

# Whether You Believe God is all about Love or Hate will Decide Your Fate

BeWilling ToCha(Ile)nge UrBeliefs

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



## Dedication

*To God and Humanity*

## summary

Dear Mom and Dad: Letter from the Soul of an Aborted Fetus

That Night

The Path to be Taken

## Dear Mom and Dad: Letter from the Soul of an Aborted Fetus

### My Plea and Petition:

#### Opposition and Debate Don't Necessitate We Denigrate, nor Indicate any do Relegate Love below Hate

##### *BeWilling ToCha(Ile)nge UrBeliefs #1*

Please peruse per your own pace and leisure,

Poems and prose proposed for progress as opposed to pure pleasure,

And I passionately pray people won't portray nor display disdain nor dismay for they who say yay to all I convey,

For my motive does lay in paving the way to a much gayer day!

So, if in opposition to any position in my composition,

And it's no imposition, please provide with precision,

What drives yours decision so we can try to envision,

A better revision that makes an incision into our world's disposition of such a polar condition;

My one provision: be willing to cha(Ile)nge your conviction as you read each poem's vision.

So, as I discuss the infallible fallibility of the Bible's message,

Remember the miracles in your life to view God's truest visage;

When it comes to abortion, don't take it out of proportion,

For it's no distortion to say we're all heeding our hearts' most loving portion;

With universal health care, LGBTQ+ rights, and everything else,

Think about Jesus and decide based on how his love always has felt;

And if you don't believe in God or Christ, these poems just might not suffice,

But I do soon plan to explain, why I know a good God truly does reign;

Finally, for those who know me, know my position's long been evolving,

Around my pre-diseased days' thoughts my mind's still here revolving,

With the main issue needing solving being that of the Bible's pompous, self-righteous calling,

For proclaiming only one Book's lyrics and drawing paint the light to God's heart, and Heaven, is more than appalling!

From this prideful thought we all need absolving,

For all who show love, Heaven ought be involving,

Or else, against God, we all ought be revolting,  
For sending good people to Hell is far too revolting!

**Dear Mom and Dad: Letter from the Soul of an Aborted Fetus  
(God is Pro-Life Love)**

*BeWilling ToCha(lle)nge UrBeliefs #2*

Prelude: Please be willing to cha(lle)nge your belief,  
For only then will you find true relief,  
Either you'll see you were right all along,  
Or you'll discover where your heart does belong,

And if the idea of spreading this message makes you feel queasy,  
Remembering we're all flawed will make it a little more easy,  
We should never assume we have it all figured out,  
If we did, then what's this debate here really about?

So, simply offer this insight for others to take in and mull,  
Then let kindness, and God's heart, have total control,  
Tell them the truth: you value their well-formed opinion and thought,  
And if they disagree with me, then counterpoints they'll have, or at least they ought,

To make progress we must be willing to take time to listen,  
Valuing others' voices will, any burden, definitely lessen,  
And if they have valid arguments, please spread these too,  
To make the right decision, we must first hear each view;

So now, let me begin with a bit of a summary,  
If you've faith God's of perfect love, peace, and harmony,  
With infinite power and knowledge stocking Her armory,  
Then why would (S)He senselessly allow harm to be,  
Dealt to those who have yet to come to be?!!!

God's core characteristics and powers prove quite perfectly,  
To put a soul into a to-be aborted fetus, (S)He'd never agree,  
So I passionately plead, please mourn not the unborn soul,

For thankfully, by faith, we know who's in total control!

Letter: Dear mom and dad,  
You are not bad!  
And the Bible agrees,  
So listen up please!

I am just fine,  
My life is still mine!  
For God had a plan,  
Not foiled by man!

Had Mary aborted,  
Our Savior'd be ported,  
Then here He'd still come,  
To save His kingdom!

The same is quite true,  
Of me and of you,  
When God wants us here,  
We soon will be near!

For Her power is great,  
And life is our fate,  
'Twas just a short wait,  
'Fore I came through Earth's gate!

Plus, how could (S)He judge,  
Or, to Her, us nudge?  
It wouldn't be fair,  
(S)He just wouldn't dare!

True, (S)He knows us before,  
But free-will makes Her keep score,  
For what's this life for,  
Save to show us our core?  
But we only die once?

Don't be a dunce!  
Hebrews nine states,  
We die, then judgement awaits,

But to die, one must first live!  
How else a judgement to give?  
For can God truly decide,  
A soul's fate, on how, as a fetus it cried?!!!

But we're known in the womb?  
As well as before I presume!  
For God planned our good deeds,  
Before planting Earth's seeds!  
Do you doubt our God's power,  
To knit souls into our bodies no matter the hour?  
Could be while as a fetus,  
Or instead, right as you greet us!

And since (S)He knew you'd abort,  
And I'd still need Her support,  
I stayed in Her hands,  
At Her righteous commands!

Verses voicing formed in the womb,  
Speak solely of souls not sent young to their tomb,  
Please don't presume nor assume,  
But let a thorough search consume,  
Your time, thus leaving no room,  
For "Biblical authorities" to lead to your doom,  
These verses support no portion of restricting abortion,  
To say so's true truth distortion, a painful contortion!  
Truly, God never did tell us,  
There's a soul in each fetus!  
Faulty logic defeats us,  
When we lose sight of the love that God feeds us!  
613 laws, yet God formed not a penalty,

For an act done for eternity,  
Thus fanning this controversy,  
As a test to see who truly can see,  
The Word written within we,  
The Love that is Her identity,  
The Light that brings us serenity,  
The Way to Her Divinity;  
So, while fetal John may have sensed,  
Fetal Jesus and danced,  
God's no need to form,  
Souls 'fore a great storm!

(S)He'd never let harm,  
Come to innocent arm!  
So, when you got rid of me,  
We both were set free!  
No pain did I see,  
For with God I did be!

Again, (S)He knew long before,  
You'd knock on that door,  
So your womb had no soul,  
(S)He's in total control!  
And about that Exodus verse,  
Interpretation couldn't be worse!  
The woman's fetus was wanted,  
But thugs left her quite haunted...  
It and abortion are nothing alike,  
So please tell that verse to "Go take a hike!"  
But God commanded, "Populate the Earth!"  
Have you seen humanity's oversized girth?  
Plus, Christians only give birth,  
When faith spreads to a new hearth;  
But adoption some cry!  
Why God, oh why?  
Sure it'd be nice,



But here's some advice,  
Force any to give,  
And for Jesus won't live!  
For mom's bond to her kid,  
Too strong to make rid,  
If God forced her to sever,  
She'd hate God forever!  
She'd feel much the same,  
If birth brought babe pain,  
We see pro-life doth stain,  
The Love of God's name;  
And since the goal's to save souls,  
Pro-lifers, prove your hearts full!  
Give birth to your own charity,  
Show us this rarity,  
For pro-lifers could fill,  
All adoption needs at will!  
Leading many to Jesus,  
I wonder why the church has never conceived this?  
By the way, our Biblical mothers of faith,  
Were never rewarded this way,  
Sarai, Rebekah, and Rachel weren't asked to adopt,  
An unwanted babe to help abortion be stopped,  
Nay, with they, Elizabeth, and Sampson's mother, God did opt,  
To have them faithfully wait for Him to fertilize their crop!  
And I know bloodlines over goodness were a big thing at that time,  
But God would have changed that if abortion were truly a crime!

But still you insist God must be pro-life?  
For it's just part of our strife,  
Which we see is so rife,  
So, let's just be His good wife!  
I agree life's never an ease,  
But think it through please!  
God says only do right,  
And follow Her light,

So, it's not close to bright,  
To bring blight nor plight!  
To do so's Her charge,  
Ours? To prove our hearts large,  
And are our hearts big,  
When we force some to dig,  
Out of such holes,  
Burying hurt souls?  
God never extols,  
That which never consoles!  
To see the truth here,  
Put on her gear,  
If someone raped you,  
Would you think it best to,  
Give birth to his kid,  
So memory can't rid,  
The sin that he did,  
Is this what God bid?  
Sounds nothing like Jesus,  
Tears God's heart to pieces!  
Remember, no soul's in a fetus,  
Unless their smile's going to feed us!  
Next, be that young soul,  
Would you want Love in control?  
Or is to suffer your goal?  
Why hurt partially instead of in full?!!!  
For there's genetic disease?  
"Sign me up please!"  
HIV or Hep C?  
"Don't make it easy for me!"  
Mental handicap, deformity, or other poor health?  
"I just want what's best for my doc's wealth!"  
An addicted mother's toxic womb environment?  
"My number one requirement!  
The more alcohol and drugs,  
The more God gets my hugs!"

How 'bout an abusive father?

"I wouldn't want any other!"

Mom coerced to give birth by her horrible husband?

"What a lovely family to teach me God's worth, can't wait to meet this sweet man!"

A life sans my dad?

"Couldn't be too bad!"

Birth might kill my mother?

"I'm fine being a murderer raised by another!"

My sisters and brothers will be left with no food?

"Let them starve! Or else you'll put God in a bad mood!"

A childhood of pure poverty?

"Sounds like winning the lottery!"

Growing up with the fosters?

"Beats staying on Heaven's lame rosters!"

Stealing mom's dreams away?

"You know what they say, 'Causing a good cry a day keeps the love coming your way!'"

Forced mom to drop out?

"I prefer the hard route!"

Parents won't have the time?

"No guidance is how we stop crime!"

A home that'll show me no love?

"More reasons to send prayers up above!"

A life feeling abandoned?

"It'll make me stronger to be needlessly haunted, I'm being quite candid!"

Millions of women dead in back-alleys because abortion's restricted,

Leaving husbands and children to suffer for something God made not explicit?

"No worries, for while from Heaven we were never evicted,

And there's no backlog of souls needing a ticket,

What they did to protect us from sorrowful lives was clearly quite wicked!"

Now, while much of this might still occur,

If mom's opposed, listen to her!

Don't you know mom always knows best,

It's quite the top time proven test!

And if we truly wish to take on the quest,

Of preventing from ever being oppressed,

Those not yet Earthly alive,

I hope you see abortion will best help them thrive!  
Plus, I think we ought dare,  
To show a little more care,  
For those living down here,  
And the burdens they bear!  
Why favor souls up above,  
Basking in God's Heavenly love?  
They're clearly unharmed!  
Though we've got them alarmed!  
For abortion restrictions kill,  
Joy's blood they doth spill!  
To protect the unborn,  
We must keep the living untorn!  
Please use common sense,  
If God's power's quite dense,  
And abortion (S)He never condemns,  
Then, what's right as seen through Her lens?  
For if I were that child you "saved",  
I'd be not reconciled by the valley of the shadow of death that you paved,  
Forcing me into that life,  
Wouldn't make me God's wife!

No, I'd beg my mom please,  
While on unformed knees,  
"Please show me your love,  
And leave me above!"

And yes, God is pro-life,  
Just not life that stabs like a knife!  
(S)He wants only what's best,  
Us putting love first has long been Her quest;

As for life's strife,  
It's true that it's rife,  
But if it really is best,  
We need not assist,

For God's powers persist,  
So, please cease and desist!

So, dear mom and dear dad,  
Shed not a tear!  
Nor face death with fear!  
For you didn't desert me,  
Nor even once hurt me!  
God knew all your thoughts,  
When your souls were mere dots,  
In your womb was no soul,  
And my life has been full!  
My purpose I've filled,  
Thus, God is quite thrilled!  
You caused nobody harm,  
You're held by God's righteous arm!  
Truly, my dear mom and dear dad,  
You've made me so glad!  
I send you all of my love,  
And will see you above!

**PS.**

You still think contraception and abortion are the Devil's invention?  
Then, all their pain and heartache prevention you better not mention!  
Being careful what you wish for just got taken to another dimension!  
Or do you think tax-loving humans will see millions of babes in need of protection,  
And actually make the concession to shell out the trillions and trillions needed to aid their religious  
election and lead to profession,  
Of Jesus as savior as opposed to contention his resurrection and ascension were filled with only the  
most evil intention?!!!  
I foresee some tension, for if you think homelessness is bad now, wait 'til abortion is banned!  
And we'll need a convention, for after a ban I dread to see where drugs and crime stand!  
And it's come to attention, overcrowding, pollution, and all else would get out of hand!  
For did anyone mention, restriction puts the most constriction on the poor, the ones Jesus asked us  
to mend?!  
But at least we know there'll be no major dissention nor insurrection, for amassing massive  
inequality in society has never led to blood on its land!  
Truly, the only thanks you'll get for granting them this curse,

Of life will be them living to take away yours!  
So, please teach religious leaders to have faith that endures,  
For God's protection of all, especially the unborn, is of all that I'm sure.

**PPS.**

I repeat, please mourn not the unborn soul,  
But rather, remember who's in total control,  
For this decision'll affect billions, it'll take quite the toll!  
So, on the following I hope you'll once again mull,  
Abortion began in the most ancient of time,  
Yet in God's Word, nary a single line nor rhyme!  
Not even mentioned among the most minor of crime!  
If it were important, Jesus surely would have rung many a chime!

Truly, the Bible must have covered all major sin,  
Thus, here my argument does often begin,  
If God knew it would be the cause of such great debate,  
Then why all the silence, when it can decide our fate?

Yet you still claim it's clear that abortion is murder?  
Well I ask you how so, for who did we hurt here?  
And again, if it were murder, God surely would say,  
But to repeat, not a word there, that you heed this I pray!  
For while murder is obviously and clearly quite wrong,  
And the list why is truly immense, really quite long,  
Abortion's not murder, for it brings nobody harm,  
Save for those under pro-life's treacherous charm!

For first, it prevents no good nor great things,  
Because to Earth, all souls, God surely still brings,  
Next, no one loses a loved one whom they can say that they knew,  
And third, God wouldn't let it delay the good things that they'll do,

To continue, it causes no living soul to have fear,  
For no murderer, to them, is actually near,  
Finally, if you think it brings the fetus any harm or pain,  
You're calling God evil, which is clearly insane!

God simply ships aborted souls to warm, happy, new places,  
To be born unto other kind, loving motherly faces,  
If you doubt this, then you doubt God's infinite love and power,  
So I exhort, from well-thought-out faith, never let yourself cower!

**PPPS.**

I promise, just a little more ink,  
To help you decide what to think,  
Just a bit more repetition,  
To help you pick your position:  
If you'd been aborted,  
Would your life have been shorted?  
Or would you still do,  
What God long ago drew?  
Are God's power and love true?  
Would Earth you still view?  
Just born to another,  
Your always planned mother?  
Or does God not know who'll abort?  
Or just choose not to export,  
Those souls to new wombs,  
What, (S)He prefers fetal tombs?!!!  
Truly, would (S)He keep you with Her,  
So no death would occur?  
Or would (S)He leave your fate to another,  
Decided by your uninformed mother?  
I pray you can see that when a fetus is taken,  
There's no need to be shaken!  
We need not defend,  
The unborn, for God never would send,  
Them to any quick end,  
Her will never will bend!  
For God only does best,  
Her love we always must stress,  
Thus, abortion we need not protest,  
For (S)He made no request!

Plus, Earth gives us our test,  
As well as much needed zest,  
Else (S)He would not invest,  
Time on this love-forming quest,  
Rather in Heaven we'd rest,  
Feeling perfectly blessed!  
But as I've ably assessed,  
We prefer the climb to the crest,  
While in God's armor we're dressed,  
As our limits are pressed!  
Her truth we've always possessed,  
For it is common sense!  
A fetal death is no test,  
For God's invincible vest!  
And our fate never would rest,  
With luck?that God doth detest!  
Nay, (S)He'll always build us our nest,  
This, those with faith, cannot contest!  
And here, I haven't just guessed,  
God's love proves we're all blessed!  
God's goodness will never be lessed!  
Thus, we're all granted life on Her Earth's test!  
Now, after you contemplate and deliberate,  
If this does still resonate,  
Don't hesitate to formulate how to disseminate,  
What may elevate our union of states,  
To become a leader of what's great, rather than hate!  
We must advocate and demonstrate, and pledge to communicate,  
With each delegate and candidate,  
Until the petitions we initiate, and the least biased polls that operate,  
Leave no debate as to what our nation must promulgate!  
And, on a matter so delicate, we must be deliberate,  
In that we will not tolerate,  
Anything less than commensurate with what God did inferentially obligate,  
When (S)He bestowed woman with the full burden and blessing of life to create!  
Now, I shouldn't say "full," for men have the duty to allocate,



A joyful minute to impregnate, but let's not obfuscate,  
"Joy" with "burden" no matter how closely men might think they relate!  
For if men were to frequently physically and emotionally menstruate,  
Spend nine months to incubate, act as God's undersized delivery gate,  
Offer their body to be the babe's plate, and sacrifice endless hours to raise the little mate,  
Then I'd be fine granting them full rights to a fetus' fate!  
But until that day comes, women should have full say, no matter how late!  
And this fight we mustn't abate until enough finally elevate,  
Faith in God's love over hate Her Word never does state!  
Only then will we celebrate, as all restrictions we eliminate, so the unborn we can liberate from many  
an unwanted fate!  
And please know, God will always commemorate all those who dedicate their time to alleviate,  
The weight of the burden on those God's yet to Earthly substantiate, as well as on all who can  
actually procreate,  
With the passing of our Immaculate's long awaited, soon to be enumerated Pro-Love Twenty-Eight!  
(Oh, and those soul-knitting verses really are only spoken to, or about, souls capable of reasoning  
on this side of Heaven's Gate!)

## That Night

**New night, beams bright, rings right, sweet sight, delight,  
Shy stance, give glance, dazed dance, true trance, romance,  
Mild mist, iris, then this, craved kiss, blind bliss,  
Pure pine, sparks shine, sure sign, make mine, divine,  
Palms press, shed stress, dawn dress, weightless, best bless,  
Dream deal, forms feel, hearts heal, souls seal, rose real.**

## The Path to be Taken

There two stood, in a wondrous wood,  
Which to take? First bends back to break,  
Just one could, guide gently toward good,  
All at stake! Life's true last retake,

Glance at one, sails smoothly toward sun!  
Gape at two, tough, treacherous view,..  
Flowers that stun! Furry frolicking fun!  
Or, on cue, bear tramples undisturbed dew...

Wide and straight, golden gates surely await!  
Or tight, not bright, a soul scarcely in sight...  
Feels so great, free-flowing toward fate!  
Or Rock blocks sight, forcing fierce fight then flight...

Of course we know, which path we should go!  
But will we choose? Refuse here to lose?  
One way to grow, don't follow the flow!  
Blessed be blues, truths' hues God imbues.

The one less travel, shan't unravel,  
But are you sure, you can endure?  
Lined with no gravel, piercing pounds of the gavel,  
Fall not for the lure, take the path less tried yet much truer.