from needing placement and full-time care.



After many hurdles and what seemed an insurmountable feat, our team of dedicated staff was able to secure the parcels of land for the new homes and purchase additional land to trade the city for the lot under our guest building for the creation of the afterschool day center. We then proceeded to apply for and receive the funding for the construction of four homes able to house up to twelve children each and the renovation of our guest building for creating an afterschool program. It is no exaggeration that thousands of pages of documents were required and subjected to intense scrutiny. In the short time allotted, only God could have accomplished such a monumental task!



The children have now settled into their new homes and are thriving in the familial environment. We continue to identify lots of land that can be purchased and later traded with the city for the land that we still lease on which the church and the old orphanage building are located and pray that one day the property will be clear for Hand of Help to use as the Lord leads. Please pray for His continued provision for this project.



If this past year has taught us anything, the overall trajectory of our work is not to do less but rather more than before! We ask that you partner with us in praying for the Lord's continued leading of the work and wisdom on how He would have us repurpose the old orphanage building; we are specifically petitioning the Lord if we should establish a nursing home for those left without support during their most difficult years.

In summary, as matters currently stand, we have four Hand of Help homes, dispersed through the outskirts of Botosani, that can house up to twelve children each; an afterschool day center providing tutoring, a hot meal, Biblical instruction for 15 children and their families to prevent full placement with us; the Mesia (Messiah) Church on the grounds of the orphanage; and the orphanage building that we ask the Lord to use as He sees fit and guide us as He chooses. We are His to command, and we will do as He leads. If this means more work for us, so be it, for we know that His hand is not short, and nothing is impossible to Him.

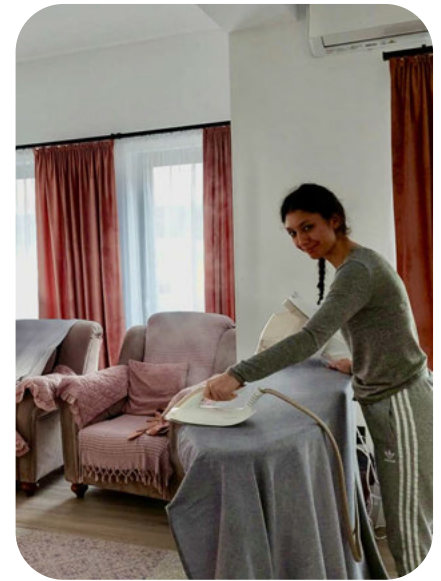


Our Rock (cont.)

Now, over 40 years into the work, we declare, more than ever, that He is the Rock on which we build: our strength, fortress, deliverer, our refuge, our shield, the horn of our salvation, our stronghold! We will call upon Him who is worthy to be praised, and so we shall be saved from our enemies. (Psalm 18:1-3)

Through ever-changing seasons, it is to our Rock that we cling to now and forever.

Hand of Help Staff



Everything and Nothing



In what seemed like a matter of seconds, all that Tudorel Botezatu and his wife had been able to build while raising their eleven precious children went up in flames. In an instant, it was gone. All that was left was a fistful of ash and the memories they'd made. Nothing they owned was spared.

Brother Tudorel, with tears of joy rolling down his cheeks, shares that though they lost everything, they still had all they needed: their faith in God and each other.

The fact that all eleven children, including their child who is in a wheelchair, made it out unharmed is truly a miracle and something the Botezatus will be praising God for the remainder of their lives.



Area churches, businesses, and individuals have rallied around them to donate money and volunteer their time to build a new home for them.

With limited resources, the project has reached an impasse and we would like to help them with the remaining items: building materials to finish the interior of the home as well as appliances, furniture and some other items that they are now in desperate need of.



Please join us in praising God for protecting this family from bodily harm and for the project, asking Him to restore their home.

With gratitude and praise,
The Hand of Help Staff

Never Easy



Never Easy

For some, life has never been easy. They can never look back on a season of their existence and say with certitude that they didn't have to worry, labor, toil, sweat, and do their utmost not to thrive but merely to survive. Perhaps when they were toddlers, dependent on their parents, but even then, it's likely that they knew hunger and privation. It's not exclusive to other nations or continents, either. There are places, even within the vastness of America, where people are born into abject poverty and remain so throughout their lives.



aren't just left to die alone whether from the frigid cold or starvation. Less civilized nations have no such redundancies, and the more callous ones consider that once you've spent your youth, energy, and vigor working until your back is bowed and you've lost feeling in your fingers, you've become a burden that they will gladly disavow.



Even with a safety net, a bit of retirement, and a home to call your own, growing old is hard enough. To a certain extent, we've all been there and can attest that once you hit a certain age, bones start to make strange sounds, muscles start to hurt, and tasks that once seemed easy become burdensome. Growing old without anyone to lean on, turn to, depend upon, or ask help from is downright terrifying.

Civilized nations have safety nets, whether retirement funds, social security, food banks, or some kind of aid, by which they make sure that those who are struggling to get a hand up and those who can't fend for themselves



It's not hyperbole to say that for many in the rural regions of northern Romania, this ministry is the only lifeline they have. Especially when it comes to the elderly, they are alone, oftentimes desperate, and without recourse. The lucky ones still have a husband or a wife who can



help carry the burden, but many are widowed, their children have long grown and moved on to greener pastures, and all they have is need, loneliness, and the ever-present concern about whether they'll have something to eat come sunrise.

Summers are easier by far. Even in their advanced ages, all these people who their nation has conveniently forgotten have a vegetable garden, fruit trees, or some means of getting enough nutrition to subsist. It is in the winter months that the fear and turmoil arise when they begin to notice that where once there were logs on the fire, there is but a handful of twigs, perhaps their last, and the weather is not cooperating in their favor.





It's when springtime is still months away and the provisions they'd so meticulously laid aside are running out, and a once full bag of cornmeal now has a spoonful of scrapings on the bottom that anxiety becomes an ever-present companion. Their desperation grows inversely to the dwindling supply of existential goods they have no way of replacing or topping off.

You can ration all you want, but eventually, nothing from nothing gets nothing, and toward the latter end of the winter months, many of the individuals we visit and help have just that: nothing. Some have taken to sleeping fully clothed, wearing every layer of meager clothing they possess, while others have taken to adding water to a broth they prepared days ago, which by now is no more than water and salt, yet they persist, persevere, and pray that God will hear them, see their situation, and send help.



The knowledge that we are here for a purpose has kept us pressing on even when the road got hard and things seemed hopeless. Knowing that we are doing what God commanded us to do, caring for the widow and orphan, gave us the strength to persevere, battling through exhaustion, fatigue, icy roads, and muddy alleys. Knowing that reaching a particular village or a specific home may mean the difference between life and death makes our discomfort and lack of sleep negligible, if not outright unworthy of mention.



Saving lives has never been an abstract notion for this ministry. We see the tears of gratitude, the prayers of thanks, the hope that animates the once dull eyes, and the smiles that crease the wrinkled and well-worn faces. You make this possible, and for this, we are ever grateful to God and to you.

In His service,
Hand of Help Staff



Never Easy (cont.)



Important!

Please note that the call-in option for Michael Boldea's radio show, The Light of Truth broadcast, is no longer available.

You can access the show by using the following links:

handofhelp.com/facebook

<https://rumble.com/user/handofhelp>

Child of the Month

David C., born in September of 2010, is our December-January Child of the Month's brother. David and Rebeca have been a part of our family since September 2024, when the local authorities stepped in to help the family. The children's mother had to be urgently taken to the hospital while their father, having suffered a head injury when he was young, was incapacitated and was unable to care for the children alone. Their living conditions were hard to imagine - no running water, no bathroom, a precariously furnished living space, and a wood-burning stove that, at times, provided some warmth.

Soon after being admitted to the hospital, David's mother was diagnosed with terminal cancer. While on her hospital bed, with her children in attendance, she declared her faith in the Lord and was baptized. Despite her extreme physical suffering, she understood the loving-kindness of our Father and accepted His Sovereign plan for all aspects of their lives. She decided to follow Him for the rest of her days, however long or short He would determine them to be. Praise God for allowing Rebeca and David to witness such a blessed moment!

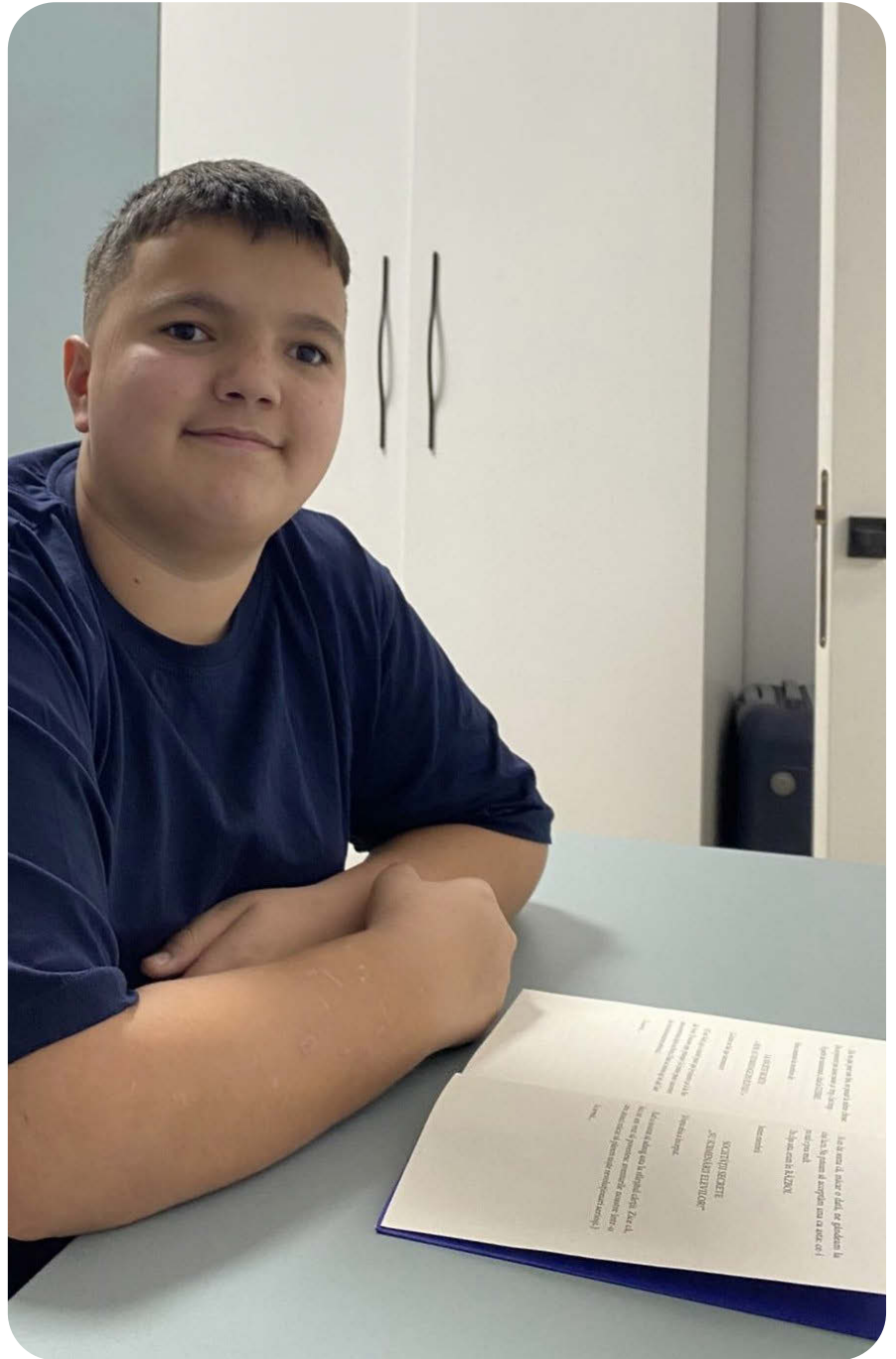
She died soon after, at the beginning of 2025.

David is in the seventh grade and has adjusted well to our family. He is enrolled in a special education program for children with learning disabilities and loves to help with chores around the house.

We thank God for the opportunity He has given us to have David and Rebeca among us.

The journey ahead is difficult as they both navigate this season of grief, so we ask you to keep them in your prayers! May the Hand of Help staff be granted wisdom on how to best minister to them during this time of testing.

Thank you for your love for the children of Romania. May your labor of love and sacrificial giving be amply rewarded by our heavenly Father.



Dear Brethren,

Revelation 22:12, “And behold, I am coming quickly, and My reward is with Me, to give to every one according to his work.”

It’s not a matter of if; it’s a matter of when. If there is one thing we can be certain of in this world fraught with uncertainty and tumult, it’s that Christ Jesus, our Lord and King, will one day return. It is an absolute certainty, beyond doubt or shadow of turning, just as sure as the reality that if you are reading these words, you are drawing breath.

A guarantee is only as good as the guarantor that offers it. The promise of Christ’s return was not made by some third party or an underwriter who would declare bankruptcy at the first sign of trouble but by Jesus Himself. Jesus declared that He was coming quickly, and not only that, but when He comes, His reward will be with Him.

Although we can be skeptical of men’s intent, their promises, their assertions, or their declarations, it is not so with Christ. Not only does Jesus speak the truth, He is the truth personified. It’s not that He doesn’t lie, which He doesn’t, but He can’t lie. It is not within His ability, given His nature, to fib or distort the truth to suit a particular narrative or agenda, nor is He in the business of making false promises as many are wont to do nowadays. If He said it, it will happen. If He promised it, it will come to pass.

We know He is returning. It is a certainty. The only question we must answer for ourselves is, what do we do with the time we have remaining? How do we best redeem the time between now and then?

Some have chosen to give themselves over to endless debates regarding the timing of His return, refusing to allow for the reality that they may not be among the living by the time He returns to receive His bride. They speak as though they are guaranteed another day, another week, or even another breath when no man is. They are so adamant in the position they hold that they’ve even chosen to disfellowship from those who disagree with their conclusions. To what end, I wonder?

Others have chosen to coast to the finish line, doing nothing by way of spiritual preparation or ensuring they have oil in their lamps as well as their vessels. They’ve talked themselves into believing that the night, which is soon

approaching, will not be as fraught with danger as Jesus said it would. If, in the midst of being hunted, persecuted, tortured, and martyred, the early church could still go about doing the work of the kingdom, given that Jesus said no man would be able to work when the night comes, we can infer that the situation will be worse still. It’s easier by far to have your lamp burning when the night descends than feeling about as a blind man hoping to find it, light it, and be comforted by its illumination.

Jesus wasn’t being hyperbolic or exaggerating for effect. He was warning those who would hear to steel themselves for the night, and understand that it will be no easy thing to traverse. A wise man sees danger and prepares himself. Another interchangeable word for prepares is hides.

The approaching danger is clear and unprecedented, and there is only one place we can hide ourselves: Christ. We squander the time we’ve been given, squabbling among ourselves with no resolution in sight at our own peril. We put off our spiritual preparation, thinking we’ve bought ourselves a bit more time at our own risk.

The world can change suddenly and without warning. When it does, we must be ready, fully anchored in God’s promises, standing on His Word, and prepared to endure to the end, knowing that when our Lord returns, His reward comes with Him.

There is a sense of jubilation as men cry “peace and safety,” not realizing they are unwittingly fulfilling the prophecies of old, for when men cry peace and safety, then great destruction will come upon them. During this season, our gaze ought not to wander, nor should we give in to the multitude of distractions threatening to shift our focus to the things of this earth. Our redemption draws nigh, and it is to Him we must look; in Him, we must grow, and through Him, we must endure to the end.

1 Thessalonians 5:6-8, “Therefore let us not sleep, as others do, but let us watch and be sober. For those who sleep, sleep at night, and those who get drunk are drunk at night. But let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and as a helmet the hope of salvation.”

With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea, Jr.