

## My Body. My Choice.

She rushes down the sidewalk and scurries into an ally to avoid being seen. A banner across the street yells, “Better Life. Better City.” Ironic, when they’re trading lives like they’re playing cards. Stumbling through debris, she ends up in front of the clinic. Posters line the windows filled with images of happy families with the words, “Ask about our better life options today.” She walks through the doors and is welcomed by a smiling face.

“What can I do for you, sweetheart?” it asks.

“I need money,” she responds, “This is the only way.”

“I understand,” she says with a small smile, “What are you interested in?”

“The heart,” she says solemnly.

A wrinkle forms across the receptionist’s face as her eyes drop to the floor and her smile fades quickly.

“I’ll get the video ready for you as well as the paperwork, miss.”

“Thank you.”

She’s led into a conference room as the projector flickers on, a dozen others who look to be in the same economical situation join her.

The film begins with images of overpopulation, famine, and severe drought. A soothing voice speaks of the disasters that struck the earth, how its resources despite phenomenal developments in the technological aspect ultimately failed us, and how change was needed. It speaks of how a new organization was formed, Planned Population. It was the best option. All of these problems had led to an uncontrolled

homeless population with people living on the riverbanks and many suffering from mental health issues. There were not enough clinics and medications were too expensive if they would even agree to take them. Something had to be done.

A Planned Population logo flashes onto the screen as the voice says, “But then it all changed! Clinics were opened up. Jobs were created, and citizens were empowered to become more financially stable.” This “empowerment” is through ulterior ways to make money – the selling of human organs. Planned Population has been so kind as to offer to give money to those willing to donate themselves. A kidney provides enough to pay for six months of living expenses, more if you are frugal. Blood transfusions can get you a fancy dinner or food for a week. Skin grafts, bone marrow, eggs, sperm, and embryos can all be traded for money. This ingenious plan not only helps the homeless off the streets and promotes financial stability but also reduces wait time for transplants, supplies blood banks, and helps make infertility treatments affordable for many childless couples. For those who need more money there are contracts available for the heart or lungs. Despite having seen protestors calling this “inhumane” and “barbaric” the voice on the video echoes the famous words, “My body. My choice.” Payments for these vital organs can be left to family or dispersed over the six months prior to the procedure. Recipients of the organs are obviously pro-choice saying that the donors make an informed decision and give their consent. Those willing to make such a sacrificial decision must participate in a psychological evaluation in addition to extensive testing. Her mind whirls with how she’s going to tell her mom. Her daughters...what will they do without her? But she has to do it; she doesn’t have any other choice.

As all of the legal wording and fine print flashes across the screen her mind wanders back to pro-life protestors she'd seen on the streets. They spoke and chanted about how it's morally wrong and people shouldn't be bartering body parts. She recalls an interview between a pro-life activist and a television host; the lady with a sad smile spoke about how quite often these people were coerced into believing this was the only choice and how people are often not in the right state of mind to make a decision of this magnitude. The video ends with more reasoning and the words, "My body. My choice." She wipes off her tears with the back of her hand. She walks through the doors and out of the clinic. How could she do that? She couldn't.

This story might seem to be a slight stretch, but it demonstrates a similar decision pregnant women face. Society today has practically normalized abortions. The story also addresses the desperation these women face when making this life changing decision. In the story she had made up her mind that she had to do this and that there was no other option. In reality there are currently 1.5 million families in America seeking to adopt a child and with infertility that number continues to climb. Not only could they choose life but also give their baby a wonderful and loving home. It also gives women a chance to be a mother if they wish to be. Hundreds of testimonies can be found of mothers who chose life, and the happiness that came from it. With pressures from family and friends women are lead to believe that abortion is the only option – or at least the "responsible" one. But this "choice" is murder of an unborn child. It is not our role in this world to play God and decide who lives and who dies. Not only can there be physical implications but also

psychological ones. A study by Cambridge University reveals that women who had had abortions had higher rates of mental disorder by 30%. The guilt that is later felt is indescribable. God is an amazing, all powering, all knowing God. His plan for each of us is perfect. Even if His plan does not quite align with ours, we should seek other options rather than to sweep it under the rug and attempt to forget it. To these women, I implore you to choose life for your unborn child as your mother did for you. Everyone deserves the basic right of life.