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Lutherans For Life

Jeremiah 1:5 says, "Before I formed you in the womb, I knew you; before you were born, I set you apart." The Bible has many passages depicting the importance of human life. This verse in particular proves that a fetus is indeed a living human being. That life can feel joy and sin. That human life is just as important as all of the world's lives in the eyes of God. God, in His omniscience, knows the plan He has made for every life even before the child was made. Abortion is not just some measly "procedure", as some like to call it. Millions of innocent children have been slaughtered mercilessly because of the selfishness of humans alike. Murder is a crime; therefore, abortion needs to end.

This year I attended the Rally For Life in Austin, Texas. Honestly, I came because my parents wanted me there. I didn't believe much would happen other than the expected walk through the streets leading towards the capitol building. However, my views on outlawing abortion became significantly more intense. I was not a person that hated things, but I realized that I did hate something: the murder of defenseless children.

We arrived at the starting location for the rally, and the turn out was absolutely breathtaking. This sparked my thoughts that this was not something to take lightly anymore. I walked with the great multitude from my own church down the street. I was

given a poster to parade that read, "My generation will end abortion." I was filled with a sense of passion and longing for this message to become real. I held it up high above my head to gain the attention from passer-biers. I wanted to spread this campaign far and wide.

The mood of the crowd around me was loud, confident, and inspiring. Cute cheers and chants were being created which encouraged the rest of us to join in. Songs were sung about our all-powerful Lord. I started thinking about everyone here as this enormous, unstoppable force.

As I looked around me I began reading all of the different signs and posters made by others. One in particular caught my attention. It read, "I regret my abortion." I started thinking about what actually goes on during an abortion that people don't hear about. I researched a little about the normal procedure done by the surgeon. I read that, depending on the age, the doctor will break apart the child's body in order to extract it more easily. I was absolutely disgusted by this, and kept wondering how someone could go through with this. The women that get abortions didn't stop being mothers; they just became mothers of dead children.

As we approached the Texas capitol building, I began to see a group of orange clad protestors shouting at us in defense of abortion: they were Pro-Choice. When I saw them, I suddenly got very emotional. Hearing about evil and seeing it with one's own eyes are astronomically different. I wanted to speak with every single person in that group. I wanted to make sure they knew exactly what it was that they were supporting. What made me feel better was seeing the waves of blue that overpowered the orange. I had no idea whatsoever how powerful this experience would be on my life.

So how can sinners like us decide which lives are worth our time? What authority do we have to conclude that this life is not worth saving? We cannot let this killing spree continue because of the "inconvenience" an unexpected pregnancy has on our lives. Every God-given life deserves a chance to survive.

