

WILL YOU SING ME A
LULLABYE BEFORE I GO?



Will you sing me a Lullabye before I go? Dear Mommy and Daddy. I want you to know that my young heart is beating, my eyes fill with tears, and I pray that your love will conquer your fears. God knit me here in your womb, and you are my Lifeline.

If you do not want me, please give me away. There are loving arms waiting that want me to stay. You will think of me each day of your life. And the doctor who tore me from you with his monster machine . Why would you want me to suffer this pain?

If I'm lost forever, what would you Gain? My Daddy, Listen, can you hear my screams?

HELP!

The pain is terrible! I can't bear it! As my life is being snuffed out...My heart aches to see, to feel, to touch!

Dear Mommy and Daddy, I love you so much! Will I never feel your loving touch or see your smile? Will you never croon to me as you rock me in your arms in your rocking chair, and sing me a Lullabye, and walk the floor with me when I cry? Will I never Sit up or Walk or Talk, or Play and Sing, or Run, being in Awe of the world around me, and have a chance to See the Wonders of the World? Will you never be able to take me to the Zoo, or the Park or MacDonalds for a Happy Meal?

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I would love you to keep me, but if we must part, I would be happy to have a chance to live. I would love to see Grand-Mama, and play with toys, and hug my Daddy and Mama like most girls and boys. Mama, you have made the Choice to end my life. But when your arms long to hold me, I will not be there. You will be filled with regret and sorrow, but it will be too late. If you at least had given me away, you would have been grateful that you had not killed me. The tears of the Angels are pouring down from Heaven today, as I join the fifty million souls who perished this way

We are screaming in our pain and terror! But our screams for mercy fall on deaf ears! Does anyone out there have compassion for us?

Mama, When you were sown in her womb, your mom let you be. The pain is terrible! **Will you sing me a lullabye before I go?**

Strangers pray on the street, for children they never will meet. Someday in Heaven I will find you and say: Why did you snuff out my life before I had a chance to live, and fulfill the plan God had for my life?

You Cheated me out of it All!

The Angels will carry me home after I die, with millions of infants who's lives have ended before they began? WHO ASK JESUS, WHAT HAPPENED? WHY AM I HERE BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO LIVE?



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CUT--HERE

I would love you to keep me, but if we must part, I would be happy to have a chance to live. I would love to see Grand-Mama, and play with toys, and hug my Daddy and Mama like most girls and boys. Mama, you have made the Choice to end my life. But when your arms long to hold me, I will not be there. You will be filled with regret and sorrow, but it will be too late. If you at least had given me away, you would have been grateful that you had not killed me. The tears of the Angels are pouring down from Heaven today, as I join the fifty million souls who perished this way

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