The Sculpture and the Number 13

A KING CHIMNEY SUPPLEMENTAL STORY



As Told by Marcel Newberg

A story of inheritance, migration, faith and divine protection

A REMARKABLE CONNECTION

The Number 13



The original ceramic sculpture inside Angel de Dios’s workshop.

The story began on a beach in Ecuador, where I met an artist named Angel de Dios. What first appeared to be a chance meeting soon revealed a remarkable connection involving a family tradition, a sculpture of Jesus and the number 13.

“Some encounters seem accidental only until their meaning is revealed.”

FROM VENEZUELA TO ECUADOR

A Father’s Legacy



Angel de Dios, the artist who continued his father’s work.



The plain ceramic sculpture before its dark finishing treatment.

Angel came from a family tradition of sculpture-making. His father, Juan de Dios, made and sold sculptures in Venezuela. Thirteen years ago, Juan created the original mold for this image of Jesus. When Angel left Venezuela and migrated to Ecuador, his father entrusted that mold to him.

Angel carried more than a physical form across the border. He carried his father’s craft, his knowledge and the responsibility to continue the work in a new country.

A JOURNEY OFF THE MAIN ROAD

The Workshop



The road leading toward the remote workshop.



The modest workshop where Angel creates his sculptures.

After meeting Angel on the beach, where he was selling sculptures of marine life and ocean animals, I visited his workshop in a remote area. There, among the tools, molds and unfinished pieces, I came upon the ceramic sculpture of Jesus.

As Angel explained its history, I learned that the mold had been created and passed from father to son 13 years earlier. I was stunned by the connection. I made a donation in exchange for the sculpture, knowing that it carried a story far greater than its material form.

FROM PLAIN CERAMIC TO CARBONITE

The Transformation



Angel applying and shaping the dark coating by hand.



A close view of the sculpture while the coating was still wet.

The sculpture was originally plain ceramic. Angel then spent additional time applying and shaping a dark carbonite-style material over its surface. The treatment deepened every line of the face, hair and Sacred Heart, transforming the pale ceramic into the dark figure that would later become central to an unforgettable night.

The photographs and videos preserve the stages of that transformation: the original form, the wet coating, the careful handwork and the completed sculpture.

THE NIGHT IT WAS COLLECTED

An Unexpected Passenger



The completed dark sculpture collected that night.

One night, Angel called to tell me that the sculpture was ready. I collected it and, on my way home, stopped at a friend’s house. As I pulled up, a man I had never met walked through the front gate, opened my vehicle’s door and sat down. He smelled strongly of alcohol and asked me to drive him home.

His destination was only a few blocks away. Because he had come from my friend’s house, I agreed. During the drive, we began speaking about God. My telephone kept ringing with calls from the house, but I ignored them and continued our conversation.

A PERSONAL TESTIMONY

The Moment Everything Changed

I reached into the back of my vehicle, took the sculpture I had just collected and placed it in the man’s hands. I knew that he was struggling with alcohol, and I hoped that perhaps this could be the night he changed his life.



The man holding the sculpture that night. His face has been obscured for privacy.

He held the sculpture and stared deeply into it. Then he began making confessions. He told me that he had intended to kill me and that, shortly before entering my vehicle, he had attempted to kill my friends at their house.

This man was a complete stranger.

I believe that God saved my life that night—and changed my life forever.

13

The number that remained at the center of the story.

WHAT I LEARNED AFTERWARD

The Return to the House



After dropping the man off at his house, I returned to my friend’s home. Everyone was in shock when they saw me. They could not believe that I had allowed the man to enter my vehicle—or that I had returned safely.

They told me that, immediately before I arrived, the man had attempted to kill them and that they had been struggling with him while knives were involved. When my vehicle pulled up, he broke away, fled from the house, came through the gate and entered my vehicle.

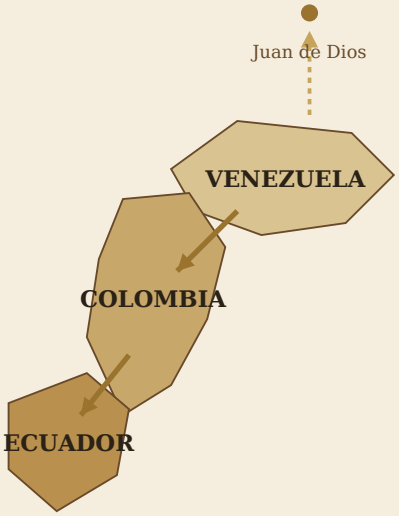
The telephone calls I ignored during the ride had been attempts to warn me.

Only when I returned did I fully understand the danger I had escaped.

A continuation of Marcel Newberg’s personal recollection and testimony

THE DOCUMENTED RECORD

Father. Son. Sculpture. Faith.



Angel de Dios’s journey south

Angel de Dios’s migration: Venezuela → Colombia → Ecuador. The upward path symbolically honors Juan de Dios.



The completed sculpture, preserved in Marcel Newberg’s archive.

The accompanying photographs and videos document the road to the workshop, Angel de Dios, the original ceramic form, the application of the coating and the completed sculpture. Together they preserve a family tradition that began with Juan de Dios in Venezuela and continued through his son in Ecuador.

Story as told by: Marcel Newberg
Sculptor: Angel de Dios
Original mold created by: Juan de Dios, Venezuela
Archive: Photographs and videos supplied from Marcel Newberg’s personal collection

The events described in this supplement are presented as Marcel Newberg’s personal recollection and testimony.