Massachusetts Blacks For Life

by Barbara Bell

In October 1988, I participated in the first Operation Rescue in Massachusetts. I was the only black person there out of 350 people. I will never forget crying out to God, saying, "Where is the black church?" grieving in my heart, seeing the number of black girls going into the abortion mill to kill their babies.

I didn't know what to do. I started fasting and praying even more for the situation. One night in prayer, the Holy Spirit gave me the burden to contact black churches with information and a presentation consisting of an abortion film and the scriptural basis for saving unborn babies. No response from the black churches. I did get into other churches with some black members. They came out to a rescue maybe once or twice, for which I praised God, but after that I was the only black person rescuing in Massachusetts. It was heart-breaking. Today, as the only black picketer in front of Planned Parenthood I am praying that others will join me. I live to see that day when there will be at least 300 blacks in front of PP praying and worshiping God.

In mid-January of 1990, I was arrested again for saving unborn babies from death.

The hour came when it was my turn to be dragged off to jail, which I didn't really mind, because babies were saved from death that day. Praise God! I was going to jail every month for saving babies anyway, so one more time didn't make a big difference. I only thank my God that I'm able to go to jail for the precious unborn children who are unjustly put to death.

After a morning of being pushed around, dragged through the cold, snowy streets of Worcester, and saving the babies, I was feeling physically, emotionally, and spiritually drained. The booking took place, and I was blessed to be by myself in the same cell where I'd been placed a year before. At this point I needed to be alone with my Lord.

There I was, after hitting my most detested abortion mill (PP), in my "familiar" cell block, I was worshiping and praising my Lord. It was glorious! After about an hour of worship and prayer I took my Bible out to do some studying. Jail is a great place to study God's word. While I was reading my Bible, a matron came to my cell and said to me, "Come with me, you have to be booked again and bring all your stuff." I had laid my Bible down on the steel bed next to my watch. I picked up my belongings and went with the matron, not remembering to take my watch and Bible.

Barbara Bell and a child.

In the booking room, the matron said, "It says on this sheet that you have a watch." I told her I'd left it on the bed, and she went to retrieve it.

The booking was all over, and my things were put in a safe place for the weekend. The matron took me back to my cell and by this time I was totally exhausted. I was so glad to be in a cell by myself. I decided that I would take a nap but I couldn't. While I was sitting on the edge of the bed, I looked over to the place where my watch was and there was my Bible. Praise God the matron didn't take it. (That was by God's grace because others' Bibles were taken from them.)

I started reading Joshua and then I was lead by the Holy Spirit to read Esther, one of my favorite books in the Bible. The Lord was showing me how He by His grace had used Esther to free her people (the Jews) from the hand of Haman (a Jew killer).

This excited me, because God revealed to me that He was going to use an unworthy person like myself to help set my people free from Planned Parenthood, the major force of darkness in this generation's black persecution.

After reading and really meditating on God's word in Esther, the Lord blessed me with the ministry, "Massachusetts Blacks For Life." Its mission is to go into the black churches and share with them about this black genocide, the killing of 400,000 black babies a year in the United States of America.

Our (white) brothers and sisters in Christ are watchmen for us concerning the black people. They are out at PP and other abortion mills in Boston, telling the black people as they walk by, about the black genocide. Some of them are even recruiting blacks so that they can get involved with Massachusetts Blacks for Life.

Today, the president of PP, Faye Wattleton, (a black woman) and her associates are encouraged by Margaret Sanger's writings to continue to destroy the black race, "the misfits of society" as she put it.

On Saturday mornings, while protesting at PP, we have at least two and sometimes three women who change their minds and keep their babies. Once in a while a black woman will change her mind.

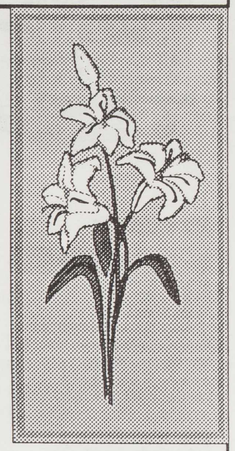
The black women need to see black people out in front of the mills fighting for them in prayer. After talking with some of the blacks going into the mills, I realized this after one woman told me, "You don't care about me or my baby." They think other blacks don't care. As a church we do care, and we need to be visible to demonstrate God's love.

A word of encouragement to the black churches: God gave us His grace to fight slavery and segregation. We won the right to "liberty and the pursuit of happiness" for blacks. But presently we are losing the right to life, the most precious God-given right of all! He is calling us to rescue the mothers from spiritual death and the babies from physical death. Please hear their silent cry for help.

All unborn babies are worth saving. ■

Contact: Massachusetts Blacks For Life, (617) 488-3724.

Maternal Death File

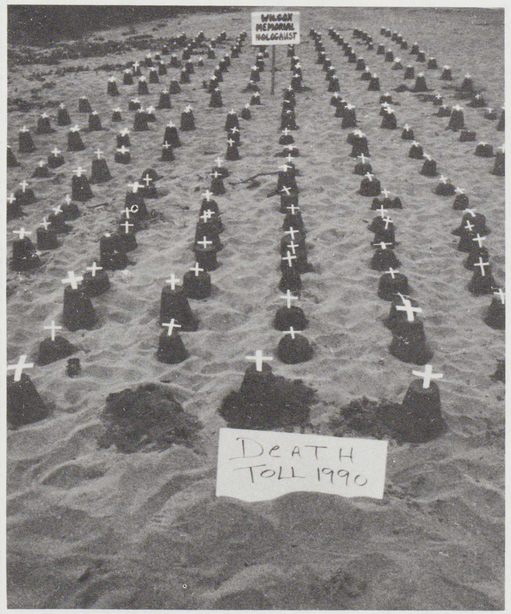


Sara Lint was 22 years old in early August of 1970. As a college coed with another year to go, finding out that she was pregnant was terrifying. She put off the decision to abort until it seemed almost too late, but there was no way to reconcile the intrusion of a baby into her well-ordered life. On August 12 Sara walked into the San Vicente Hospital—a facility devoted primarily to offering abortion services.

The hysterotomy abortion, performed by one of three abortionists in the facility, began within a short time after she had been "prepped." The small incision into her abdomen would require several days of bed rest, but the procedure was guaranteed to keep her life on track for the start of the school year.

The next 12 hours, the last hours of Sara's life as revealed in the L.A. County Coroner's file, would cause the terror of an unexpected pregnancy to pale in comparison. The Coroner's report, which includes the autopsy, toxicology, microscopic and emergency room records reveal the incredible violence of her death—a violence not even hinted at on her death certificate. The ER doctor on-call at the hospital where Sara was transferred lists her cause of death as "cardiac arrest." The physician, Adolpho Zlotolow, just happened to be part-owner of the abortion mill from which she had come.

The autopsy report indicates that Sara died of cerebral necrosis (large areas of dead brain cells). Much of the tissue examined had holes in it as a result of hemorrhaging and pressure. Her heart and lungs were swollen, blood vessels dilated, and large amounts of fluid were present in both organs. The pressure on her heart had resulted in hemorrhaging there also. Mucus-producing dead tissue obstructed Sara's throat, and green infected mucus was found in her stomach. Her son, just nine inches long was intact in her uterus. ■



Kauaians Against the Unjust Annihilation of Infants (K.A.U.A.I.) constructed a memorial to the children aborted on Kauai at Wilcox Memorial Hospital in 1990. Pray for this island. (Thanks to Terry Moeller) ■

Are Rescues Effective?

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how she had blocked the doors of an abortion clinic to try to save a baby's life, another inmate exclaimed, "I've just got to tell you—you don't know how much good y'all do"! The young woman related how she had almost had an abortion the year before. She had been 20 years old and was a single mother of two children already. When she had arrived at the abortion clinic (the same one at which Deborah was later arrested), a rescue was in progress. As she sat in her car waiting for the doors to be cleared, she read a pro-life tract that she had received from a sidewalk counselor. When the rescuers were removed she entered the clinic, but immediately asked to speak with a counselor.

"Is it a baby?" she demanded.

"No," the counselor replied. "It's only a bunch of cells and tissue."

The girl answered, "If that's all it is, why are those people out there getting arrested? They told me the baby has a heartbeat. How can it not be a baby if it has a heartbeat?"

The abortion counselor sidestepped that unanswerable question with a lie.

"You're putting yourself in danger taking the pregnancy to full term. It's better on you healthwise to terminate."

"I'm sorry," the woman said, "But I can't buy what you're telling me." She then left the clinic.

A year later she sat in a jail cell and smiled gratefully at Deborah. "Now I have a beautiful little girl."

Deborah's belief was confirmed that even when rescuers don't see immediate victory, the effort to save these children's lives must be attempted. "We must trust the results to God," she said. ■