

# The Maulucci Family

Bringing the Gospel to Those Who Have Never Heard in Bulgaria

Year 23 Issue IV Date written: April 22, 2026 Date sent: May 20, 2026



## My Story

Let me tell you a story with this letter.  
I was born in Lackawanna, New York,  
Into a Catholic family. The priest sprinkled  
Me when I was just a baby. Not only  
Did I have an earthly father, but the priest  
Wanted to be called "father" and I was also  
Given a godfather. Why all the fathers if  
God wants to be our father?! I had no  
Voice - I was just told what I "believed",  
Much like the biggest religions in the  
World today. Most catholics are what they are  
Because someone told them that they were!  
Then one day a family friend who had met

Jesus invited our family to attend Calvary Bible Baptist Church in Rochester, New York. Pastor Fred Simpson preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ and **Redemption** came into our family that day. Soon we would join Faith Bible Baptist Church in Angola, New York. Art Kohl was my first pastor and Miss Ann Perkowski was my first Sunday school teacher. I was five. We met in a little storefront in town.

My dad sold his business and went to Bible college and in 1990 took a church in Syracuse, New York. I was thirteen when the Lord squeezed my heart on a Tuesday night. Wednesday, I walked the aisle and Sunday Dad baptized me. When I turned sixteen, God got a hold of my heart again. I began to seek Him and walk with Him and He started working in my life. He called me into missions on July

14, 1994, in Oklahoma. The next year we moved to Palmyra, New York. On September 10, 1995, I asked Katie to sit with me in a church service. We never looked back. In 1996, I went off to Bible college and while there, as a junior, God called me to the country of Bulgaria without me ever having visited there. After Katie graduated in 2001, we, along with our baby Santino, helped a friend start a church in Pennsylvania and then traveled for eighteen months to about ninety churches to share our vision for Bulgaria. Forty of those churches joined us in our mission to bring the gospel to Bulgaria and in July of 2003 we moved to Varna, Bulgaria. We had three little boys and didn't know a soul! We learned the language and started a church and over the next twenty years we saw fifty Bulgarians

baptized. Last year, for the first time  
In over twenty years, we moved cities.

We are now in a muslim city and we  
Just opened the doors to a church again.  
It is a little storefront, much like Art Kohl's  
Church in Angola was over 40 years ago.

I don't know what God will do or whom  
He will touch. But I hope He begins  
Another story of **REDEMPTION** through  
Our little ministry. Maybe someday, the  
Children or grandchildren of Argir Zhenev,

A muslim man whom I recently met,  
Who is the son of the regional imam,  
Will have their story of redemption.

Would you pray for Argir and others  
And for divine appointments of redemption?  
Life creeps forward with a thousand stories.

Our sixth son is about to leave the house.  
Grandchildren are on the way. But the

Greatest story is the story of **REDEMPTION** -  
When the Creator of the earth and all that in  
There is, reaches down and reconnects with  
His estranged creation. Ultimately, this is

My story. Everyone has stories to tell. Memories.  
But the only story worth telling is the story of

Calvary. The story of the **Redeemer**  
On the cross, paying for the souls  
Of men. And how shall they  
Hear without a preacher?

Go tell the story of **REDEMPTION!**

On the Bulgarian front lines in the battle for souls,

Nick, Katie, Dom, Raffa, Dela, Sophie, Sonny, Mikey, Nino, Enzo and Gia

Sending Church/Support Address:

Old Time Baptist Church

Field Address: 9028 DO POISKVANE

VARNA, BULGARIA

# Maulucci Kid Chronicles

*Donato Michael Maulucci*  
*7 years, 9 months, 20 days*



## *A Time For Nino*

We lost a baby on August 5, 2017, four months before Nino was conceived. It was an abrupt miscarriage, with no warning, at 17 weeks. I was thrown into physical weakness and great loss all at once; it was a time to grieve. A couple weeks passed and I was up and doing my duties again.

Sometimes, though, the body remembers more than can be felt or understood, as became clear during Nino's pregnancy. Though I was mentally handling the baby's loss and the growing baby I was carrying, physically it was taking a toll. Grief doesn't really have a timetable, does it? My body could only carry Nino for 34 weeks before he was delivered. He came out so tiny and gray, and he was almost immediately put under the oxygen tent to help him breathe.

The doctor told us he was too early and that was about all we were told. I was cleaned up and sent to my room with no update on him at all. And for the next many hours I was left alone in my room, still with no news on our Nino. It was the longest, loneliest eight hours with so many terrifying thoughts running through my mind; grief had come rushing back abruptly as I imagined the very worst. A nurse came by to check me; I begged for news on the baby. A doctor popped her head in; I begged for news on the baby. A cleaning lady came in and I desperately begged her to find out some info.

Finally, a midwife assistant doing her rounds took pity and was willing to help me and said I could come see him, but I would have to walk with my IV pole in tow quite a ways down the hall. And so I did; he was in an incubator with a tube plunged into his head; they had tried sticking both his hands and feet and failed (all without our permission).

Still weak from giving birth, I sat down in a chair nearby and was immediately reprimanded by the head doctor on duty that that was her chair and I was not to sit in it. She half-heartedly pointed to a stool nearby so I gratefully sat and thanked God that, finally, I got to see Nino, and that he was alive. And that all the thoughts running through my mind could be put to rest now, grief could fade away and rejoicing could begin.

It was Nino's time! It would be another hard fight to be able to nurse him; but we won. And Nino did so well he was taken to my room within 24 hours. I think he was fighting hard, too. He knew he needed his mama and his mama needed him.

As traumatic as Nino's birth experience was, praise God, I took a healthy baby home, on time, with no complications. Just a big scar from the IV in his head that remained for a few months. Just like our baby we lost; here with us for those few short months of pregnancy, and then gone with scars that faded over time. And yet, scars that are still with me.

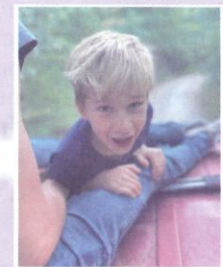
I'm grateful our Nino has been alive and well all these many years since that tumultuous entrance into this world. And I'm thankful that he is a living reminder to me of yet another life that is no longer part of this world. A time for loss, a time for life.

And Nino, wow, that man is a lover of life!!! He lives every day with enough zeal and energy for him and his sibling before him. And that makes me smile; a double portion of life in the seven-year-old, wiry, never-done-talking, never-tired, happy-to-work, happy to be a part of everything, always, always, always excited Nino...that's just like the Father to design such a plan.

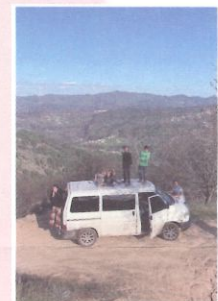
*"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven..."*. Thank you, Jesus, for seasons, for purpose, for time, and for this boy, Nino, who shows all of us how to love the time we are given.



*Turning 7*



*Bulgarian villages*



*Bulgarian villages*



*With Argir in a village*



*Brothers are the best.*



*Me in Greece with some*

