

The Road Not Taken

Reflections on Life Sunday: How one woman was impacted by the Life Sunday message

By Jean Hansen Kammerer

I Imagine a courtroom. A bench trial. You are standing before the judge awaiting his verdict. The questions have been asked and answered. “Did you, or did you not, drive the perpetrator to and from the scene of the crime?” “I did, sir.” “Did you, or did you not, have full knowledge that a felony was about to be committed?” “I did, sir.” “Do you have anything you would like to say on your own behalf before I pronounce my verdict?” “I do, sir.” “Proceed.” “Your honor, the perpetrator is my friend and needed my help. I was just trying to be a good friend. Besides, if I hadn’t agreed to drive, someone else would have. The crime would have happened even if I didn’t take part in it.” “Then you admit your part in the crime.” “Uh ... uh ... uh ... n ... no. That’s not what I said. I was just ...” “The court has heard enough. I hereby find you guilty and sentence you ...” This scenario may more closely resemble the scene in a television drama than an actual trial in a court of



law, but most of us would have no trouble envisioning such a dialogue.

It does not always take a judge to pronounce our guilt to us. More often than not, we feel guilt even before we actually commit the “crime.” Yet, we proceed with our evil actions and compound the guilt. Left unconfessed, the sin eats away at our soul, sometimes hidden from our consciousness, until something happens to bring it to the surface. Such a sin recently came to light for me.

It was Life Sunday, and our pastor had preached on the responsibility Christians have to speak up on life issues. Guilt not only lies with those who actually have an abortion or counsel someone else to do so, but also with those of us who choose to be silent.



The reality of his words was sobering. But the severity of the impact was compounded by the fact that I had not only been silent, I had been an accomplice to the “crime.” Let me explain.

Many years ago, a friend came to me to ask for my help. She needed someone to drive her to the medical clinic for an appointment. She was pregnant, and she and her husband had decided on abortion.

I remember the battle within my heart at the time. Though abortion would not have been an option for me, she was my friend and I wanted to help her. Loyalty won out, and I chose to drive her to the clinic, knowing full well that she was about to take the life of her child.

I was guilty ... of murder ... of an innocent life ... by my silence ... and by my misplaced loyalty. My sentence was decades of questioning my actions ... and my silence. I remember the personal anguish in making the decision of whether or not to drive her to the clinic, but I do not remember uttering one word to try to dissuade her, to change her mind, to reach out to her, to give her hope ... to be loyal to my Lord ... and save the life of a child.

I have since lost contact with this friend, and pray

that she has come to the saving knowledge of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

As for me, I imagine a new scenario.

I am standing before the Lord awaiting His judgment.

The questions have been asked and answered.

“Did you, or did you not, drive your friend to and from the clinic?”

“I did, Lord.”

“Did you, or did you not, have full knowledge that your friend was about to have an abortion?”

“I did, Lord.”

“Do you have anything you would like to say on your own behalf before I pronounce my verdict?”

“I do, Lord.”

“Proceed.”

“I confess, Lord, that I am a sinner. That I have sinned against You by what I have done and by what I have left undone. But I am heartily sorry for these sins and sincerely repent of them. I pray You of Your boundless mercy and for the sake of the holy, innocent, bitter suffering and death of Your beloved Son, Jesus Christ, to be gracious and merciful to me, a poor sinful being.”

“Forgiven.”