

Every One a Masterpiece

I *could* give you my objective reasons for holding to a pro-life conviction. I have biblical reasons (like Psalm 139:13, 16, which affirms that life begins at conception; Genesis 1:26-27 and 2:7, which states that all humans are created in God's image; Exodus 20:13, in which God has commanded us not to kill; and Luke 1:41,44, in which a baby in utero could hear and recognize another person's voice). I also have scientific reasons—I could list all of the criteria for living beings (Hardin) and explain to you how a child in utero meets every requirement, and I could point you to multiple articles published by reputable sources which detail each week of a baby's growth in the womb. However, my strongest reasons for being pro-life sleep in the bedroom next to mine.

My two brothers joined our family through adoption. Their birth mother could have chosen abortion for either one of them...but she didn't. She courageously carried them and chose to make an adoption plan, so that they could be loved and nurtured better than she felt she was able to do. I remember the first time I held each of my brothers, the joy and excitement I felt after having waited years for God to give me siblings. I've thought hundreds of times since then, *How thankful I am that their birth mother chose life for them.*

Now they are quickly growing into young men. One is lean and fast, loves sports and strategy, can beat me at chess, and can easily pick out songs on the piano by ear. One is quiet and gentle, knows more about insects than anyone I've ever met, regularly requests or offers hugs, sings to himself when he thinks no one is listening, and has the loudest, most joyful laugh of all our family. Both of them have giggled with me over stories we made up together, and both have given me “I love you” notes on multiple occasions when I've been sad. They have dreams, desires, fears, loves, and struggles just like I do. They are as fully human as I am. I love them. Had their birth mother chosen to abort either or both of them, I never would have played with them, hugged them, or heard them sing. How could I not pray

and desire that every child could live to be born and glorify God by their lives, to love and be loved? How could I not plead with every mother to unveil to the world the masterpiece that God created within her (Ephesians 2:10)?

Every person is uniquely created to reflect God's glory. He gives them each individual gifts, abilities, thoughts, feelings, desires, and personalities. He prepares things only they can do, relationships only they can have. It's a beautiful thing to see a child's life fulfill God's plan for them, and a blessing to discover the uniqueness of who He made them to be. It's a beautiful thing to choose life.

Works Cited

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