

Testimony

Many years ago I was in a place very different than now. I was not a believer, and bought the lie of “the blob of tissue”. I was married, with a 7 year old son. The marriage was turbulent and unhappy, and I as a young father was very insecure, personally, and economically. My wife became pregnant, in spite of our use of birth control, and I couldn’t tolerate the thought of having another child at that time. The burden of selfishness and fear I was under seems incredible now, but then it was the air I breathed, the water I swam in.

Against her wishes, I argued and pushed until she agreed to have the baby aborted. This was in 1975, and Roe v Wade was fresh off the presses.

Years passed, and without really recognizing what was happening, that dead child began to assume a larger and larger place in my conscious life. I would notice his birthdays, and as other children came along in better times, I would compare him to them as they blossomed and grew into the people God intended. I missed his laughter, and wondered if he would like to play catch. What seemed like idle musings became larger and more frequent as the realization of the truth dawned. I had murdered my innocent child through cowardice, selfishness, and conceit.

This story, as all stories, would end in despair without Christ. He has used my suffering, and my child’s death, for His glorious purposes. I look forward to the moment , when with burning face I look into my child’s eyes in our Lord’s presence.

I pray that others might be spared this ordeal, and Christ’s Name be glorified, by our legislator’s actions today.

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