

NEVER ALONE

From Abandoned to Adopted In Christ

Newly-Born Infant Found Abandoned

A new born baby was found abandoned Friday afternoon near Enger Park in the area where 5th Street meets Skyline Parkway.

According to reports, the baby, approximately eight hours old, was discovered in a small box near the boulevard and taken to St. Mary's Hospital. The baby, a girl, was reported in fair condition.

Police said only that they were investigating and could disclose no further information

BECKY JAKUBEK

NEVER ALONE:
FROM ABANDONED TO
ADOPTED IN CHRIST

THE TESTIMONY OF
Becky Jakubek

Never Alone: From Abandoned to Adopted in Christ

© 2017 Becky Jakubek

All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, scanning, or otherwise, except as provided for by USA copyright law, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

All Scripture quotations, unless otherwise indicated, are taken from the New King James Version®. Copyright © 1982 by Thomas Nelson, Inc. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

Duluth Bible Church
201 W. Saint Andrews St.
Duluth, MN 55803
U.S.A.
(218) 724-5914

IT WAS THE COLDEST MARCH 26TH ON RECORD TO THIS DAY. I have known this ever since I can remember, and I could retell “the story” from early childhood. I know this is an unusual way to begin a testimony, but I can, by the grace of God, trace His sovereignty and providence in my life back to that very day. God protected me that day, as I was found in a shoebox by a 15-year-old boy who was walking along while waiting for his ride on 5th Avenue West and Skyline Parkway in Duluth, Minnesota. He saw my foot sticking out of the shoebox. When his ride came, they took me to St. Mary’s Hospital. I was four pounds, two ounces and wrapped only in a Turkish towel, but God preserved my life. He had His hand on the stopwatch and the thermometer because I could not have been out there long. I had no frostbite. I have all my fingers and toes. Psalm 139:13-14 says, *“For You formed my inward parts; You covered me in my mother’s womb. I will praise You, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvelous are Your works, and that my soul knows very well.”*

God’s Providence: His Plan

I was in my late twenties when I became curious about the Duluth News Tribune articles recounting “the story” and found them on microfiche at a local university library (see Appendix). What struck me as I read them was that, contrary to what I had been told, whoever abandoned me did not intend for me to live. I was carelessly wrapped. The shoebox was covered and placed off the road on the lower side of the street toward the lake. I was thrown away. Today, if I were to meet the individual who put me in that box, I would not be angry, and I would want him or her to know that I stand on the principle of Genesis 50:20, which says, *“But as for you, you meant evil against me; but God meant it for good.”*

I did not always view these circumstances in this way, but over time God has shown me His providential hand in my life, guiding and providing for me so that I would come to faith in

Christ alone for my salvation and for my growth as a believer and in my Christian service, all by His grace. Even though these circumstances were horrible, they were not outside God's providential ability to work them together for my good, and not for mine alone but also for those in my life whom I could positively impact by His grace and for His sake. Make no mistake—this applies not only to me but to all believers in Christ regardless of their circumstances.

Now back to the shoebox. I do not need pity, for God has been very gracious to me. Yes, I was left in that box on the side of the road, but I didn't die that day. No one lives or dies unto himself or herself. Our lives affect those around us, and God had a plan for me.

After birth, I spent several months in the hospital because the doctors discovered I had a disability: cerebral palsy. When I was born, the part of my brain which controls muscle function was damaged. Cerebral palsy can affect those who have it in various ways and in varying degrees. For me, it affected my ability to walk normally. My muscles were very tight, and this meant I had many surgeries and years of therapy ahead of me. The Lord did not cause my disability, but He allowed it. We live in a sin-cursed world. The Lord does not always prevent the results of the curse from affecting us. But I can frankly say that the Lord has been very gracious, and I am thankful for the wide range of abilities He has given me. Romans 8:28 says, *“And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose.”*

God's Providence: A Home

The next providential piece was God's choice for my parents. He placed me in the home of Val and Tilly Jakubek when I was five months old. I believe He chose them not only so they could meet my needs but also so they would hear the Gospel and possibly get saved. Doctors told my parents that I would probably be institutionalized by the age of two. The doctors

were wrong. The Lord was in control. Val and Tilly, Dad and Mom, are the only parents I have ever known. I loved them very much, and I knew they loved me.

Although my parents loved me, I did not always have a sense of security in my home. I believe this began when, as a very young child, I had to travel on multiple occasions to the University of Minnesota hospital for extended stays during which I underwent surgeries and therapy. My parents had to leave me there. My father had his business, Val's Auto Wrecking, and my mother had other foster children to take care of back home. I became very afraid that my parents would leave me and never come back, and this fear continued late into my childhood even though the health care that I needed eventually became available in Duluth, which meant no more long hospital stays in the Twin Cities. Imagine having a child of eight, nine, or ten years old crying every time you went *anywhere* without her because she was afraid you wouldn't come back. I would sit on my couch facing the window and cry inconsolably with absolute fear that my mother would not come back even though my father would try to reassure me that she would. He knew where she was going and when she would return. He knew the plan. But I did not believe him. The Lord has used this picture to remind me that I can often mentally behave like that little girl with her face pressed against the window, not believing that her heavenly Father knows the plan. Jeremiah 29:11 says, "*For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, says the LORD, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you a future and a hope.*"

My father was a good provider, not only for my family's needs but also for lots of our wants. He loved to take his children on vacations. He believed providing was his primary role, but when it came to child rearing, he was quite non-participatory. My mom took care of foster children who were in and out of our home frequently. When my mother wanted me to do something such as clean my room or eat my peas, she

would tell me that if I didn't do it or do it fast enough, she was going to call and send me back to the welfare. Even though I thought I was adopted, I believed being sent back was possible because I saw many foster children coming and going and because my mother continually told me how expensive I was. My father was unaware she was saying these things because I never told him.

When I was 15, my sense of identity, worth, and belonging took another huge hit. A social worker told me that I was not adopted and was just a permanently placed foster child who had gone through a legal name change. This meant I was a ward of the state of Minnesota. I was devastated. Who was I? Would I ever have security anywhere? With anyone? For my mom, it all came down to money. As a foster mother, she would receive money for me. I was a source of income, but if she adopted me, this would no longer be the case.

I say that *she* received money for me because my father never saw a dime of it. He didn't want it. He supported us on his own. An example of the importance my mother placed on money is the experience of one of my foster sisters. She had been with us for eight years, but she was not disabled enough to receive social security, so when she was 18 and graduated from high school, my mother had her apply for general assistance, and she was out of the house one month later. On the other hand, when I graduated, I was disabled enough to receive social security and general assistance, so I was still a source of income and experienced no pressure to leave. But I had to apply for both as a ward of the state, a family of one. I was filling out the paperwork in my living room one day, and as I looked at my parents, I wasn't sure if I was telling the biggest lie or living the biggest lie. Either one was devastating.

No Security and Acceptance in the World

My teenage years were another time of insecurity for me. Because of my disability, I felt as if I was always trying to be

something more—something better, something nicer, something more acceptable—and never quite reaching that goal. This was never more evident than in junior high and high school. The teen years can be a hard time for any child, but add a physical difference, and you have a recipe for pain and insecurity because of the never-ending teasing and the disability itself. I wanted to fade into the woodwork. One example of this is an experience I had in eighth grade. I was walking into the main building from the relocatables at Woodland Junior High, and I fell in a doorway. I always had an adult mobility aid with me, but this time she was some distance ahead of me, unaware that I had fallen. So there I lay, and the kids just kept coming, stepping over me like dirt on the floor until my aid finally did see me and help me up. But this image and the feeling accompanying it never left me.

Another source of humiliation for me was that my mother was never big on dressing me in fashionable or even age-appropriate clothing, and she did all her shopping for me at rummage sales. One day, also in 8th grade, I was in history class along with a boy I liked. I was wearing a blue floor-length dress with lace on the front. It was outdated and inappropriate for a 14 year old girl, and I knew it. I hated that dress. During class, a girl came up to me, and she said, “Did your mother buy that for you at a rummage sale?” I lied and said, “No,” to which she replied, “She must have. My mother made me that dress when I was younger.” I was humiliated beyond words.

In high school, I began to change external things about myself such as my hair, clothes, and makeup. I was trying to be “good enough,” but it did not work. I could never change the one thing that made me different: my disability. The harder I tried to meet the world’s standards of beauty, brains, brawn, and bucks, the more discouraged I became. Seeing the conditionality of the world was not pleasant but absolutely necessary. I had to realize that the world had absolutely nothing to offer me. True inner peace and purpose in life can only be

found through a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. I am very fortunate that I did not find my acceptance in the world or meet worldly standards because I might not have realized my need for acceptance in Jesus Christ. But I spent 19 years of my life seeking acceptance and happiness from the world and people and not from the Lord. I was not seeking Him, but there is no doubt that He was seeking me. Jeremiah 31:3 states, *“Yes, I have loved you with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness I have drawn you.”*

Religious but Unsaved

My religious background was Methodist, and growing up, I learned many things about God and many Bible stories. I attended confirmation. I was at the top of my class and proud of it! I truly wanted to know where Jesus fit in and where I would go if I died during one of my many surgeries. But in spite of my religious training, I had little to no understanding of biblical Christianity. I had one non-disabled friend, a Jewish girl named Betsy, who asked me specifically what Christians believe, and I could not even tell her. I had never heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I never understood the importance and necessity of Christ’s death for our sins to provide the only means of salvation for everyone. I never understood that *“All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned, every one, to his own way; and the LORD has laid on Him the iniquity of us all”* (Isaiah 53:6). I assumed that good people go to Heaven, bad people go to Hell, and people could never know for sure if they were being good enough for God. This fed into how I felt in all other areas of my life. I was always working hard to gain acceptance.

In spite of my shortcomings, I still had my share of religious pride and thought my chances for Heaven were pretty good because I was a good person and had gone through a lot of difficult things. I even “asked Jesus into my heart” several times. Then I would inevitably have a fight with my mother

and thought this was proof that I wasn't saved and that God, like my mother, didn't want me either. This was a self-pitying and false mindset. Yet God was still working providentially, and I would soon be exposed to the Gospel.

Seeing My Need for a Relationship with Jesus Christ

Things were changing in my life. I was about to begin my second year of college, and my mom was in a nursing home recovering from back surgery. Many of her responsibilities became mine. This was a switch and very stressful because I had very few household chores before this point and was not taught how to do things such as cook or do laundry. It seemed as if everything in my life was coming to a head. Not only was my mother ill, but a relationship that meant a lot to me in the previous two years had ended. This was my first real heartbreak. He was a very popular, very straight-laced Lutheran boy, and he made me his senior project. Because he was popular, his friendship toward me gave me some measure of acceptance from others. I had never experienced this before, and I became very attached to him to put it mildly. I thought he was perfect. Had I known the term then, I would have declared that he didn't have a sin nature! I was wrong.

After our senior year of high school ended, he went away to Germany for one year for an exchange program. I missed him terribly because he was my first and only social outlet outside my family. I waited for his return like we ought to anticipate the blessed hope and glorious appearing of our great God and Savior Jesus Christ. I convinced myself in my unsaved mind that the Lord wanted me to tell him how I felt about him when he returned. This was very scary for me, but two weeks after he returned, I did it, mustering whatever sense of self-worth I had and placing it at his feet. He decided that the best way to handle the situation was to make me as mad as he could by saying mean things to me so that I wouldn't like him anymore. What he didn't realize was that I thought he was perfect, so

therefore the problem was with me. I just wasn't good enough. But this was right where I needed to be because if I had found acceptance with this boy, even on a short-term basis, my sense of need for Jesus Christ would have dwindled, and the Lord knew there was a window of time coming where I would have the opportunity to hear the Gospel. The boy's rejection humbled me, and the Lord used this to put pressure on me to show me my need. I was looking for acceptance in all the wrong places, and the Lord wanted me to find it only in Him.

This extremely emotionally painful experience would not have been as bad if I hadn't been as socially isolated as I was throughout my life. Before I was 18, I never did anything with anyone outside my family. During the fall quarter of my sophomore year, a college friend of mine knew I was hurting and thought it would be good for me to have a religious and social experience. She told me to go to InterVarsity Christian Fellowship at the University of Minnesota-Duluth (UMD). I, too, thought it would be a good idea for me to find a Bible study, so I went. She brought me directly to the InterVarsity office and left me there. I met a girl at InterVarsity, and we talked for a long time about spiritual things, but she never shared the Gospel with me. She even put me on the calling list for InterVarsity activities, but no one ever called me. I thought nothing would ever come of it, but God's providential hand could be seen here as well. Ironically, my college friend asked me to help her in the UMD triathlon even though I was probably the most unlikely person someone would ask to do such a thing. God certainly has a sense of humor! The student director of the triathlon was the girl from InterVarsity—our paths crossed again. That day I would meet someone else: Debbie Davidson. She was not only a friend of the girl from InterVarsity, but she also had heard about and was praying for the "Becky" who was looking for a Bible study. After I spent the afternoon with Debbie at the triathlon, she asked me if I was that "Becky" who was looking for a Bible study. I just about fell down the

stairs in the Phys. Ed. building because I could not figure out how this girl knew who I was and what I was looking for. After I got over my initial surprise, she told me that she attended a Bible study in the Kenwood area of Duluth. We decided I would attend a week from that Thursday night.

The Gospel of My Salvation

Had my mother been home from her nursing home stay, she never would have allowed me to attend another church. But she was still recovering, so Debbie Davidson and Shawn Laughlin picked me up that following Thursday night. I got saved that night, four days before my father brought my mother home. I walked into the Kenwood Bible Chapel not knowing quite what to expect. God knows that I would not have gone if I knew it was a church congregation and not merely a small group Bible study. Nonetheless, God got me there. Pastor Dennis Rokser's message was on the Trinity that night. Although I'm sure he explained the Gospel in the message, I do not remember hearing it because I was very tired from fall quarter final exams. At the end of the service, two girls I knew from high school came to talk with me, and one of them, Amy, asked me if I was saved. I said, "Yes," but I did not have a clue what she meant. I had never heard the term "saved" before. I just gave them the most logical answer. I did not want to look unintelligent. Amy then asked me if I had met Pastor Rokser yet. I said, "No," and off she went to find him. I was not sure if I wanted to meet this person or not, but before I knew it, there he was sitting in front of me. After discerning my true spiritual condition, Pastor Dennis began showing me simple, clear verses about man's sinfulness and the penalty for sin, which is death or separation from God.

Romans 3:10-12 says, "*As it is written: 'There is none righteous, no, not one; there is none who understands; there is none who seeks after God. They have all turned aside; they have together become unprofitable; there is none who does good, no,*

not one.” And the penalty for sin is clearly stated in Romans 6:23: *“For the wages of sin is death.”*

Pastor then shifted from the bad news about me (and all mankind) to the good news about Jesus Christ. He showed me Romans 5:8, *“But God demonstrates His own love toward us in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us”* and Hebrews 10:12, *“But this Man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down at the right hand of God.”*

As I was listening to these verses, I kept thinking, “I know Christ died for my sins. I went to Sunday school, didn’t I? What is the point of all this?” Then Pastor quickly got to the point. He explained that when Christ died on the Cross, He paid *my* sin-debt so that He could freely offer Heaven as a gift of His grace apart from my works. Ephesians 2:8-9 says, *“For by grace you have been saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works, lest anyone should boast.”* Thus all I had to do was accept the gift of salvation by faith alone and realize I had nothing to offer God, which was not difficult for me to accept, for Isaiah 64:6 states, *“All our righteousnesses are like filthy rags.”*

I had nothing to offer God, but God was offering me eternal life on the basis of His grace, which allows Him to get all the credit and glory. John 3:16 made it clear to me that there is only one condition for salvation: faith alone in Christ alone. It says, *“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.”* I could now know I was going to Heaven based on God’s Word and Christ’s work. Salvation is not based on a standard I could not meet; it is based on the work of Christ and the Word of God. 1 John 5:13 says, *“These things I have written to you who believe in the name of the Son of God, that you may know that you have eternal life.”*

I knew this was not what I had been taught, so out of loyalty to my church and for my own intellectual pride, I played stump-the-pastor for a while. I asked questions on various

topics, but Pastor Rokser always brought me back to the Gospel and what Christ had done for me. This message made so much sense to me, having experienced the conditionality of human beings, but when God offers a gift, He offers it unconditionally. I realized that night that the world's standards do not matter. Whether people are young or old, rich or poor, disabled or a triathlete, God sees everyone the same: as sinners in need of a Savior. Our part is to simply place our faith in the cross-work of Jesus Christ to save us. This was a tremendous relief to me.

Saved by Grace through Faith Alone in Christ

I placed my faith in Christ alone and was saved by God's grace that Thursday night in November 1984. John 5:24 states, *"Most assuredly, I say to you, he who hears My word and believes in Him who sent Me has everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment but has passed from death into life."* I do not have to worry about not being good enough because Jesus Christ was good enough in my place. Positionally, I am forever righteous in Christ. This is eternal security. I no longer have to wonder, "Who am I?" or "Why am I here?" or "Where am I going?" For I am a child of God, and I am here to glorify God and live in light of His love for me, and I am going to live in Heaven, eternally enjoying the presence of my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

God not only saved my soul from Hell that night, but He also began to change me on the inside by His grace. One of the most important things He did as soon as I got saved was place me in a sound, Bible-teaching assembly which is now Duluth Bible Church. I had never been fully and unconditionally accepted before, and He knew that I needed a safe place to grow up both emotionally and spiritually and be surrounded by people who, even though they had little to no experience with a person with a disability, would be willing to love and accept me because of our common bond in Jesus Christ. DBC was

my spiritual and emotional incubator. What we as believers have in our sound, Bible-teaching local churches is so special and so unlike the world that we ought not take it for granted and forget to guard the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

I want the believers I met early on and the believers I have met since to know how thankful I am for them and how the Lord has used them to heal the emotional wounds the world had inflicted on me. Even writing this testimony, I can't really remember what the world's rejection felt like because the Lord has so incredibly transformed my life, not only by giving me salvation and a home in Heaven for eternity, but also a sense of friendship, unconditional love, and belonging that I had never had. He has made us all as believers "*accepted in the Beloved*" (Ephesians 1:6).

The Princess Years

I could end my testimony here, but I need to mention a few more providential events. I began this testimony with how God chose my parents, and I need to talk a little more about what happened with them after I was saved. I am thankful that my mom heard a clear Gospel many times in her life both from me and at Graceland Bible Church before I was born. My mom could have been saved before I was even though she did not seem open when I spoke to her about the Lord. She could have placed her faith in Christ alone at a point in time, and I just didn't know it. By God's amazing grace, there is a possibility that I might see her in eternity, and I have that hope. Mom passed away in August 1986 when I was 21. This was a very difficult time. Now it was just my dad and me. The Lord used this time and the years that followed to build a strong relationship between us, more than a bond between father and daughter, we established trust and camaraderie as well. We were a team. What I could not do for myself, he did for me and vice versa. He was not open to the Gospel at this time. Daddy was a self-made man, an entrepreneur. In short, he was large and

in charge. His faith was in himself. I witnessed to him on a regular basis, and he regarded my faith as my third crutch. I told him it was my stretcher. And since I could say anything to my dad, and I often did, I told him, “Daddy, the Lord has put me here to bug you, and I will talk to you about your need for Jesus Christ until one of us runs out of breath.”

There was over a decade with my dad that I often call “The Princess Years” where, though there were trials, none were fundamentally life-changing for me or my father. He had a bout with colon cancer that was quickly and successfully treated with no chemotherapy or radiation, and we were robbed at gunpoint in our home. Yes, you did read that correctly. The robbery happened at the end of November 1993. Two masked men holding guns kicked in our back door. They quickly put my father on the floor, duct-taped his hands and feet, and covered his head with a coat. Then they came to me and did the same. I was already on the floor exercising, so they didn’t need to put me there. My father, doing his best impression of John Wayne, wasn’t saying much on the other side of the room, so the robbers figured out where they were going to get the information they wanted. They came to me and asked, “Where’s the money, Lady?” I didn’t know what to say since it wasn’t my money, but I did know that my father had just sold a vehicle, so we did have some cash in the house though this wasn’t the norm. At this point, I uttered the dumbest thing I have ever said in my entire life: “Why should I tell you? You’re going to shoot us anyway.” In an attempt to save his dumb daughter from provoking their wrath, my father immediately told them where the money was. This wasn’t the end though. They thought there was more money somewhere and continued to ask for it and look for it. My only thought was that I knew my father was not saved at this point, and eternity was in the balance. At one point I said to the robbers, “I’m a believer in Jesus Christ, and I would not risk my father’s life for money.” To my surprise, from across the room came my father’s response:

“She ain’t lyin’” They looked a while longer for more money, and then one of the robbers came over to me, removed the jacket from over my head, showed me the gun, and said, “You have ten seconds to tell us where the rest of the money is, or we will shoot your father.” My response was, “Don’t shoot my father. Just shoot me instead.” They didn’t harm either of us, by the grace of God, and they left shortly afterward.

Had they hurt my father in any way, this experience would have been the hardest of my life, but I saw the hand of the Lord all over it. He protected us. I wasn’t supposed to be home on that particular evening, but I know the Lord wanted me there so that my father would hear what I had to say. Though I think it was beneficial for him to hear how important his life was to me, he did not get saved at that time. Daddy would have done anything for me except the one thing that I wanted him to do the most: stake his eternal destiny on the work of Jesus Christ alone. Nevertheless, because he knew my faith was important to me, he was willing to fly me to Boston so I could witness to my Jewish friend Betsy who was dying of cancer at 28 years old. He’d heard me speak to her on the phone about the Gospel many times, and one day he said to me, “You want to go and talk to her about Jesus, don’t you?” When I said I did, he said, “Get the tickets.” We were going in two weeks, but we were a week too late. Even so, his willingness to do that for me meant a lot.

A Father’s Providential Love & Care

Though I was saved and blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ, accepted in Him, and even already adopted by the Lord, God knew I had an emotional need. I know the Lord was working in the heart of Val Jakubek because during this time, he chose to do the single most important thing a human being has ever done for me. Daddy adopted me on September 26, 1989. He wanted to adopt me because in his words, if he did not, he would not be able to take care of me when he

died. I actually argued with him about this on several occasions, telling him, with my mother's words ringing in my head, how expensive I was. He just smiled and said, "I know how expensive you are." But it didn't come down to money for him. He wanted to take care of me and provide for me after he was no longer here. This not only showed me my father's love for me, but also my heavenly Father's love for me. God knew that even though I had been saved for five years, I still had a human need for security, for someone to choose to have a permanent relationship with me. To say that I am thankful for this is an understatement. God was demonstrating to me, through my earthly father, all that He does to meet my needs in His providential grace.

On July 10, 1999, life changed for my father and me, never to be the same again. I found him on the driveway. He had fallen and broken his hip. After this followed five years in and out of nursing homes and assisted living facilities, two hip surgeries, and several strokes including one so catastrophic that it took away his ability to speak and swallow. Nevertheless, this was a more blessed time for me than The Princess Years ever were because I could take care of the man who had taken such good care of me. If I had been married at this time, something the Lord knows I wanted very much, I would not have been able to devote the time to meet my father's needs. I would have missed out, and I would not trade one day of that precious time with my father. That's exactly how I continue to look at my singleness to this day. God, in His providence has a purpose for my singleness.

God's Providence for My Dad

During those five years, my father trusted me with his financial and medical issues. He even gave me permission to sell his house so that I could buy one myself in a safer, less-isolated place. He was still looking out for me even though he knew he would never come home again. Also, he began listening to me as I talked to him about his need to know where his soul would go when he died. He'd never listened like this before. I would always put his name in John 3:16 and tell him that the Lord loved him more than I did. During this time, I had a sur-

gery and was recovering at Faye Radtke's. He sent me a note in which he expressed faith in Christ (see Appendix). This gives me much hope that my father is in heaven today. I lost him on November 20, 2003.

If the only reason God allowed me to be abandoned in that shoe box was so that Val Jakubek would hear the Gospel and respond in faith as his note indicated, then being left there on Skyline Parkway was the most blessed event of my life. Yet, as is clear throughout my testimony, God in His faithfulness and providence has provided for me and protected me my whole life, and He will continue to do so through eternity. Psalm 139:17-18 is so reassuring to me: *“How precious also are Your thoughts to me, O God! How great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they would be more in number than the sand; when I awake, I am still with You.”*

I am human, so I can still struggle sometimes with insecurities and trials, but I thank God for His mercy and grace toward me and for the unfailing promises of the Word of God, which give me real inner stability and security. I have been given so many blessings in Christ. Some of my favorites are listed in Ephesians 1:3-6: *“Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ, just as He chose us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love, having predestined us to adoption as sons by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will, to the praise of the glory of His grace, by which He made us accepted in the Beloved.”*

I am accepted, adopted, and chosen by God in Jesus Christ. The three things I've always needed are mine in Christ. How wonderful is that? And for those who are in Christ, we can rest in His promise that He will never leave us nor forsake us (Hebrews 13:5). WE ARE NEVER ALONE.

APPENDIX

I. "NEWLY-BORN INFANT FOUND ABANDONED" (MARCH 26, 1965, DULUTH NEWS TRIBUNE)

Newly-Born Infant Found Abandoned

A new born baby was found abandoned Friday afternoon near Enger Park in the area where 5th Street meets Skyline Parkway.

According to reports, the baby, approximately eight hours old, was discovered in a small box near the boulevard and taken to St. Mary's Hospital. The baby, a girl, was reported in fair condition.

Police said only that they were investigating and could disclose no further information.

II. "New Clues Sifted in Abandonment" (MARCH 27, 1965, DULUTH NEWS TRIBUNE)

New Clues Sifted In Abandonment

March 27, 1965

New information possibly connected with the new born baby found abandoned Friday near Enger Park on the Skyline Drive was uncovered Saturday by the Duluth Police Department.

Detectives said the baby girl, born prematurely at about 7½ months and weighing four pounds, was found at 2:15 p.m. wrapped in a small turkish towel

and lying in a woman's shoe box.

The box was noticed by 15-year-old Duluth boy as he was walking east on the Skyline Drive. The boy told detectives that he found the child about three feet off the lower side of the road at a point about two blocks west of where Fifth Street joins the parkway.

The boy said the shoe box was covered and that he noticed one of the baby's feet protruding from under the cover, according to detectives. He related that he was planning to be picked up in a car by a relative as he was walking along the parkway, and when the car arrived, he took the child and the box directly to St. Mary's Hospital.

Detectives related that hospital attendants said the baby was in fair condition and had been born within a few hours of the time that it was found.

The shoe box and the towel wrapped around the child have been traced to specific Duluth stores, detectives said.

They added that it had been reported to them that a woman with graying hair, in her 40's and neatly dressed, had been seen about 11 a.m. Friday standing at the place where the baby was found.

The woman was standing beside a 1960 or 1961 model white sedan with a red stripe on the side, detectives said. Also, they reported having a partial license number of the car.

Detectives request that anyone knowing any information regarding the abandoned child contact the Duluth Police Department.

30 Students Assist At Reservation

Thirty Duluth high school and UMD students went to Fond du Lac Indian Reservation Saturday to help paint the new recreation building and assist with other volunteer work. They also brought various supplies and building materials to the reservation.

This was the second trip to the reservation by the student group which is organized as the Duluth Committee One Neighborly Effort (DONE). The group is an outgrowth of a workshop on human relations recently sponsored by the Duluth Board of Education.

Advisers for the group are Sister Bernard of St. Mary's Convent, Miss Ruth Maney, of the Duluth Public School system, and Walter Eldot, feature editor for the Duluth News-Tribune and Herald.

highlight

r Bay

"The Whistlers" and Dave

March 28 1965
**3 Abandoned Infant
Alive in Hospital**

The new-born baby found abandoned Friday on the Skyline Drive is still alive, St. Mary's Hospital personnel said Sunday. Information regarding the infant's condition is being withheld.

Duluth Police Department detectives are continuing an investigation.

The four-pound baby girl was found by a teenage boy Friday afternoon. The infant was wrapped in a small turkish towel and placed in a shoe box. The baby was taken to St. Mary's by the youth. Duluth police have requested that persons having any knowledge of the incident contact them.

IV. NOTE TO BECKY FROM HER FATHER, VAL JAKUBEK.

From Val to Becky, According to the Bible,
many Wonderful Things happened to me
the moment I understood the gospel and
trusted in Christ alone as my Savior,
you received a pardon for all the sins
I will ever commit. I received eternal
life as a free gift. you are assured
of going to heaven. I become a child of God,
you have a friend who understands what
you are going through, and is there to
help me in time of need
Love Val.

