

The Maulucci Family

Bringing the Gospel to Those Who Have Never Heard in Bulgaria

Year 21 Issue III Date written: February 12, 2024 Date sent: February 29, 2024



Just Another Day

Fakebook and other social media have skewed reality in many more ways than one. It has conditioned us to highlight the unusual, to give credence to the abnormal, and to overemphasize weak or non-existent relationships at the expense of real relationships (hence, people staring at a screen while real people are sitting in the same room with them - yeah, I can picture Jesus doing that.) It minimizes those things that are truly the building blocks of our lives and plays on our obsession with results as opposed to relationships. We don't have to be open with anyone as long as we are working towards an event - events rule and are lifted up as goals while simple days are just there as obstacles to get to events! While I excelled in sports and "spirituality" and academics as a child and teenager (a lot of accolades and certificates and trophies and standing up to be recognized in church), I cannot remember one time a pastor or teacher or mentor asking me how my daily walk with the Lord was going. Scoring goals, starring in school plays, getting straight A's, singing in church - none of these things help in accomplishing Biblical goals of staying married to the person to whom you promised to stay married, raising obedient children and non-rebellious teenagers, or continuing on in well-doing even when things are rough. Only walking humbly with your God and following His Word can do that!

Psalm 118 says, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." THIS is the day which the Lord hath made - we will rejoice and be glad in IT! Stop rejoicing in what you did or what you are going to do and rejoice in THIS day that the Lord has given us!

March 1st was just another Friday. Vito (17), Dom (16), Raffa (14), Dela (13), Sonny (9), Mikey (8), Nino (5), and I (46) - (oh man, that sounds old) got up and headed out to the Beast to make the trek to villages almost two hours away where we would pass out John/Romans and Gospel tracts all day. We spent 8 1/2 hours in 9 different villages hitting over 1,200 houses with Gospels. People had called the police and the inspector finally caught up with us. The kids took it all in stride while I weaseled out of his interrogations and we continued on, arriving home that night with a "good" tired at 7:45 pm. We read a chapter together from David McCullough's 1776. It was just a day, but it was a day that He made - it was great! No pretense, no great accomplishments - just humble gratitude that we got to be ambassadors for Him.

The third week of February was just another week - our 88th week of this type where we load up the vehicles with the seed of the Gospel and head out to a distant city to labor for 40-50 hours on the streets. We loaded up Monday morning with 6 of the boys. We had a couple of other guys helping out. I had rooms reserved for the week and after a long day's work and several hours of driving we made it to our destination, only to find out that there were no rooms. The owner found us someone's house with two bedrooms and one eastern european bathroom for the 11 of us. It was a blast - not in the Hollywood sense of the word, but in the watching-God-lead sense of the word. From a surprise dinner from our hosts in their home after they found out we were Christians (he was a muslim that received Christ after getting a Bible while in jail), to Vito getting slapped in the face and Raffa getting chased down through the streets, to the police taking the tags off of our Jeep because my International license was expired (my New York license was good, but that didn't matter), to hitting over 9,000 houses with the Gospel, it was just another week - a normal, grind-it-out, do-what's-right, one-foot-in-front-of-the-other week. We arrived home late Friday night, rested a bit on Saturday and spent Sunday around the Word reading 40 or 50 chapters and singing and praying with our church folks. Just another week.

February was just another month. Galya, our wash lady, found out her husband, Ilko, has throat cancer. They are relatively young. While many people won't visit church or accept Christ (yet), they know we have a line to Him. One day, Deyan and Teodora asked to meet us and we spent a couple of hours answering questions. Katie spent almost the whole time giving the Gospel to Teodora. Most mornings, after walking with the Lord, I would walk in the door of our miracle house we rent and there would be pianos and violins and ukuleles and guitars being practiced - all at the same time! For over twenty years I have relished coming home and seeing little happy faces excited to see me. I know that phase of life will end at some point, but I am not rushing it! The driveshaft came off twice in two successive weeks as we tried to go to Sofia to get Katie's permanent residence (which she finally got, by the way). It was \$100 to fix and \$60 for the tow but a ton of Bulgarian inconvenience. We received a reply through the mail from Kubrat, Bulgaria, that someone had received Christ through our canvassing. It was just another month that the Lord had made - how we rejoiced and were glad in IT.

Fakebook, big day, big plans, another container, another conference, another holiday, another this coming up, another that coming up...blah, blah, blah, blah - yawn. THIS is the day which the Lord hath made - let us rejoice and be glad in IT! Big events come and go but the every day is always here. Be where you are with whom you are while acknowledging Whose you are - glad and rejoicing! I know you are doing great works, and singing solos in church, and preaching great sermons - but let me ask you a question - how is your walk with God? Let's finish our course with joy!

Contact me for work opportunity from May 13-June 13 - any or all days, males, 18 or older - getting out the Word!

On the Bulgarian frontlines in the battle for souls,

Thank you for faithfully partnering with us to get the
Nick, Katie, Vito, Dom, Raffa, Dela, Sophie, Sonny, Mikey, Nino and Enzo

Gospel to Bulgarian

Maulucci Kid Chronicles

My Girl

I hijacked Katie's side. Is it possible that some of you males never consider hijacking any decision your wife ever makes because you've been trained to be "obedient" husbands by pastors that praise and lift up submissive men as good husbands? Gag. What happened to manhood in America?! I mean, really... there are males who have never climbed a mountain, never shot a gun, never changed a tire, never prayed all night, never memorized a chapter out of God's Word, never slept in a tent, never built a bonfire, never fasted - not that any one of these things makes you a man, but, come on! (You probably won't be allowed to like this side of the prayer letter either.)

Manhood has been replaced by obedient little mama's boys who make straight A's and sing in the choir and play their little instrument their mother forces them to play. Yeah, I know - David played the harp. I'll bet you when David met some new boys on the block, killing a lion and a bear and a giant came up way before playing a harp! (For the record, all of our kids take piano, violin or other instrument lessons - I am all for that!) But boys are supposed to be out there in nature killing bears and lions and walking with their God! I love music - I do - we sing quite a bit in our house. But I'd rather talk about preaching to a stadium full of cadets in the Philippines or praying for 2 1/2 hours over a line of people being hoodwinked at a "healing" service in Zambia, or getting thrown in the back of a police car in Turkey, or hiding tracts in the open bazaar in Kyrgyzstan!

What happened to passion in the American man?! It's been fluoridated out or something... What happened to passion for right, for the Bible, for country, for church? Why do you think people are so easily hoodwinked to follow freak jobs who (passionately) sow discord among the brethren? Let me take a wild guess - because our young men would be more inclined to watch paint dry than sit through another ho-hum unenthusiastic dissertation that we copied out of a book or read in some neo-evangelical best seller. Young men naturally crave something to accomplish, something to live for, something to die for. Our over-bearing women and weak men have pooh-poohed and shushed and protected and broken the manhood out of boys by the time they're twelve - no wonder they play video games - to get away from all the sissification. Effeminate is the Biblical word. NOT COOL.

CT Studd, a real man, who spent 9 years in China, 6 years in India, and 18 years in Africa, and died on the mission field made the following statement:

"The 'romance' of a missionary is often made up of monotony and drudgery; there often is no glamor in it; it doesn't stir a man's spirit or blood. So don't come out to be a missionary as an experiment; it is useless and dangerous. **Only come if you feel you would rather die than not come.** Don't come if you want to make a great name or want to live long. **Come if you feel there is no greater honor, after living for Christ, than to die for Him.**"

The lack of men is probably in direct proportion to the selfishness and "rights-demanding" number of women. My girl Katie made me her family when she married me at 19. My girl left her country to follow me when she was 23. My girl "sacrificed" a career to take a job as a homemaker. My girl looked Eastern Europe square in the eye and turned her back on the security and nicety of America and has lived here for two decades. My girl has spent countless nights going up to the third floor to talk to the boys until 1:00 or 2:00 in the morning because she didn't have to get up for her "career". My girl makes pierogis and red sauce and cannolis and sourdough bread and sundry other delectable delights for all ten or twelve or fourteen of us and has for years - every day. My girl does this because she loves me. SPOILER: that is the purpose of marriage - a symbol of what Christ's relationship with His church is! Reliant on Him, submissive to Him, obedient to Him, serving Him because of Him. It is the Marriage Feast of the Lamb (Jesus); not the Marriage Feast of the Bride!

My girl is as independent and fierce and self-willed and resilient as any career woman. My girl has given me the privilege of raising eleven men. Rachel, Leah, Bilhah, and Zilpah have nothing on my girl. My girl literally makes men. She serves her God by being the symbol of what the church should be - the bride of the Savior - at His beck and call whenever and wherever He might need us! Put that in your politically correct, woke pipe and smoke it.

Hijacking her side of this letter was not as difficult as it could have been. Ragazza mia is feeling a little queasy because she is making another little human again. **Children are still a blessing** (unless you've gone neo or woke or unless you are a Jew during the time of Jacob's trouble.) The Christian life is not about reaching a destination or number or goal - it is about the journey - WALKING WITH GOD. The journey. The daily relationship. And family is not about a number or a goal - it is about the journey.

Young men, be men! Sink your teeth into something and fight and scratch and claw and work and weep and sweat and don't let go - be a man! Ladies, serve God with all you have and if He gives you a husband, serve and submit and sacrifice for him as a symbol of what the church should be to Christ! What an holy calling marriage is!

Find something worth dying for and pour every ounce of your life into that thing! My girl is. May God give me the strength to serve and sacrifice for Him as much as my girl does for me. I think that may be what marriage is about! We might have more men if we had more Biblical women. God - give us men and women! (Take a deep breath and just wad it up and throw it out.)



Niagara Falls



Sofia



Athens



Athens

