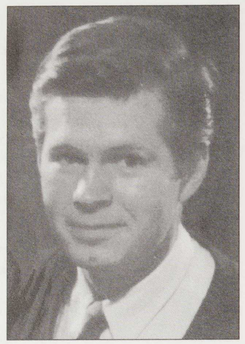


Love 'em if they're plastic

by Curtis Blair

I noticed that it was another big season for America's favorite blonde. Christmas-shopping parents flocked to department stores to buy their children the latest in the line of Barbie dolls, while some in the media were predicting a record season of sales. Other lines of dolls were also quickly disappearing from shelves as shoppers snatched up everything from the traditional baby-in-diapers models to Power Rangers.

Meanwhile, as may parents filled the malls this past holiday season, others were taking their children to another bustling business location. Abortion clinics saw a steady flow of earnings as thousands of mothers and fathers took their little ones to be attacked, mutilated and killed by professional exterminators.

A bit ironic, isn't it? Once again we find another disturbing example of twisted thinking in our culture's scheme of priority setting. We adore artificial doll people and despise the living-breathing people in the womb.

Have you seen the catalogues devoted to Barbie fashions and accessories? Sportswear, gowns, hairdryers, Corvettes, bathtubs, and saunas are all available for the little woman. Once , I even saw a televised interview with an effeminate fellow who was the president of a national Barbie fan club, its membership largely consisting of adoring adults.

This same doll-girl brought joy to millions of children in households across America this past December. We teach our kids to groom her, coddle her, and shower her with affection; yet we are the society which calls fools of those individuals who say that the unborn deserve the same attention and love. They are those anti-choice fanatics who, in the words of our ex- (thank God) Surgeon General, need to "get over their love affair with the fetus." I suppose if we all had a love affair with a doll she wouldn't have found it so offensive.

Although doll consumption in the U.S. sometimes reaches ridiculous, almost laughable, extremes, (with T.V. images of rowdy crowds descending on a toy store to grab the latest stock) Barbie and her dollie counterparts need not be taken as much more than harmless amusement. Yet her place as a nostalgic icon in our society takes on an air of absurdity when set side by side with our abortion practice. Barbie's trivial innocence, and that of all infant dolls is lost in this sadistic context.

Is it just me or does it have a ring of idolatry? The "image of man" in plastic is placed on the pedestal of our admiration while the image of God ends up on the refuse pile.

Ultimately, we put the unborn on the same level as human excrement, their mangled bodies being the unwanted repulsive muck that we send to the currents of our underground sewage system. Once, while a friend and I were picketing at a clinic, the staff rolled out the large cylindrical canister labeled "medical waste". The men who came to pick it up rolled it down an alley to their awaiting semi-truck. "Hey!" we called after them, "Do you know what's in there?" "Yeah," one of them snapped back, "A bunch of crap!" He knew as well as we that among other matter, the barrel was full of human body parts, but being a product of the abortion culture he was merely voicing the sentiments that our nation has expressed by its actions for decades. Of course, only a few, like him, have the guts to say it out loud.

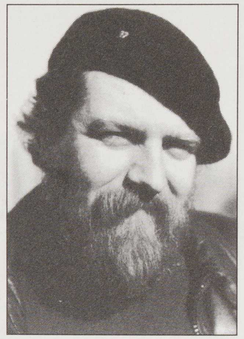
It's like the man who killed and dismembered his lovely wife with a chainsaw and buried the body parts in the garden because he preferred passing the nights with inflatable plastic dolls. Crude as the illustration may be, fewer things more accurately represent the irony of the point at hand; a human life, that living-breathing priceless gift from God is "snuffed out" and trashed, while time and money are spent on toy store fabrications.

There is no call to action here, no need to go out and burn your children's doll collection, its simply an observation intended to expose what we already know to be a sick state of affairs as even sicker. So much is invested each year in the production and purchase of a ten-inch female figurine while the same is spent exterminating little females in the womb. Abortion truly is a sick addiction and we truly are a nation with a mental illness. ■

Curt Blair is a foreign missionary and member of the Armitage Baptist Church in Chicago.

Our cup runneth over?

by Paul deParrie



When God says, "It's enough!" you don't have to hear it.

On several occasions in Scripture God says of a person or a nation, "It's enough!" In one place, we are informed that the "cup of wrath has been filled" for the Caananites. Jesus sarcastically told the scribes and Pharisees to "fill up the cup of their fathers" who had killed the prophets.

The other day, I was discussing this concept in relation to America with some other pro-lifers. There was universal agreement that we were facing Divine retribution for our bloodguilt. One, speaking of Judge Bell, who sentenced Paul Hill to death, said that the judge was facing death. He was not saying that he was going to kill the judge or that he was suggesting that others do it, but that, with the evil perpetrated upon Hill by this judge, that The Judge had assuredly delivered a sentence of death for Bell. That Bell's cup — and maybe the nation's — was now full.

The prophetic utterance at Paul Hill's sentencing — after the judge asked if there was any more business for that court — was, "You [Judge Bell] have condemned an innocent man. The blood will be on your hands, the hands of the jury, and of the people of the state of Florida" seems to confirm that there is some Divine turning point in the offing.

The comparisons to John Brown have been made — but upon closer inspection, 1995 is perhaps more terrifying than 1859.

"I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away but with Blood. I had, as I now think, vainly flattered myself that without very much bloodshed, it might be done," were John Brown's last words. Some have proposed that John Brown's raid and subsequent trial may have been the United States' last chance to avert judgment. His hanging may have filled the cup.

Certainly, our parochial — and naive — view that the Civil War was fought to free the slaves does not assist us here. This was not a case of the good guys of the North trying to free the slaves from the bad guys in the South. It was a case of God blinding both sides for their involvement and support of slavery (the North greatly profited from slavery, too) to the point where they fertilized the soil of both with the blood of 600,000 dead.

Abraham Lincoln, a non-Christian until Gettysburg, finally saw that the war was not about Union or Tariffs or Ending Slavery, but about God judging this wicked nation. Nobody, he realized, was the "good guys."

In his Second Inaugural Address, Lincoln said, "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

The cup had run over, and Lincoln knew it. So did a few — but woefully too few — others. Most of us, steeped in American History 101, don't know that.

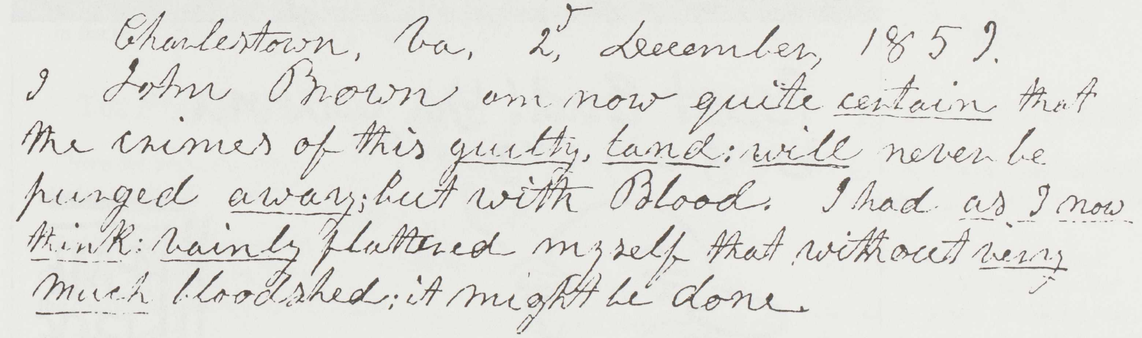
But, back to our subject. If we view the Civil War as a judgment from God over slavery rather than an ideological conflict over slavery, it makes a frightening prospect of our current situation. I mean, the Scripture tells us, "God is not mocked, whatsoever you sow, that you shall also reap." Does anyone think that the innocent blood saturating the earth in this part of the world will somehow go unnoticed by God?

Hardly!

So, where is the point where God says, "It is enough!" to us? I don't know the answer to that.

Could the execution of Paul Hill be it? I suppose it could.

If He has said, "It is enough!" we wouldn't necessarily hear it. Our insensitivity to God may have left us deaf to His words and there is no requirement on His part that He must make sure we hear Him.



Charlestown, Va, 2d December, 1859.
I John Brown am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away; but with Blood. I had as I now think: vainly flattered myself that without very much bloodshed; it might be done.