

My Little Child

My little child, for you I mourn.
For your mother would not let you be born.
For her rights, she demanded and warred.
But for your rights, she completely ignored.
Our law says you must breathe a breath of air
To be considered a life, how is that fair?
For you, your mother had no respect,
But for her own body she dared not neglect.
You were completely dependent on her for life,
But sorry, my child, your mother was not prolife.
Your mother was what we call prochoice,
Which means little child you have no voice.

I'm so glad that Mary let Jesus be born,
An unmarried woman who risked being scorned.
She did not kill Him though today she would have the "right".
But loved Him and cared for Him with all of her might.
I'm so glad in God's sight Mary found favor.
For Jesus Christ became the world's Savior.
You, my little child, might have been the world's answer
To solving world hunger or curing cancer.
Or you may have saved a soul or two
By living a life God wanted you to.
But your mother decided you were not important enough
To risk her happiness or make her life rough.

Your mother would give you a reason for her choice
If only you had lived to hear her voice.
She might have said, "I was too young and it was not my plan."
But she felt old enough to "play married" with a man.
She might have said, "I have no money to provide proper care."
But her child could have been a barren couple's answered prayer.
My little child, it's time to say good-bye
As the angels carry you up on high.
Even though you never got the choice to live
Because your mother chose not to give.
You get to spend eternity with your Heavenly Father
Who will love you forever like a son or a daughter.