

TROUBLED TIMES

I don't have a name, only a number on file. It says #1547. You can find my file in the "Doc's" "old records".

My story is not a very long one. My heavenly Father, God, caused my conception in the womb of my mother. The ways and purposes of our heavenly Father are not for us to understand.

It was a difficult time for my mother and father. Each day that confirmed my existence came as more and more of a burden to my mother. There were some problems that my mother experienced.

She was unhappy at the thought of my existence. This, together with a possible career and my family peers being much older than I am, some physical symptoms, and a general unwillingness of my parents to accept the burden of a new child in the family, caused my undoing.

This is where "Doc" enters the picture. Since the file says #1547, it is pretty safe to say that "Doc" has had experience with situations such as me before. Maybe even 1546 "mes"!! Probably for "Doc", I was a pretty cut-and-dried case. Those "scientific tests" all indicated that something was amiss in my makeup. No one consulted our heavenly Father, though. Since He does not make mistakes, those things that mankind, doctors included, believe are a mistake are there by his design. Thus was I.

Much to my surprise, my mother does not want me. My mere existence causes her much distress. Of course, I would be wanted by my father, so I lay snugly in her womb, knowing that someday I would hear the birds sing, and see the blue sky, and feel the wind on my skin. All this was in the promise my heavenly Father when he placed me in her womb.

What's this I hear? My very own mother complaining of my existence in her? And is that lower voice the one of my father? You know, I am not so sure of this arrangement. I seem to know the very thoughts of my mother. She seems to be so very unhappy at the tiniest thought of me. I do not understand this!

Oh, oh! There seems to be some sort of problem. My mother wants to see "Doc" today. He told her that I really did exist. She complained of some problems she seemed to be having. If she would only take a nap in the afternoons so we both could get a little more rest! She seems more interested in the "house" she and dad have than in taking good care of me. What are those pills she is taking!?! I do hope that they do not make her or me sick!

Dad is home. Hurray! How dare she complain of a backache while I lie on my head upside-down! What is this I hear? Did she really say that "Doc" said that maybe I was not OK? I did not hear him say that! He did say that if she and dad chose not to "have" me, that he was experienced and could take care of her, whatever that means.

Dad has a nice voice. It is so comforting to hear it after all the whining and complaining I hear mom do all day. I sure wish her thoughts over me would be happy ones. She is so angry with me,

and she doesn't even know me yet. I heard her in church telling someone that God works in such mysterious ways and how much she loves him.

Dad just said for her to do whatever "Doc" thinks is best for her. Wait, dad, don't you know that that is exactly what she has been trying to get you to say for the last hour? Dad, I want to know you. I want to hear the birds sing, see the blue sky, and feel the wind on my skin. Dad, what have you said? Do you know what you have done? Please, dad, don't agree with her. I don't feel comfortable with "Doc."

I sure wish he could hear me. If only I were a little older. Then, at least, I could kick her and let her and him know I am alive. What is this nonsense about my not being "right?" I am perfectly made, just as the heavenly Father wanted me to be, and He placed me in her womb to be nourished and to grow into a human being. I am alive and have a purpose in God's overall plan.

Did I hear my mother tell "Doc" to go ahead and make the arrangements needed to take care of me? I thought that was her job as long as I stayed in her womb. Next Tuesday? I don't even know what a Tuesday is. A hospital? Which one? It is too early to talk of hospitals! Help, Father!!

The preacher gave such a nice sermon. I really do not understand why all those babies cry in church. We are so close to our heavenly Father when we are there. I only wish my mother were happier. Her thoughts go from being upset over me to joy at the thought of Tuesday.

Last night, my mother and father had such an argument. I do wish I were old enough to kick because then I would have. She got sick later and said I was the cause. I didn't do it! She got sick from all the yelling and arguing. And why do they want to keep the rest of the family from knowing about "the baby?" They should be as excited as I am at meeting them when I leave my mother's womb. Why should no one know that I am here? Why does my mother hate me so? Why doesn't dad do something? He is to be like our heavenly Father, so why isn't he?

Today is Monday. My mother seems to be waiting on Tuesday. Why do her thoughts go from "yes, yes" to "no, no?" I think these thoughts are about me. She yelled at dad this morning and keeps telling the other children that she does not feel well. I am not making her sick!!

Tuesday, and mom got up in a cranky mood. Everything seems to be going wrong. Maybe we won't even see "Doc" today after all! Dad is helping mom into the car. He does not seem very happy.

This is a strange place. It even smells funny. Why is mom so slow at leaving dad? She told him that she was doing this for him. Doing what?

Mom is cold now. She has put on a hospital gown and is lying on a hard table. They don't call mom by the right name, but she seems to answer to the new name that they call her. Oh, oh, there is "Doc." What is he doing here? What funny clothes he has on, and he seems to know how mom feels. He patted her hand and told her that he had done this many times. "This?" What does he mean by such an expression? I wish dad was here, but he said he would be in the "waiting room,"

whatever that is.

“Doc” has left now. I am glad. One of those ladies in a green dress who doesn’t know mom’s name tells mom that many women have gone through “this” and that everything will be all right. She even brags on “Doc,” and how efficient he is, and that he has never lost a mom. Dear God, I’m scared!! What is this all about? Why do they keep poking my mother’s stomach? Don’t they know I am in here?

We are moving now. The little table that mom is on has wheels on it. We are in a different room now. Mom is breathing rapidly. I can hear her heart beating wildly inside her. She has moved from the rolling table to another one. They keep telling her that it will be “all over in a minute.” Mom’s hands are held down by some sort of straps.

“Doc” is here. He has on a funny mask over his mouth and nose, but I can still tell it is he. He is doing something with my mom’s legs. They seem to be held in the place where he puts each of them. Mom cries out a little. One of the ladies dressed in green clothes chides her.

“There,” says “Doc”. “All done, now. That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

My mom cries.

They put me into a plastic bag and into a dark container. The bag says #1547.

Copyright 1986, Penny S. Hession

Consider the following:

A priest Zechariah and his wife Elizabeth were old and had never been able to have any children. One day, an angel from God told him that Elizabeth would bear a son and that Zechariah was to name him John. John would be filled with the holy Spirit even from his mother’s womb and would turn many of the children of Israel to the Lord, their God. He was to be a prophet of the Most High and would prepare the way for the coming Messiah. Elizabeth conceived and went into seclusion for five months. Meanwhile, in Elizabeth’s sixth month, the angel Gabriel was sent from God to a young maiden named Mary, who was engaged but not yet married to a man named Joseph. Gabriel announced that she would conceive and bear a son, whom she was to name Jesus. He would be great and would be called Son of the Most High, whose kingdom would never end. The angel also told her about her cousin Elizabeth’s pregnancy.

Mary set out in haste to visit Elizabeth. When Elizabeth heard her greeting, the infant John leaped in her womb. Elizabeth, filled with the holy Spirit, cried, out, “How does it happen to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For at that moment the sound of your greeting reached my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy.” Even before his birth, Jesus is identified as Lord. At this point, John was six months old. Mary stayed with Elizabeth about three months until John was born. When she returned to Joseph, she was beginning to show.

When Elizabeth first recognized Jesus as the Lord, he was at the same point in his biological development as are the thousands of embryos that have been conceived by means of in vitro fertilization and are later destroyed because they are no longer wanted by their biological parents. It is the same point as those thousands of embryos whose death is now sought to provide stem cells for scientific research. It is the same point where thousands of women, many of them as young as Mary, decide that this “intrusive blob of tissue” is an inconvenience or a “problem.”

Those embryos that society today willingly destroys are no less fully human than Jesus was on the day that Mary visited Elizabeth! Where would we, and the world, be if Mary, ashamed to tell Joseph, or she and Joseph together, later decided to abort that embryo so no one would ever know?

Does God cry?

Patrick J. Hession