

Introduction

My name is Jack And I'm a pro-life person that is active in Life-Chain and attempt to collect funds to help support Options Pregnancy Clinic. I use Social media to promote the saving of in utero children (In **utero** is a Latin term literally meaning "in **the womb**". In biology, the phrase describes the state of an embryo or fetus. In legal contexts, the phrase is used to refer to unborn **children**.).

People say we can see that you have strong views about life. Why is it so important to you?

As a young boy I remember my mom talking about a night when she and her friend Barbara had been drinking, (read drunk) were both pregnant and decided that they would attempt aborting each other by placing a book on their womb and the other person would jump off a chair onto the book in an attempt to abort each other. I was one of the children and Barbara's child was named Geraldine.

Their attempt failed but after learning of their attempt, I took abortion very seriously and personally. When someone would exclaim that they thought that abortion was okay and they could see nothing wrong with it; I would ask them "Then you don't believe that I have a right to exist?" they looked at me as if I didn't understand and say that's not what they meant. (They would never take it personally, like they could be the aborted one, but that, it was "**that**" child, that baby, that fetus, - Not me- "**they**" that it is ok to end that life.) I would say to them: "That is exactly what you mean. Then, of course they looked at me like I had a psychological problem. They could not understand that it was about their life- their existence- their right to live and move and have the being that God had ordained for them.

Many years later, approx. 1975 involved in drugs and alcohol, I was lost in the world. I had been listening to so many people that said it was the woman's right to choose whether she kept or terminated the child she carried.

I was on the fence, leaning more towards the world's view than God's.

The Body

In 1978, clean, sober and trying to do the right thing in the world:

I lived in a small house in Denver with one of my closest friends Steve and his girlfriend Jodi.

I worked for a company named Petroleum Information Corporation in the bindery as a collator operator. (a machine that gathers a bunch of pages together.)

Jodi's friend Lori came visiting and in the course of time I was very attracted to her sexually and did everything in my power to have sex with her. I knew that it would be wrong and that was part of my ramped up desire for her. (I was 28, she was 19.) Through my continual urging we had sex. She left and hadn't returned in sometime.

Sometime in the future one day Steve and Jodi dropped me off at work.

I began my routine day of collating a daily newspaper on oil well information.

Not very long after I began I had this terrible feeling, a heaviness came over me an anxiousness and uneasiness that I had never felt before. The oppressiveness was overwhelming and it was hard to continue to perform my duties but all I could do was throw myself into doing my job.

Feelings of dread like something terrible was going to happen. I began to pray and ask the Lord. What is it Lord? I was sweating and my heart was beating fast.

Finally it was ten a.m. and time for break. I hit the stop button on the machine and quickly left the building and started walking and praying. Seeking an answer and the reason for this dreadful thing that had so suddenly overwhelmed my very existence.

I walked as fast as I could for the full fifteen minutes of my break and entered the building again and hit the start button on my machine and continued my job. Still praying and asking the Lord if there was anything I could do.

I got nothing and for the next two hours it continued and impossibly all the feelings even got stronger.

Twelve noon and I hit the stop button on the machine and once again I hit the door walking in downtown Denver at noon rush. People all around each going their own way with their own thoughts and missions, not seeming to be affected by this overwhelming oppression. It was just me. Walking and praying, feeling that something devastating was about to happen and not knowing what it was. I thought that a world calamity was happening or was about to happen. Something so devastating things would never be the same.

I walked for a solid thirty minutes and entered the building exactly at twelve-thirty. Hit the start button and impossible as it seemed the intensity of the feelings were magnified and dread was all encompassing.

Honestly I thought that something like what's spoken in Zephaniah 1:14-18 was coming to pass.

“That terrible day of the Lord is near. Swiftly it comes- A day of bitter tears, A day when even strong men will cry out. ¹⁵ It will be a day when the Lord's anger is poured out- a day of terrible distress and anguish, a day of ruin and desolation, a day of darkness and gloom, a day of clouds and blackness. ¹⁶A day of trumpet calls and battle cries. Down go the walled cities and the strongest battlements! ¹⁷Because you have sinned against the Lord, I will make you grope around like the blind. Your blood will be poured into the dust, and your bodies will lie rotting on the ground. ¹⁸Your silver and gold will not save you on that day of the Lord's anger. For the whole land will be devoured by the fire of His jealousy. He will make a terrifying end to all the peoples of the earth.”

This is exactly what it felt like.

This continued- with me furiously working like it was the only thing in the world.

Finally Two-thirty in the afternoon. I stopped the machine and hit the streets with tears in my eyes and feeling the terrible dread of what was coming to pass. Two-forty-five, back at the machine thinking, I don't think I can live if this continues.

Then as suddenly as all of this began- It stopped. My whole being seemed empty. The quiet of the ending of turmoil was my whole existence.

When suddenly I felt someone touch me-and I heard- felt the being say
“Goodbye-I Love You. And nothing.

I was totally exhausted- sweat was pouring off me. I had tears in my eyes as I knew that someone that I knew had died. I praying and asking: Who is it Lord? Who died?

I continued to work, waiting for the call that I knew was coming to inform me that my family member had passed away.

No cell phones, no texting, no communication.

Finally the clock clicked and it was time to quit. I punched out and went out to wait for Steve to pick me up from work. He drove up and I got in. Steve asked: how was your day? I said “I don’t know man, somebody died today. And I don’t know who it was but I’m pretty sure it was a relative.”

I told Steve and Jodi everything that happened!

So, no phone call. Checking with my family nobody died. My prayers went without response. Nothing on the news, nothing in the paper. Life went on and it slowly ebbed into the background, because no immediacy, no strong feelings, nothing it seemed happened.

Then about two weeks or so went by and Jodi and I were talking and Jodi said: (paraphrase) Jack do you remember that day that we picked you up from work and you told us about your day? Well I was talking to Lori and she told me that she had an abortion. I asked her about it and you were the only person she had been with and it was the day you told us about. She went in about when you said that started and it was done about two-forty-five.

I was overwhelmed with the information. I didn’t even know that Lori was pregnant. She had never said anything and we hadn’t seen each other or talked since that day. Jodi said that Lori told her that she was enlisting in the service for a career and she wasn’t willing to change her plans, so she had an abortion.

The Analysis

So I was hit in the face with this whole new reality.

1. Had sex one time with a girl that I barely knew.
2. She became pregnant
3. She made a unilateral decision to abort the baby, made an appointment and had an abortion.
4. This baby- my baby- knew me.
5. This baby- my baby- was able to share with me all feelings that were happening, and I was feeling them firsthand.
6. Distance didn't matter, it didn't even matter that I didn't know about the baby.
7. The baby was able to communicate with me.
8. The baby knew that it's life was in jeopardy.
9. The baby knew that it was dying
10. The baby knew that it loved me! Me!
11. The baby knew what it meant and was able to say goodbye to me.
12. God had given me the opportunity to know and feel what the baby feels before being aborted all through the process, even up to and including it's last moments of life.

I called Lori after I found out about the abortion and asked how she was. I was so upset about her decision that I couldn't even speak, so I said goodbye and we haven't spoken since.

At that time I could only blame her. She had never even told me. I never had a choice in the life of the baby. I was very hurt, angry and resentful. Totally discounting my role, my selfishness and greed, my decisions and my sins that were inherent in this action, this result, this death.

With this new understanding of abortion through the feelings of the baby and the knowledge of the awareness of the baby, my life was changed, My heart was changed.

Time passed and I made up flyers protesting abortion, driving around downtown Denver putting them up wherever I could. It said:

ABORTION: THE TYRANT CLAIMS FREEDOM TO KILL FREEDOM AND YET KEEP IT FOR HIMSELF.

This was before Life-Chain, The Call or many of the groups that promote life. Anti-abortion social activism hadn't been mainstreamed yet but I wanted to get the word out.

I was surprised at how many people in the 80's had already decided that abortion was okay. 1.5 million babies lives were terminated in the United States. Approximately 60 Million abortions have been performed in the US. since it became legal in 1973.

Seven cities the size of New York City are the number of people that are not here in the US that should be.

I can't help but think of the loss of all those children as well as the one in a million children that grow up to be people that change everything by their inventions or discovery's. Think, Cancer, Alzheimer's, Transportation, Energy, Music, Art, Pastors, Teachers.

Gone, they are gone and any creativity they might have achieved is nonexistent.

The Statement

I want everyone to know that there were many things that happened before this event and many things that happened after, that show that I am still a man with a sinful nature. I am not setting myself up as an example of moral authority or the standard bearer to all goodness and righteousness. I am just telling the story about what I did, and what happened as a result, and what I learned through everything that transpired.

The Addendum

The part that nobody knows, that I have shared with no one is that during that sexual encounter I was glorying in the sinfulness of it. Glorying in the temptation and the excitement of knowing it was wrong and yet continuing and even glorying in the knowledge and greatness of my sin.

I liken it to Adam and Eve and the extreme enticement that that fruit had. The seemingly overwhelming obsession and desire. And since, I have come to the understanding that like David, the fruit, the child from that willful sin, (even though the child had no fault or responsibility. I was the one full of sin, even willful sin.) would not live. As one sin led to another, the young woman's decision to abort the child.

I believe that God showed me that the consequences of my willful sin was death, and wanted me to feel everything that my sin deserved; and I was tortured by the feelings of the aborted child as the result of my actions. And as the child's painful torture became too great to bear, it's final thoughts were only of love. Goodbye- I love you! At that moment I could feel that extreme love and how great it was, and so the loss I felt was greater, because now I knew the loss of that love.

The Case For Life

So why do I go through the time to tell you about this extremely personal and painful event that happened, that occurred in my life? I was given an opportunity to understand the all too real consequences of sin and what extreme damage that it causes and in a semi-first hand manner what it feels like from the perspective of the child, to be forcibly removed from the womb and killed.

I just want someone, anyone, everyone to think seriously not just how this abortion is going to affect me and my future, but to understand that you are killing love; the opportunity to have yourself bathed in that love.

Think with me for a moment:

That Love that was expressed and felt was not me, it was not Lori. Please realize that it was not us. It was a separate being and it Loved.

Lord I am so sorry for my willful sinfulness. I know I can't change it, but if anyone takes the time to read it, maybe it will change their decision, their outlook. **Amen**