

BABY K

They talked about me today. I was on the news, in the courtroom, in the conference room, on the doctors' minds. In fact, I was everywhere. My dad talked about me, but not my mom. Strangers talked about me, but not my mom. Let me introduce myself. I am, or was, Baby K. When my heavenly Father was selecting a person for this mission, he told us that it would be a very important mission. Now I know that there will never be another Jesus, but to do something important for our Father, God, is something we humans really want to do.

I was not an accident. God, the Father, and my earthly parents provided me a way to become a human. Then...well, that is my story.

You see, my mother was in an accident. For one awful moment, I thought that she had died, and thus would I. But she is a survivor, and still survives, although she does not know of the events that have been done to her...and me.

Somewhere along the way, someone decided that maybe she would survive better if I did not exist. This is where I became a household word, so to speak. My earthly father decided that, if my mother could not make any decisions for herself, then he had to do so. Actually, I think it was the idea of some doctor that my father should become her spokesperson.

They say my mother may, or may not, ever recover. I don't know. All that I know is that my heavenly Father sent me on a special mission. Was it supposed to turn out this way?

My mother was in an accident! I was not an accident! Is the light I see that of earth? Or am I.....Father!

The papers announced that an abortion was performed on my mother. I am no longer me. Was this the special mission that God, the Father, sent me on?

Blessed are the children
For they shall inherit
The earth

IRONY

A young woman trashes her newborn baby.
People condemn her
And call it MURDER.

A woman trashes her unborn baby
People applaud her
And call it ABORTION.

