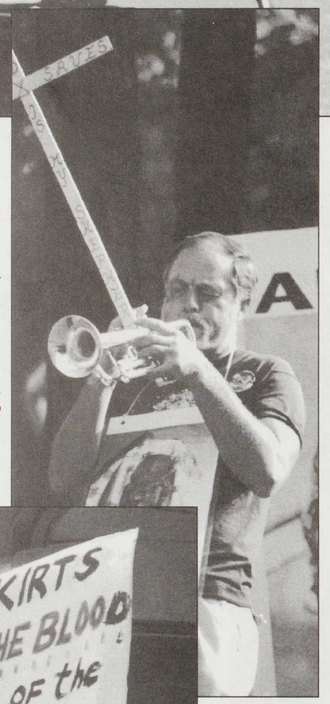
Giving way to prophesy

Using language guaranteed to make a preacher blush, this unknown black woman appeared with a bullhorn to rebuke an all-white audience of abortion zealots for "killing your babies"



Richard Jacobson, Colorado

Ranks on both sides are thin at RHS. Still, their sixty-or-so are impressive next to the 14 pro-lifers across the street with picket signs of aborted babies and proclamations from Scripture.

The abortion zealots are a curious lot. Most are young, as though the recruitment for this event centered around a local community college. There are the usual paid escorts in bibbed aprons identifying them as leaders of a sort.

In 1975, I spent my Christmas in Germany. Dinner was at the home of a new friend whose parents, silver-haired with skin softened by wrinkles, put out the roasted goose and cranberries in honor of the day. After dinner, Herr Feldt turned to reminiscing. His daughter moved about in awkward silence knowing what was about to come.

He too moved, but calmly, out of the room and back in, his copy of *Mein Kampf* in hand. It was "autographed by the author," he told us. "A real man of courage and vision . . ."

I sat then, as I stand today, suddenly struck with the reality that human evil cloaks itself in peaceable and pleasing packages. Here too, at the mill where children are murdered with the same medical coldness that took life from six million Jews, there are gray-haired men and women. Calm on the surface, their looks belie the evil they have embraced and make me want to recoil away much as I did that Christmas day.

It's odd, I think, as I look around, how many men are involved in the fight to keep abortion legal. Some are apple-cheeked boys who look gleeful, as if they were out for a first beer, their gonads not yet descended. Others are men, their own genitalia caught in the iron fist of feminism. Too weak natured to defend children, they make a pretense of defending women.

"Cursed is the man who withholds justice . . ."
"Cursed is the man who sheds innocent blood . . ."
"Cursed . . ."
"Cursed . . ."
"Cursed . . ." a prophet cries.

Another reaches for his trumpet and begins to play the sad slow tune called "Taps."

Only twenty feet away another man calls across to the lost, "Every knee shall bow. Your knee will bow," warning them in strong terms that there is a price to pay for killing the innocent.

Time passes with the weaving of their voices and the wail of a trumpet call carried in the breeze over to the crowd across the street. A number of them on the other side turn their backs, "Keep Abortion Legal" signs held out behind them like a shield, in an organized effort to reject the message.

A cars drives by and honks in support of the "choice" to kill a child. The "choicers" lift signs and howl with renewed enthusiasm.

One hedonist from the group, invigorated with the approval of a single passing motorist, grabs his crotch and gyrates while leering at the "anti-choicers" opposite him. He's thirty five or forty. His childish antics look pathetic and out of place for a man sporting a mustache and hair touched with gray.

"Therefore thou art inexcusable, oh man . . . who changes the truth of God into a lie," the trumpeter shouts across to the opposite side of the street. Only moments later his horn again begins to wail. "A curse, a curse upon their heads. Save them Lord or slay them dead . . ."

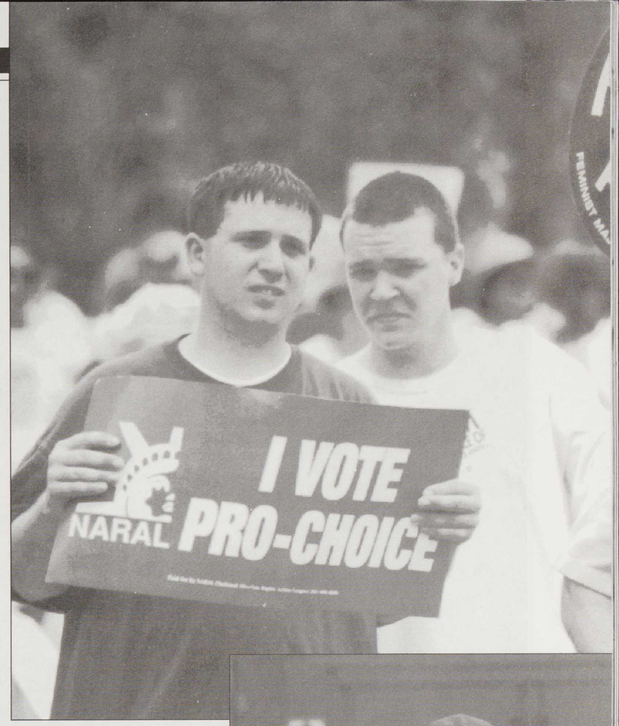
A man from Mississippi calls out, "You people would have done well [serving] Baal. They sacrificed their children . . ."

Another voice cries out, "Ye Jezebels of this generation, the Lord says, 'I set before you life and death, blessing or cursing. Therefore, choose life, that you and your offspring might live . . .'"

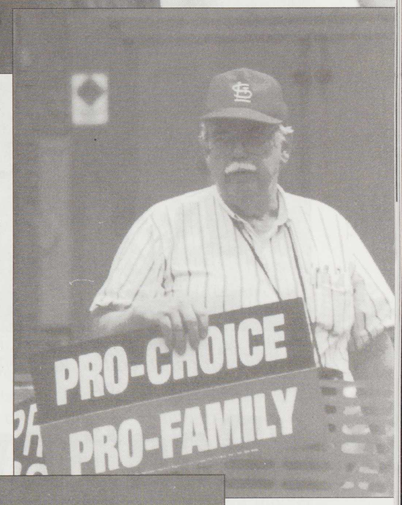
And now the trumpet is playing the final refrain of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, "His truth is marching on . . .
His truth is marching on . . .
His truth is marching on . . ." ■ —Cathy Ramey

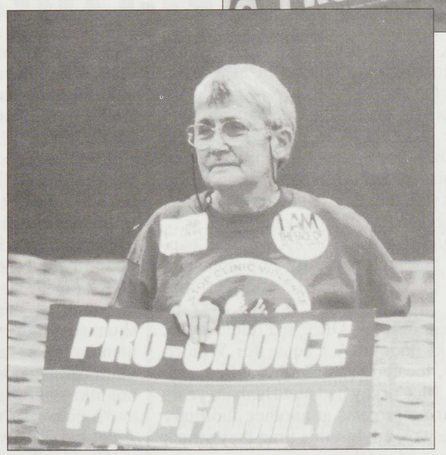
A local prophet who regularly pickets in St. Louis and in Granite City, Illinois.

And when all the polite protest is silenced by the voice of a prophet, they turn their backs and shut their ears. Outside a Granite City mill.



...Apple cheeked boys whose gonads have not yet descended.



... Old men

... And bitter old women who rationalize their own perversions by insisting and assisting each new generation to practice its own.