

The Maulucci Family

Bringing the Gospel to Those Who Have Never Heard in Bulgaria

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The Great Reset

When it comes to everyday activities, spontaneity and I are friends. "Let's shoot off some fireworks" (although huge roman candle exploding in your hands while on the roof singing national anthem - not cool), "let's use chopsticks instead of cutlery" (except for the babies, we all use chopsticks for all meals), "let's do a 17,000 piece puzzle" (it did take us five months to finish the 6'x9' jungle scene), "let's get a pet goat" (baby goats are darling - big ones, not so much, especially when they sneak into the house and start romping), "let's buy a stretch limo for our personal vehicle" (@Seth Garland - twice now) - this list literally goes on forever.

However, when it comes to big decisions, spontaneity goes into hiding for me. Katie and I dated for four years before we got married, I was on the same bus route my entire time in college, we have lived in Varna for nineteen years (twelve years in the same house) - in other words, I am generally very happy with my green grass and loathe to change.

Since last June, the Lord has been working in clear fashion to pry me off of my green grass. While the world plans a famine (from a clandestine location in Switzerland) and a digital communist revolution where you will be rewarded with discounted food for obeying government policies (beginning in Bologna, Italy) as part of their "great reset", the Lord appears to be doing a "great reset" in our lives.

This short letter does not provide the space to explain **how** and **why** God has done and is doing what He is doing in our lives, but it does provide the space for **what** God is doing in our lives. Here are a few facets of our "great reset":

Church - probably the biggest part of our great reset is our church. For 17 years we have had a little miracle church in Varna, Bulgaria. While there are a handful - and just a handful - of small gypsy churches in Bulgaria, of both Turkish-speaking and Roma variety, I know of no other independent Baptist church to ethnic Bulgarians in the country. God has allowed us to shepherd an ever-changing group of people for 17 years. Black Sea Baptist has given close to \$40,000 to missions over that time period. We have had 60 people baptized and we have covered every door in our city six times with at least a gospel tract. Now we are planning on starting a new church in a new city.

Ministry - while we have concentrated on Bulgarian orthodox people the last 19 years, we will be shifting to focus on muslim Bulgarians. We will be looking to move to a city nestled in muslim territory.

Furlough - coinciding with our great reset, we will be traveling in the States for about seven months from July of '22 to January of '23.

Sending church - on my father's recommendation from four years ago, we are changing our sending church. For 20+ years we have gone out of Grace Baptist Church in Beaver Dams, New York, where my dad is the pastor. As of June 26th, we will be going out of Old Time Baptist Church in Hamburg, New York, the church where my grandfather was a member before he went to heaven in 1991.

Sons of Obed-Edom - we are launching a ministry with our seven eldest sons, who are all young men now, that will coincide with our missions work and pastoral work in Bulgaria. A separate flyer will be out to introduce this ministry in the near future.

Life is about change. I have tried to limit the change in as many of the variables as possible over the years. When God wants to change things though, I do not want to limit Him. Thank you to all of our faithful supporters, both churches and individuals, who are as much a part of this ministry as we are. Buckle up, Kate, because here we go...Pray for the eight souls we were able to witness to these last two months.

On the Bulgarian front lines in the battle for souls,

Thank you for your faithful support

Nick, Katie, Noah, Vito, Dom, Raffa, 'Dela, Sophie, Sonny, Mikey, Nino and Enzo

Sending Church/Support Address

Old Time Baptist Church

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Maulucci Kid Chronicles

Katie Cheryl Maulucci 39+ years

Ever hear the phrase, "He wears a lot of hats"? I have been blessed with many older women in my life that the Lord has used to guide me in the many hats I get to wear in a day. Here is a sampling of that from a recent Sunday.

-Laundry lady hat: "Where are so-n-so's clothes?" is a normal Sunday morning call up the stairs. But a good call, because it means one of the older children has taken on the task (on their own) of dressing a little; this Sunday it happened to be Raffa (13) asking about Enzo (1). "Downstairs on the couch"; I had laid them out when I walked down in the morning to make my coffee.

-Waitress hat: "Would you like some coffee or tea?" "Oatmeal or cereal?" "Over easy or scrambled?" "Milk or sugar?" "Wheat or white?" All must be fed before we leave for church.

-Hairdresser hat: With my coffee close by, my hair gets done first to make sure I'm presentable before we walk out the door. Out of time at the house this Sunday, we set up our "salon" for the girls in the back seat of the van, pausing in-between hard curves and the never-ending eastern European potholes to do some french-braiding.

-Babysitter hat: Waitress hat was a fail for Enzo; it was time to feed him because he didn't get his breakfast before we left. (That extra 15 minutes of sleep really took a toll this Sunday...) Yogurt with berries; good thing I packed the bib..

-Sunday School Teacher hat: Sang a new song with the little kids in the back and they all loved it. Happy children are singing children...nothing like hearing them rustling up a song service when we are not in the room.

-Musician hat: After the morning service our family was asked to sing; we sang some Scripture songs as the children played their instruments. Tears from tender hearts hearing God's Word sung were a joyous gift in return.

-Friend hat: Fellowship over pizza (thankful I wasn't given the kind with corn on it) after the service; I met some new people and reacquainted with others we'd met briefly last year. Seeing Bulgarians with the light of Christ in their eyes, happy to share their testimonies and tell me how God is working in their lives, well, I cannot explain what that means to me after all these years of living in such a dark and unbelieving country.

-Counsellor hat: We were invited to the music director's home along with the pastor and his family. It is definitely challenging to keep the children at peace in such close quarters where there isn't room to run or hardly walk around, especially after they'd already been sitting several hours driving to church and then in the church service. But they did us proud, the older ones handling Enzo and Nino when our attention was on the conversation. The music director and his wife are fairly new believers; they told us their testimony and then we spent much time talking about raising children. Such good questions; Noah was a part of our discussions and it was a blessing hearing him share things he felt were helpful from his training and upbringing.

-Missionary hat: We decided to visit a gypsy church this evening that my husband had heard about when they had covered this village with John/Romans the week before. The gypsy section in this village was just one long street where a few hundred poor Roma lived; even though it's geographically part of the village, and even though they are technically Bulgarians, turning down this street and entering the ghetto (the "Muck-a-la" in Bulgarian) is truly entering another world. The Bulgarians and the gypsies simply do not mix. And so we left the Bulgarian culture for a time and entered the gypsy world. As you can imagine, we were an instant attraction to the people, who would gather round and simply stare openly at us and our children until it was time for the service. We found seats and waited for the people to file in; there was quite a crowd; lots of babies and children (not common in Bulgarian services) along with the adults. The singing was heartfelt as the pastor led the flock. Nick was asked to speak; we sang a few songs as a family from our seats. At the end, a man sang a special at his keyboard while these poorest of poor folk walked up one or two at a time and gave out of their poverty willingly. The pastor finished the service, and shooed his people out rather quickly. Then he and his deacons called Nick over, only to take the givings and hand it to him telling him thank you for the work with John/Romans that is so needed, and saying that they cannot go and do the work themselves to help, but wanted to contribute by giving these monies. What a most humbling and blessed offering that was; it was enough to fill our van with diesel for the work the next week. I could not help but think of the Macedonians and how I saw the Bible come to life before my eyes that night through the giving of these poor people. They sent us off with sandwiches and drinks that were the best they could give. Uncomfortable; dirty; melancholy music mixed with unpleasant smells; no bathroom except the great outdoors; but a blessed assembly of believers, and a never-to-be-forgotten evening ordained by God.

-Wife hat: Is there a feeling more fulfilling than that of loving and being loved? I do not find solace in being "my own woman" but in identifying and being one flesh with the man God has called me to love and serve. I'm now at a place in life where I am crossing over to "older woman," and I pray that I will encourage the younger than I, as many did for me, that the Bible way is the best way. I no longer have to trust in faith alone, but I have years of the Father's faithfulness as proof. It IS worth it to follow Jesus, it IS fulfilling to serve and give and help meet my husband's needs. Bible principles DO work for rearing children, for finances, for marriage, and for every relationship we have...and you, too, CAN trust in Him and live a life of victory in Jesus!

