

In Memoriam: 'Baby Girl #1'

This piece should be written in blood, tears, and brimstone rather than type.

A hideous event took place recently—not in some faraway totalitarian hellhole—but right here at home in our nation's capital, Jonathan Von Maren reports in a [recent article for *American Conservative*](#).

On March 25, a truck driver who works for the bio-medical waste company hired to dispose of children aborted at the Washington Surgi-Clinic looked the other way to give pro-life sidewalk counselor Lauren Handy the opportunity to take two boxes. Stuffed inside the medical-waste containers within were the remains of 115 children. A.J. Hurley, a Californian pro-life activist, drove down to help her and her companions and to photograph the bodies. It was a surreal experience, Hurley said. The women "were beside themselves." As they photographed the babies, the activists frequently broke down, but to photograph the children was to validate their existence.

According to Von Maren, 110 of these aborted babies were buried in an undisclosed cemetery while the bodies of the five oldest, deemed past the lawful age for abortion, were turned over to the D.C. Metropolitan Police Department's Homicide Unit. The police have refused to allow these babies an autopsy to confirm their age, but the pro-lifers involved in preserving their remains are under investigation.

After reading Von Maren's article, I clicked on the link leading to some of the photographs. The first one, "Baby Girl #1," was one of the most sickening things I've ever seen online—or anywhere else for that matter. After backing away for a couple of hours, I returned to look at the other photos on the link.

“Baby Girl #1” is now lodged in my brain forever. Unless you have a strong stomach, I wouldn’t recommend visiting these photos. Here is Von Maren’s description of this particular picture:

The child dubbed “Baby Girl #1” stares at the viewer with a single opened eye; her head is partially caved in. Her feet are still pink, but her head collapsed when the abortionist suctioned her brains out. This happened when she was alive. The only touch this little girl ever felt in her short life was the cold, metal tools of a killer.

Read that description, or look at the picture if you will, and then tell me or anyone else that this little girl is just a collection of cells.

In my mind’s eye, I keep seeing this child as a kid skipping rope, poring over a book, and laughing with friends. I see her as a married or single, a university professor or a laundress. I see her as happy-go-lucky or a miserable pessimist. Whatever the case, whatever she might have become, she would have breathed the sweet air of this earth, she would have walked in the sunshine, she would have smelled the rain on a warm summer day.

So, let’s ask ourselves: What have we become? What would our ancestors think of such atrocities? How will our descendants view the killing of these innocents in the womb?

My good editor rightly warns me against “rants,” articles enflamed with rage and personal opinion rather than facts and circumstances, but here I intend no rant. No—this is a lamentation, verbal ashes and sackcloth for our country, for its laws and values, for the little regard we so often show to human life, and for the removal of faith, morality, honor, dignity, and truth from our public square and from many of our homes.

“Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brothers, you did it to me.” Those words from the biblical book of Matthew promise a kingdom to those who succor the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the sick, and the imprisoned.

But that promise is a two-edged sword, for surely what we are doing to the least of our brothers and sisters here in America leads not to a kingdom but to perdition.

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Image Credit: Pixnio