

One Second

Will she look like me? Will he have my laugh? Will it smile when it sees my face? I ponder these questions as I drive to the clinic. *Or, will I never get to know the answers to these questions? Will I end this suffering for me at the expense of my baby? Will I decide it is easier to just get an abortion? Will I never get to hold the hands of my baby?* As my car pulls into the parking lot, I see a bus in the distance. I do not know why but as my footsteps go towards the bus, my body feels compelled to enter.

The cold gel causes chills to run through my body. The stick presses against my stomach. The ultrasound technician looks down at me with wide eyes. I glance at the screen that I have been avoiding looking at since I walked into the room. But as I see the black-and-white screen, it is not a jumble of cells nor confusing configurations that I see, but a baby, clear as day on the monitor. Its eyes could one day match my green ones and its laugh could one day be in symphony with mine. That day I drove away from the clinic and never looked back.

One second. All it takes is a second. One second to decide. One second to cause a consequence. All it takes is one second for the heart to stop beating. One second to start a life and one to end it. This girl is the reason that I am pro-life. This baby is the reason that I know not to take the value of human life for granted. I am pro-life for those green eyes that made it to the world and were not destroyed. I am pro-life for that smile that got to be shown and that laugh that got to be heard. Every second we need to show that life is invaluable and precious. It only takes one second to ask for help and one to reach out. It only takes one second to help change someone's mind and one to change your own. It only takes one second to save a life and one to help others save. All it takes is a second.