

A Letter From The Womb

By ROD ARTERS

This is dedicated to a Christian friend of mine here in the US who is carrying an unplanned child out-of-wedlock. She is on the verge of making an irreversible, devastating, life-changing "choice." If her unborn child was given a glimpse of life outside the womb and had the vocabulary to articulate thoughts, this is what her baby may write—a desperate plea to stay alive.



photo / 123rf.com

Dear Mom,

I know we haven't officially met yet but I thought I would say hi from inside your womb. I am not sure how I arrived, I just know that I'm glad I'm here. Though this place is very dark, it is also very warm and comforting.

There is not much to do here but I am constantly entertained by the sound of your voice. Oh, how I love the sound of your voice! Every time you talk, I feel safe. Every time you speak, I feel loved. I don't understand everything you are saying yet—but I can't wait to comprehend it. The best is your laugh. You don't do it often and I have no idea what causes it but when it happens, it feels amazing.

From all the muffled commotion I hear, I have a feeling that life is pretty stressful outside. Listening to the tone of your conversations, I can tell you are scared. Your voice sounds tired. On the outside, everyone might think you're okay, but on the inside, it's a different story. I know. I live on the inside. I can feel the tension. Something tells me that I am the cause of it.

I keep hearing words like "abortion," "choice," and "procedure." Every time one of those words is said, a chill hits my spine. Yes, I have a spine. And a heartbeat. And ears.

I may not be able to see much right now, but I can hear it all. From the sound of it, my days are numbered—I just don't know why.

I didn't ask to be here, your actions brought me. Don't you want me now? Why? What have I done to deserve your rejection?

When you say the word "abortion," I hear "death."

When you say "choice," I ask "Whose?" My choice does not seem to matter right now. Is it because my voice cannot be heard yet?

When you say "procedure," I hear "pain." One of us will have anesthesia during this procedure and one of us won't. For you, this is a very simple outpatient surgery. For me, it is an execution. My only crime? I exist.

Why don't you want me? Is it because of your reputation? How does killing me help that? Doesn't that just make it worse? Granted, sleeping with Dad may not have been your wisest decision but ending my life only complicates matters. Your friends and family may never know about me. But you know about me. Dad knows about me. Obviously, God knows about me. Ending my life does not end your memory of me.

Is this a financial decision? Am I not going to see my first birthday because you want to save money? Does my little mouth make it one too many for you to feed? Rumor has it that a lot of people pay big money for someone like me. Why not give me to one of those families? Someone out there may want me. Why can't I be with them?

Maybe this is about lifestyle? Is my presence going to keep you from having fun? Would you prefer dating over diapers right now? Did my grandparents have this same discussion when you were in the womb? They obviously did not choose lifestyle over life. Why can't I have that same freedom?

Does this have to do with my Dad? Do you not like him now? Was he abusive to you? Is my existence a constant reminder of someone you want to forget? I'm sorry for that, I really am. But right now, for the next nine months, I don't need a Dad. I need you.

Maybe you don't think I am really a person yet? By week six, my ears began to form and my heart began to beat. A beating heart is a sign of life, ask any doctor. By week eight, my lungs were formed and my hands and feet appeared. By week 11, my beautiful face was fully formed and you can tell my gender. What more proof do you need? I'm a person just like you—I just don't have my voice yet.

I don't know why you are considering removing me from the family portrait. But my time is running out and the cards seem stacked against me.

I have to go—there is more work to be done before my arrival. If this is the last time you hear my voice, I just want you to know I forgive you. The challenge will be to forgive yourself.

I hope to see you soon. I want us to laugh together, outside of this womb.

Love,
Your Unborn Child

With experience as a professional youth worker, business owner, school teacher, coach, inmate, parent, and divorcee, **Rod Arters** has the unique ability to relate to almost anyone. A popular writer and sought-after speaker, Rod draws from his deep well of biblical knowledge, life experience, and personal pain to encourage others along the broken journey to wholeness. You can follow his work on his blog (www.rodarters.org), Facebook (Rod Arters, Writer) or Twitter (@rodarters).