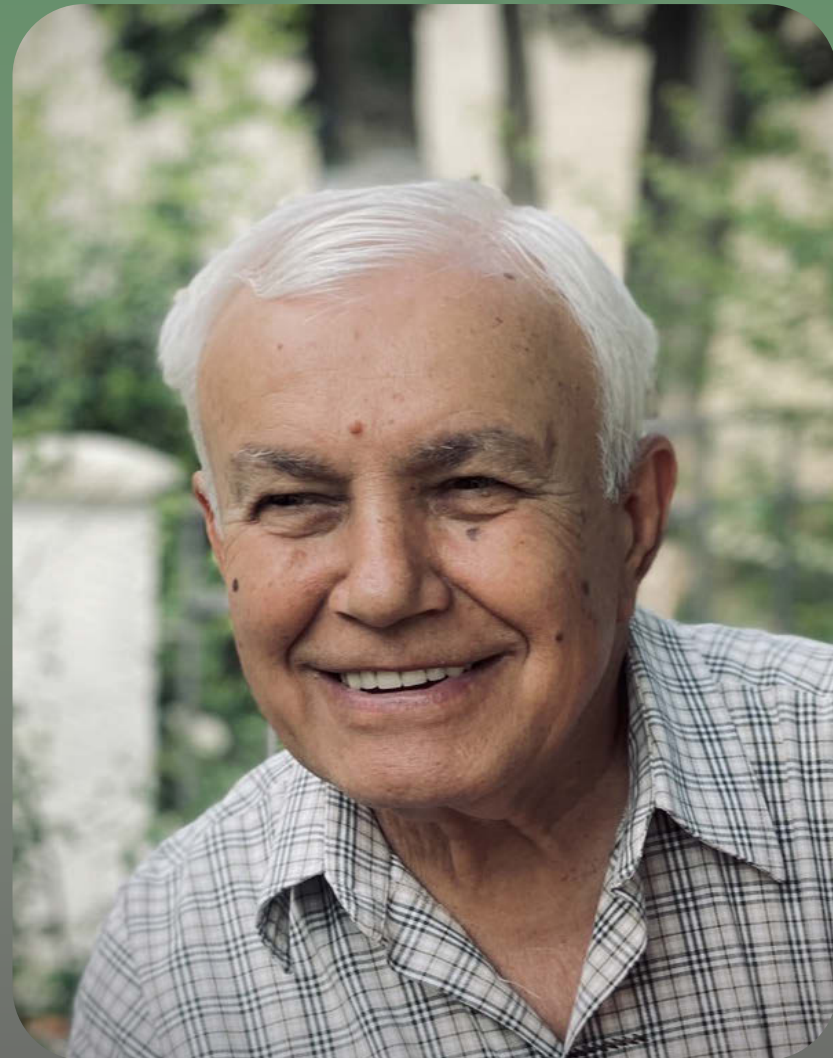
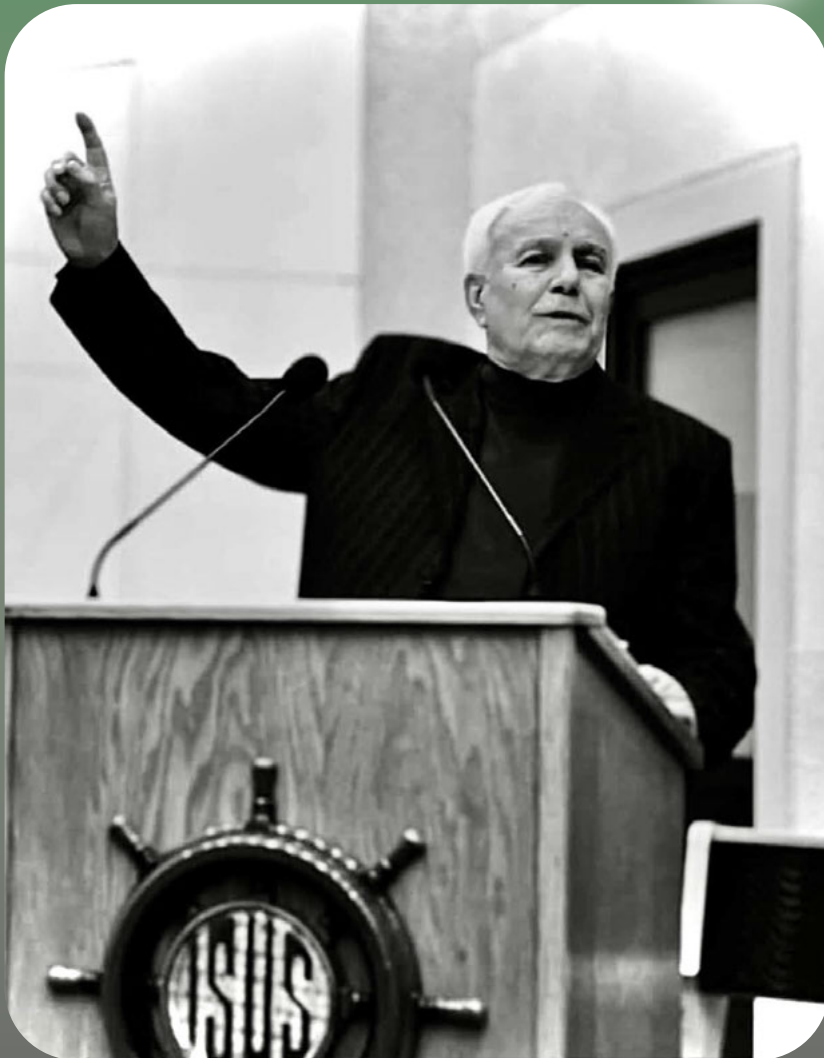


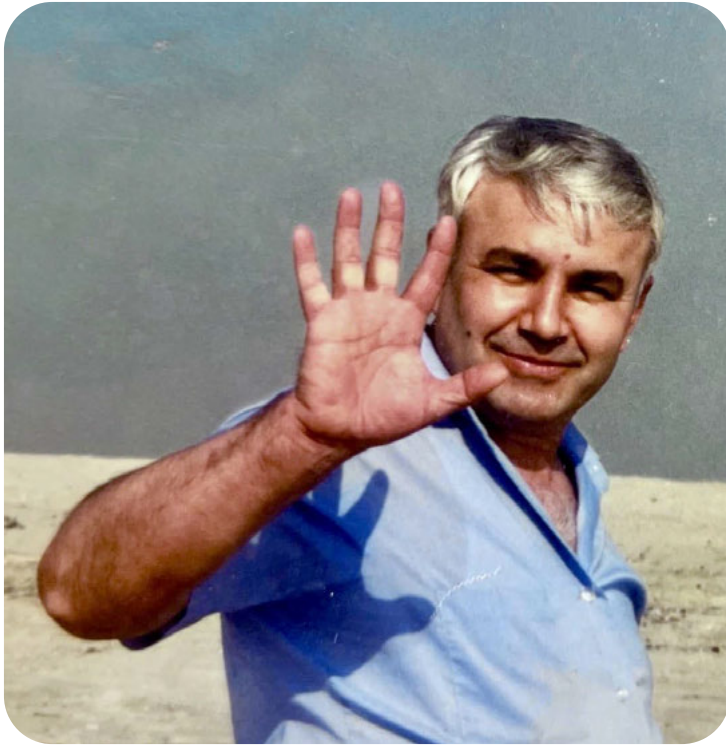
Hand of **HELP**



October - November 2025

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My Dad



It doesn't matter how old you are or how much life you've lived; you will always be someone's son or daughter. Although the dynamics of the relationship may change from infancy to toddlerhood to the dreaded teenage years and onto adulthood, your dad remains your dad, and the good dads are ever-present, ready to offer a piece of advice, an encouragement, and yes, if the situation calls for it, even a rebuke. My dad was a good dad. Even as his health was failing, not a week would go by without him calling to ask how I was doing, how the girls were, and if my wife was keeping me in line. Whenever I'd ask him how he was, his only answer would be, "Onward with Jesus".



One would think that, having crossed the half-century mark, the passing of my dad would hurt less, or that the void he left in my heart would be smaller somehow. It doesn't. It isn't. The pain is real, the sense of loss a constant companion, but unlike those of the world, we do not sorrow as those who have no hope.



I know where my dad is, having finished his race well, having received his crown, and his reward from the arms of Jesus, whom he loved to his last breath.

What affected me more than his passing, for it had been something I'd been steeling myself for, for some time, is how many people's lives this soft-spoken, mild-mannered man, who always had a smile on his face, I knew as my father, affected.



That he'd affected lives was a given. We all do to some extent throughout our journey here on earth. Each of us, in our own way, leaves an indelible mark. I can say my father positively affected more lives than most. He was a pastor, selfless in his pursuit to see others comforted, ready to go wherever God sent him; that alone would have made an impact. What surprised me, blessed me, and made me see my dad in a whole new light was the sheer number of people whose lives were bettered by being around him.



Yes, one man can make a difference. Yes, one life lived in the service of others will bear much fruit.

A simple man lived a simple life, uncluttered by the desire for prominence, fame, or fortune, and left behind a legacy that lives on in the hearts of those who, by their own words, were made better for having known him. That was my dad. He will be missed, and his absence is felt every day.

We go through life, oftentimes unaware of the impact we have on those around us, of how they notice a kindness, an encouraging word, a warm smile, or a sincere hug. We do these things because it is in our nature to do them, not for accolades or recognition, not taking the time to itemize all the little things that become the sum of the lives we've lived, whether for good or ill.

I'd always thought of my mother as the primary agent of change in the lives of the generations of children we were graced to shelter, raise, and teach. She was a force of nature, tireless, and undeterred in her desire to pour herself out on their behalf with abandon. In hindsight, I've discovered I tended to shortchange my dad's contribution. I think it's largely because he was always in the background, doing the work, never one to yearn for the limelight or demand anything—a man content with being a servant who found his joy and purpose in serving.

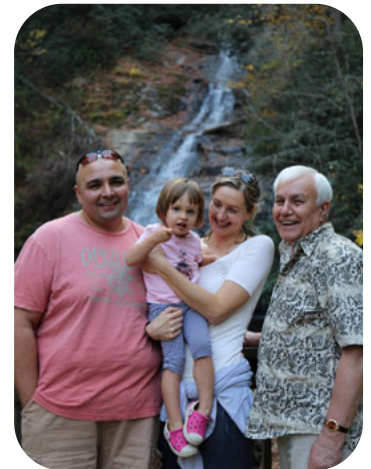
My mother was much the same, but her role in the lives of the children at the Hand of Help orphanage was more prominent, and only once the testimonies of the young men who'd been affected by my dad's relentless dedication to seeing them grow up and live fulfilling lives in the service of Christ began pouring in did I realize the impact his soft-spoken, gentle demeanor had on their lives.

They came from far and wide, putting their lives on hold to say farewell to the man they saw as the father figure who guided them with patience, kindness, and love. They reminisced, shed tears, shared memories, and leaned on each other as they had in their youth, thankful for having spent the years they did being mentored and discipled in the ways of Christ.

He has joined the great cloud of witnesses, having finished well.

The pain of loss, the separation, the tears, and the grieving are temporary. The reward is eternal. Knowing this, we press ever onward toward the prize, toward that blessed day when we too will hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter the joy of your Lord."

With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea, Jr.



Trip to Romania – The Work Continues

This trip was in many ways different than others. After 20 years of going out to villages with Michael Sr., the bond that was built between us had made Michael my best friend. We were so like-minded in our hearts and minds concerning family, orphans, widows, and the poor families of Romania. We found out this trip that it is going to take many brothers and sisters to fill this one man's shoes.



One of the brothers helping to fill those shoes is Daniel Iacob, a brother with whom Daniel Boldea has been ministering in the war-torn country of Ukraine. He is a brother full of love and zeal for the Lord and the furtherance of the gospel. I had the opportunity to go with him to Ukraine to a distribution center where 120 refugees, aged 60-80 years, had been displaced from the war zone. We had the privilege of handing out food packages and sharing the gospel with them.



Daniel also took me, along with two or three children from Hand of Help each time, to visit some very poor families back in Romania. It was cold, windy, and raining, so it was challenging to the flesh. I fell down twice the first day out, and, at 75 years old, my flesh was asking me why I was

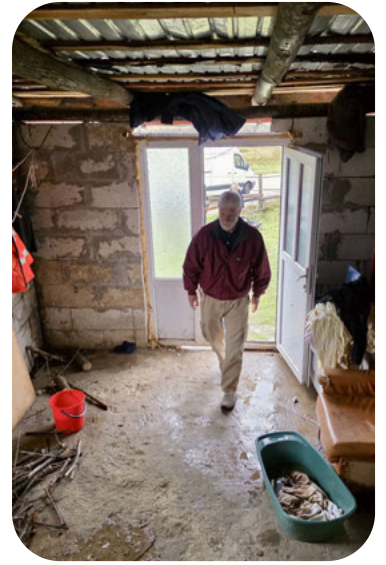
doing this. Two answers came to mind: “The love of Christ constrains us” and, to quote King David, “I will not offer to the Lord that which costs me nothing”. The orphans who assisted in these outings now have a new appreciation for their living conditions and God’s grace upon their lives.

The work of the ministry of Hand of Help is continuing in its assigned task of being loving hands extended to a hurting people....“When I was hungry, you fed Me, when I was thirsty, you gave Me drink, when I was naked, you clothed Me, and when I was sick, you visited Me.”

Thank you, as always, for your prayers and support of this ministry.

Dave Edman

Kalispell, MT





In Memory of Pastor Mircea Boldea Sr.

Before we get further into the eulogy, I would like to express my profound gratitude for God's plan of salvation, for the hope of being reunited, and the certainty we cling to, that all who are in Christ Jesus will one day be together for eternity.

On behalf of the Boldea family, we would like to thank all those who have been praying for us during this time. May God bless you!

I have the privilege but also the great challenge of condensing a life well lived into just a few short pages.

I understand the importance and role of a eulogy, but I would like to make something clear from the start, something my father would have echoed as well, that it is not about him, but the work of God in him and through him that is noteworthy.

I would like that in the words to follow, which will encapsulate the life of the man Mircea Boldea Sr., what would stand out is the Source of all these things; I pray you see the hand of a living and working God.

My father's example was the Lord Jesus Christ, who made all things possible through His sacrifice; this is what made him special.

Nenea (uncle) Mircea, as many of you called him, would be the first to quote the Apostle Paul, admitting, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) nothing good dwells", quickly adding another passage from Romans, "For of Him and through Him and to Him are all things, to whom be glory forever. Amen."

Mircea Boldea Sr. was born on a cold winter's day on February 1st, 1949, in the Banat region of Romania, in the city of Faget, Timis County. He was the youngest of nine children, four of whom died at early ages, and his role models were his parents, Ana and Nicolae.

Mircea enjoyed country living on the Bega River and left the area to continue his studies. He publicly declared his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and was baptized at the Pentecostal Church of Bichigi.

After a short courtship, at 25 years of age, on May 5th, 1974, he marries the only child of Dumitru and Maria Duduman, Virginia, and, against his parents' wishes, decides to move across the country to Hantesti, Suceava.

With excellence, he practices his trade as a master glass blower in Suceava, working in front of a glass-blowing furnace at 2,000°F, to secure the necessary provisions, or in

modern parlance, earn the daily bread required for his three children, Mircea Jr. (Michael), Sergiu Dumitru, and the youngest, Daniel.

The many blessings God had bestowed on our household were shared with many. There was hardly ever a meal when the table was not full of guests. The greatest blessings of fellowship around God's Word, in prayer and in praise, leave behind powerful testimonies of an almighty God at work in a season of communist darkness.

Not only was their home offered in service to our Master, but their entire lives, risking their freedom to put Bibles in the hands of those who were desperately seeking them.

After many searches for Bibles by the Romanian authorities, persecution in the workplace, and the torture of those closest to us, God decides to open up a new mission field in the United States of America.

A short while after our arrival, in the summer of 1984, without a single member of the family speaking English, the ministry of Hand of Help began – and has continued to this day, more than four decades later.

A few weeks after the fall of the communist regime, Virginia and Mircea travel back to Romania with suitcases full of Bibles. This time, they were bringing in the Bibles legally, and the customs officer confirmed what they already knew: "This is the book that Romania needs now."

God blesses the ministry with much grace during a season of incredible opportunity for the spread of the Gospel, leaving behind over 70 churches built entirely or partially by Hand of Help.

Mircea Boldea's impact, along with that of others dedicated to the work of this ministry, remains difficult to quantify, but we can undoubtedly say that thousands of lives have been touched, given that over 440 children have been raised in the orphanage alone.

My father lived his life in self-denial, always seeking the well-being of others, and became great through his service, first through being a servant to all.

In the year 2000, my father accepts the privilege and responsibility of pastoring the Messiah (Mesia) Church, a service he did with much love for God and the flock.

In October of 2005, God calls Virginia home at just 47 years old. The sudden passing of his helpmate leaves him without

support during a difficult season in the ministry's history.

In July 2010, the Lord answers his many prayers and comforts his loneliness through marriage to Minodora (Mimi) Horodincea, who was by his side and served him until the very end of his suffering.

My father rejoiced greatly for his inheritance from the Lord, and through fervent prayers interceded for his children and grandchildren: Victoria and Malina born to Michael and Monica; Eric and Lois born to Sergiu and Simona; and as an answer to a final prayer I had before the Lord, He allowed me to make it to his bedside in time to share that he had a fifth grandchild on the way, and that the Lord had blessed me and Alexandra with a child. He blessed and prayed for us as only a father could. (We later found out that our baby's heart stopped, and according to the measurements, that moment was around the same day as my father's passing.)

Towards the very end of my father's suffering, he couldn't do much, but he never stopped praying, praising, and blessing the Lord.

Through the timely grace the Lord provided, he walked through the furnace of affliction through which his faith was tested, and was found steadfast, praising God and accepting His sovereign plan.

After a lengthy battle with cancer, he finished his earthly race well and, on September 28th, at the age of 76, was called home.

Hebrews 13:7, "Remember those who rule over you, who have spoken the word of God to you, whose faith follow, considering the outcome of their conduct."

I confess I am proud of the father the Lord has blessed me with, but I want to frame this strong sentiment in Biblical language, thanking the Lord, the Source. 1 Corinthians 1:30-31, "But of Him you are in Christ Jesus, who became for us wisdom from God—and righteousness and sanctification and redemption—that, as it is written, 'He who glories, let him glory in the Lord.'"

At this moment of temporary separation from our beloved Mircea Boldea, we anchor ourselves to the promises of God and impatiently wait for our grand reunion in the Heavenly Kingdom.

May God bless you!

Daniel Boldea



In Memoriam



Urgent

There are projects we can plan for the future, others we can delay for a season, and others that require us to step in with the utmost urgency. In a real, hands-on, boots-on-the-ground ministry, there is no broad brush, and every individual case is treated based on a handful of factors, one of which is existential need. Will the family in question make it through winter without us stepping in immediately and getting involved? Does the family in question have a support structure, whether from the local church or relatives, that will allow us some lag time to try and meet the need?



For those we help via this ministry, it's not about extravagance or creature comforts; it's about survival. Knowing this, we take on every situation seriously and with the requisite gravity, needing no more of a prompt to step out in faith and extend a helping hand than asking the age-old questions: What if it were me in that position? What if it were me in that situation? What if it were my children going hungry or cold? Seeing the trials of others through that prism brings it into perspective with such clarity as to be absolute.



When we received footage from an area minister partner from Madarjac of a father of nine little ones trying to put a temporary roof over what looked like a dilapidated barn, mid-storm, we knew time could not be wasted.

Dorel and Ancuta Afloarei have always gotten by with very little and have been content to have enough dry polenta to feed the nine hungry mouths God has entrusted to them. They aren't the type to ask or knock on doors; they do their best to shelter and feed their children and pray God makes a way. They waited patiently for someone to notice their plight and offer to help.

Seeing a man on a roof, held up by only a handful of rotting wood beams in the middle of a storm, trying to bolt down some flimsy tin sheets to keep the rain out, certainly got our attention!

A quick inspection of their "home" deemed it not only uninhabitable but unfixable.



Urgent (cont.)

In an area with few properties for sale—not because there are limited properties, but because few people can afford the luxury of having their homes properly deeded and sellable—we rushed to find a solution.



A property that included a lot of land and an old homestead that, with some help, could be used as a temporary housing solution while a more permanent solution is worked on was identified and was available for \$14,000. We moved the Afloarei family into the home straightaway and began assisting them with the necessary immediate repairs. This is not a family that stands by and watches others labor on their behalf. As you can see in the picture, they, too, got their hands dirty!



A more permanent solution we have decided to pursue is building a sandwich-structure home with prefabricated panels. The estimated cost for this portion of the project is an additional \$16,000.

Please join us in praying for this urgent need. Our desire is to move the Afloarei family into their new dwelling before winter sets in.

Thank you for considering this need and keeping the Afloarei family in your prayers!

The Hand of Help Staff



Child of the Month

Benjamin B. (born in February 2010), along with his brother, Luca, are two of the newest members of our family. Soon after Benjamin's parents got married, they decided to move abroad to Italy, where they worked for four years. After the birth of their second child, the family decided to move back to Romania.

However, after seven months filled with numerous verbal and even physical conflicts, some even in the presence of their children, the father decided to return to Italy and abandoned his family. He stopped not only providing and caring for his family back home, but also any type of communication.

Since then, Benjamin's mother remarried and has tried her best to provide for all her children. However, after the birth of two other children with her new husband, it became increasingly clear to her that they would not be able to adequately provide for Benjamin and his brother. Her second husband is doing his best to find enough work to cover all family expenses, but often falls short of meeting the children's needs.

Both brothers are currently in high school, but Luca had a hard time keeping up with his studies last year - he was spending a long time traveling to and from school, could not always get there in time, did not have enough time to finish his homework or money to invest in his education and was so exhausted from all these matters that his grades reflected all these issues. He was at imminent risk of dropping out of school.

Realizing this danger and the fact that Benjamin, who was just admitted to high school, could end up facing the same problems, their mother asked us to take her boys

into our care and ensure that they have a proper chance at growing up in an environment that would offer them all that they need, from housing, food, clothing, medical care to educational help and support. Years prior, she was a recipient of financial aid through our Brother's Keeper

program, and, knowing our ministry's work so well, she did not hesitate to ask for help.

The brothers are now both part of our House of Joy. Benjamin is slowly adjusting to his new life. He is eager to continue high school and do his best in his studies so he can become a good mechanic and financially help his mother and other siblings.

We support him in visiting his family during weekends and school breaks. Oftentimes, he spends his time helping his mother around the house.

Please join us in praying for Benjamin and his family. We are thankful God has provided a home away from home for him, and we bring this child before our Father. May the Holy Spirit work in his life and bring him to saving faith! May He guide him in all decisions and comfort him as he navigates the challenges of this new chapter of his life.



Dear Brethren,

Psalm 46:10, “Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth!”

Trying to keep up with the goings on of the world nowadays is akin to trying to take a drink from a fire hose gushing water at full blast. The best you can hope for is that no permanent damage occurs. That there is an escalation of everything all at once is undeniable. With no time to process the latest event, three more take place in quick succession, each vying for our time and attention, each seemingly more important than the last.

We try to make sense of senseless situations, find deeper meaning beyond the obvious avarice and greed of men, until we come to realize that all these things serve as distractions from what we were commanded to do as sons and daughters of God, which is to trust in Him, rest in Him, hope in Him, and grow in Him.

Even with the whirlwind of events taking place throughout the world, even with the uncertainty that is plaguing society, even with the shifting sands and the undeniable reality that the hour is approaching, be still and know that He is God! Yes, it's easier said than done. It is a battle, but a battle that can be won.

I find myself fighting the urge to click on the breaking news of the hour most days, and instead choose to walk away, get alone with God, and pray. I know that whatever the news is, it will likely trouble my spirit. Likewise, I know that if I go before the Lord in prayer, His peace will flood my soul.

We know where we are and where we are headed as a nation, as a society, and as a species. Even the godless acknowledge the inevitability of an end, so for anyone to think there is no end in sight is not mere ignorance, but ignoring reality. All created things have a beginning and an end. For mankind, the pinnacle of God's creation, what matters is how we, as individuals, meet that end. Is it with fear, apprehension, confusion, and discordance, or with peace, joy, the assurance of God's protection, and the full faith that Jesus went to prepare a place for us?



It's easy to grow nihilistic, given all that we are seeing take shape, but as I am fond of telling those with whom I engage in conversation half-jokingly, I've got kids; I can't afford nihilism. Beyond that, I have what you have, and what all the children of God have, faith in Him and His providence, His omnipotence, and His intimate knowledge of every single one of us.

Cling to the hope that is in Christ Jesus, a hope that extends beyond this present life and into eternity. Do not lose heart, do not grow weary, and do not relent in seeking a deeper walk, a closer kinship, and a greater faith. Be still. Even if you have a million things to do and a hundred people vying for your attention, be still. Know Him, the glory of Him, the beauty of Him, and the sufficiency of Him. He is our refuge and our shield, a present help in time of trouble, and faithful from age to age and generation to generation.

1 Corinthians 1:9, “God is faithful by whom you were called into the fellowship of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.”

With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea, Jr.