Hello, would-be mother, I’d like to talk with you.
Please let me tell a story of how God makes all things new.¹
I know that you are fearful; I know your resentment, too.
It’s more than hard to see beyond all you know that you will lose.

Hello, would-be mother, I’d like to talk with you.
Please let me tell a story of how God makes all things new.¹
I know that you are fearful; I know your resentment, too.
It’s more than hard to see beyond all you know that you will lose.

The following is a lengthy poem, a creative outlet for me to express what I think about motherhood and about sexuality. I had originally intended to write a paper, part testimonial and part philosophical; however, it soon became apparent that it did not express my heart. This poem is set as a dialogue between myself and a fictitious woman (bold-type) who is planning to have an abortion. I choose this setting because I have been involved in Sidewalk Counseling here in Dallas off and on for the last year. This involves being present at abortion clinics to share relevant information, show the love of Christ, and seek to persuade women and men from choosing abortion at their last pivotal moment.

This poem contains the facts of my conversion as best as I recall. My salvation experience was intimately linked with God changing my heart regarding how I viewed human life, men, sex, marriage, and especially children. My target audience ultimately is any woman who despises the idea of being a mother for one reason or another because I was once that woman. However, my desire for all of us this afternoon is that through this portrayal we may find ourselves deeply in awe of our God and Maker and the pleasures of human life. It is also my desire that we encourage each other in the Body. I open my heart to you now. May God have His way!

Please, not now; I am not ready.
The sacrifice is too much.
I have dreams, plans, beauty;
I refuse to give them up.

I do not have the money.
I do not have support.
I do not have the time.
See, it’s only right that I abort.

It wouldn’t be fair to this child.
I cannot give him love.
Life’s overwhelming enough.

Maybe in the future. . .
When I’m better prepared
I’ll have a child with someone I love.
Can’t you see that I am scared?

Motherhood’s a heavy burden.
Can you be my baby’s dad?
Can you pay my bills for me?
This is the hardest decision that I’ve had.

Leave me alone; shut up about God.
You don’t know what it’s like.
I’ve prayed, and I know God loves me.
Don’t you know this is my right?!

I know, I know, dear mother.
I’ve felt the way you do.
And it’s only by God’s grace
That I’m not right now in your shoes.

Cause from where I am now standing
I know that you feel judged.
But my life has not been virgin-white.
Please let me tell you how it was.

Much like you, my life began
With wonder and full-of-life.
Bright-eyed, giggly, button-nosed child
Laughing with my sister through the night.

Never did we question,
The world we had received.
We took all things as granted.
Innocent, life full of make-believe.

We didn’t think to ask anyone
For anything more.
I was satisfied with what we had
When I was only four.

So do not fret yourself
Over what you can and can’t provide.
As best I know, God still makes children
Content with getting by.

Remember how life once felt secure,
And our parents were omniscient?
Back when we had She-Ra castles, Light Brite
And that crazy 80’s music.

Rice Krispy dinners and hot Texas summers
Were the simple joys of life.
We didn’t care that we were poor;
When we’d catch lightening bugs at night.

We didn’t see our mom’s problems,
Struggling to provide for us two young girls.
A step-father who beat us all,
Who only added to the bills.

Still we only saw life as young children,
And believed all our dreams could soar.
At that age we trusted any hand that fed us,
But mom was desperate for a cure.

We knew nothing of God,
Or our baby sister’s adoption.
The suicide attempts,
Or that we may not have been an option.

I took what I’d been given
And saw it as an adventure.
I believed what I was told;
All of life was full of wonder.

But soon came fears and disappointment.
And I could be quite mean.
Do you remember the *taste* of life?

Yeah, I hear what you’re saying,
But you only prove my case.
This world is cruel and violent,
For a child this is no place.

Give me a break, deary,
You don’t know what it’s like.
Have you ever had a child?
(Anybody here got a light?!)

Well, I am still learning to trust God
Seeking to save my life I still do,ii
But when I thought I was where you are,
Do you want to know what I planned to do?

I knew that I didn’t love him.
He used me; I used him, and who knew
That we may have brought in a third person
Who would feel the weight of our rendezvous.

So, to finish my plans for college,
And to learn from my mother’s mistake,
I’d leave school long enough to deliver
And adoption plans I would make.

Hell no, it wouldn’t be easy,
But getting married would not make it right.
I wanted to give my child a father and mother
Who could raise him or her at that time.
It was the most selfless thing I could do,
To give my child the structure that I wanted to.
I would wake up each morning knowing my baby had life,
Not wake up empty, knowing he paid the price.

Not that adoption is your only choice
But please slow down and consider.
Today you alone can be brave,
The aftertaste of fast cures is so bitter.

Now I had been wrong, and my period came,
So for me the story had a different ending.
But for two weeks, my quest for love,
Left me hanging right where you’re hanging.

Well, see, it all worked out for you
With easy you talk of such things.
And what kind of Christian are you anyway,
Having sex with no wedding ring?

Adoption is out of the question
I couldn’t give up my baby like that.
I’ll end things now while the baby’s just cells
And that way I’ll never get fat.

I know exactly what you’re saying.
And on one hand it makes sense.
But what if you’re wrong about some things?
Go back with me in time for a minute.

Remember that I told you
About my childhood abuse?

Beating, yelling, cussing, threatening,
Made me feel I was no use.

So since mom worked and slept a lot
I was often left alone.
I can’t say it was all that bad
Having no one yelling in my home.

But in that time, so pivotal
I had no standard of womanhood.
So I learned from my friends, from MTV,
And Cosmopolitan as I should.

Coupled with the pornography,
I was exposed to as a child,
My idea of dignity
Was something rather wild.

Honesty, what I learned
Was that we all exist for sex.
Degradation, bi-sexuality, self-gratification
Are the best.

I know that his is shocking,
But you can’t deny its true.
Whenever you consume these things
They are soon consuming you.
(After all its what they do.)

I wanted to be a woman of the world.
Seductive, sophisticated, sensual.
I barely remember a time of innocence;
We always talked about sex at school.
So such things towered ahead of me,
My ultimate goal in life.
Sex was the final frontier of womanhood,
And I don’t mean by being a wife.

No one ever told me
That my body had pure worth,
And certainly not that marital sex was a gift
That God gave to us here on the earth.

It seemed that most of the women I knew
Had chosen men over their own children.
And even at the cost of being abused,
They had no strength to leave them.

So what I would do I knew quite well,
Apart from sex, men could go to hell.
Nobody was gonna tie me down.
Marriage was for weaklings; I’d keep no men around.

But of course, my hatred didn’t stop there.
If I was gonna have the good life,
I’d use birth control of every kind,
And about abortion I wouldn’t think twice.

And my sister and I went head-to-head,
Perhaps I was eleven then.
She said a baby in the womb is innocent.
Abortion is wrong is what she meant.

So with anger I turned to her
And informed her of my womanly rights.

I didn’t ask a child to grow there;
It’s my body, not for parasites!

I was going to look good;
I would be bound to no sniveling brats.
Human life was made for pleasure,
Otherwise, there was no worth in that.

Life was sex; I thought of it all the time.
I was merely waiting to get older.
Then I’d act on all my plans
Madonna, baby. . . I’ll be bolder!

The power I felt from being perverse,
The attention I got from my friends,
I didn’t know were fulfilling deep needs
To be known and accepted within.

Even so, I was mad at the world.
I felt angry and alone.
My favorite band was Nine Inch Nails
And I got into the occult.

The music we put in our heads,
In middle school as we lay in our beds.
TLC told us in “Push It”, “None of Your Business”
And “Shoop” that real women like being used.

And the things I left my house wearing. . .
What was my mother thinking?
I suppose she didn’t know what to do
Or the company I was keeping.
So looking back from here I see
Where I was headed in life.
Not pleasure, wealth, fame and autonomy,
But heart ache, promiscuity,
And pain that cuts like a knife.

STDs never crossed my mind.
Pain and regret I could not foresee.
Habituating myself to compromise,
Just a new cycle of misery.

But apparently God had other plans,
And I am being completely sincere.
He used subtle things at first I know
To ultimately draw me near.

He knew the life I was really seeking
Somewhere deep inside.
He used the book *Cheaper By the Dozen*
To awaken new ways of looking at life.

Here I first discovered,
That great families could exist.
I longed for what I read in those pages;
Is there something I have missed?

The fear of death and the unknown
Had always haunted me.
So I decided that on my own
For answers the Bible I’d read.

The images in this Book
Were really freaking me out.

So I found myself visiting a church
To figure this thing out.

And here is where I first heard
That God had plans for me.
Some women told me my body was sacred
And this God was the One who made sexuality.

I never ever even thought about
Saving sex for my husband.
And marriage didn’t sound so bad
In light of what I was learning.

So God romanced my soul
Through all of this,
And then one summer night
I felt His Spirit in my heart for the first time in my life.

He whispered there, “See, I am here!
I’ve been here all along.
I love You, Natalie. I care for you.
And I must tell you you’ve wrong.”

And the scales fell from my eyes,
And my defensive walls then crumbled.
I was worth something to the Maker of earth and sky.
My pro-choice pride was humbled.

See, suddenly I knew deep down
That all human life is sacred.
And I no longer could carry round
My intolerable hatred.
God, had done it. The dam broke.  
And this is why I’m here.  
To tell you of your worth and purpose  
And how God has seen each tear.

Well, it’s not exactly what I’ve heard before.  
What you say is nice.  
But I’ve gotta walk through this door  
And move on with my life.

I am so tired of being used,  
So weary from disappointments.  
Maybe I can start my life anew  
After this appointment.

Then lastly I entreat you  
To open up your mind  
To contemplate your motherhood  
In terms that you won’t mind.

Motherhood is sensual.  
Have you ever thought it through?  
Something God did in Eve so long ago  
He’s doing right now in you.

A new thing on this earth  
He is doing through this baby.  
Part of you, and part of him,  
Upon the stage of are playing.

Yours the only body,  
That can bear this special one.

Today you are entrusted  
With a little mystery from God.  
You can stand up now, a mother proud;  
It’s something quite majestic.  
Break the fear you have towards a child  
And feel the power to protect it.

The privilege of bearing a child  
Plumbs the depths of femininity:  
The swell of your belly and swell of your breasts.  
Your womb made for protecting and sheltering.

The child you nourish at your breast  
Will not be sucking away your own life.  
You once yourself were so small and helpless.  
She’s part of you; love her as your own life.

The way you feel today,  
Verses how you’ll feel much later  
When you see a bright-eyed, innocent face  
Reaching for you, it is much greater.

To pray over this child,  
To raise him right, as best you can with God,  
Is part of the wildness  
Of following the Lord.

His plans for you are good, you know.  
Difficult, but brave.  
Like Mary, yielding herself to life,  
This son might show you the way!
(And with this then she turned, 
And she headed to the door.
Her feelings then I did not know, 
Nor what she was headed for.)

---

\(^{1}\) II Corinthians 5:17; Revelation 21:5.  