

June 13, 2016

Discrimination, Injustice, and a Song

Dear Governor Haley:

Please consider that the following just may be the truth.

As you know, in 1973, the Supreme Court, in Roe v Wade, discriminated against an entire class of Americans solely on the basis of age and place of residence, their mother's womb.

Abortion remains the greatest social injustice of all time. Every day in America over 3,000 babies are denied justice and executed without a judge, jury, or trial.

When one says that abortion is a matter just between a woman and her doctor, they are forgetting someone. Two people enter an abortion facility. Only one comes out. One is forever dead, the other forever damaged.

Abortion is the ultimate child abuse and ending this war on our children is the civil rights movement of our generation.

No issue is more fundamental than the right to life. Unborn children's lives matter. There is no footprint too small that it cannot leave an imprint on this world.

Tearfully,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Terry McDermott". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping line extending from the end of the name.

Terry McDermott

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The First Song I'll Sing To You

If you could only see my face,

A little tear, possibly a trace.

Hear the beating of my heart,

My tiny life begins to start.

Too small to know what you're going through,

Come along side me and I'll be there for you.

As the days go by see me bloom,

I'll sing you a song, just make room.

A burden I will try not to be,

You will always be part of me.

Feel like your drowning on dry land,

Reach out and take my hand.

Experience a love like no other,

The love of a daughter for her mother.

A SONG NEVER SUNG

A song never sung,
Dead before they were young.
Though just a grain of sand,
It's beyond time to take a stand.
Invisible they must be,
People look but just do not see.
At times I long to give up the fight,
But ending abortion is so right.
Innocent blood should not be shed,
American children waking up dead.
We will never know how much it cost,
Millions of children forever lost.
Our conscience should never rest,
We just may have killed America's best.
I close my eyes but still see the sight,
This is way too sad to write.
Dylan's words I wish were not true,
"It's all over now, baby blue."
I hear a whisper and see a knife,
"Mom, take my hand, not my life."