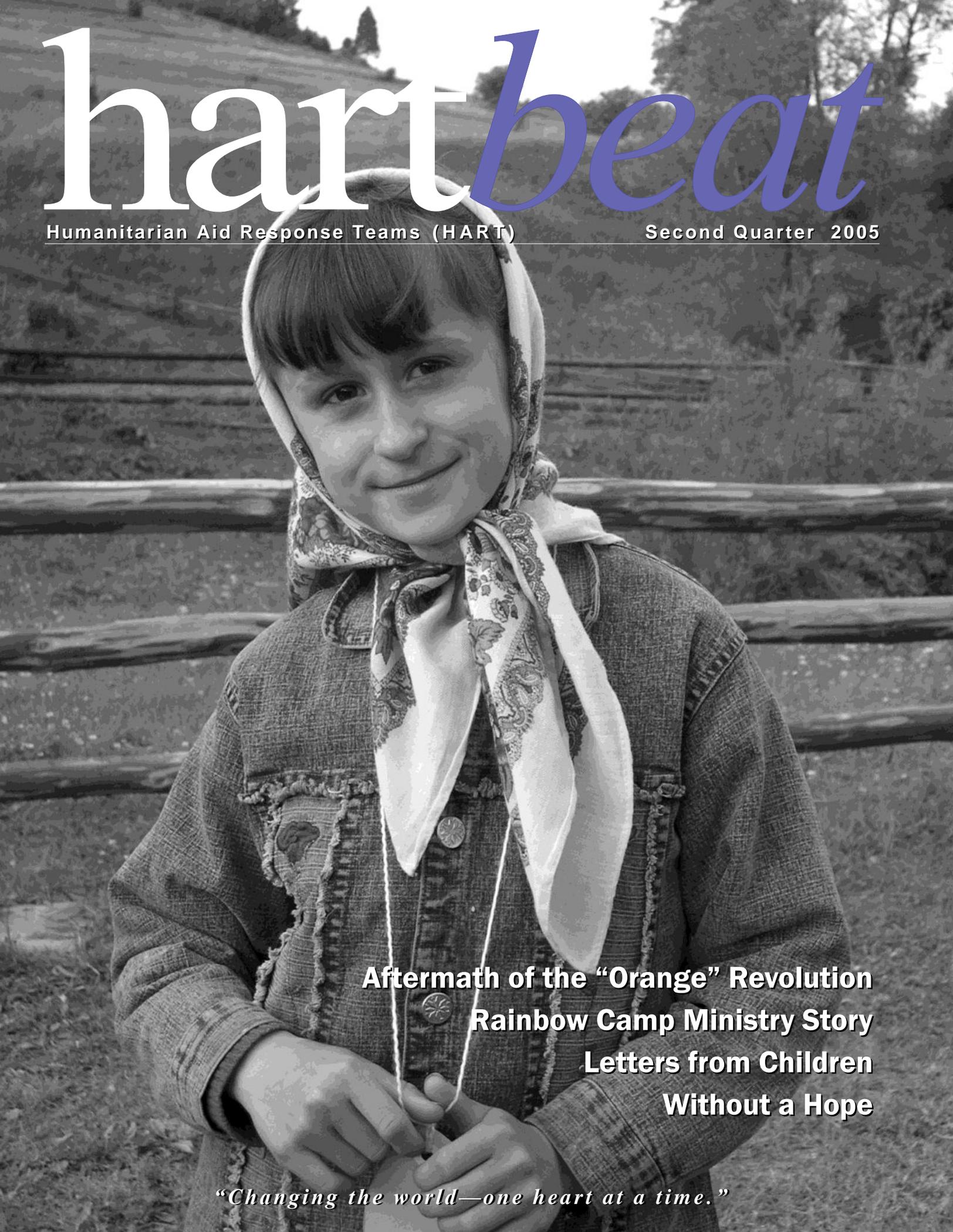


hart *beat*

Humanitarian Aid Response Teams (HART)

Second Quarter 2005



**Aftermath of the “Orange” Revolution
Rainbow Camp Ministry Story
Letters from Children
Without a Hope**

“Changing the world—one heart at a time.”

Winds of Change

Dear Friends,
In the early 1990's a European rock band called 'the Scorpions' wrote a song entitled "Winds of Change." It was a popular, melodic tune filled with words of optimism surrounding the dramatic events taking place in Eastern Europe as the Soviet Union was disintegrating.

Fourteen years later, after the successful "Orange Revolution" in December 2004, true 'winds of change' are finally blowing through Ukraine.

Today, the mood of its people vacillates from giddy delight to a sense of cautious optimism, to one of total distrust of the political system and its ability to change.

Despite the variance of opinions, most would agree Ukraine is entering a new phase in its storied and sometimes tragic history.

How will these changes impact the Christian community? I recently read an article in a secular magazine called the Ukrainian Observer. The article was entitled "Protestants in Power".

The author stated; "In Ukraine, the dominant religion has almost always been Orthodox Christianity, which makes no excuses for its support of a strong centralized state. But recently, another competitor for the souls and support of the country's believers has appeared in the corridors of power. Christianity's most decentralized denominations are at high tide in the former Soviet republic, riding on the crest of a wave of regional democratization and dissolving the debris of the former Russian empire in their wake."

Christians are becoming a political force to be reckoned with in Ukraine. Most Protestant churches supported the Orange Revolution, which brought Viktor Yushchenko to power. It is now generally accepted they are not only influential during elections but also on a regular basis in parliament, where, again, they are few but influential and respected.

The reasons for the Protestant's credibility and clout are several; not the least of which is their willingness and ability to fan out in their communities doing charitable work; working with orphans, street kids; holding summer

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camps etc. This is accomplished primarily via partnerships with Christians in the West, through agencies like HART, whose focus is on supporting National Ministries.

And now, to the astonishment of most people, early in 2005, Ukrainian Christians reached what was in Soviet times the

pinnacle of raw power; Oleksander Turchynov, a practising Baptist pastor, was appointed head of the State Security Service, the successor to the KGB. The organism that once persecuted Christians is now being led by one.

Equally remarkable, was the televised address to Parliament by the new Prime Minister of Ukraine, Julia Tymoshenko. Here are some excerpts:

"I know the number one problem in our nation is corruption, starting at the top of government." She goes on to say; "Our government program will have six subdivisions. And the first of them is faith. Faith is the main ingredient to all prosperity. And the first division is devoted to bringing real faith in God to our society."

And finally this extraordinary quote from her speech; "Ukraine will never get up from it's knees until it will get down on its knees before God."

Amazingly, God has ushered in a new government in Ukraine, without a shot being fired, without violence, riots, or bloodshed. And He has provided the country with a President and Prime Minister whom profess faith in God and the fear of the Lord openly and readily.

As guardedly optimistic as we are about the future, certainly the problems of poverty and spiritual bankruptcy in Ukraine will not be solved any time soon.

Orphanages are still filled to capacity with children who've been abandoned by their parents. Alcoholism is endemic. Young people are buying into the superficial, materialistic world that television, advertising and movies are selling them.

There is also the disturbing ever-widening gap between generations within the Christian community to contend with.

HART's ministry, therefore, is needed now as never before. With YOUR faithful partnership we will continue to impact thousands of lives each year for time and eternity.

On behalf of all of us at HART, and the 170+ National ministry partners we support in Eastern Europe; THANK YOU for co-labouring with us as we play a part in this unique move of God to transform this nation and this region of the world.

Sincerely,



Lloyd Cenaiko, President



Scene from the "Orange Revolution" in Kiev, Dec 2004

**"Ukraine will never get up from it's knees until it will get down on its knees before God."
- Prime Minister Julia Tymoshenko**



“Let There be Light” by Oleg Vasilevsky

If you don't believe in miracles, this story is for you. Now, if you believe in them, this is also for you too, so that you would remember that God is still in the miracle business.

Rainbow staff was in the middle of the 5th camp last summer. It was a very unique camp session because of the number of skeptics that came

the teenagers and counselors to gather in the auditorium due to the heavy rain.

Because of the lightning our computers turned off a few times but we were set to continue the program.

Suddenly, lightning hit somewhere near the camp and completely knocked out our electricity.

another pointing the flashlight at my notes.

At the end I invited the youth pastors to proceed to the front of the stage and challenged the teenagers to put their faith in Christ.

They flooded the stage. In the darkness it was hard to say how many came out - maybe 70 or 80. Maybe more.

At the end I prayed for those who put their faith in Christ and we rejoiced even though it was in the darkness with a few candles at that time on the stage.

Our worship leader Sergey got on stage to worship with the new believers. Because there was no power, we couldn't project the slides and Sergey didn't know what to sing but on the spur of the moment he came up with a song "Jesus, lover of my soul".

He started worshiping and as soon as he finished a verse.. "He's taken me from the darkest place", all the lights came on in the auditorium!!

God was heavily glorified at that moment with one exclamation... "Wow!" I think even the toughest skeptics were touched by the God's supernatural intervention into the camp program.

Once again God proved that He had a better plan for reaching out to these teenagers. None of us planned a power failure to enhance the message.

In fact, we got scared about "our program". God used it for His glory! He touched the skeptics with His supernatural power! To Him be the Glory! Amen! Oleg

[Oleg is the Director of Rainbow Camp Ministries headquartered in Kyiv, Ukraine. HART and Rainbow have worked together for many years. It is a great example of a home grown, fruitful Ukrainian ministry



that week.

It's exciting having so many non-believers at the camp. It is also challenging. From the first day they openly declared that we were "forcing" religion on them.

Many of the teenagers were sent to the camp with a warning from their parents that we would try to convert them into the foreign religion and that they would have to watch out for this not to happen.

One teenager promised his mom that if he felt we were doing something like it he would get in the middle of the auditorium, smoke a cigarette and say a few cuss words and we would send him home. Praise the Lord, God didn't allow him to do that.

On one of the last nights of the camp we were going to have an altar call, but during the youth pastor's meeting we realized that the teenagers were not ready yet. It was sad but we had to postpone the repentance night until the next day. We do this very rarely.

The next day it took a while for all

The power loss came as a huge shock because we have never had that happen to us before. It was quite a challenge to decide what to do with the program that required major light, video and sound support.

But God had a plan! We continued in the full darkness with the testimonies. After the testimonies we were scheduled to have our camp drama, but we made a quick decision to omit that and instead I got on the stage preach.

The staff was truly amazing. In no time they came up with a battery powered speaker and a microphone on the stage.

At the same time there was the bad news that the campsite management was unable to get the power back on.

So, I preached a message about faith. There was one staff member pointing a flashlight on me and



Sergiy Samuilo

Dear Sponsors,

I thank you dear sponsors, for the opportunity to come to this camp. They fed us very well. We even could get extra portion. There were snacks. And every time we got bananas, cherries, candies, cookies, juices. I even gained some weight. Also we had very interesting camp games, competitions and skits where we got presents. I got a teddy bear. Also we had trip to Calvary. We could see how Jesus suffered for us when He died for all people. Also we watched Jesus movie. We all cried a lot. I cried too. I repented at trip to Calvary. And now I want to be obedient and kind boy. I want never lie any more.



Kateryna Popovych

Dear sponsor!

I liked to be in this camp. I am very glad for I could come here. They fed us very well. Most of all I liked snacks because we got ice cream, bananas, cookies, and candies. Also I liked Bible classes, camp games, sport games and cinema place. Thank you very much for all of these.

Maria Zaveruha

Dear Sponsors,

I am 11. I like to be here very much. I like this camp. I like Bible studies. I like breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. I like camp games, music and sport lessons very much. I would like to come to this camp next year again. Thank you for the money you gave for this camp.

Diak Dmytro

Dear sponsors!

I sincerely thank you for this camp. We had sport games, made different things with our hands, and watched Christian movies. I met with new boys. They fed us very well. I never eat at home like this. I repented at camp during the trip to Calvary. We were told about Christ's suffering. I cried when I was watching Jesus movie - part where roman soldiers crucify Jesus. I want to be as kind as Jesus. Thank you very much.



Uliana Semenchuk

Dear sponsors!

I am 15. I am very thankful to God for His mercy and love to me. God gave me such a great opportunity to be in this camp and praise His name with other kids. I'll never forget these wonderful days I had with my friends. I don't have words to describe these wonderful days. I received Lord into my heart and I have desire to serve Him. Dear sponsors I thank you for you help kids. Let God bless you. I dream to come here again. With respect.

Illia Yaremchuk

Dear sponsors!

I thank you very much for you gave me such an opportunity to rest in this beautiful camp. I thank God for He has given you life to make such a joy for us.



Pavlo Titov

Dear Sponsors, I thank you very much for your love, care, and mercy. Because of you many kids like me could visited this camp.

Ania Bontej

Dears sponsors!

I am very thankful for you gave me such an opportunity to come to this camp. I like it very much. Most of all I liked Bible studies and songs of praise we sang to God.

Solomia Moroz

Dear sponsor!

Thank you very much for "Samuel" camp. It was so good to eat bananas, cherries, oranges, candies and study about David, and sing the songs. Thank you very much for everything.

Sergiy Dekalchuk

Dear sponsor!

I thank you very much for this camp. I liked it very much. Thank you for you gave money for camp, food and toys. I thank you for food. I thank you for everything. I love you.



Want to make a difference?

Sending a poor child to a summer camp can be one of the greatest investments you will ever make!

Without a Hope by Jeff Blatz

Sunday morning a young boy sat alone on the mini-bus. Actually, his mother sat next to him, but it felt like he was alone. She was weary and her head swirled from another night with another man she didn't even know.

In her drunken stupor she could no longer hold her head up and so, with her chin to her chest, her head bobbed and weaved with the movement of the bus. By planting her feet apart and while her knees knocked together she somehow managed to keep from falling over.

Nine-year-old Sasha stared out the window at the snowy streets of Kiev that passed by. He was almost used to being ashamed, but not quite. He hated to look at her when she was like this. Yet even worse was the way other people looked back at them.

The previous night Sasha slept on a concrete floor in the stairwell of an old apartment building while his mother was in the stranger's flat. It was her fourth man this week. In the morning she was thrown out with a few small bills in her hand. There was enough money for bread and potatoes, maybe even some

didn't even know when his birthday was and neither did his mother. He quickly dismissed the thoughts as foolish selfishness, not wanting to ever put such a burden on his mother to ask for any of those things.

As the bus neared their stop Sasha put his truck on the seat and got up to look out the front window. He stood near the bus driver and watched the gray buildings pass by. Soon they came to their street and Sasha asked the driver to stop. As the bus slowed, the boy turned to his mother and took her hand.

"Mama," he said, "mama, we're here now."

She did not respond.

"Mama, we're here," he repeated.

The bus was stopped now, and the bus driver got up and came to the seat. He shook her and shouted to wake her up. Finally she raised her head and half-opened her glossed-over eyes.

"Mama, it's time to get off," Sasha pleaded. She seemed to understand and he helped her to her feet. The others looked on in shame and disgust. One old lady was heard to exclaim, "poor boy," but Sasha ignored it. He did not want their pity and he certainly did not want their attention.

They got off the bus and the cold, damp winter air seemed to cut Sasha right to the bone. Mama stopped for a moment, her upper body swayed over her legs while her knees wobbled. She took a step then stopped again to regain her balance. Quickly Sasha grabbed her arm to support her. Once again the young boy would have to help her make the last few blocks home.

But something else felt wrong in that brief moment. Then Sasha realized he forgot his toy truck on the bus. He let go of his mother and turned quickly only to see the bus speed away. As he ran after it, he reached out his hand and yelled, "Stop! Stop!" Of course there was no way the driver could hear him, and as the bus drove off he gave up. He stood silently and watched as it continued down the street, around a curve, and out of sight.



"I try so hard to be a good boy so mama wouldn't drink."

for milk. The thought of this should have excited Sasha, but he also knew it was also just enough for some vodka, and his mother loved her vodka. *Perhaps there would still be enough for bread.*

As he stared out the window he spun the wheels on his plastic, toy truck. He took it with him where ever he went. His mother bought it for him when he was only four years old. It must have cost a lot of money, he often thought, because it was the last time she bought him anything. Sometimes he wished he had more than just that little truck, perhaps a toy man to put inside it, or maybe even a soccer ball.

But what he wondered most often was what it would be like to have his birthday celebrated, to have a cake, gifts, and friends all on one fantastic day. But he knew that would never happen. In fact he

If Sasha had a minute or two I suppose he would have cried over the loss, but he knew mama needed his help. He turned back to her and tried to forget about his toy, but deep inside the emptiness he felt each day just grew a little bigger.

After a short walk made long by his stumbling mother, who needed help to get up off the ground four times, they finally made it home. They entered a tiny one-room apartment. It contained a small stove and an old sink on the right, a single bed on the left covered with dirty laundry, and a lot of garbage everywhere in between. Outside the door was a foul smelling bucket, which acted as their toilet.

Sasha's mother collapsed onto the bed and almost instantly drifted into unconsciousness. Sasha was tired too. He was also hungry and cold. The government cut off the heat last winter because the bills went unpaid and the cupboards were bare. The money his mother made the previous night was to be their next meal, but more likely her next drink. Sasha gathered some of the cardboard (which his mother collected to recycle so

cont'd from previous page...

she could buy yet another bottle of vodka), lay down on top of it and pulled an old, smelly blanket over him.

I try so hard to be a good boy so mama wouldn't drink, he thought to himself. If I could be a little better perhaps she would stop. I try to help mama, but I cause her so much trouble. Then today I forgot my truck on the bus. No wonder she drinks. Perhaps mama could be happy if I wasn't here.

Sasha's young mind returned to thoughts of running away as it did so often before. The thing that always stopped him previously was that he didn't know where he would go or how he would survive. But this time his heart was so heavy with guilt he felt it was the best thing for his mother.

He was afraid. He lay there for a long time contemplating his future and his fate. Then he decided.

Sasha got up and gathered his few items of clothing into a plastic bag and wrapped his blanket over his shoulders. He took one last look at his mother, who lay passed out on their bed. She was pale and sickly looking. Her mouth hung open and her chin rested in a pool of her own saliva.

Sasha leaned over and gently kissed her on the cheek and said a soft "good bye." Then he walked out the door and down to the street below.

The following are letters from an 8 year old student and her teacher

◆ Dear HART,
The enclosed letter is from a student in my grade two class. The context in which this unfolded was as follows:

During our weekly sharing, one of my students, Taya, was sharing a doll she bought at last year's HART auction. Kennedy, the girl who is making the donation and wrote a note to you, came to me and quietly whispered into my ear and asked if she could send money to the poor people.

Next thing I knew she came back into the class and handed me some money from her wallet. She was adamant that I send it to HART for poor people. Her mother was very surprised and touched to hear about her generosity.

God is certainly at work with our little ones! I thank you and all the HART staff for all the work being done with children (helping us teach children to reach out to other less fortunate children and create an awareness outside of their immediate family.)

Donna Murray, Grade 2 Teacher
Menno Simons Christian School, Calgary, AB, Canada



This note came in a box of knitted blankets sewed by an elderly HART supporter...

◆ "The lady who sewed these blankets is 80+ years old and almost completely blind. She started knitting them just before the Christmas holidays and finished in mid January. She has a friend who sorts the colors for her since she can no longer see color and this friend also sewed them together for her. Knitting these blankets has brought purpose back to her life."

Children helping children

◆ Each year the Summer Camp auction in Calgary takes on a Ukrainian cultural flavor with young people from a local Ukrainian Dance Troup participating. Two children who danced at last year's auction, saved up their money over the past year to send poor kids to camps. They brought their piggy bank with them and after they concluded their dancing at this year's auction they presented us with their savings!



www.hart.ca

Please check out HART's new website...

hart.ca

Your serve?

If you, your family, your Bible Study group or Church has a desire to make an effective difference in the lives of children in Eastern Europe please contact our office for details on various hands-on projects.



HUMANITARIAN AID RESPONSE TEAMS

HART is a registered non-profit charity in both Canada and the USA
Canada: Suite 2, 317-37 Ave. N.E. Calgary, Alberta, T2E 6P6, Tel: 403.230.8263, Registration #89431-3998-RR0001
USA: 3047 Owens Dr., Anthem, Arizona, 85086, Tel: 602.906.0099, Registration #86-0908190
 E-mail: hart2hart@telus.net

WHAT WE DO:

- **HART serves the poor in Eastern Europe:**
HART provides critically needed aid such as food, clothing and medical care to orphanages, street children, invalids, hospitals, the elderly, those in prisons and the desperately poor
- **HART serves and equips National Christian leaders and ministries:**
HART facilitates the education, training, equipping of and financial support for indigenous Christian leaders and ministries
HART provides support and resources for dynamic church planting, discipleship, children, youth, camping, prison and women's ministries
- **HART serves the church in North America:**
By challenging and providing opportunities for people in the West of all ages to participate in world relief and missions projects

WHERE WE SERVE:

- **Ukraine, Russia, Moldova, Romania**

OUR STRATEGY:

- **Research:**
Our goal is to seek out the most fruitful National ministries we can find; involved in Relief Aid work and Evangelism in Eastern Europe
- **Relationships (Partnerships):**
HART then pours its resources into these ministries where God is already at work, and bless what He is blessing
- **Recommendations (Building 'Bridges'):**
Our objective is then to "link" these ministries with Churches, Bible Study groups, and individuals in the West, and have them supported prayerfully and financially