

CHURCH, HAVE YOU HEARD?

This poem is from a 27-page document, *The Taproot of America's Holocaust: Child Aversion, Contraception, and Church Silence*, written with prose commentary to the Protestant Church in America and the affluent Western nations. The entire document (by Royce Dunn, Please Let Me Live - Life Chain) is at <http://www.nationallifechain.org/Church%20Poem.pdf>

They die! They die! Church, have you heard?
 The Preborns die, about one-third;
They each a little throwaway,
 And, yes, here in the USA.
By rightful count those killed at mills,
 By IUDs, the patch, the pills,
The sixty million toll oft read
 Is far below the number dead.

And might we pause to reckon why
 The pews and pulpits let them die?
Why with such ease we live with *Roe*,
 Why we forego concerns of woe?
The answer is not buried deep,
 A noble rule we would not keep;
It lies abandoned and bereft:
 To love our neighbor as ourself.

Instead we groomed new rules to serve,
 Much like the world thought we deserved;
And when the world and church can blend,
 The gravest wrongs are sure to trend.
Go, "*fill the earth*," was God's command
 To Adam, Eve, and Noah's clan;
Of worshippers, God many sought
 And for each one redemption bought.

But we the church repelled the use
 Of God's command to reproduce;
That sermon died from want of ply:
 "*God Instituted Marriage: Why?*"
Yes, marriage still the pulpits taught,
 But seldom ever as they ought,
For rare were they who heard them say,
 "*We procreate or else we pay.*"

Cohabitation soon displaced
 Much vital work that marriage graced;
The gender roles became confused
 And "family" was much abused.
Conception saw its true begin
 Revised by OB/GYNs,
From moment egg is fertilized,
 To when implanted. What a lie!

And so it was that birth control
 Bemused our minds and swelled blood flow,
As children, be they small enough,
 Became of worth much as if stuff.
The child aversion spirit quenched
 And from our hearts covertly wrenched
Our loyalty to Little Ones,
 Those the rejected, daughters-sons.

II

The contracepters all the while
 Proclaimed the future they would style:
Abortion, VD would be gone,
 Unwanted children? None to groan.
But what results did mankind get?
 The opposite of said intent:
The epidemic STDs,
 A holocaust, seared heart disease.

If only we before our lurch
 Had sought to know the Early Church,
They would have told us birth control
 Was baleful rot unto the soul.
Think not timidity would close
 Their minds to all sex interposed;
And when they pondered contraception,
 They perceived its devastation.

As was assumed four hundred years
 When Protestants lent not their ears
To siren calls for birth controls
 That lure the flesh and crave bankrolls.
They knew why marriage was installed
 And wanted not their flesh enthralled
At the steep cost that lay ahead
 If they defiled the marriage bed.

But Nineteen Hundred Thirty-One
Saw Luther / Calvin overrun
By the dire leak that led the flood
Of contraception's thirst for blood.
No, that was not the church's plan,
But Satan gained the upper hand
When holy marriage we would slight
Of its appointed chief birthright.

III

The decades passed with church bought in
To grander homes and fewer kin,
As silent pulpits hid the Word
And "*contraception*" was not heard.
Yet child aversion was, by far,
The spirit seed that most would mar
A mighty nation, it remold,
So that the killing could unfold.

Such was affirmed in *Casey's* case,
Where our head Court found cause to base
Extending life for *Roe* and *Doe*
On contraception's lethal role.
Its "*character*," so said the Court,
Was, yes, "*the same*" as to abort,
And said "*abortion*" was in need
When "*contraception*" failed its creed.

And as it failed, its spirit peered
Upon the gains that it frontiered;
The porn sites on the Internet
Rose to the millions. Weigh the threat.
Abortion stats saw ghastly rise
And unwed births sequential highs,
From four to forty-six percent,
Much as divorce and church descent.

IV

Still we, the church, much more would lose:
LGBT would wield their ruse
That Satan long before devised
Against God's hallowed marriage prize.
The High Court's direful yeas profaned
The sacred Union God ordained,
As we looked on with lame lament
And lay the blame on government.

How sorrowful the church our Lord
 Entrusted to our one accord
Would ever drift so far amiss
 And sanction contraception's kiss.
How sorrowful the nuptial lie,
 How sorrowful Preborns must die,
While we obliged a veiled affliction
 Very much like sex addiction.

Who then can doubt that our retreat
 Left marriage stranded, for defeat,
As had occurred for *Roe v. Wade*,
 The deadly spoil from prior Court raid.
Did not God's Word say long before,
 Through servant Job, Nine: Twenty-Four,
That when to evil nations turn,
 God "*blindfolds*" judges? Will we learn?

Yea, when the church lost self-control,
 Our flesh resolved to game our soul,
And into wilderness we'd stray
 And wander till the present day.
The church that sowed the Fuhrer's reign,
 We of the Stars and Stripes became,
And talk of mighty deeds for Christ
 Rings hollow to the sacrificed.

V

Meanwhile, the other nations known
 For Christian roots downsized their home
And bothered not to frame their fate
 With prudent care of their birth rate.
Imported labor bound with strife
 Would veil their hope and dim their light,
Which helps us see, with truth our grip,
 That babes are key to rulership.

For God advised, go procreate
 And do not wait until too late,
Or enemies will steal your wealth,
 By either might or patient stealth.
He many sons and daughters sought
 And knew provision would be wrought
If only we upon the earth
 Would love each person's soul and worth.

But what about starvation pains
 In nations where poverty reigns?
Are not too many mouths to feed
 Why birth control should intercede?
No, each conception God allows,
 His cause is just, His Word avows;
The casualties are due to sin:
 The food surrounds but can't get in.

VI

Today vast killing spans our land,
 Just as "*the god of this world*" planned;
A holocaust befit his craft
 And wait he would till we adapt.
That we have done these many years,
 Our fear of God rare as our tears,
And rhetoric can never hide
 Hypocrisy that thrives inside.

"Pro-life, pro-life," we like to say,
 But have we loved the throwaway?
The libs and courts we freely fault,
 But have we served like living salt?
Is not our task to be the light
 That guides our culture from the blight?
And will not principalities
 Yield when our prayers are righteous pleas?

Consider how the means abound
 That keep us from the killing grounds;
Of ministries, have they no end,
 And must we boast of all we tend?
The Early Church had only two,
 And through the two they served and grew;
They understood the two neglect
 And many more would soon project.

The *urgent need* won their consent
 Because they knew what *urgent* meant,
And what of us? The Tempter draws
 To works, while good, that spare his cause.
For them we labor, schedules filled,
 Unmindful how the Tempter willed.
When will we learn that he will yield
 The lesser loss his prize to shield?

VII

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked,"
Pro-Life is better "walked than talked,"
And might we duly call to mind
Some good intents we hide behind?
A list could feature quite a slew,
But for our sake, a few will do;
We know them well, they we esteem,
But bear they fruit as it may seem?

First, to our worship, how divine?
We take of bread and of the vine;
We hear the Word, we join in praise,
We give, receive, and parse our ways.
Some softly speak, some amplify;
Some stand, some sit, some prophesy;
Some hail the organ, some the drum,
And what has been, church, the outcome?

We leave fulfilled, it seemed so true,
We "went to church," that's what we do;
But what remained unreconciled
Was pure religion, undefiled.
Such is our custom week by week,
Beguiled, we Satan's plan safe keep,
And seethe he not on our church day
To hear us worship, preach, and pray.

His treasured ground remains secure,
The silent screams, they we ensure;
The little bodies, pierced and torn,
Dismembered, crushed, and little mourned.
How could it be no plea was made?
Their hope again the church betrayed;
Did not before their call to kill
The spirits bind the church's will?

That they had done in German towns
Before the SS made their rounds,
And likewise here in the U.S.
When slaves were chained by vain duress.
How long, how long must Preborns wait
For Jeremiah Five Two-Eight
To purge our hearts of apathy
And end abortion's agony?

Is there no evil we'll depose,
 However grim injustice grows?
We have no Hitler, clubs, or drones
 To threaten us and break our bones.
Nor have we courage like the men
 Who signed a Declaration when
Injustice was a small affair
 Compared to what Preborns now bear.

We praise Bonhoeffer and Wurmbrand,
 Niemoller, Kolbe for their stand;
And, pastors, please resolve today
 To brave the risks and lead like they.
A letter penned within the jail
 Of Birmingham was not for bail;
It pled the heart of MLK
 And Civil Rights saw night turn day.

How poor our vision of what is,
 As if our test's a no-wrongs quiz;
How randomly we contradict
 What we believe and then restrict.
We say our child we would not sell,
 A million bills could not compel;
But we want not another's touch
 Because we think kids cost too much.

And in like manner truth we speak
 Yet into folly blindly sink;
We fondly say that each Preborn
 Has each and every human norm.
But were the Preborns twelve years olds,
 Would we defend or would we fold?
If we with Rachel's love were filled,
 Would we stand by while Herods killed?

VIII

Next might we weigh within our reach
 The worth of all the time we teach;
The day long through on radio,
 Around the clock, the TV show?
But through it all our culture wakes,
 To cleave each day to what forsakes;
Will not a nation shun the Word
 When blood cries out and is not heard?

As to the fruit from knowledge stored
 Inside the seminary door,
Will history forget the ways
 The killing thrived amid the craze?
With all the verve for more "church growth,"
 While *urgent need* is left to sloth,
Should we extol an "age of grace"
 With justice left to cope like waste?

Consider, too, the duty stowed,
 Among the church's CEOs;
Will history laud how they led,
 While near their steeples millions bled?
Of many conferences chaired,
 How often was the killing aired?
Were pastors urged to interpose,
 At death mills sow, ban birth controls?

And of the clergy who accrued
 Delusive fame and wealth pursued,
Will history ignore their dross
 While they ignored a holocaust?
Their fine attire, their jets soared high,
 Their mansions grand, on lakes nearby;
Vain "miracles," cheap wealth they sold,
 The market brisk, their shame foretold.

Oh History! What will you say
 About the church we are today?
Will you acclaim the books we wrote
 Or find them hardly worth their tote?
Will you extol our zeal to build
 Grand campuses on plain and hill?
Or will you lead us back to Acts,
 To learn the undiluted facts?

The question, church: Are we the Bride,
 Redeemed, supplied, and sanctified?
Have we the martyrs' love explored,
 That saves the weak from lie and sword?
Or have we tilled the docile soil,
 Wherein *détente* assumed our toil,
With more of less to celebrate,
 While down the street they mutilate?

We here again then underscore,
Our enemy knows what is core:
That flesh and blood do not direct
The holocaust our fears protect.
The hellish spirits brokered well,
They knew the church, they could not quell
Until its leaders were restrained
With duties blind to evil gained.

IX

But wait! Before the all is told;
We know not what God may unfold;
Bold Polycarps, though few compare,
May lead though paid a widow's share.
Their derelictions they confess,
With contrite hearts they coalesce,
To lift up Life's essential voice,
And end the mortal works of "choice."

Oppression freed, they now aggress
With *mighty feats* to repossess
The treasured grounds that church default
Had yielded up to Satan's vault.
Did not Christ vow the "*gates of hell*"
However strong, "*shall not prevail*"
Against the Church Christ called His Bride,
Repentance cleansed and rectified?

Their pulpits now discard all fear
When wickedness they tag and spear,
For unity they deem disguise
If it is cloaked in compromise.
No budget sink will discompose
When *contraception* they expose;
Faith fought and won the all of them,
When all of it they stored in Him.

Their prayers? They wrap in fervent love
And teach the church to never shove
From prayer our love, that we may know
Prayer cannot work if love lets go.
The doubters? They no longer squawk,
For they hear not a hireling talk;
And heed they will a shepherd's plea
When they can see he's no trainee.

A companion verse could be:

And pastors, should we not beware,
Lest we rely too much on prayer,
And settle for a tame prayer meet
When God would have us test our feet?
The hungry? Should we pray or feed?
Christ said the latter was their need;
And likewise prayer's insight and might
Excel when at a killing site.

X

Oh Pastors, please. Rise up and lead,
 Forsake not those in greatest need;
We laity for years have tried
 To lead pro-life unqualified.
Your calling with apostles rests,
 The prophets, teachers, evangelists;
Let us your armor bearers be
 Who do not flinch or battle flee.

Please hasten! Quicken! Mobilize
 Your precious flocks of every size;
Let none whose sins Christ's blood's atoned
 Evade a duty we all own.
Did not two churchmen Christ unmask
 When urgent need they each bypassed?
To love our neighbor is our call,
 And who can doubt Christ called us all.

Oh lift your voice, take David's shield,
 Lead Shammah fight to Life's bean field;
It's true lone Shammah could not win,
 But fought so hard that God charged in.
The fiercest foe for world to fight
 Is humble hearts with Godly might;
When fear we purge from deep within,
 As Church Triumphant, we will win.

Please, Pastors! Fill your city gates,
 Surround your courts in every state;
And to your nearest death mills go,
 With numbers deep in overflow.
For as you lead, close by your side,
 We, loyal millions, will abide
Until the killing none exhort
 Due to compassion none can thwart.

Will we need more than prayer and faith
 And unity for Preborns' sake?
Our every need God will provide,
 The battle plan, each step He'll guide.
And for our test and starting point,
 Whereby our mission God anoints,
What message must the pulpits bring
 For Him to open our wellspring?

The answer, Pastors, shun delay:
The *child aversion spirit* slay;
Rearm your pulpits with the *word*
That few there be of flocks who've heard.
Fear not. Humility can calm
Each thread of discord like a balm,
When *contraception* you speak out
And its dominion start to rout.

Oh will you, Pastors, take that step,
Defying Satan's fiercest prep
Against almighty God's decree:
"Those slaughter bound, Church go and free"?
Oh Laity! Rise! Let us share
Our shepherds' yoke, their armor bear,
That we, the Church, as steel will stand
And drive child killing from our Land.

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