

Abortion

Entering into the controversial debate concerning the abortion of the unborn child is not an easy task. My view is anti-abortion and in this short article I would like to give my reasons why.

My first comment is to sympathise with those who face the difficult challenge of an unwanted pregnancy. Greater sympathy is to be directed to those who face the diagnosis that the wellbeing and even the life of mother and / or unborn child are in danger. Decisions in these cases are incredibly difficult, and can only be made rightly if we have sound principles in place that prioritise life. A word must be said concerning parents who give birth to a child afflicted with Down syndrome. Though it is a challenge, in no way should they be aborted; on the contrary, they usually grow up to enrich and bring fulfillment to families and communities beyond all expectations.

As I understand it, the argument for the pro-abortionists comes mainly down to the question of human rights. The right of the woman to choose what to do with her own body. In many contexts, this is a valid argument, but in the case of abortion, there are two lives to be considered. The human right of an unborn child far outweighs the human right of the mother because life and death are under consideration here. The life of the mother is not in danger in normal circumstances but the life of the unborn child with a beating heart is.

In 1940 Great Britain was at war with Germany. The world was a very insecure place and people, especially in Europe, were in fear of a very uncertain future. In June 1939, during this dangerous time, I was conceived; four months into my mother's third pregnancy, war was declared by Great Britain on Germany. With my father about to be called up to eventually end up in North Africa to fight the Italian and German forces, and my mother left alone to bring up two boys with another on the way, she decided to try and abort me by primitive methods of the day. She would not have been on her own in taking such drastic measures and I hold no grudge against her for taking such drastic actions but I am glad to say she failed.

Now contrast this with an event six months after I was born, long before we had the National Health Service and medical facilities of today. I contracted gastroenteritis at this tender age and could not retain fluids for days on end and the local GP informed my mum to expect the worst. Mum deprived herself of sleep and persisted in trying to get teaspoonfuls of water into a dehydrated little body until finally after days of rejection a teaspoonful of

water stayed down. Maybe at some stages in my childhood, my mum might have wished she had succeeded in aborting me as I wasn't the best-behaved child in the neighbourhood. However, like many sons and daughters born to parents who went through unwanted pregnancies the benefits and joys mum gained from her third son would enrich her life more than she could ever have predicted.

Had I been conceived in this day and age, a pill received in the post would have soon seen the end of me. I am aware of the counter-argument that a pill would be much safer than a do-it-yourself botched abortion but taking such measures for sake of convenience is hardly a justifiable reason for destroying a precious life in the womb.

The point I am making is that besides terminating a precious life you are also terminating the potential of what that life could become not only to benefit families but also communities and the nation as a whole. How many potential surgeons, doctors, engineers, and teachers have been aborted? How many brothers and sisters and friends have we been denied through abortion. How many athletes, and other sportsmen and women have we been deprived of. What if some of our famous men and women who have brought immeasurable benefits to our society had been aborted?

There are presently unborn children being carried around in the womb of women throughout the world in what should be the safest place in the world and the thought that many will be unwillingly sucked out to be thrown in some incinerator is one of the most hideous blots on the conscience of the human race.

I am now 82 and can look back on a rich and fulfilled life all because that menacing botched abortion failed to dislodge me from the safety of my mother's womb.

Parents, please think again about aborting your son or your daughter and give that little life the same chance as your mum and dad gave you and as the old Maurice Chevalier song goes:

Thank heaven for little girls, for they grow up in the most delightful way.....Thank heaven for them all, no matter where, no matter who; without them what would little boys do.

Les Yates.