

LETTER FROM AN UNBORN CHILD



As falling rain are the tears of God for the blood spilled of the unborn children that covers the hands of the human race, I have seen God cry when rocking little babies in His big loving arms. As a strong earthquake, His fingers tremble when caressing the faces of the planted seed destroyed before it had a chance to grow roots.

The Right to Choose as it is called are nothing but empty words before Jesus as He sits on His throne.

Right to Choose, it is called...but in God's eyes it is the right to commit murder! The drops of blood are still falling today and staining the cold steel of doctor's tables. The Silent Scream of those who cannot speak for themselves cover the entire earth, and the tiny hands who are without a Choice reach out to those who have closed eyes to their plea!

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They would say:
Please give me a chance to prove you right. Let me take a breath; let me take a breath of fresh air! Let me bring a smile to your face, let me give you a reason to live, allow me to be the hope of your aging years. Please give me a chance! Let me draw a picture of you, let me play with your hair, let me cover your cheeks with my kisses, allow me to paint butterflies on the sky of your world;

Give me the chance to bring you my report card, let me introduce you to my bride, let me show you your grandchild; Give me a chance! Don't **discard** me as a **mistake**, don't **throw me away** as a **defective toy**, don't **put me to sleep before I am awake**, don't **toss me out as a dirty rag**.

PLEASE MOM! GIVE ME A CHANCE!
Your Unborn Child,
Mario



www.tracts.com/Karin'sTractPage.html

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They would say:
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