Tiller

Tiller's new abortion deal

Wichita, KS — Abortionist George Tiller will test a new chemical abortion method for the University of San Francisco General Hospital Medical Center. His will be one of two facilities in the nation to conduct tests of the drug methotrexate, an abortion inducer similar to RU-486. The dosage of methotrexate would be followed by a dose of misoprostol, a hormone known as prostaglandin, to induce the abortion (see related story).

The university priced the abortion agent at costing less than $4 and $2 respectively per dose, thus creating the possibility for a cheaper abortion.

Like RU-486, abortion enthusiasts hope that such abortive agents will effectively end the pro-life movement's ability to focus attention on abortion.

"I suppose I shouldn't say this, but if this turns out to be the stake that is driven into the heart of the anti-abortion movement . . . I want my hand on the hammer," said Tiller.

But pro-lifers insist they are not going away.

"Just like we know where surgical abortions are going on, we'll find out who is doing chemical abortions, and those places will come under pressure from us," said one local pro-lifer. ■

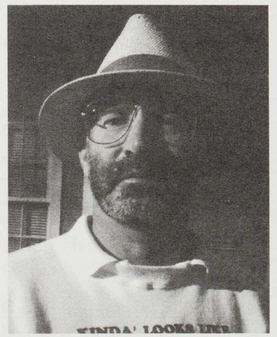
FBI and BATF start Reno-inspired "witchhunt"

Within hours of the shooting of abortionist James Britton in Pensacola, Florida by Paul Hill, U.S. Attorney General Janet Reno ordered a joint FBI/Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (BATF) search for a conspiracy among pro-lifers to destroy clinics and kill abortionists.

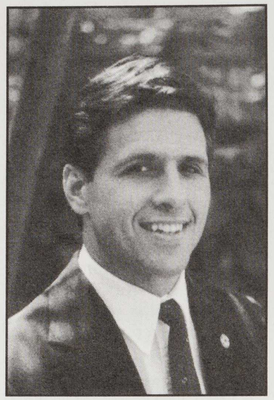
The first in line for what some describe as a "witchhunt" were those who had signed Paul Hill's Defensive Action statements which called for the acquittals of both Michael Griffin and Shelley Shannon based upon the legal and philosophical precept that protection of the unborn is no different than protecting the born.

On that list were Roy McMillan, executive director of Christian Action Group in Jackson, Mississippi, Michael Bray, pastor of Reformation Lutheran Church in Bowie, Maryland, Daniel Ware, a pro-lifer recently acquitted of trumped-up BATF charges in Penascola, Florida, and Andrew Burnett of Advocates for Life Ministries in Portland, Oregon.

Also under investigation is Matt Trewhella, pastor of Mercy Seat Christian Church and co-founder of Missionaries to the Preborn in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who signed an original draft of the Defensive Action statement but later withdrew after conflicts with Hill over certain beliefs. Trewhella is also the subject of a recent smear campaign (see related story).



McMillan



Bray

"All we did was sign an agreement about what we believed about the value of the unborn," said another of the signers. "There is no 'incitement' to violence in it. It's a free speech issue, and the Justice Department is wasting tax dollars — again — trying to find a phantom."

A previous probe in the early 1990s found no evidence of any pro-life conspiracy of violence in a long string of arsons.

Of the previous investigation, BATF Special Agent Jack Killoran said, "No conspiracy theory survives the arrests we have made. The connections would have been found." ■

Group offers Hill's paper

Defenders of Defenders of Life has said anyone wanting a copy of Paul Hill's 12-page paper, "Should We Defend Born and Unborn Children with Force?" can write to DDL, POB 544, Bowie, MD 20715. ■

God speaks on . . .

ABORTION

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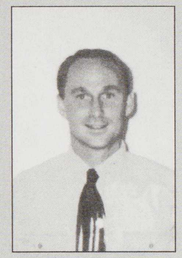
Repentance, realization, and regret

by Michael T. Zanetti

A few years ago I was pretty much sitting on top of the world. I could do no wrong. I was successful at college, the military, and being a manager of a lumber company. I was turning down opportunities. The reason was because I had stopped drinking and put my trust in God. Though I was not living a complete Godly life, God was blessing me—making a path for my life. I knew I had something special, and I felt special.

Then it all happened. I got a woman pregnant and we decided to have an abortion. I drove her to the clinic and took out my checkbook. When I arrived and sat down I felt dirty. God's spirit didn't walk with me up those steps. I sat there in still silence watching the doctor, nurse and patient who all seemed lifeless to me. I gazed in a mirror and all I could see was the cold stare of death looking back at me. I had to get out of there. I ran down the steps and out the door. I saw birds, ducks and children at a park I had ran toward. I was hoping for a spiritual embrace. When I arrived, God's spirit was there to greet me but he pointed for me to go back and stop this thing. I headed back in a stumbling daze, opened the door, and went back up the steps and asked the receptionist where she was. She replied "Sorry, she has just gone in for surgery."

"Somehow, life went on and I was able to suppress what happened to the point where I didn't believe it had actually happened."



What do I do? The voice in my head said run in and stop this horrible thing! But did I really want to? I didn't want to marry this girl and I didn't want the responsibility. I wasn't ready yet. This whole thing was unfair. I sat back down in the waiting room. The decision was made. Sixty minutes later we were in the car on the way home.

Part of me was gone...destroyed. I felt different. The innocence left me. I tried to say it would all go away. I reasoned with it. It's legal, people do it all the time—it's a woman's choice. All my life I had listened to God. Not that I was very religious, in fact I was an angry rebellious young man—but on the real issues I listened to God. This time I didn't listen.

Before when my life was at its lowest point, it seemed I was in an emotional pit. Blackness was all around. It was cold and slimy with bugs crawling on my legs and arms. Nobody goes to these emotional depths with you. Not that they wouldn't but they can't. (Like a boxer, you can give him/her as much advice as you want, but when the bell rings they go in alone.) It was at those times of total despair that I would notice another person sitting there in the muck. It was Jesus and He would say "Hey Mike, I'm sorry you've been imprisoned. I'm going to sit here and comfort you, and be a testimony to you so that you will indeed get out." While He was comforting me, He would heal me and teach me how to avoid this place in the future. On that drive home I reflected and thought of Jesus and how He was my best friend during the worst times.

But now I had disobeyed Him. I wasn't a good influence to this woman. I had dishonored her. There was blood on my hands, her hands and spilled blood on the abortion clinic's floor. The blood was crying out from the ground to God for vengeance. This verse seemed to go through my head: "When He opened the fifth seal, I saw under the alter the souls of those who had been slain...and they called out in a loud voice. How long, Sovereign Lord, Holy and True, until You judge the inhabitants of the earth and avenge our blood?' "Revevelations 6:9,10 NIV.

I should have begged God for forgiveness, repented of my sin's. God wanted to forgive me, but my heart was growing hard. I kept making excuses, telling myself it was legal, politically correct, socially acceptable. Besides, if it was anyone's fault it was hers and the doctors.

Very gradually, very methodically the slide began. At first I couldn't see it, then I couldn't stop it. My life was taking a turn for the worst. I lost my civilian job of six years, my part-time military commission, and my girlfriend. After about a year had passed, I packed up everything I had and drove across country to a guaranteed job. After three weeks, the company folded.

At about that time, I read a book about Satanists. One of the requirements of this group was that every third-level member had to break all ten of the commandments. I sat there stunned. I had already passed the requirements to be a third level Satanist. I hated myself, and what I had allowed myself to become. I was deeply ashamed. God had blessed me all my life and I had thrown away all His blessings like unwanted trash.

I fell to my knees and cried. I asked Jesus to forgive me for murdering an innocent baby. I asked that child who now resided in Heaven to forgive his/her irresponsible dad. I asked for forgiveness for being worldly in a world gone mad.

Very slowly, God reentered my life. I have yet to get the relationship that I strive for or even to get back to where I once was, but everyday my relationship gets stronger. Jesus has forgiven me, He has let me know my child is alive and residing in Heaven anxiously awaiting to meet me. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: For the former things are passed away." Revelations 21:4 KJV. For me the healing didn't start until I repented of my sins. On my knees I asked Jesus to forgive me and enter my life. Truly life has new meaning for me. Jesus is faithful and true—King of Kings and Lord of Lords. He was tortured and killed for my sins and the sins of the whole world.

Through prayer and meditation God has shown me that at the moment of conception He sends an eternal spirit, made in the image of God to dwell in a human body. He/she is a independent person that is not, nor ever has been part of the female body. When an abortion occurs, you're fanning the flames of God's wrath. It will not be doused without repentance. Who's guilty? The mother? The father? The doctors or nurses? The entire clinical staff (including the janitor)? What about local policy makers? Or even national policy makers? Any individual who allows it to continue without voicing restraint. Through your silence you've pronounced yourself guilty.

"I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." Revelations 3:15,16.

"And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondsman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, fall on us, and hide us from the face on Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the lamb. For the great day of His wrath is come: and who shall be able to stand? Rev. 6:15-17.

This is my story, may God forgive me. I pray that the people of the United States wake up and repent before God pronounces His final judgement on this land. Judgment has all ready started, just look around. ■