

Father, Forgive Them, For They Do Know What They Do!

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“And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary (the skull), there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left. Then said Jesus, ‘Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do....’” - Luke 23:33-34

I heard my mother talking with someone she called “doctor”. Their words were muffled and difficult to understand in my condition. I heard my mother asking her “doctor” if I would feel any pain. I heard him reply that he really didn’t know with certainty if I would feel pain or not, since he was unaware of any scientific evidence one way or the other, but that he was sure that I wouldn’t. I heard my mother ask her “doctor” whether or not he ever thought about whether people in my condition felt pain when he did the “medical procedure” on them—the same one he was about to do on me.

Her “doctor” seemed to hesitate, and I heard my mother ask him the same question again. Finally I heard him say that it never crosses his mind if I, or people like me, feel pain during this “medical procedure”. I then heard my mother ask her “doctor” if he would give me any anesthetic before he performed the “procedure”, and I heard him reply that since I was only 15 I would not need it, and he told her again that he was almost certain that I would feel no pain. But I was not certain at all.

I heard my mother ask her “doctor” if he thought that, since I was only 15, did I have a soul? I heard her “doctor” tell her that he did not believe I had a soul yet, since I was only 15 and was not yet a “legal person”, and besides, only overly religious people believed that people at 15 or even earlier had souls. I knew that I had a soul right from my beginning. I guess her “doctor” was not overly religious. I heard my mother crying, but her “doctor” seemed insistent that she give her approval for the “medical procedure”. I guess she finally did, because a short time later my mother got very quiet and didn’t move any more. I started feeling strange, but since I was only 15 and in my condition, I didn’t really understand what was happening to my mother. I only know that I loved her, and I thought that she loved me, because she had been taking care of me since I became what I am. I guess I was wrong.

Suddenly something hard and cold came into the place that I had been staying since I became what I am—a place warm and safe and nourishing. I didn’t like this hard, cold thing that had invaded my home. It was pulling me toward it, and it seemed threatening and dangerous. I didn’t understand what was happening to me. I only knew that, **at the age of 15 WEEKS, I was a person**, and had been since my father’s sperm and my mother’s ovum joined to create me. Since I was a person, I knew that my mother, who was supposed to love me, would protect me and prevent me from being harmed. I guess I was wrong again. My heart rate increased as this hard, cold thing attacked me. My blood flow increased. I tried my best to push it away from me with my little hands, but it was too big and too powerful. It grabbed me right in my own home, the place where I had always felt safe and protected. This cold, hard thing ripped off my little hands, then my arms. I guess my mother’s “doctor” had never had his hands and arms ripped off, because if he had he would not have performed this “medical procedure” on me. **After all, it was MY BODY that was being destroyed, NOT my mother’s body. NOT her “doctor’s” body. MY BODY!**

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MINE!
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By W.H. Lamb
I can't tell you the severe and excruciating pain I felt, since I was only 15 weeks old, and I couldn't talk. But **I did scream** as this cold, hard thing began to rip my small, helpless body apart and suction it out of my own home where I had lived ever since I became a person, although I had heard my mother's "doctor" call me "just a fetus", a "product of conception". No one could hear me screaming in pain, since they didn't believe I could feel any pain. Or perhaps it was because they really didn't care. I screamed in silence, but I screamed, nevertheless. Why was my mother doing this to me? I screamed one last time for her to stop this, to protect me like she had always done, but she must not have heard my screams. I had a soul! I was a real human being, NOT a "potential" one. Didn't my mother know this? Didn't her so-called "doctor" know this? Didn't all the people in the world around them know this? I guess they didn't. Or perhaps they did, but just didn't want to think about it because what they were doing to me would embarrass them and might make them feel guilty for my death.

I was too small to help myself, too helpless to resist their MURDERING me. I could feel the last of my life force leaving my 15 week old body, as it was finally shredded to little pieces and suctioned out of my own warm, safe home. I felt my soul flee from my body and begin to return to my Heavenly Father who had created me. I knew that He would love me even if my mother did not. **Oh my mother, WHY DID YOU DO THIS TO ME? WHY? WHY? You never gave me a chance to grow up and experience all the things that you and my father have experienced. I wanted to be like you. I wanted to have a chance to live, to know happiness, to listen to music, to read and learn, to watch sunrises and sunsets, to have friends and play with dogs, to love someone forever, but you took it away from me. ALL of it!**

Oh my Heavenly Father, forgive my mother, because **SHE DID KNOW WHAT SHE DID TO ME**. Forgive all the millions of other mothers who have murdered almost 60 million of my brothers and sisters since this unmitigated EVIL became the "law" in the country that once upon a time was founded on Godly, Christian principles. They all would like to have lived just like you, mother. But they didn't! Neither did I!

Tears are falling down my cheeks as I write these words: OH HEAVENLY FATHER, I IMPLORE YOU TO FORGIVE MY COUNTRY AND ITS PEOPLE FOR THIS EVIL, **BECAUSE WE DO KNOW WHAT WE DO, DON'T WE?** AND WE REFUSE TO STOP THIS BUTCHERY—THIS MURDER FOR THE SAKE OF "CONVENIENCE"! DON'T WE?

Recently we Americans learned that the State of New York (and several other states) had passed a law that would allow helpless NEWLY BORN infants to be "terminated"—to be murdered AFTER they had been born, if the so-called "mother" and her so-called "doctor" decided that was in the "best interest" of the mother and her family. Of course, no one ever asks the helpless baby whether he or she agrees with that decision. But newly born babies can't protest—can't

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Political resistance, progressive legislation—can't proclaim to all of mankind just how EVIL is this practice of MURDERING newly born, or almost born, or still forming in the womb, babies. **But WE CAN PROTEST to our government representatives, state and federal—you and I and ALL decent and God-fearing and totally disgusted citizens can exercise our right—our duty—to protest this barbarity that has existed in this once-Christian oriented nation since 1973.** For us to NOT protest on the pretext that “we can't do anything about it” because this evil is too entrenched in our nation, is to give the victory to the Evil One who delights both in the murder of the innocent and in our cowardice!

It's obvious to me that our country—the United States of America—the country that once was a beacon of freedom and righteousness to the world, **is NO LONGER either a “Christian” nation nor is it a righteous nation. It is a nation dominated by sinful God-deniers—God haters—leftwing, progressive worshippers of “humanism” and Proclaimers of Secularist Group Think**, populated by “Christians” and “good people who love their country” who have allowed this evil to exist in our midst for many decades. The advocates for the death of the unborn or just born are only doing their Satanic “father's” will. Why aren't we who call ourselves Christians and “moral” people doing our Heavenly Father's will to end this barbarity? **WHY?**