

Seventy-seven years.....plus three.

For some perspective, I was born the same year as Superman and Bugs Bunny, yet I lack the powers of the former and the cleverness of the latter. In the grand scheme of things, I have no special importance here on this Earth. Conceived into eternity, as we all are, I can only hope to achieve a remote corner of Heaven someday. I will be content. I have experienced my share of the human condition. Some experiences are not possible to share with others, nor could they charitably be wished upon others. The valley of the shadow of death is very real and only the grace of God can save.

I am not a writer by profession, as this missive (toofewwitnesses.com) will attest. I think it is reasonable to say, that the religious and moral instruction of my Baptist father has not been lost on me. He was faithful to the charge that I be raised in the Roman Catholic faith. I am sure my dad has been handsomely rewarded. Though that instruction was conflicted, it is a priceless treasure. This Catholic faith makes perfect sense to me.

A strong sense of morality permeated the world of my youth and upon reflection, it was an enjoyable and comfortable feeling. But we cannot live in the past, for those of us who remember such a delight. The present day and its portent for the future are all we have. A lot has changed since the days of my youth. Much is good, and much is not good. I have witnessed much of humanity's enormous technical gains, used for both good and evil. Sadly, the youth of today are losing that right to the innocence we enjoyed, as part and parcel of something totally new. A sinister humanity has emerged, with legal power, that has never been seen before. Our youth are suffering from a profound religious and moral neglect.

I have pondered over and prayed directly for many pregnancies. I am blessed with five sons, four daughters, fourteen granddaughters, seven grandsons, six great granddaughters and four great grandsons. Some time ago I began infrequently participating in monthly pro-life prayer meetings outside Boston area abortion clinics. I wanted to witness for myself what I had heard much about. These were powerful experiences, and cause for serious reflection. Thinking is important but once the right or the wrong of something becomes obvious, acting is more important. The frequency of my participation increased to monthly and then to weekly. I continue public presence on the sidewalk, to pray for Mary's intentions, continue thinking, and questioning.

The pro-life activity I observe is prayerful and peaceful. A few unborn lives are being saved! The prochoice activity, hidden from view, is the opposite. Abortion is violent and deadly, and it is legal and commonplace. What brought us to this? There is only one conclusion about humanity that makes any sense. What I witness outside the clinic can be said for all of society. There are simply too few witnesses for life. And, sad and very true, pro-life public witness and unborn lives saved are a rarity.

Countless pedestrians have been observed over the years. Most are indifferent to the loss of defenseless human life inside the clinic and the pro-life witnesses in their defense. Some thank the clinic "escorts" for their public witness, conveniently ignoring the deadly violence their witness represents. Some are openly hostile to any pro-life witness outside the clinic and not ashamed to express it!

We have come a long way from the time of Abraham, is our journey about to end? Common sense observation of our country and the world at large can only bring a discerning person to wonder, will the Creator very soon have to say, "Enough!" (Not much time left. IMHO) Too few witnesses for Life! God gave us all the ability to discern truth. We will either embrace it or deny it, as God also gave us the free will to choose. Many would like a free pass and not have to take a stand one way or the other. Unfortunately, not taking a stand is denial and a choice. Humanity's free will has generated countless opinions and beliefs regarding its own existence. This is the fault of mankind, not the Creator. The challenge then, is to find the Creator's truth and not be misled. Use your God-given common sense and I wish you well in your quest. Plenty of room on the sidewalk; for everyone.

Frank K. Porter Jr. 1938 Copyright 2015/2018

(PS: No special powers, not clever, nor seer, nor prophet, simply common-sense observation.)