

Looking past and ignoring the pain and suffering of the world's children, does not stop it.

“And the King will answer and say to them, ‘Assuredly, I say to you, inasmuch as you did *it* to one of the least of these My brethren, you did *it* to Me.’ Then thy also will answer Him, saying, ‘Lord when did we see You hungry or thirsty or a stranger or naked or sick or in prison, and did not minister to You?’ ”

MATTHEW 25:40, 44 (NKJ)

This is a letter to a child to the mum. Dear mommy, I am in heaven now, sitting on Jesus' lap. He loves me and cries with me, for my heart has been broken. I so wanted to be your little girl. I don't quite understand what has happened. I was so excited when I began realizing my existence. I was in a dark, yet comfortable place. I saw I had fingers and toes. I was pretty far along in my developing, yet not near ready to leave my surroundings. I spent most time thinking or sleeping. Even from my earliest days, I felt a special bonding between you and me.

Sometimes, I heard you crying and I cried with you. Sometimes, you would yell or scream, then cry. I heard daddy yelling back. I was sad and hoped you would be better soon. I wondered why you cried so much. One day you cried almost all the day. I hurt for you. I couldn't imagine why you were so unhappy. That same day, the most horrible things happened. A very mean monster came into that warm, comfortable place I was in. I was so scared, I began screaming, but you never once tried to help me. Maybe you never heard me.

The monster got closer and closer as I was screaming and screaming, “”Mommy, mommy, help me please! Mommy help me!” Complete terror is all I felt. I screamed and screamed until I thought I couldn't anymore. Then the monster started ripping my arms off. It hurt so bad, the pain I can never explain. It didn't stop. Oh, I begged it to stop. I screamed in horror as it ripped my leg off. Though I was in such complete pain, I was dying. I knew I would never see your face or hear you say how much you love me. I wanted to make all tears go away. I had so many plans to make you happy. Now I couldn't. All my dreams were shattered.

Though I was in utter pain and horror, I felt the pain of my heart breaking, above all. I wanted more than anything to be your daughter. No use now, for I was dying a painful death. I could only imagine the terrible things that they had

done to you. I wanted to tell you that I love you before I was gone, but I didn't know the words you could understand. Soon, I no longer had the breath to say them, I was dead.

I felt myself rising. I was being carried by a huge Angel into a big beautiful place. I was still crying, but the physical pain was gone. The Angel took me to Jesus and set me on His lap. He said He loves me, and He was my Father. Then I was happy. I asked Him what the thing was that killed me. He answered abortion. I am sorry, My child, for I know how it feels. I don't know what abortion is, I guess that's the name of the monster. I'm writing to say that I love you and to tell you how much I wanted to be your little girl. I tired very hard to live. I wanted to live. I had the will, but I couldn't, the monster was too powerful. It sucked my arms and legs off and finally got all of me. It was impossible to live.

I just wanted you to know I tried to stay with you. I didn't want to die. Mommy, be careful of that monster abortion, so it does not hurt you. I still love you. Bye and God bless you. Your little daughter. Until we stop this, we will not have peace. The Angels are submitting our case with the aborted children to God day by day. To stop this, you will pray always with motherless babies, less privileged children and orphans around the world. Support them financially and pray for them. God is not helping with our world because of this great monster--abortion.

LOVE THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD

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Each One! Bless One!