

President's Desk

Sandy Rios is President of Concerned Women for America

Standing for Life 1973-2003



I was sitting in an empty office at the headquarters for American troops stationed in Berlin, Germany, one afternoon in 1973,

it would be like to finally hold my own baby. I dreamed one night of a beautiful, dark-haired little girl approaching my bed. I still remember that dream vividly. In July I gave birth to a baby girl just like the one in my dream, with thick black hair and the

when I opened a desk drawer. Instead of a notebook, I found an intriguing brochure. As I leafed through, an emotional knife pierced my heart, for on those pages were the lifeless images of unborn children, brutalized through abortion.

The pamphlet illustrated the methods common at that time. The descriptions were sensory overload to a 22-year-old girl who had hardly heard the word "abortion." When I was growing up, it was a dirty word, uttered in whispers with a sense of dread and shame. How could this process, so obviously gruesome and inhuman, now be permitted by the law of the land?

Dream Come True

I left Berlin in 1974, seven months pregnant with our first child. I could barely sleep for fantasizing about what

brown eyes of a fawn. The joy of being her mother was unlike any I had ever known. But there was one catch. This little girl was as damaged as she was beautiful.

As the weeks and months progressed, she did not. She could not walk or talk or feed

herself, or reach for a toy, or dance or sing or put her arms around me. Sasha would never make a paper doll, dance in a recital, get a driver's license or have a first date. I would never be the mother of the bride or grandmother to her children.

Value of a Life

It was in this that I was to learn a new lesson about the sanctity of human life. For what value is a life such as Sasha's? Certainly not much from the vantage point of her neurologists, who recommended I do nothing if she should choke on her food. Certainly not

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much as my husband and I watched our friends' daughter, same age, grow and advance and contribute, while Sasha lay motionless on her blanket.

The scientific community then, as it does now, says that children like Sasha have no value. They are singled out through amniocentesis for extermination, induced to early labor and left to die, in some cases, just because they have Down syndrome or spina bifida. Dr. Peter Singer of Princeton University advocates for the right of parents such as I to kill their children within two years of birth if the situation appears too difficult to manage.

People clamor for perfect babies just like they order hamburgers. They can "have it their way": blue eyes, smart, athletic, disease- and disability-free. Couples can dispose of the babies if they are too young or busy or not able to afford a big enough house.

Or they can have them when they're ready, even past menopause for women, by borrowing another's eggs; and certainly later than that for men when they've "found themselves" or found finally the girl of their dreams, 20 years younger. Never mind the baby is destroyed on one end of the spectrum and parented by an elderly, potentially sick and needy parent on the other. It's all about choice and convenience.


Children a commodity; parents the consumers. All of this American thinking we can trace to the advent of killing our children on demand, in the form of *Roe v. Wade*.

What's so wrong with technology that provides parents with children when they desire them? Advances that would ensure health and success in these offspring, and present to the

world contributors with full potential?

"The Strong Need the Weak"

Because when we scoff at the sacredness of life, we make ourselves gods. Because babies may be inconvenient, but every birth remains a miracle, every tiny toe a marvel. Because as Dietrich Bonhoeffer so eloquently put it when facing the eugenic practices of Nazi Germany, "Not only do the weak need the strong, but the strong need the weak."

I can only tell you that my adult, but child-like, silent daughter has done more to form my character than any other element of my life. I can only tell you that she has had a profound impact on her brother, our friends, the kids in the neighborhood. In her silence she has spoken loudly about the meaning of life and the futility of normal concerns. I asked myself 30 years ago how abortion could be legal, never dreaming that worse was to come. Could it be that, after all these years, we could actually stop *Roe v. Wade* and its cancerous manifestations, and reclaim the glory and mystery of life that only God Himself has the right to unfold? Especially now, at the 30th anniversary of the infamous *Roe v. Wade* decision, we at CWA pray and work to make it so. Thank you for joining with us. 



CWA's Pro-Life Action Guide contains the information you need to expose pro-abortion lies. In addition, you'll receive How to Lobby From Your Home, a practical brochure on how to influence your legislators. \$3. To order, call 800-323-

2200, or use the form on page 46.