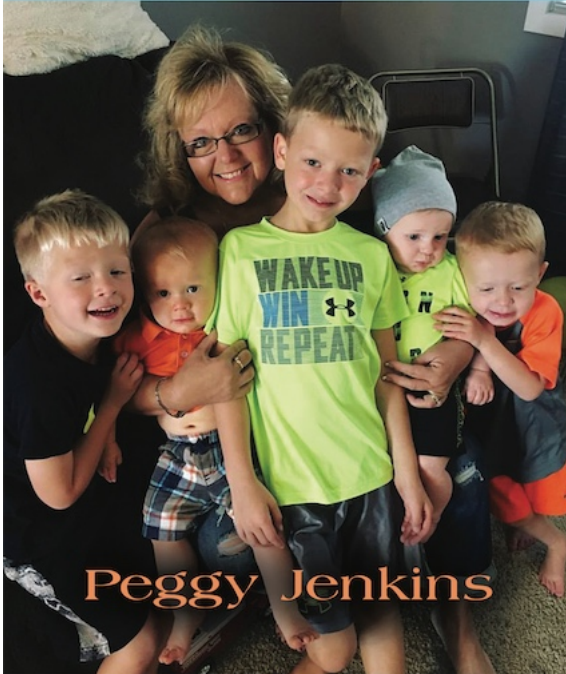


Always Good Enough



As a nurse, I was sympathetic to the victim of rape or incest. My sister said that our mother had been raped. I was Pro-life with exceptions for rape and incest.....until I met myself. Generational Strongholds are real but God can set you free. I know now that I am ALWAYS GOOD ENOUGH!

Always Good Enough

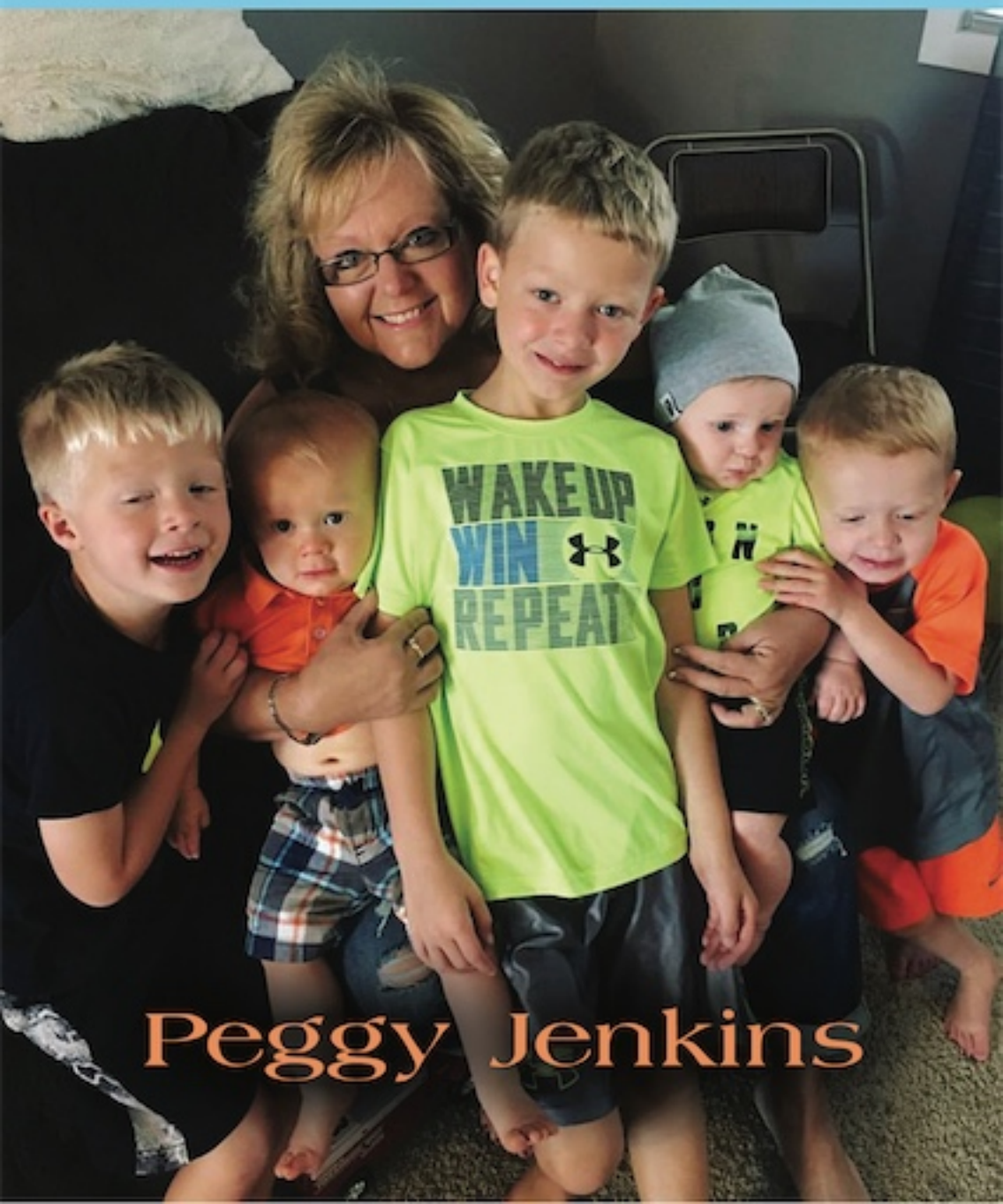
by Peggy Jenkins

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Always Good Enough



Peggy Jenkins

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ISBN: 978-1-64438-524-1

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Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2019

First Edition

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Chapter 7

The Awakening

As I said previously, I was introduced at the 2013 banquet for the Pregnancy Center. I told the audience what I thought was my story. I explained that I was adopted through Bethany Services by Godly parents, and delighted everyone with the story of my ninety-two-year-old mom's response when I told her I had accepted the position as the executive director. Mom's reply was, "Oh honey, you will do great at that job—you have always been good at asking for money." That always receives a good laugh—thanks, Mom! I thought that would be my story—about the beauty of adoption. Well let me tell you, just when we think we know everything, God shows us something else.

I continued my journey as the director, and I am thrilled to say that over the course of the summer, we had two young women who were abortion-minded change their minds after seeing the ultrasound. Let me remind you that ninety percent of women who see their babies on the ultrasound choose life! That is why it is so important to support this type of ministry—so that we continue to have those kinds of odds on our side!

I continued in my new role and kept hearing this little voice saying *this isn't the end of your story*. I attended the Council of Social Agencies, and would sit down, and someone from Bethany would sit either next to me or in the vicinity of where I was sitting—coincidence? I don't think so. One day, I got the courage to ask one of them for a business card. I then emailed her and asked what the process would be if someone possibly wanted to look up facts surrounding an adoption. The worker then told me that in the state of Illinois, there was paperwork to fill out, and then the adoptee could send that in and unseal the original birth certificate. So, that is what I did.

I told no one except my husband, and at my first Walk for Life in 2014 as the executive director, I also told Joan Vanderbleek, the wife of

the then-Board president, Luke Vanderbleek. Joan was actually the first one outside my family who knew of my plans. My children didn't even know, but my son, David, found out on the day of the Walk for Life in April 2014. We were walking with Joan, and I told her that I recently had sent a letter to the state of Illinois to unseal my original birth certificate. She was so supportive, and at that moment, none of us knew how that information would change my life forever. I thought I might have a chance to thank my birth mother for giving me life! Little did I know that it would add over 25 people to my family! I told Joan and Luke that day, and said to them that I would keep them posted as I found any information.

I remember the day I received an envelope from the state of Illinois. I sat there alone in my house, and with shaking hands, I opened it. My mom had always said the Bethany caseworker stated that my birth mother was too young, and that was why she couldn't raise me. So, imagine my surprise to see that not only was my birth mother twenty-eight years old and married, but that I had five siblings. I was really bewildered.

After searching, I learned that my birth mother had died the day after 9/11 in 2001. The *Peoria Journal Star* sent me a copy of the obit. It was there I learned the names of my siblings. One of my biggest sorrows is that I can't thank her for choosing life face-to-face on Earth. I know that I will someday stand with my parents as we thank my birth mother for her selfless choice, even though it will be on the other side of eternity.

So, the search was on—none of my birth siblings are techy, so I couldn't start on Facebook, because most of them had never heard of it! I found out I had three siblings in Illinois and two in Kansas. I started with the brother in Wyoming, Illinois, because he was closer than the others. His name is Wayne. One particular afternoon, I called my husband and said, "Do you want to go for a ride?" He knows me too well, and said, "Don't you think you should call first?" I said, "No, so let's go before I change my mind." So, over to Wyoming, Illinois, we went.

Now, most of you know small towns. The first guy I pulled up to and asked where Ewing Heating and Air was, he looked at us and said, "Why

do you ask?” I stated that I needed to talk to Wayne. He continued to press me until finally I snapped and said, “Because he might be my brother”- that shut him up! He just stood with a shocked look on his face and directed us to Wayne’s house. You have to love small towns! The other thing was the one person I stopped in the town happened to work at Ewing Heating and Air - coincidence? I don’t think so!

So, I got to his house out in the country and knocked on the door. Mary (Wayne’s wife) answered the door and I asked if Wayne was home. She said, “No, who are you?” So, I blurted out that I thought I was his sister, and handed her my birth certificate. I asked if his mother was Janet Mae Ewing. Mary was staring in disbelief and said, “There were no kids after George.” To which I replied, “I beg to differ.” Wayne was at work, and I had to get back for a board meeting, so I gave her my card and asked her to have Wayne call me. I look back at what I did to my poor sister-in-law and thank God she has a sense of humor! That was on May 8, 2014.

I waited in anticipation for a phone call. All the while, Satan used this against me, saying, “They don’t want you - that is why they gave you up. You should have left them alone.” I remember my husband just holding me the following night as we laid in bed, trying to comfort me with yet another feeling of rejection—first from my birth mother, then from my siblings. I thought to myself, *This is what I get for meddling when I was blessed with wonderful Godly parents and my brother, Keith. I should have not opened this can of worms...it is just too painful.* My husband tried desperately to console me, saying that he was sure they would respond. And they did, the next day.

On May 10, 2014 - my birthday - my brother Wayne called. We talked, and he said he didn’t know about me. We decided we would set a time when all the siblings could meet. Before we hung up, he said, “Happy birthday, Sis - I love you.” I remember being overwhelmed by emotion as I said I loved him too. I went home to tell my husband and was sobbing at the level of emotion I was feeling. Wayne shared with me that he was at the golf course (imagine that), and as he sat in his car sobbing after we had hung up. He also was overwhelmed with emotion,

so much so that a fellow golfer knocked on his car window asking if he was okay. In our hearts, we knew that our lives had changed forever, and God's plan was unfolding. Our son David had been extremely happy, because he found someone in the family who loved golf as much as he did!

The next day, I was getting ready for church when I got another phone call. One of those surreal moments... I HAD A SISTER (see picture at end of chapter). Yvonne called me and we talked and talked, mostly about plotting against our brothers for how they tortured what they thought was their only sister. Boy, were they in trouble—we had a lot of catching up to do! We then decided to meet at Wayne and Mary's, and I was able to meet three of my siblings. Later, after a trip to Kansas, I met the other sibling. Last but certainly not least, I met my oldest brother and that was one of the most surreal moments that I had. I needed my oldest brother at a level I did not understand at the time. I suppose because he was the missing piece and I then felt complete. But more on that later – I am so thrilled to have them all included in my life and to be entwined with my family as well is something that is so overwhelming that it is hard to describe.

Yvonne then shared with me some of our mother's story. You see, our mother left my brothers and sister with our grandparents. She was suffering from postpartum depression, from what I could gather. My father (or so I thought) then walked away as well, and our grandparents raised four of the siblings. The youngest, George, went to live with an Aunt Phyllis and Uncle Dave. What we believe to have happened next is that our parents were together one last time (possibly) and that is where I came into the picture—or so we thought. My mother and her sister Dottie were at Moline Public Hospital the day I was delivered. I was whisked off to the Bethany Workers, who were waiting for me as my birth parents had made an adoption plan. As I indicated before, I went to a foster family until I was regulated with my formula, and I have included that family's sweet sentiments about me in the letter she wrote my parents when they were able to take me home as a tiny baby.

My mother has been with me on this journey with me. Pictured first at end of chapter is my mom and our family at her 94th Birthday at her home church where I grew up, Ebenezer Reformed Church. I remember when I gave birth to my first child, David, I was kind of mad and asked my mom how anyone could give up their child. She looked at me and said, “Honey, they loved you enough to give you a better life.” That, my friends, is a huge sacrifice - my hope and prayer is that my birthparents found peace about their decisions when it came to my siblings and me, and that they knew Jesus as their Lord and Savior.

You see, today I stand here humbled by God’s Grace. I am here to tell you that only a God as big as our God could know that over the course of that year, my life would change so drastically. Think about it—that night at the 2014 banquet, (pictured second at end of chapter) I sat there with my family - my husband Kevin, my mom, my daughter Kendra, my son David and his wife Erin, my brother Wayne and his wife Mary, my brothers George and Roy, and my sister Yvonne. My brothers Keith and Everett could not be there that night.

How amazing is our God? He takes the broken things in our lives and makes them whole. I am now beginning the journey to be whole again. This is a story of the beauty of adoption, and the grace he surrounds us with as he writes our story. So, please continue to work through your local Pregnancy Centers knowing that God commands us to take care of those who do not have a voice! You can bet that you will have an impact on God’s Kingdom. Whether these moms choose to parent or to make an adoption plan, we need to surround them with the support they need and be intentional about it. It is what God calls us to do! God makes sure we never walk alone, even as tiny babies! Throughout this book you will see pictures and glimpses of my family, both birth and adopted - we are all one big family now! I want to assure my brother George that I did not include the picture of you as a small child dressed up as a girl because Yvonne wanted someone to play with - not because I am being a nice sister, but because I couldn’t find it.

As you look at the pictures in this book, I want you to realize that many of those precious smiling faces, including my children and

grandchildren, would have ceased to exist if our birth mother had not chosen life! (See third picture at end of chapter - Kendra's shower 2015). Now stop and think a minute In this picture if our mom had chosen abortion, out of the 14 people in this pic, 10 would be missing! We have to stop this, the killing of innocent lives by abortion is murder! Do you ever wonder why the murder of a pregnant woman is considered a double homicide, but it is okay to kill the child? It's crazy! When we look at the 57 million babies lost since *Roe vs. Wade*, the enormity of the problem is overwhelming. But I am here to tell you that we serve a BIG God! Look at what he did for us to show the beauty of adoption. Last picture at end of chapter is my sissey and me!

There are so many different stories I have come across. Nancy Lincoln, current director at the Pregnancy Center, has a story of her own crisis pregnancy ending in abortion. God took her trial and turned it into her testimony, so she can help young women facing this life-altering choice. She shares with them the pain she endured as she believed Planned Parenthood & the lies of the enemy! Thank God they are being exposed and their empire is crumbling at the hands of our loving Savior!

Then Nancy's daughter, Katie, who had an unplanned pregnancy during high school, chose life because of her mom's story. Katie's story ended up in a loving open adoption story. It isn't by chance that we all worked together. It isn't by chance that I found my birth siblings—it is the beauty of the God we serve. Please again enjoy the pictures, and remember that over seventy-five percent of the people in them are here because our mothers chose life! As you see pictures of my family, both birth and adopted, take a moment to think about my story. Through all this, God is truly the author. I am in awe of the incredible blessings I have and continue to enjoy - I am humbled by God's Grace. Please help the Pregnancy Centers in your states, so they can continue to be a voice for the voiceless. Collectively, we need to stand together as Christians against abortion clinics like Planned Parenthood. We need to tear apart the lies of the enemy and lift the veil of darkness from these vulnerable young women's eyes. This way, they will see the truth of God's plan for their baby. With God, all things are possible, and I have read the end of the book (the Bible). Satan - you lose!

Always Good Enough



Mom's 94th birthday celebration with our families at Ebenezer



Banquet 2014 when my many of my birth family present



Kendra's bridal shower with many of my birth family there



First ever sister's trip to Florida Keys in 2018

Chapter 8

Siblings Siblings Everywhere

Through all of this, I was continuing to get to know my siblings—except for Everett - but we serve a mighty God and that also happened in his perfect timing.

As stated before, I ran into Marie Sturtz at a Bible study at Church of the Open Door. We had worked together at Visiting Nurses, and I had not seen her for years! She came up to me and shared that she was involved in a ministry called Wellsprings, and God was telling her I needed to go there. I thought, *Well, that makes sense - as I get to know my birth family, there is a lot of healing that needs to be done!* I came to understand through Wellsprings about being born into generational strongholds and why I had this intense need to be at the top of my game. I am so darn competitive! Through sessions at Wellsprings, I found out that during my birth mother's pregnancy, her mother (Grandma Poff) was cursing me while my mother was pregnant with me. This became a theme throughout my life - you see, I worked so hard at being number one, it was an insatiable need that I had in order to combat the feeling of being unwanted and abandoned. I would try so hard to succeed that I began to have a rebellious and manipulative spirit (later learning that it is called a Jezebel spirit). I pushed my children and husband to excel at whatever they did. I would not allow anyone to look down at my family as I did not want them to experience feelings of not being good enough.

I later went back to my family and apologized for being so pushy. I was held captive by the feelings of not being good enough, as the enemy used the generational stronghold to wreak havoc on my emotions. I was so bound by this stronghold that I couldn't see what was so plainly in front of me. I was a child of the most high! God brought my husband and me to this ministry so we would not live under that bondage anymore! It had plagued us for decades, but God set us free! I am eternally grateful to Wellsprings and the way God used it to set us free from the

generational bondage of our past. It was the start of my husband and I beginning our journey to live the life that God had destined for us!

As I got to know my siblings, I found out each one of us had a story. Through finding my birth family, my brother Keith shared with me that he had reached out and found a sister, Linda. His story did not have the happy ending that mine did. He met his biological dad and found out he had twin sisters. Only one of them (Linda) was still living. The other sister had been married and had a little girl, and they all lived in Las Vegas. One day, a drunk driver crossed the center line and hit them head on killing them all instantly. From what we were told, there was a large sum of money paid to the surviving family from the drunk driver's insurance, which the father claimed. The dad told Linda that he wishes it was her who had been killed and not the other sister - who does that? That explains why Linda feels so hurt and rejected.

Keith reached out to her, and my mom and I (see first picture at end of chapter) were able to meet her, which was great, but there was a lot of pain in Linda's life. My hope and prayer for her is that she knows she has a Heavenly Father who loves her, and that she can find peace with the sins of her earthly father. He also said to Keith, "Oh, I suppose you are showing up because you heard there was money." To which my brother replied, "No, I don't want your money." Keith hasn't spoken to him since, and we realize now how much our parents saved us from. My brother won an award from the State of Illinois association as he was name umpire of the year for baseball. (see last picture at end of chapter). We were so proud of him and a lot of my family came to show support! Even Wayne and Mary and their son Kenny and his family! We are forever grateful to our Heavenly Father that he chose Edward and Johanna Medema as our parents! Also my siblings love Keith just like I love Linda, his sister!

So, as I was going through 2014 getting to know my birth family, I found a lot of things out. First of all, my oldest sibling, Everett Ewing, did not want to meet me at first. I could see the pain in his eyes in the pictures. He married Cheryl and they have two children, Jerod and Courtney, who are both married, and now Everett and Cheryl have three

grandbabies. I have only met Everett one time, at my brother George's, for his son Weston's high school graduation party. Yvonne explained to me that he doesn't want a relationship with me as "that part" of his life is over, and he chose to bury that part of his life since it caused him so much pain. Of course, the enemy used that to stir up the feelings of not fitting in once again, but I just gave it to Jesus. I just pray God gives him the healing he needs to realize that God is the author and creator of life. I want him to know that God loves each and every one of us! Even though our earthly parents weren't there for us, our Heavenly Father was! I will continue to pray that my brother Everett can let go of past hurts so he can see what God has in store for him!

My sister retired from Walmart after thirty-seven years, and her daughters and I threw what was to be a surprise party. My brother Everett and his beautiful wife, Cheryl, came down and it was a time of reconciliation and renewal. I love my oldest brother - he is so much like my husband. My husband and Everett were like two peas in a pod, and he was also able to meet my mom, who gave him a big kiss (my mother is ninety-six and knows no boundaries). Everett and I were able to talk and are excited about what our future holds.

In the end, he sent me a text explaining that he never intended to hurt me, but that this part of his life was so painful, he chose to bury it a long time ago. He told me he loved me and is looking forward to meeting my children and grandchildren. He also said that he was sorry because he wasn't good with words, but Everett, my dear brother, the words you spoke to me will be etched in my heart forever. I wanted to know my entire birth family, and you were the missing piece. I now feel whole again, and for that, Everett, I am eternally grateful.

I am looking forward to meeting his children, Courtney and Jerod, and their families. I know that God has a plan and purpose, and I believe now, as Everett shared some health concerns in his life, that I know the purpose - but more on that later. I am just so extremely happy that my "oldest" brother (Yvonne told me to say that Everett because your little sis would never call you old....) Everett, is part of my life now - you were the missing piece of my heart.

Now, my brother Wayne said that when he met and eventually married his wife, Mary, it literally saved his life. He had been involved in drugs, and was getting in trouble a lot after their Grandma Ewing died because Grandpa Ewing didn't really care what was happening to the kids, as long as they did what he wanted them to do. They were all made to feel like they owed him. He was a Godless, bitter man and I pray that God had mercy on his soul for the abuse that was the torment and unimaginable way of life for my poor siblings. They were innocent children whose only issue was being born to a mother who had no means of caring for them and a father who chose not to.

Wayne and Mary have two children, Kenny and Amanda. Kenny and his beautiful wife, Katie, have three adorable children, Maddie, Jack, and Lily. Amanda and her handsome husband, Matthew Goetz, have three adorable children, Hadley, Lincoln, and Greyson, and they reside in New York. The one thing their grandfather did not take away from my siblings is being the parent that God would want us to be. We all love our children with a fierceness that would only come from the emotional trauma each of us endured in very different ways. We serve a BIG GOD, and he was beginning to put the pieces back together so we could all start the healing process.

My brother Roy was married and had two children - a son, Chance, and a daughter, Lola. Unfortunately, he does not see his kids even though his child support is all paid—they choose not to have him in their life. It is a decision I pray changes, as it will be one that they'll live to regret. Roy still harbors a lot of resentment toward the past, but I know down deep he is just like the rest of us—he just needs to know that he is loved. Yvonne and I make sure he knows we all love him and cherish every minute with him—well, most of the time.

Going through all of this has made me aware of one uniting factor in all of us: the feeling of rejection can scar people for life. The only way to have freedom from it is to get to the root of the problem. For most of us, that is just too painful. But with God's help, we can get through it and change it so it does not continue as a stronghold in our families. My

prayer for all my siblings is just that, because the freedom that comes from that realization and the breaking off of that is life-changing!

George Rosenbaum is the sibling born right before me. I was born on May 10, 1961, and George was October 10, 1959. We had an instant bond, as he was also not with the other siblings. One of the aunts (Phyllis) and her husband raised George as their son. He said on Sundays, he would go play with his cousins—who were actually his siblings - on the farm, and he wondered why he was the only one his grandparents didn't want. He always felt also that at times his dad, who was raising him, was always a little harder on him than his siblings. He loved his upbringing and always told me, "Peggy - we were the lucky ones." I believe he is right!

Now, George is married to Kathleen and has three gorgeous kids, Weston and Zac who are in college and Olivia, who is a senior in high school. They are wonderful kids, and my brother George is very grateful for the upbringing he had. He said that he and his dad had a few things that needed to be resolved, but he forgave his dad and they had a great relationship after that. His dad passed in 2018, and George was very thankful that he grew up knowing a loving mother, Phyllis, whom he cherished with all his heart. She, unfortunately, died many years before, due to a complication of surgery. But a resounding theme I heard about Phyllis was that she was a great person, and a very loving and proud mom of her son George. It goes to show what love can do for a child when you look at the differences between George's and my upbringing compared to our poor siblings'. My heart breaks for them! Pictured second after this chapter is George, me, Yvonne, Wayne and Roy, we are missing Everett and Keith.



Mom, Keith's sister Linda and Keith



George, me, Yvonne, Wayne & Roy
at Kendra's wedding

Always Good Enough



Keith & mom when he received Umpire
of the Year for State of Illinois

Chapter 9

Sister + Sister = Love

Yvonne, my sister, was the one who had it very hard. She said she remembers Grandma showing her how to cook, clean, and do all the stuff a woman has to do around the house. She also remembers going to church with Grandma. She loved to play the piano at the church they went to in Bradford, Illinois. Yvonne's memory is full of blank spots, and she can't remember clearly many things. Often this happens when someone endures the abuse she lived through.

She said for some reason her grandparents would let her spend time with the Poff side of the family, which is our birth mother's maiden name. She loved going there—they always had a doll for her. She also remembers Grandpa Poff bringing bikes he would fix up over to the Ewing family farm and give them to Grandpa Ewing for the boys. She remembered that the visits were very infrequent, but when she did get to go, she would never see our mother. She grew up knowing that if she asked her grandparents about our mother, a beating would follow. The beatings were frequent for all of them, as her grandfather ruled his home with terror. If you did not do exactly what they would say, a beating would ensue.

Things went on at home with the usual feelings of not fitting in, especially at Parent's Day. My siblings would all sit alone because the grandparents would not have such time for this nonsense. Yvonne did say that Grandma Ewing would occasionally come to sporting events. Apparently, Everett and Yvonne excelled in sports, and Roy did well in track. Wayne said Everett was so good, he ruined it for the rest of them because they couldn't attain that level of athletic ability. I think that Wayne was just too busy partying with my brother Roy to be interested in sports. My sister shared with me that she had endured a lot, I can't fathom that level of dysfunction. It breaks my heart. When she was

thirteen years old, their grandmother died. She said during this time in her life, was probably that darkest that she had ever faced.

Yvonne, at that young age, was expected to now care for her brothers and grandfather. She told me she would get up at 4:00 a.m. to gather eggs and do all the household chores including cooking, dishes, cleaning, and laundry. She did this along with trying to seem normal and go to school—she did excel at sports, as did brother Everett, but her grandfather never went to the games. Yvonne kept being the “mother” to her younger siblings, and often wondered about her own mother. She never felt like she fit in because she was different—she didn’t have “parents” like normal kids had. She had grandparents who made her feel like she was responsible for what happened.

She often felt like running away, but knew that her grandfather would just come after her. If went from bad to worse...because shortly after their grandmother died, the grandfather started his sexual abuse. Yvonne’s screams fell on deaf ears, as she believes the boys would just ignore her cries for help, because they were all terrified of this monster. I guess everyone was, as she states that “they all knew.” May God be merciful to the adults in that family who knew, because on that day of judgement, the Bible clearly states what happens to people who “hurt my little ones.” When a child is being abused – the adults have a responsibility to report it. If this happened today, the response would have been swift to remove them from the abusive situation and charges would have followed.

Evil prevails due to people’s silence as well - especially when a child is being harmed. I feel the same way about abortions! We should never be silent as Christians because it goes against God’s word! Check out Matthew 18:6: “But who so shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.” Several family members said they knew after their mother died that they should have gotten Yvonne out of there, but they looked the other way. This seems absolutely insane to me - I don’t care how old these adults were, they have a responsibility to protect children! Yvonne shared with

me that when she found out they knew, she felt violated all over again. She often wondered was this the price she had to pay because her mother AND father walked away? She could never understand why no-one did anything!

One of Yvonne's aunts went to get her when her grandfather was on his death bed and asked her to come see him. She didn't want to but did so thinking maybe he would say he was sorry for what he had done. The only thing she remembers him saying is, "Don't tell." May God have mercy on his soul. The abuse had went on for several years before his death. She finally left home and went to find her father in Missouri. She married a man who was older than her, but he was a womanizer. She eventually became pregnant with their daughter, Tammy. Her husband kept cheating, so she left him one day so he could be with the "other woman." She went to find her dad and realized that she was truly on her own, as her one of her dad's many wives made sure Yvonne knew that they weren't forking out money or babysitting.

She went to work at a Walmart in Pittsburgh, Kansas - Sam Walton himself told her to stick with his company, and to buy stock options with every paycheck, and that she would never have to worry about it. He was right. She continued to work at Walmart, and met a man whom she thought was the love of her life. They had so much fun together—he was good to Tammy and she felt loved. Unfortunately, he had a secret life involving a fetish for drugs and not a great work ethic. My sister would come home to lights being turned off, as she would give him bill money to pay this or that and he wouldn't do it. She then became pregnant with her daughter Lacey (see first picture at end of chapter of my daughter and Lacey.) Unfortunately, because her second husband did not hold jobs long, she worked two jobs to put food on the table.

Eventually, he succumbed to the drug abuse and died at a very young age - way before his time. Yvonne stayed single for a long time, and met her third husband several years after the fact. She kept telling him that she would not marry him. He seemed like a great guy and had a couple young kids whose mother had also died. So, Yvonne felt sorry for the

kids and eventually conceded to marriage, as the only thing she ever wanted was stability. Maybe this time it would work!

Well, it didn't, and just before my sister and I were destined to meet, their marriage dissolved. He tried to clamp onto what she had worked so hard to build, her retirement. She gave him one of their houses and some land they had acquired together for him to sign off on the retirement she had, which was close to a half-million dollars. God bless you, Sam Walton, for giving my sister the advice and wisdom to live within her means and to save & invest wisely!

During one of Yvonne's and my conversations, she blurted out that Aunt Dottie (our mom's sister) told her that through one of Mom's stays at Bartonville State Hospital in Peoria, there were allegations that she had been raped by an orderly. My cousins, Dottie's daughters Cindy and Dawn, stated that they remembered hearing it as well. It happened probably after one of her many stays for postpartum depression, where she had electroconvulsive therapy after giving birth to George. *Wait a minute*, I thought to myself. *That could be how she was pregnant with me*. Yvonne sensed my pondering and said, "Well, this was never proven or even brought to the police, so it's probably not true. It doesn't matter - we still have the same mother, so there is no question you are our sister!" We ended the conversation with the usual "I love you" and ended the call.

I couldn't believe what I had heard. Was I a product of rape? Just recently, in 2018, we met up with some of our cousins on our mother's side, as I mentioned above, along with our mother's last living sibling, Uncle Russ (see second picture after chapter). They confirmed what I already knew: there indeed was an allegation of rape, and I was the product of said rape.

Well, there it was. There is a picture of this get-together along with a picture of Yvonne, me, and our oldest cousin, Christine Tarbuck, who lives in Tennessee (see third picture at end of chapter). She said the reason it was never completely investigated was because our mother was easily "talked into" things, and the Poff family decided that could be the case, and it dropped right there. I couldn't help but wonder what

happened to our mother in this horrible place (see last picture at end of chapter). Bartonville State Hospital was an awful place for those who were incurably insane, or didn't have any money or anyone to advocate for them. There is a picture of this place as well. Recently, I found out that even though this place closed in 1973, Illinois state archives have the records of patients over the past 110 years, so I will have to petition the court to see if I can get access to them.

I kept thinking about the situation and thought, *Dear God - I'm the product of a violent crime!* You know, at that moment, I realized I was on the fence about this issue - I used to say NO to abortion, but waived when it came to incest or rape. Not anymore! It's amazing how that whole process of thinking changes when the ball is in your court. I thought, *Are you kidding me, Lord—I'm a product of rape?* In the quietness of the living room that night, I clearly heard, "No, my daughter—you are a child of the HIGHEST—you are a child of a KING!"

That is right, people—I AM ROYALTY! We all are! It does not matter how I came into the world; what matters is that GOD IS THE AUTHOR OF EVERY STORY! He knows every hair on our heads! So, you see, we are all loved by a KING! GOD IS LOVE! I know God gave me this platform because it needs to be talked about, and God also gave me the unstoppable boldness to do so!



Lacey and Kendra – see any resemblance??



Uncle Russ Poff and several cousins on our birth mom's side

Always Good Enough

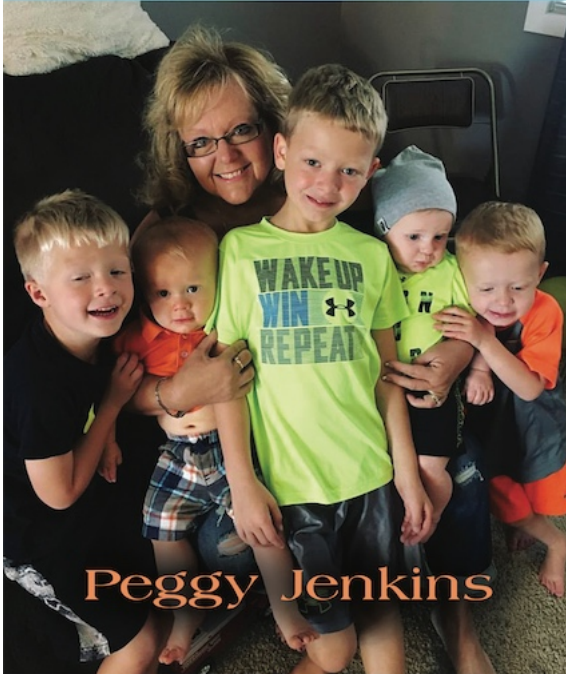


We stopped in Tennessee to see our cousin Christine



Bartonville State Hospital

Always Good Enough



As a nurse, I was sympathetic to the victim of rape or incest. My sister said that our mother had been raped. I was Pro-life with exceptions for rape and incest.....until I met myself. Generational Strongholds are real but God can set you free. I know now that I am ALWAYS GOOD ENOUGH!

Always Good Enough

by Peggy Jenkins

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