

Hi, there. My name is Valarie, and I was a part of the group that pilgrimaged, and participated in the March for life in Washington D.C.

Fist off I would like to bluntly say *wow*. *Wow, wow, wow*.

It was unbelievable. Even now, almost a week later, it still hasn't quite sunk in that I was there. That I was a part of something so massive. And now, I am honored to be here, giving testimony to everything I witnessed.

As Christian's, we are often told that we are a part of the "Body of Christ." That each of us carries a special purpose. Something unique that only we can accomplish, and that God formed us with the ability to do. I have it on good authority that I must be a part of the mouth because I never stop talking. Nevertheless, God formed us in his conscious before we were born. He knew our hearts, he knew our souls. He knows every detail of us, from the pads of our fingers... the curve of our lips... the rhythm of our breath. We were created for this specific time to preform our specific ability. We are not just called, though, to *mindlessly* perform these things. That isn't what God wants. He has called us to do these things with *great* love.

That is what I witnessed in D.C. The Body of Christ coming together. All the hands working, feet marching, minds educating, eyes witnessing, mouths proclaiming together. Uniting together and using their gifts in the name of defending those little souls that are being lost before they can even take their first breath in this world. All those children lovingly and carefully formed in the mind of God, who will never see this earth and serve their purpose.

The people I saw were warriors. Not one's who carried guns, or blades, or fought with fists. Because the enemy they are fighting can't be defeated with those things. Fighting hatred with hatred only causes more hate. As does anger with anger, and violence with violence. Those people were fighting hatred with love. Anger with compassion. And violence with mercy. Because in the wake of those weapons, hatred, anger, and violence can't possibly stand against them. And they couldn't. This year was the lowest turn-out of protestors against The March that anyone of the many people I talked to could remember. I myself didn't even see one.

Hopelessness is the enemy of our times. It's hopelessness that crushes a small child's imagination and tells them their dreams are impossible. It is hopelessness that tells our youth that they are worthless... and death is the only solution. It is hopelessness that tells a woman that her child is an enemy and she is too weak to rise above her situation. It's hopelessness that kills those unborn children and why I'm missing ONE-THIRD of my generation! Why one-third of our future doctors, teachers, politicians, artists, writers, brothers, sisters, friends, and family aren't here.

It's not those women's fault. Our society is brazenly against them, and going against society is *painful*. Many of those women feel guilt, anger, and depression. But God is good. For every bad thing that happens he gives us the opportunity to make something better. Those women now give their witness to the trauma of abortion. They stood on the steps of the Supreme Court and in front of hundreds of thousands of people and bravely gave their testimonies hoping to change one mind. Save one life. We are all human. We all make mistakes. We all deserve the

opportunity forgiveness. God calls us to love, and only He truly knows a person's heart. We are called to forgive and be peaceful.

So, today, let's bring the some of the energy of the March to our home state. Because it's not enough to just think about those unborn children once a year and then forget about it. We **MUST** keep talking about it. Keep educating. Keep pressing the issue until abortion isn't just *illegal* but unthinkable. That's why it is so important to participate in these marches. To keep those children who have been aborted and those women who have had abortion's in your prayers and minds. Why it's crucial to volunteer, and help support pregnancy centers like Grace House. We are the frontline, and the only voices the children at risk of abortion have.

Let's go out today and make a difference.

Happy Marching.