

# THE HUMAN LIFE REVIEW



VOL. XLV NO. 1 ♦ WINTER 2019

## ◆ FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE ◆

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George McKenna on  
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Maria McFadden Maffucci interviews Sheila Harper

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**THE 2018 GREAT DEFENDER OF LIFE DINNER**  
Rebecca Ryskind Teti • Edward Mechmann • David Quinn

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*Film/Booknotes:* William Doino Jr. • Jason Morgan

*From HLR's Website:* John Grondelski • Theresa Bonapartis • Joe Bissonnette • Tara Jernigan

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*Appendices:* Maria McFadden Maffucci • Mike Pence

. . . news stories today collide and bounce off each other at dizzying speed; social media chatter—devolving into witchhunts that beget even more furious news cycles—replaces informed analysis, precluding understanding. With such visceral assault, who can remember anything? Take the Brett Kavanaugh hearings, which George McKenna, professor emeritus of political science at City College of New York, revisits in our lead article, “The Tender Trap” (page 5). Susan Collins’s endorsement was key to Kavanaugh’s confirmation. Prolifers cheered when she announced it. But how many paid attention to her speech, in which she insisted Kavanaugh would *not* vote to overturn *Roe v. Wade*? George McKenna did. And as you will see, he isn’t cheering.

Meanwhile, abortion itself is being cheered with abandon. David Quinn came to New York in October to receive our Great Defender of Life Award, recounting in his speech (page 37) how the Irish were seen on TV around the world, “cheering and hollering because we had passed abortion.” (Also reprinted in this issue are an inspiring stemwinder by fellow Great Defender of Life Edward Mechmann and Rebecca Ryskind Teti’s charming tribute to her one-time boss, J.P. McFadden.)

More public celebration was seen in the New York State Legislature on Jan. 22—the 46th anniversary of *Roe*—when Gov. Cuomo signed a “reform” law making it okay to kill viable babies who survived abortions. Thanks to Damian Germinder of Feminists for Life for giving us permission to include the “broken heart” poster on page 96: It follows Vice President Mike Pence’s *National Review* op-ed (*Appendix B*, page 95) calling out not only Cuomo, but Virginia Governor Ralph Northam, who did Cuomo one better by endorsing, in a recent radio interview, the killing of a viable born baby—what some prolifers are calling “fourth-term abortion.” Thanks also go to Newsmax, where our editor, Maria McFadden Maffucci, became a regular blogger last fall. Here we reprint Maria’s Jan. 22 column, “Media Afraid to Report March for Life” (*Appendix A*, page 93). Be sure to see all of her (twice monthly) posts at [www.newsmax.com](http://www.newsmax.com).

Finally, we have two new contributors to welcome: Theresa Bonapartis reviews *Shout Your Abortion*, which takes the baby-killing celebration to a brazen new level—it’s a coffee table book, “the abortion lobby’s attempt to normalize abortion, to portray it as part of routine women’s healthcare” (page 87). Bonapartis, who deeply regrets her own abortion, is the director of Lumina/Hope & Healing after Abortion, and co-founder of Entering Canaan Post Abortion Ministry. Christopher Reilly (“Eugenics Goes into Hyperdrive,” page 51) also reports on the normalization of abortion—especially for babies diagnosed with Down syndrome. Reilly, who has a Master’s degree in Public and International Affairs, edits [HumanPreservation.org](http://HumanPreservation.org), a blog where he “writes about genetic editing, eugenics, and the miracle of human life.” Cartoonist Nick Downes renders the miracle of human life in humor—thanks, Nick, as always, for lifting spirits in low and disheartening times.

Anne Conlon  
Managing Editor



# the HUMAN LIFE REVIEW

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## INTRODUCTION

The late, great Father Richard John Neuhaus wrote (in *American Babylon: Notes of a Christian Exile*): “Respect for the dignity of others includes treating them as rational creatures capable of being persuaded by rational argument, even in the face of frequent evidence to the contrary.” This seems a good way to describe both the *Review*’s purpose and its challenges: We believe in the dignity of each human person and the persuasiveness of reason, in the face of public discourse unhinged from reality and objective truth—especially when it comes to our primary issue, abortion.

George McKenna leads this issue with “The Tender Trap,” his analysis of the Democrat’s “October surprise”: Their “last-minute attempt to stop the confirmation of Brett Kavanaugh.” “Why the desperation?” he asks. It was not, of course, about, whether Kavanaugh was a “textualist” or “originalist” *re* the Constitution. Abortion and the posited vulnerability of *Roe v. Wade* made the Kavanaugh nomination a “virtual powder keg.” McKenna cuts through the hysteria of the left *and* the wishful thinking of the right to review the facts as we know them: Kavanaugh’s record; his discussions with Maine Senator Susan Collins, and the reality that, in 2019, “even a ‘constitutionalist’ jurist could find grounds for reaffirming *Roe v. Wade* using a conservative premise” such as *stare decisis*.

Senior Editor William Murchison likewise surveys a “landscape from which the smoke never retreats” in the battles over abortion, where “unborn babies are tiny proxies in an all-consuming power contest unsought by those who speak and advocate for them.” Those hostile to restoring constitutional protection to the unborn are pushing a New Agenda, featuring “personal choice as preferable to prescribed behavior.” They condemn male privilege, especially white male privilege, as the engine of perpetual oppression; and Christianity as “a vain, useless guide to the ordering of life.” These New Agenda warriors spurn “the idea of partnership between men and women in the creation of life”; abortion has become a “grotesque emblem of the cultural transformation now going forward among us.”

And as this war rages on, Stephen Vincent (“Is Our Love Not Enough?”) asks heart-breaking questions.

Has some deficiency of love unleashed the 60 million or more abortions in the United States alone, and other attacks on life such as euthanasia, embryonic stem cell research, and frozen embryos? . . . How can we hope to change the hearts and minds of the majority when clear evidence of illegal activity within the abortion industry fails to convert a nation? Or when a movie like *Gosnell*, about the Philadelphia abortion butcher who was convicted of murder, is ignored by major media outlets?

Fortunately, Vincent then goes on to offer a list of action-based answers for us to renew our efforts against the “enormous evil” of the abortion industry. And he reminds us that at the root of it all is our willingness to demonstrate love, not as “some imagine

it—as soft, soothing and accepting. Rather, love as something radical, earth shattering, that overturns tables in the temple.”

Up next is a look at our 16th annual Great Defender of Life dinner, featured in our special section on page 29. Our pro-life heroes, Edward Mechmann from New York and David Quinn from Dublin, Ireland, have both fought indefatigably for many years against the encroaching culture of death. Sadly, both recently endured major setbacks: In May, Ireland legalized abortion, and in New York State, on the 46th anniversary of *Roe v. Wade*, Governor Andrew Cuomo pushed through his horrific abortion expansion law (the euphemistically titled Reproductive Health Act). Nonetheless, as you will read (and hear, if you go to our website at [www.humanlifereview.com/fullvideo-2018-gdld](http://www.humanlifereview.com/fullvideo-2018-gdld) to see the video), what also makes our honorees great defenders of life is their absolute commitment to persevering in the good fight and their conviction that good will prevail. This dinner also marked the 20th anniversary of the death of our founder, J.P. McFadden. You will enjoy Rebecca Ryskind Teti’s marvelous tribute to her former boss: She includes fascinating and perhaps never before publicly revealed details of how President Ronald Reagan came to publish his own views in “Abortion, and the Conscience of the Nation,” which appeared in our Spring 1983 issue.

**B**ack to our current public discourse: “choice” is heralded as a good—the implication is that being empowered to make a choice for oneself will bring happiness. However, Senior Editor Ellen Wilson Fielding, in an exquisite essay, goes beyond talking about choice to a deep look at “choosing” itself, asking: Can we really know what our choices will bring? She points out the reality that joy and sorrow have a “both-and” nature in our lives; try as we might (through science and medicine) we cannot eradicate suffering. Yet we have drifted away from the “older wisdom tradition” which asks us to realize, in humility, “our finiteness on how much and how well we can see what will make us more or less happy.” Fielding reflects specifically on how to counsel women, as she does, who are about to enter abortion clinics: How can one appeal to the important “internal voice” when the “external ones”—those that promise a woman that she “can put her pregnancy behind her and get on with her life” are so loud?

“Choice” and future happiness are also used to justify the promotion of eugenics, which, as newcomer to the *Review* Christopher Reilly writes, is being “repackaged” for today’s realities. Once condemned due to the horrors of the Nazi extermination programs—which began with killing “unfit” children—eugenicists have regrouped. “In our own era, however, the technocratic and authoritarian eugenics that once thrived within a collectivist, Progressive society has had to adapt to radical individualism.” So, today, influential publishers and journals call for a “liberal eugenics in which individual mothers make supposedly free choices to kill or prevent the birth of human beings that may experience disabilities, inherited ‘diseases,’ or other ‘abnormalities.’” The medical establishment, he writes, has an overwhelmingly negative view of Down syndrome; in stark contrast to the lived experience of Down syndrome individuals and their families.

It must be added, though, that happiness or the lack of it does not make a life worth living, that life itself has inviolable worth, and that welcoming life into families is a

core virtue of a good society. Thus it is fitting to wrap up our articles with Edward Short's fascinating exploration of "Edmund Burke and the Legacy of Family." Burke (1729-1797) is considered the father of conservatism, as he challenged the "progressive" enlightenment ideas of his time. "Against the libertine rationalism of the French *philosophes*, Burke offered a vision of the social order as a compact made up not only of the living and those dead but of those yet to be born, which makes him a natural ally of all proliferers." He reminded his readers that "the source of their constitutional liberties was the principle of inheritance, a principle which was of the very essence of the family." For Burke, "the institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down, to us and from us . . ." In this masterful essay, Short brings us back to sit at the feet of a great teacher, with a message startlingly relevant for today.

Last September I had an eye-opening conversation with Sheila Harper about her post-abortion ministry, SaveOne: The fruits of that discussion are offered on page 73. Our Film/Booknotes section includes William Doino's moving review of the recent film about addiction and families, *Beautiful Boy*; and Jason Morgan's review of *Target Africa: Ideological Neocolonialism in the Twenty-First Century* by biomedical scientist and founder of Culture of Life Africa, Obianuju Ekeocha. From our website, we reprint John Grondelski's review of a book we featured at an event in Washington DC on the evening before the March for Life, Sarah C. Williams's powerful *Perfectly Human: Nine Months with Cerian*; a review by Theresa Bonapartis of the (horrible) *Shout Your Abortion* coffee table book; a blog by Joe Bissonnette, who writes from Canada about the abortion culture—and recounts how his daughter Marie Claire was attacked by an abortion-rights activist, and a lovely reflection on foster parenting by Tara Jernigan. Following that is a reprint of my Newsmax blog about an unlikely source for media-shaming *re* covering the March for Life: abortion fanatics! We conclude with Vice President Mike Pence's powerful op-ed in *National Review*, about what has just recently shocked (and we pray, awakened) many Americans: The blatant promotion, egregiously in our own New York, of late-term abortion and infanticide by the Democratic Party. He writes:

To support, let alone cheer, late-term abortions not only marks a disturbing step backward by so-called "progressives"—it also violates every demand of human decency. As modern science has moved the point of viability ever earlier in pregnancy, most Americans have agreed that a child who can survive outside the womb deserves a chance at life.

Much more on this in our next issue. May God help us as we go forward!

MARIA MCFADDEN MAFFUCCI  
EDITOR



# The Tender Trap

George McKenna

I shared the outrage of many Americans last fall over the Democrats' "October Surprise," their last-minute attempt to stop the confirmation of Judge Brett Kavanaugh to the U.S. Supreme Court. The flimsy accusations of sexual assault brought against him on the week of his confirmation when Senate Judiciary Committee members could have done so six weeks earlier, the accuser's lack of evidence beyond her own fragmentary recollections, and the Democrats' orchestrated interruptions of the hearings, showed how desperate they were to prevent the confirmation of a candidate who had been given the highest possible rating by the American Bar Association.

Why the desperation? Liberal critics have raised strong philosophical objections to Kavanaugh's jurisprudence, usually called "originalism" or "textualism." The terms mean that when judges interpret statutes or constitutional clauses they must adhere closely to the original meaning of the language, or, where that is not clear, to the historical context in which the words were first written. Critics of this approach regard it as simplistic, hidebound, and based on a static view of jurisprudence that fails to take account of today's world, while its defenders see it as the only way to ensure that the Supreme Court sticks to its proper role of interpreting the law instead of usurping the role of the legislature by rewriting the law.

But summarizing the conflict over the Kavanaugh nomination in this bloodless way doesn't account for the boiling passions surrounding it—the serial screaming from members of the audience in the committee room and, after the confirmation vote a week later, the literal clawing at the door of the Supreme Court by anguished protestors. Something was going on with the Kavanaugh nomination besides a fight over theories of jurisprudence. Or, as the Catholic Vote website later put it, "The mob that was beating on the doors of the Supreme Court were NOT protesting future changes to corporate liability law, or trade policy." No, not at all. They were fighting over a single topic: abortion.

## The Centrality of the Abortion Issue

What is it about abortion that sets off these hysterical reactions? First, because everyone knows, or ought to know, that abortion is a killing procedure, and that what it kills is not a mouse or even a cat but a human being *in utero*. Second,

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they know, or ought to know, that access to abortion was declared to be a constitutional right by the Supreme Court in the 1973 case of *Roe v. Wade*. In this and in a subsequent case, *Planned Parenthood v. Casey* (1992), the Court has prevented the states from banning the killing of an unborn child.

Not surprisingly, then, large numbers of Americans are horrified by abortion. Roughly one-half of them would like to see the procedure either banned or limited in some way. The other half agree with the decision with varying degrees of intensity, and for the past 46 years activists on both sides have been mobilizing support or opposition to abortion.

At least three widely known factors made the Kavanaugh nomination a virtual powder keg. First, he was nominated by President Donald Trump, who for years called himself pro-choice but now supported the pro-life cause and in 2018 was the first president to speak via live video to the annual March for Life in Washington. Trump is personally detested by large numbers of Americans, especially by those who occupy opinion-influencing posts in the news media, Hollywood, Silicon Valley, and the university. Second, *Roe v. Wade* is vulnerable to being overturned. In recent years even some liberal jurists have seriously questioned its legal reasoning and, prior to the appointment of Justice Kavanaugh, most observers assumed that if *Roe* were again to be challenged it would still survive by a 5-4 majority. (That assumption was based on the prior assumption that Justice Neil Gorsuch, also a Trump appointee, would oppose *Roe*.) And third, with the nomination of Brett Kavanaugh, it now became widely believed by both friends and foes of *Roe* that the stage was set for overturning it. Kavanaugh would replace retiring Justice Anthony Kennedy, who had agreed with *Roe*'s basic holding, if not with all of its reasoning. Was the Court's majority about to be flipped? Since everyone seems to be guessing what he will do after hearing the next big abortion case, the new Justice deserves a closer look.

President Trump picked Kavanaugh from a list of eight judges Trump had narrowed down from a list of 25 generated by the Federalist Society, an organization founded in the early 1980s to promote jurists guided by an "originalist" approach to constitutional interpretation. While emphatic about the need for judges to base their decisions on the original text of the Constitution, the Federalist Society has not taken any public stand on the morality or the legal defensibility of abortion. True, its insistence on adhering to the original text of the Constitution might put a Supreme Court Justice at odds with the expansive interpretation of certain clauses in the Constitution relied upon by the Court to decide *Roe v. Wade*. But that does not rule out the possibility that today, in 2019, even a "constitutionalist" jurist could find grounds for reaffirming *Roe v. Wade* using a conservative premise. One such premise is *stare decisis*, Latin for "let the decision stand," which means that the Court should think twice (or more) before overturning decisions made many years ago, decisions that have worked



their way into the fabric of our legal system.

### Looking for Clues on Kavanaugh

This brings us now to Brett Kavanaugh. Where does he stand on abortion? Of the 306 majority, dissenting, and concurring opinions authored by Kavanaugh while serving on lower federal courts, only one, *Garza v. Hargan* (2017), had anything particularly to do with abortion. That case involved an undocumented minor, “Jane Doe,” detained in a federally funded shelter and seeking an elective abortion. The government argued that it need not “facilitate” such a procedure and that refusing to do so did not constitute an “undue burden” on her. The 10-member panel on the court ruled that it did, and granted her the right to an immediate abortion. Kavanaugh was one of three dissenters from that ruling, but his argument was measured and cautious, noting that the government admitted that it lacked authority to stop Jane Doe from obtaining an abortion. All he suggested was a short waiting period permitting her to receive counseling before forcing her “to make a decision in an isolated detention camp with no support network.” For him the issue was not whether Jane Doe had a right to an abortion; it was over when and where her decision was to be made.

Aside from his role in this lower court controversy, neither side of the abortion fight could find much in Kavanaugh’s record to support their hopes or fears. In his judicial opinions and writings his strongest views were expressed not on abortion but on the power of administrative agencies, whose tentacles, he warned, were sapping the powers of the elected branches of government. But that issue has no obvious connection to abortion; a pro-life or a pro-choice judge could weigh in on either side of it.\* (See endnote.)

From what we know of Kavanaugh’s personal correspondence there is also scant evidence there for guessing how he would vote on an abortion case. The best the pro-abortion press could come up with was in an e-mail Kavanaugh wrote to a colleague in 2003, advising him to modify some of the language he used in the draft of an op-ed. His friend had written that *Roe v. Wade* was “widely accepted . . . across the board” by legal scholars and that *Roe* and related cases were settled law. Kavanaugh wrote, “I am not sure that all legal scholars would refer to *Roe* as the settled law of the land at the Supreme Court level. Court can always overrule its precedent, and three current Justices on the Court would do so.” The *New York Times* and other liberal news outlets treated this as a smoking gun, yet it was a simple—and accurate—statement of fact. *Roe v. Wade* is by no means an uncontested precedent, and respected legal scholars continue to question its reasoning. Indeed, when the Court revisited *Roe* in the 1992 case of *Planned Parenthood v. Casey*, Justice Anthony Kennedy at first sided with the four anti-*Roe* Justices, but later was persuaded to change his mind, thus tipping the balance toward a narrow affirmation of it.

At Kavanaugh's confirmation hearing, then, the Democrats couldn't get him either to admit that he would vote to overturn *Roe*, which would sink his nomination, or to back down and say that he would vote to uphold it, which would probably also sink it. To escape the dilemma Kavanaugh invoked "the Ginsburg Rule," laid down by then-Senator Joseph Biden in 1993 when Biden was chairing the Senate Judiciary Committee during hearings to consider Ruth Bader Ginsburg's nomination to the Supreme Court. The Ginsburg rule stipulates that a candidate for the Court has no obligation to answer questions about his or her personal views on issues that might come before the Court. Kavanaugh held fast to it despite repeated attempts by Democratic senators to force him to violate it. Stymied, they resorted to grandstanding, delay, and melodramatic, evidence-free testimony from a woman who claimed that Kavanaugh had sexually assaulted her when he was a teenager. We know how that battle ended.

What we don't know, however, is the answer that Democrats on the Judiciary Committee kept trying to pry out of him: How would he vote—how *will* he vote—on the issue of whether to overturn *Roe v. Wade*?

#### **Susan Collins: High Praise for Kavanaugh**

The best clues, I think, can be found in the remarks of Maine Senator Susan Collins before the Senate Judiciary Committee on Friday, October 5, 2018, disclosing how she intended to vote on the Kavanaugh nomination the following day and explaining her reasons for doing so. Collins, though a Republican, has been a consistent supporter of abortion on demand. Her vote was anxiously awaited by both sides of the nomination battle, because it would tip the balance either way on the closely divided committee. Her announcement of support for Kavanaugh set off a wave of anger among abortion supporters that culminated in the out-of-control demonstrations on the stairs of the Court the following week. It generated an equally profound sense of relief among those hoping that Kavanaugh would become the fifth Justice on the Court to vote for overruling *Roe v. Wade*. Conservative television host Laura Ingraham tweeted, "Thank you @SusanCollins—for not giving in to the mob."

Kavanaugh's supporters had reason to be cheered by what Collins said; her words were full of high praise for him as a jurist and as a person. "Judge Kavanaugh has received rave reviews for his 12-year track record as a judge, including for his judicial temperament. The American Bar Association gave him its highest possible rating." One of his former clerks, "who has argued more cases before the Supreme Court than any other woman in history," and calls herself "an unapologetic defender of a woman's right to choose," considers him "within the mainstream of legal thought" and adds that Kavanaugh is "remarkably committed to promoting women in the legal profession." In sum, "he has been an exemplary public servant, judge, teacher, coach, husband and father."

The next day, Kavanaugh telephoned Collins to thank her.

Why would Susan Collins, who is deeply committed to “a woman’s right to choose,” agree to vote for a judge picked from a list of “constitutionalist” judges widely thought to be critical of *Roe v. Wade*?

The answer is clear from her own detailed account of her conversations with Kavanaugh. When he made the customary rounds of senatorial committee members prior to his appearance before the full committee, he met with Collins for more than two hours. Beyond that, after his testimony she talked with him by phone for another hour with additional questions. So besides the questions she put to Collins in public testimony, she spoke privately with him for more than three hours.

**Kavanaugh: Respect Precedent Unless . . .**

What did she get out him? Quite a bit, from what we can see in her own account. Most of their conversation centered on the importance of precedent. “To my knowledge, Judge Kavanaugh is the first Supreme Court nominee to express the view that precedent is not merely a practice and tradition, but rooted in Article III of our Constitution itself. He believes that precedent ‘is not just a judicial policy . . . it is constitutionally dictated to pay attention and pay heed to rules of precedent.’”

In her account, Kavanaugh allows that there are times when even long-standing precedents have to be overturned, here citing the 1896 case of *Plessy v. Ferguson*, which justified racial segregation and was overturned in 1954 by *Brown v. Board of Education*. Despite the fact that *Plessy* had been a precedent for 58 years, Kavanaugh told her that it deserved to be overturned because (in what she said were Kavanaugh’s own words) it was “grievously wrong.” Absent proof that a precedent sinks to that level, or is “deeply inconsistent with the law” (another phrase she attributes to Kavanaugh), longstanding precedents must not be overturned. Apparently paraphrasing Kavanaugh, Collins said he asserted that precedents “become part of our legal framework with the passage of time” and that “honoring precedent is essential to maintaining public confidence.” *Roe* has been on the books for 45 years. It was the precedent for *Planned Parenthood v. Casey* (1992), which struck down a series of state laws limiting abortion.

What can we draw from the conversations between Kavanaugh and Collins, or at least from Collins’s recollections of them, as to how Kavanaugh will vote the next time a challenge to *Roe v. Wade* (1973) comes before the Supreme Court? For clues we must revisit a case decided eight years earlier, *Griswold v. Connecticut* (1965). It is worth the digression to examine this case at some length because it is the poisonous root of both *Roe v. Wade* and *Planned Parenthood v. Casey*.

### The *Griswold* Case: Penumbras and Emanations

The *Griswold* case dealt with contraception not abortion, but it supplied the judicial vehicle for bulldozing obstacles to Planned Parenthood's agenda. It struck down an 1879 Connecticut law forbidding the sale or use of contraceptives. The Connecticut statute was "an uncommonly silly law," as Justice Potter Stewart called it, even as he dissented from the Court's decision to hold it unconstitutional. With only one reported prosecution in its 86-year history, by the 1960s it was little more than a relic of Connecticut's Puritan past. By then, contraceptives were commonly sold in the state without any arrests and the Connecticut Assembly had already, and by a large margin, passed a bill to repeal it. (It was defeated in the Senate by *Democratic* (!) legislators, reportedly fearing the wrath of the Catholic clergy, but even some well-known and committed Catholics had supported its repeal.) Prosecutors almost had to be dragged by Planned Parenthood leaders into getting a case underway. (Estelle Griswold, the Director of Planned Parenthood who brought it to court, demanded to be jailed after her conviction, which prosecutors refused to do.) In the end the prosecutors reluctantly moved forward, convicting Griswold of violating the old Connecticut statute and fining her \$100. That set off the chain of appeals culminating in the Supreme Court.

By a 7-2 vote, the Court majority found the Connecticut statute unconstitutional. In his majority opinion, Justice William O. Douglas said that by invading "the sacred precincts of married bedrooms" the State of Connecticut had violated the Constitution's protection of "the right of privacy."

In basing the case on the "right of privacy," Justice Douglas knew that he had a difficulty to resolve. The difficulty was this: Nowhere in the Constitution—not in its body, not in its Bill of Rights, not in any of its other amendments, is the phrase "right of privacy" found. How can Justices who have sworn fidelity to the Constitution make a ruling based on a clause that is not in the Constitution? Douglas insisted that it is there implicitly: "[S]pecific guarantees in the Bill of Rights have *penumbras*, formed by *emanations* from those guarantees that help give them life and substance." (Emphasis added.)

Penumbras? Emanations? What are these? The dictionary tells us that a "penumbra" is "the partly lighted area surrounding the complete shadow of a body, as the moon, in full eclipse." As for "emanation," it is "that which issues, flows, or proceeds from any source." It is unusual to see this kind of flowing, dimly lighted language in a legal case. Lawyers generally prefer verbal precision and bright distinctions over borderless expressions. To see why Douglas felt its need, we have to remember the problem he had to tackle. He knows that "a right of privacy" isn't mentioned anywhere in the Bill of Rights. But, he argues, when you take them *together* you will see little pieces or essences of that right

emanating from various amendments.

Take the First Amendment, he says, the guarantee of the free exercise of religion, freedom of speech, and a free press. Though it says nothing about a right of privacy, it “has a penumbra, where privacy is protected from government intrusion.” The Third Amendment is another example. It forbids the quartering of soldiers “in any house in time of peace without the consent of the owner.” Though there were no soldiers loitering about the offices of Planned Parenthood and demanding winter quarters, there are emanations from the Third Amendment that reach far beyond the concrete facts of the case. Then there’s the Fourth Amendment’s “due process” clause and the Fifth Amendment’s right not to incriminate oneself. They also have emanations that together have created a “zone of privacy.” And notice all the emanations streaming out of the Ninth Amendment: “The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.”

Douglas recited a list of amendments with penumbras because he couldn’t cite any single amendment that guarantees a “right of privacy” or even uses those words. But each amendment he cites contains language which, with a little imagination, can be assumed to touch on some aspect of that right, and when you put all these penumbras and emanations together: Behold, a “right of privacy” springs forth!

Seen from the perspective of a “constitutionalist” judge, Douglas’s reasoning would be Exhibit A in how not to construct a Supreme Court opinion. Creating a constitutional right out of something that is not in the Constitution in the way Douglas did it in *Griswold* doesn’t seem to be a logical exercise but something more akin to alchemy. In the Middle Ages, alchemists labored incessantly on their project of converting “baser” metals like copper, lead, and iron into gold. They mixed them together in various combinations in hopes of producing a golden elixir. And thus Douglas, taking bits and pieces from various constitutional amendments and stirring them together, created an all-purpose “right of privacy.” It is a right not listed in the Constitution; it was created by a Supreme Court Justice using a methodology that bore an embarrassing resemblance to magical thinking.

### ***Griswold* as a Precedent**

Now we can return to Susan Collins’s long conversation with Brett Kavanaugh. We noted the importance Kavanaugh assigned to precedent. It’s not merely a practice and tradition, he told her, it is “rooted in Article III of our Constitution itself.” In consequence, it has greater weight, such that the precedent can’t be “trimmed or narrowed.” This may have been an implicit reference to *Planned Parenthood v. Casey*, the 1992 case where the Court threw out various state attempts to narrow the scope of *Roe v. Wade*. According to Collins, Kavanaugh

was very much on board with that decision, describing it as a “precedent on precedent.” Then, to find and block another escape route, she asked whether “it would be sufficient to overturn a long-established precedent if five current Justices believed it was wrongly decided.” To which “he emphatically said no.”

Kavanaugh did have one off-ramp. He held that some precedents, even long-standing ones, need to be revisited and overturned. His prime example, as already noted, was *Plessy v. Ferguson*, the 1896 decision upholding racial segregation, which was overturned 58 years later in *Brown v. Education*. But the precedent has to be “grievously wrong” or “deeply inconsistent with the law” to be removable. (Collins said these were Kavanaugh’s own words.) So with this in mind we can turn our attention back to the precedent for both *Roe v. Wade* and *Planned Parenthood v. Casey*. This precedent of precedents was *Griswold v. Connecticut*. The question comes down to this: Was *Griswold* grievously wrong and deeply inconsistent with the law?

Even “constitutionalist” judges can have respect for precedent—conservatism, after all, is built on respect for the past—but it is hard to imagine any judge dedicated to a strict reading of the Constitution allowing *Griswold* to serve as a precedent. Whether or not such a judge would use the purple prose of “grievously wrong” to describe it, one dedicated to the original meaning of the Constitution would certainly consider the *Griswold* ruling “deeply inconsistent with the law.” Even Hugo Black, one of the Court’s most liberal Justices at that time (he usually sided with Douglas), dissented. “I like my privacy as well as the next one,” he wrote, “but I am nevertheless compelled to admit that government has a right to invade it unless compelled by some specific constitutional provision. . . .” Justice Potter Stewart, the other dissenting Justice, used even sharper language, at one point accusing Douglas of “turn[ing] somersaults with history.”

#### **Kavanaugh on *Griswold***

What does Kavanaugh think of *Griswold*? Collins asked him that question directly and his answer was forthright. According to Collins, he said it was “settled law.” She explained: “In describing *Griswold* as settled law, Judge Kavanaugh observed that it was the correct application of two cases from the 1920s, *Meyer* and *Pierce*, that are not seriously challenged by anyone today.” *Meyer v. Nebraska* was a 1923 case where the Supreme Court reversed the conviction of a teacher for teaching German in violation of a state law prohibiting the teaching of foreign languages to young children. The case extended the word “liberty” in the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to include the right “to contract, to engage in any of the common occupations of life,” and other rights. The full name of the 1925 *Pierce* case may strike some familiar associations today. It is *Pierce v. Society of Sisters*, sustaining a legal objection by Catholic



nuns in Oregon to a state law requiring children to attend public schools. The Court ruled that there was no “general power of the State to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only.”

Kavanaugh was right to say that neither of these cases is seriously challenged today. *But neither case has anything to do with contraception or abortion.* Neither Catholic nuns nor all teachers of German are formally asking leave to sell contraceptives or perform abortions. So we must ask: Is Kavanaugh really a “constitutionalist” Justice? He was picked from a list of them, but it looks as though he either changed his mind during his conversations with Senator Collins, or—this seems more likely—*she* changed his mind during those conversations.

Unlike many of the Democrats on the committee, she gave glowing praise to Kavanaugh, and in their three hours of private meetings there must have been congenial exchanges, lighter moments, and perhaps shared laughter at some points. She defended him publicly against unfair attacks and praised his performance on the bench and before the Committee. She earned the thanks he gave her the next day.

But he paid a price for her support. During long hours of conversation, Senator Collins heard Brett Kavanaugh make a statement that she had never before heard from a Supreme Court nominee. He said that a longstanding precedent is not merely a practice and tradition but is rooted in Article III of the Constitution. She also heard him say that such precedents become part of our legal framework. Then she heard him characterize *Griswold v. Connecticut* (the source for the penumbras and emanations in *Roe v. Wade*) as settled law, and characterize *Planned Parenthood v. Casey* as a “precedent on precedent.” Finally, she heard him say that even a majority on the Court, if it were a five-to-four majority, should not be able to overturn a longstanding precedent.

In reporting all of this to the nation, Senator Collins put Kavanaugh in a box. Now the only ways open for him to escape from that box are either to take back his words or deny that he said them. I do not believe that Kavanaugh, an honorable man, would do either. Therefore it seems very unlikely that Justice Brett Kavanaugh will join Justices Alito, Gorsuch, Thomas, and (maybe) Roberts to overturn the *Roe* and *Casey* decisions. At the risk of venturing into political strategy, a field in which I have little experience, I would advise pro-life activists not to be in a hurry to get abortion cases before the Supreme Court until they can get one more judge, or preferably two, on that bench. The Federalist Society has 23 lower court judges left on its list of jurists inclined toward a philosophy of “constitutionalism.” It is possible that one or two vacancies may open up in the ranks of pro-*Roe* judges before President Trump leaves office. If and when that happens, and if the Republicans retain their Senate majority, the balance on the Court may finally tip in their favor. But they must be more careful this time to support pro-life judges who give stronger hints of how they

would vote on *Roe v. Wade*. With due respect to the Ginsburg Rule, at this point a Supreme Court nominee—especially one nominated by Donald Trump—has nothing to lose by tipping his or her hand, since Senate Democrats are not going to vote for that person anyway, and Senate Republicans now can probably craft a majority vote without the vote of Susan Collins. For these developments we can thank former Senate Majority Leader Harry Reid (D., Utah), who abolished the filibuster for lower court judges, and today’s Senate Majority Leader Mitch McConnell (R., Kentucky), who picked up on Reid’s ruling and extended it to High Court nominees.

Speaking of precedents.

#### ENDNOTE

\* One of Kavanaugh’s recent votes on the Supreme Court that has caused some consternation in pro-life quarters came in a case that wasn’t even about abortion, at least not directly, despite its title: *Gee v. Planned Parenthood of Gulf Coast* (2018). The question there was whether to *hear* a case, to grant it “certiorari,” that had come up through the lower federal courts; four Circuit Courts decided it deserved a hearing and one went the opposite way. The issue was whether a Medicaid provider, in this case Planned Parenthood, could *directly* bring a suit in federal court against a state that had removed it from its list of authorized Medicaid providers, or whether it first had to exhaust all its remedies at the state level. This esoteric procedural debate, centered more on federalism than abortion, will eventually have to be resolved, but it provides no real clue for how Kavanaugh would vote on abortion.

# Moral Revolt on the Western Front

William Murchison

A prominent Texas congressman, Jeb Hensarling, handing off his seat some weeks ago to a newcomer, spoke in a newspaper interview about the state of things on Capitol Hill. To wit: “Sometimes in the battle of ideas . . . you feel like it’s two major armies dug in. There’s fire and fury. And then when the smoke occasionally clears, you’re not sure how much ground that you’ve actually taken. . . .”

Shades of Verdun and the Somme. And of the ongoing struggle to restore constitutional protection to unborn life—which struggle grows denser and noisier by the day, if we dare to judge by the look of a landscape from which the smoke hardly ever retreats; whereon hostile armies continue trading shells and remonstrances.

“It’s still a deeply divided country,” observed Hensarling, in words of broader application than he may have intended: though maybe not, because he’s a smart cookie who keeps both eyes wide open.

So how are we to understand the above-mentioned state of things in the year of grace 2019? We begin, I think, with the saddening observation that unborn babies are tiny proxies in an all-consuming power contest unsought by those who speak and advocate for them. The contest has potentially revolutionary implications. That is why the contestants care so much. It is why they never take a day off.

Leaders in the abortion-rights cause are part of the vanguard working for a massive shift in authority from white men, with their ball-and-chain values, to younger generations lacking their elders’ moral hang-ups.

This will not come as headline news to everybody in the wide world—particularly to the *New York Times*’ or the *Nation*’s subscriber lists. Nevertheless there is a lot going on at the moment that puts various social issues in useful perspective. Chief among these issues: Male Oppression, lately elevated to the top rung of human concerns, above even . . . I had almost said Donald Trump; but, then, as current Democratic swagger makes clear, Donald Trump *is* Male Oppression. And, oh, boy, did the right-thinking ever lay into him in November! Forty new Democrats we have in the House, including lesbians and Muslims, with Nancy Pelosi as speaker. They aren’t for a minute going to consider anything that looks dangerous to *Roe v. Wade*.

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We circle back to where we came in—abortion, a prerogative, a constitutional right at the moral center of everything now going on. You can't leave it alone. Human life is at stake here. Equally to the point, abortion is a grotesque emblem of the cultural transformation now going forward among us. Chief among those features:

- personal choice as preferable to prescribed behavior;
- male privilege as an encumbrance to be cleared from our sight without further ado;
- womankind as a species claiming powers too long withheld by the inevitable male oppressors;
- the past and its male-dominated viewpoints as embarrassments to progressive thought and action;
- whites—and white males, naturally—as guilty of perpetually oppressing non-whites;
- and, perhaps at the bottom of it all, Christianity as more and more a vain, useless guide to the ordering of life. So old hat, indeed, that Ross Douhat recently took semi-alarmed notice at prospects for the return of a half-buried but never totally vanquished paganism.

That it's been this way for so long—accepted, not to mention promoted, by our culture—shows the need finally to throw out all this garbage and make a new start in the ways we live together, under the cultural supervision of venues like the *New York Times*.

When you back off and look at the package as a whole, it becomes clear why “reproductive freedom” matters to the many who demand it. Rejecting the duty to reproduce, along with the personal renunciations accompanying that duty, loosens the shackles long ago imposed on women by authoritarian males. And increases the odds that seemingly favor final and total emancipation.

What's afoot in our cultural and political life has a revolutionary ardor about it, as should have been clear enough in the 60s, when its influence came to be widely perceived. Oppressed peoples are throwing the oppressors out. That's you, buddy; and me. We've thrived too long on our biological privilege.

Christianity—yes, Christianity—gets in there on account of its embedded deference to males and male ideals. God the *Father* Almighty: Here, according to numerous fans of the New Agenda, is precisely the image that needs tossing; an image of male dominance over women. An important aspect of the drive for legal abortion, consummated in *Roe v. Wade*, has been the rejection by disquieted women of the idea of partnership between men and women in the creation of life. Too many men, it says in the pro-choice gospel, are uncaring, exploitative jerks: merely the engine-crankers when it comes to creation. The real *vessels* of creation—women—deserve to decide who comes aboard.

I do not submit there is among the American people at large anything

like quiescent acceptance of these and like premises, or how could Donald Trump have won in 2016? And wasn't part of Trump's appeal the simple fact that he seemed then, as he seems now, to reject the New Agenda? I do submit that large-scale acceptance of the foregoing premises, especially among our leaders in journalism, politics, entertainment, and education, is a huge, nearly a controlling, factor in how Americans live and move and have their being. It would be reckless to pretend otherwise.

With such considerations in mind, let us stroll, wary of shell craters and landmines, through the smoky battlefield at which now-former Congressman Hensarling points.

Start with the November elections. The voting went well only intermittently for defenders of unborn life. Deep divisions persist as to the justice of extinguishing unborn life—these divisions intensified by Donald Trump's personal attributes; his uber maleness, his immense deficit in the sensitivity department. Abortion rights is more a Democratic issue than ever before, given Democrats' present reliance on the women's vote.

According to the Pew Research Center, 76 percent of Democrats, compared to 64 percent in 1995, favor abortion legalization. A mere third of Republicans agree. Thus when Trump names Brett Kavanaugh to the Supreme Court, out pour the explosive emotions. Kavanaugh comes under suspicion immediately as a potential fifth vote finally to overturn *Roe*. Then—aha!—the accusers circle round, declaring him a shameless abuser of women: without evidence, true, but who needs evidence in such a cultural environment as ours? Isn't this the kind of behavior to be expected of one who might (if you go in for rarefied guesswork) provide a crucial vote for overturning *Roe v. Wade*? The mere suspicion of unreliability on *Roe* kindles suspicions of unreliability on, if not hostility to, the rest of the New Agenda.

**Y**es, Kavanaugh does narrowly win confirmation, but bad blood from the nomination conflagration covers the floor. Instinct takes charge. It's Trump's fault!—and that of Republican zealots believed to be plotting and scheming against *Roe*. After 'em!

After 'em they went. NARAL, the pro-abortion lobby, claims proudly that its members “made over 1.1 million calls to voters in phone banks all across the country, knocked on nearly 350,000 doors, sent almost 2 million pieces of mail, made more than 333,000 text messages, and held postcard parties, debate-watch parties, and rallies in dozens of states.”

The task of ginning up support, on the pro-life side, for a redeemed sinner like the formerly pro-choice Trump was a steeper hill to climb, made no easier by the President's shall we say baroque qualities as a human being. Still, five new Republican senators sport pro-life credentials, as do the new governors of

Iowa, Florida, Ohio, and Georgia. Elsewhere—with deference to the hard work of the pro-life Susan B. Anthony List and others—the pickings are meager. Nancy Pelosi, a daughter of the Church for just so long as the Church keeps its Roman nose out of her affairs, again leads the House of Representatives. I think we might see her comeback not just as evidence of desire to make the House pro-choice but to make it an engine of progressive change and reform. We are not going to hear much from our new Democratic establishment that is tolerant of male “privilege” and all the leaky, worm-infested vessels that sail in its wake. Least of all will we hear it with another presidential election looming and Democrats emerging from everywhere to assure progressive voters how much they desire to cooperate in putting down the oppressors.

We learn even more by drawing back still farther for a view of Hensarling’s battlefield. Male-female relationships, after the established patterns of complementary, cooperative affection, are under attack on grounds that the complementarity is more myth than reality. In other words, you can’t trust male intentions. The to-do that nearly swallowed Brett Kavanaugh, over the abuse perpetrated by powerful men on less powerful women, spreads rapidly, and not just in America.

Americans may or may not have noted Ireland’s new Domestic Violence Act, which criminalizes emotional as well as physical abuse. Ireland’s—I clear my throat before uttering the portentous title—Minister of Justice and Equality deplores the effects of “non-violent control in an intimate relationship,” owing to its “abuse of the unique trust associated with an intimate relationship.” The national organization called Women’s Aid says in 2017 it received 10,281 reports of “emotional abuse”—83 percent of them directed at male intimate partners. Thus Ireland’s government, having earlier overridden Catholic Church objections to the legalization of abortion, inferentially sets itself up as the country’s new dispenser of moral guidance, its designated shaper of norms and standards based on, we may assume, Justice and Equality. And this is Ireland, whose moral roots are sunk supposedly in tradition and church oversight. Let that thought sink in.

But it is not Ireland alone where the New Agenda is taking hold. The Pew Research Center reports that majorities in 15 Western European countries support legal abortion, “ranging from 60 percent in Portugal to 94 percent in Sweden. The regional median of 81 percent is much higher than the level of support for legal abortion among U.S. adults (57 percent).”

The young and the unchurched, according to Pew, are driving this train. “In every country surveyed, churchgoing Christians (defined as those who attend religious services at least once or twice a month) are considerably less likely than others to support legal abortion. But non-practicing Christians (defined as those who attend less often) generally hold views similar to religiously unaffiliated Europeans on this question . . . In Germany, for example, 86 percent



of religiously unaffiliated adults and 84 percent of non-practicing Christians say abortion should be legal in all or most cases.” The same pattern, Pew finds, applies in terms of support for same-sex marriage. Church-going Christians are significantly less supportive than non-churchgoers: a reminder of organized Christianity’s value as a shaper of norms and behaviors consonant with Christian belief.

The support-oppose gap among Americans as to abortion has similar identifying marks. The now-famous “Nones,” who live without religious affiliation, “overwhelmingly support legal abortion. Roughly three quarters (74 percent) say it should be legal in all or most cases, while just 21 percent say it should be illegal.” Likewise “Those with postgraduate (77 percent) and bachelor’s (69 percent) degrees are more likely than those with less education to support legal abortion in most cases.” The flavor of this thing is very like that of the 2016 alignments for Hillary Clinton on the one hand and Donald Trump on the other: the supposedly smart against the supposedly backward and reluctant.

**I**n other words, abortion, for all its immense importance, cannot be examined in isolation from the variety of considerations that undercut wider support for the rights of the unborn child. A revolution of sorts indeed is underway: a moral revolt, aimed at changing how the Western world has done business since the start.

There is no central headquarters directing the varied uprisings. That is one reason the revolution, to give it that courtesy title, produces few philosophically coherent objectives. Even the demand to throw out the male oppressors has behind it no program outlining the wonderful things sure to follow the oppressors’ submission.

The lack of coherence, the substitution of rage for plan, may be one reason why—with the invaluable help of the internet—so much personal nit-picking goes on: for instance, the recent mini-furor over Frank Loesser’s harmless “Baby, It’s Cold Outside” as, supposedly, an incitement to rape. All anyone has to do to win media attention these days is claim to be offended by some survival or other of ancient oppression. “If *I* feel put down, *you*’ve got to stop doing what you’re doing!”—more and more, such basement-level reasoning governs thought, speech, and action.

Congressman Hensarling’s battlefield is extensive, to say the least, taking in territory once thought safe from cultural molestation. That would include the territory compassing the Creator’s design: its authority as to the fundamentals of life; the concurrent human responsibility for conformity to the design, irrespective of half-baked objections.

Where’s the end of all this current racket?, you logically wonder. Whose discontents will triumph over whose? Worth recalling is that discontent is a badge

of the human condition, which is why the project of replacing Christianity and its works with something friendlier to human itches and crotchets is necessarily a non-starter.

Only Christianity, of all human preoccupations, explains human discontent with anything like understanding, or prospect of resolution. Congressman Hensarling's battlefield—*our* battlefield—as a place of violence and anger, is well-known: a site where the discontented come perpetually for revenge and redemption. The smoke, in Christianity's telling, will not clear soon. But better, kindlier times will yet arrive. Or so goes the expectation that gives solace to those whose world no *New York Times* editorial can expunge with an epithet, whose lasting hopes no Congress can bury in the deepest grave ever dug.



"They've remained remarkably faithful to the text."

# Is Our Love Not Enough?

*Stephen Vincent*

**I**f even one man set out to love in truth, the world would shake. If a million and more men (and women) resolved to do the same, there would not be a force on earth to contain the good that would ensue. We have it on best authority that “the greatest of these is love” (1 Cor 13:13) and that the highest expression of love is to lay down one’s life for another (cf. John 15:13).

So what holds us back? Has some deficiency of love unleashed the 60 million or more abortions in the United States alone, and other attacks on life such as euthanasia, embryonic stem cell research, and frozen embryos? Why does the evident love of so many proliferers, potent to change and save lives in this or that situation, seem not to make a big-picture difference to our laws and public opinion? Have we lacked sufficient commitment or dedication in laying down our lives for the child in the womb and for the woman seeking abortion? Are our hearts not big enough, our intentions not pure enough, our prayers not strong enough? Or perhaps no amount of love, effort, and dedication on the part of proliferers could be expected, by itself, to hold back or roll back all of the hideous manifestations of the culture of death.

After all, *Roe* and *Doe* still reign, and slice the poll numbers as you wish, the fact is that a stubborn majority of Americans would allow some abortions some of the time. If we are true to our principles, even first-week abortions are unacceptable. Just as you can’t be “a little bit pregnant,” so we can’t settle for a nation that is “in most cases” pro-life.

I remember when Operation Rescue was hopeful and growing in the early 1990s; we thought we could block and shut down every clinic, fill the jails to overload, and grind the whole killing regime to a halt. There was so much love in that movement, and sacrifice, as cops manhandled the peaceful protesters, courts imposed draconian prison sentences, and pro-life participants incurred large legal bills. Yet the 1994 Freedom of Access to Clinic Entrances Act (FACE) made rescuing a federal offense, and at some point the sacrifice was too much for so many who had other commitments, including spouses and children to love. Operation Rescue is still going as a national organization, but high-profile efforts to block clinics are no longer the focus, according to its website, which describes its tactics as “peaceful, legal means to uncover abortion clinic wrongdoing, expose it to the public, and bring the offending abortionist to justice.”

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Stephen Vincent writes from Connecticut.

Yet rescues on a smaller scale have been performed by the group Red Rose Rescue, led by Father Stephen Imbarrato, who is associated with Priests for Life. Just before Christmas last year, Father Imbarrato, Father Fidelis Moscinski of the Franciscan Friars of the Renewal, and two other rescuers entered a Planned Parenthood facility in Trenton, N.J. Departing from previous rescue tactics, they did not block the front entrance; rather, they spoke to women in the waiting room, offered prayers and assistance for them to keep their unborn babies, and handed out red roses with a note attached, stating, “A new life, however tiny, brings the promise of unrepeatable joy.” Red Rose Rescue has engaged in a number of similar efforts over the past few years. When law enforcement officers come, they go limp, refusing to cooperate with the arrest, and risk jail time for trespassing, disorderly conduct, or similar charges. But according to the group, the FACE act has not been invoked against its members.

Today, the largest public actions for life are 40 Days for Life and the many marches and walks for life across the nation, most staged around the Jan. 22 date of the 1973 *Roe v. Wade* and *Doe v. Bolton* decisions. Again, the love is evident in time given, prayers offered, and resources expended to help mothers and children. It is so encouraging, as well, to see so many young people turning out for these events, with their strong convictions and high energy. Yet the March for Life in Washington has been going for 46 years, and proliferators began remarking on how many young people were coming as far back as the Clinton years, in the early 1990s. I don’t want in any way to deny that wonderful things have happened, and that many lives have been saved and changed. But again, I wonder, how much have we as a movement progressed, and how do we move forward even more?

Of course, legislative progress has been made in a number of states with common-sense waiting periods before a woman can undergo abortion, or parental consent for minors, or the pain-capable and heartbeat bills. These seemingly small advances are important markers along the path toward a culture of life, and they have a powerful effect in expressing and affecting public opinion. The law is a great teacher, for good or ill, and any small pushback on the court-ordered regime of abortion is a huge victory for life. We know this by the rabid responses of the professional pro-abortion forces to even the smallest restriction on the procedure. We know this also from the treatment of undercover journalist David Daleiden, who caught on film evidence that Planned Parenthood is involved in the gruesome trade of unborn baby parts. Rather than being hailed as the latest whistleblower on the abuses of corporate America, Daleiden was raked over the coals by the mainstream media, and his California residence was raided by law enforcement. His videos were discounted as “doctored” or “edited” long after he posted the entire footage on the Center for Medical Progress website. He now faces multiple federal lawsuits brought by powerful and

politically connected abortion forces and has been charged with more than a dozen felonies by the state of California. Fortunately, his case has been taken by the Thomas More Society, which successfully defended Joseph Scheidler from similar legal attacks all the way up to the Supreme Court.

Daleiden got behind the public mask of the abortion giant to expose the bloody underbelly that feeds on the flesh of the innocent. Yet Planned Parenthood is still up and running, as powerful as ever. How can we hope to change the hearts and minds of the majority when clear evidence of illegal activity within the abortion industry fails to convert a nation? Or when a movie like *Gosnell*, about the Philadelphia abortion butcher who was convicted of murder, is ignored by major media outlets?

And now, at this writing, comes news that the U.S. Supreme Court has refused to review cases in which states seeking to defund Planned Parenthood were barred by federal courts from doing so. Justice Brett Kavanaugh, whom proliferers are hoping will be a fifth high-court vote against abortion, sided with the liberal majority in turning away those who seek to keep tax money out of the coffers of the well-funded abortion mill. How can we make pro-life progress when the fully disgraced Planned Parenthood seems not to have suffered any loss of public confidence and is protected by the courts?

**W**e can lament these events and the losses along the way, and become frustrated with the years of prayer, work, and witness that have not budged *Roe* and *Doe* as the “law of the land.” But we proliferers are in this movement for the duration. We realize that there will always be attacks on life, as surely as Cain lifted a hand against Abel. All murder is, in fact, fratricide, for we are all children of one human family under God. And we know that not one of us is innocent, for we all have sinned in some way, and most have killed at least in spirit, as St. John says—anyone who “hates his brother is a murderer” (1 Jn 3:15).

But we should know also that abortion is more than human evil. Anyone can see this fact who stands and prays with 40 Days for Life, or hands a pro-life pamphlet to a woman heading for abortion, or blocks a clinic door as a rescuer. With abortion, we are up against more than mere flesh and blood. How else to explain the criminal incident last fall in Toronto? A peaceful pro-life young woman holding a sign and recording a video with her phone was engaged in a calm conversation with a young man who suddenly roundhouse kicked her. Watching the brief video, you can see the young man begin what seems to be an attempt at a rational conversation, and then some wild spirit grabs him as he lashes out with a kick so hard it could have been fatal. After the video went viral, the man, Jordan Hunt, turned himself in to police, who also charged him with assaulting another pro-life woman in August.

Of course, Jordan Hunt is not alone as a serial assaulter of proliferers. From my

own experience as a sidewalk counselor in New York years ago, I can attest that peaceful proliferers are spit at, screamed at, bumped, kicked, blocked, tackled, and threatened with death and sexual assault. These attacks come not from the women for whom we seek to offer a word, a prayer, or a pamphlet as they head for the abortion clinic doors. They come from the self-appointed escorts—or more properly “death-scorts”—who for some strange and seemingly nether-worldly reason cannot stand to see abortion opposed in any way at the places where the killing occurs.

In challenging the abortion regime face to face, in persuading a woman to choose life, in shutting down a clinic for an hour or a day, we reveal the ugly face of abortion, and demons are unleashed. Behind the laws and rhetoric of choice and reproductive rights, abortion is exposed as a primal scream against life, health, reason, and goodness. It is an attack, in raw form, against the Creator through his most recent and innocent creation, the child newly conceived. The ultimate response to such an enormous evil is love; but not love as some imagine it—as soft, soothing, and accepting. Rather, love as something radical, earth shaking, and error shattering, that overturns tables in the temple. Love that is based on truth.

So let us learn to love more effectively by learning from love’s origin—as proliferers, surely, but more basically as fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, relations of all kinds within the same human family. One rich source to draw from is *Caritas in Veritate* (Love in Truth), a 2009 encyclical by Pope Benedict XVI. He had begun his papacy four years earlier by calling attention to the “dictatorship of relativism” that had crept into the thoughts and actions of so many who no longer recognized objective truth and precepts of moral law that are applicable at all times and all places. In *Caritas in Veritate*, he reclaimed love (charity) from the mists of misperception that have shrouded it through the sexual revolution and connected it once again to the Great Commandment that applies to everyone due to our common human condition. Love is not nice feelings or adolescent fantasies or romantic-comedy skits, and it goes beyond the customary flowers and candy of Valentine’s Day.

Addressing his letter not just to Catholics but to “all people of good will,” Pope Benedict appeals to the natural law and the common human experience of love that once was understood by all, even if they did not always follow the rules.

“To love someone is to desire that person’s good and take effective steps to secure it,” Pope Benedict wrote. “Besides the good of the individual, there is a good that is linked to living in society: the common good. It is the good of ‘all of us,’ made up of individuals, families and intermediate groups who together constitute society” (7).

Love is an act of the will, and doesn’t always feel good, he explained, as a sim-



ple look at a crucifix would show. Love is to sacrifice so that another, and even the larger society, may experience a good and be brought closer to perfection.

The encyclical letter was welcomed by proliferers in particular for connecting the Catholic Church's teachings on life with those on social issues, which had been separated in some minds. For too long and even to this day, proliferers and social justice advocates have held one another at arm's length, one camp not accepting the other because one does not believe that the other holds its basic tenets to heart. The "seamless garment" should have drawn the two camps together, but rather seemed to push them farther apart. Proliferers saw the "garment" as an attempt to relativize the central issue of abortion. Social justice advocates said that the pro-life label could not be associated solely with that one issue, since there were structural problems in society that influenced a range of economic and interpersonal issues touching on life and health.

In *Caritas in Veritate*, Pope Benedict teaches that the good of the individual and the good of society can never be in conflict. The true structural problem of society is the separation of love from truth. In our own times, the problem has become especially serious due to a distortion of the true nature of love and a denial of objective truth. He wrote, "In the truth, charity reflects the personal yet public dimension of faith in the God of the Bible, who is both Agape and Logos, Charity and Truth, Love and Word" (3).

Akin to the civil rights motto that there can be no love without justice, Benedict said there can be no love without truth. If we don't recognize objective truth, rooted ultimately in God, then we can only make a pretense to love. In a society in which "you have your truth and I have my truth," love will wind up looking pretty strange.

You will have abortion on demand of "unwanted" babies in one wing of a hospital, and in vitro fertilization in another wing for couples seeking desperately to have a child. You will have "mercy killing" for old people and euthanasia for even the young who are suffering.

Love can be clouded, bent to subjective needs, tossed by emotion and passing sentiment, and turned into more of a "me" thing than a "we" thing. Thus, love must be anchored to the truth, the truth about the dignity of the human person, the truth that comes ultimately from God, who is Truth itself.

As Pope Benedict wrote, "Only in truth does charity shine forth, only in truth can charity be authentically lived. Truth is the light that gives meaning and value to charity. That light is both the light of reason and the light of faith . . ." (3).

What can this mean for us, proliferers seeking the personal good of mothers and children, and the common good of society? Pope Benedict broke open the issue with a bold statement that rejected a narrow view of social justice and the common good: "Openness to life is at the center of true development" (28), he wrote, and went on to praise the encyclical *Humanae Vitae* of his predecessor

Pope (now Saint) Paul VI, which affirmed the consistent teaching of the Catholic Church against artificial contraception. The mindset against the goodness of human life expressed in contraception leads individuals and societies to a short-sighted materialism that is ultimately selfish and self-destructive, Pope Benedict argued. “Morally responsible openness to life represents a rich social and economic resource,” he wrote.

Also key to linking personal good with social good are the principles of subsidiarity and solidarity. Benedict wrote, “The principle of subsidiarity must remain closely linked to the principle of solidarity and vice versa, since the former without the latter gives way to social privatism, while the latter without the former gives way to paternalistic social assistance that is demeaning to those in need” (58). Ultimately, he concluded, we must see ourselves as one family and build our personal identity and common life on an openness to God (78). Thus the importance of building a culture that welcomes the public practice of faith and the serious need to protect religious freedom when it is threatened.

How do these insights guide us in an age when so many seem to think a viral tweet can take the place of principled action and hands-on help? How do we take the fight to the abortion industry and overturn the tables of public opinion and our own uncertainty and inertia?

For those who can make the extreme sacrifice and risk arrest, there is Red Rose Rescue, which can be found through its Facebook page. In an interview with LifeSite News, Father Imbarrato asked, “Please pray for those who do these Red Rose Rescues and please encourage them.”

Another direct-action method is sidewalk counseling and prayer outside the abortion clinics. Msgr. Philip Reilly, founder of Helpers of God’s Precious Infants, was clear-eyed when some 30 years ago, he called abortion clinics the “modern-day Calvary” and began a ministry of sidewalk prayer and counseling at “the foot of the cross.” Consider that the busiest abortion business in New York City, Eastern Women’s on East 30th Street in Manhattan, closed after many years of a consistent prayer presence. It doesn’t take much, just a set of rosary beads, a handy Bible, and a prayerful attitude to join the peaceful movement. The next 40 Days for Life program would be a good time to start; if there is not one in your area, get one up and running.

For young, idealistic, and fearless proliferers, there is Live Action, the undercover initiative founded by Lila Rose when she was a student at UCLA. There is an internal debate among proliferers about the program’s tactics, which involve a degree of deception and play-acting, but in a society where law enforcement and the media fail to investigate the obvious wrongdoing of Planned Parenthood and other abortion businesses (watch *Gosnell* to see how abortionists are protected by government authorities), it seems to me that a little citizen’s journalism and undercover investigation are needed to balance the scales of justice.

(See “Live Action Lies?” Summer 2011.) Live Action may be able to use your talents or funds. The same is true for Daleiden’s Center for Medical Progress.

If you cannot engage in such direct action, you can always donate to worthy pro-life organizations. An especially effective program since 2009 has been the Ultrasound Initiative of the Knights of Columbus, which recently placed its 1,000th machine in pro-life pregnancy centers. In the initiative, neighborhood Knights of Columbus councils identify local pro-life centers that are able to medically staff and operate an ultrasound machine and then raise half of the funds for its purchase. The order’s headquarters in New Haven then matches the funds for the purchase and delivery of the machine. When abortion-minded women see the live ultrasound of their baby in utero, a majority make the choice for life. With a few donated dollars, you can be part of this life-saving work.

Every church should have an annual pro-life event and fundraiser to support local pregnancy centers, which are the grassroots good of our movement. Money is important, but so are donations of diapers, cribs, strollers, baby clothes, and other newborn items. If your church does not have a fundraiser, it means that you are now called to organize one—or two, or more.

**F**inally, don’t be afraid to be a “single-issue” voter. The Democratic Party has effectively shunned, shamed, and silenced pro-lifers within its ranks and has become the party of abortion on demand without apology. Republicans claim to be the pro-life party and have done much good, but too often lawmakers fail to push for better legislation for fear of appearing “extreme.” Our opponents are obsessed with the issue of abortion, and we must meet their single-minded focus with a right-minded zeal of our own. The Kavanaugh hearings last summer were about one thing—protecting legal abortion—and we saw the lengths to which the Planned Parenthood apologists in Congress will go to keep the Supreme Court from overturning its own *Roe* decision. Kavanaugh made it to the high court only through his own hard-nosed realism about the politics behind it all, with the backing of senators who realized that retreat was not an option in a battle for the future of the Court and the soul of America.

All of these actions are an expression of love that is tied to truth, love that sacrifices for the good of the other. Yet we must remember that Pope Benedict’s message to us is more complex than simple volunteerism or charitable donations. He delivers a tough message: Our love is *not* enough. Large and well-intentioned as they may be, our hearts are not big enough as pro-lifers, or more basically as persons within a family, a society, a culture. True, the hard work of love, to the point of self-sacrifice and the giving up of life for another, must be undertaken each and every day by each and every one of us, but we must not trust in our own strength. *Caritas in Veritate* is clear that only God is both perfect truth and perfect love, and only by accepting this love and truth, and

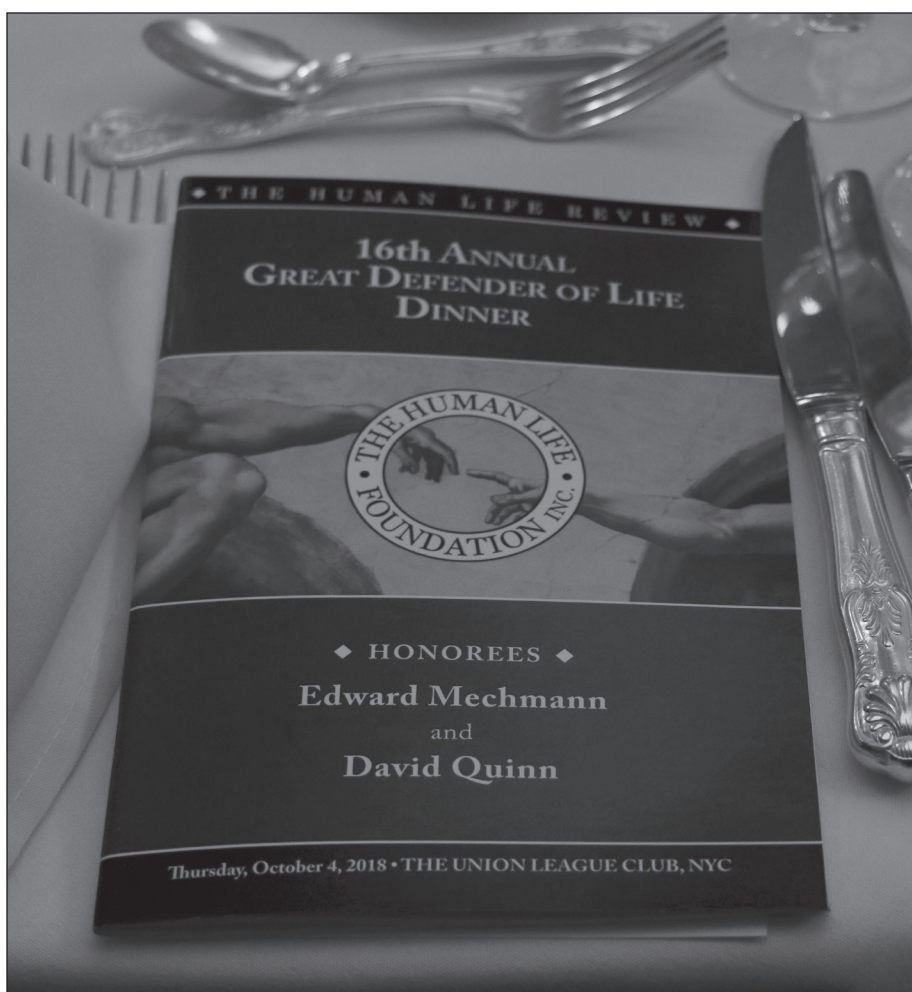
witnessing to it in our lives, will “hearts of stone” be transformed into “hearts of flesh” (79).

This is a high calling that should draw us ever closer to the lives of our brothers and sisters in the womb and in the world, both those who stand with us and those who oppose us. In ordering human affairs, Benedict wrote, “God’s love calls us to move beyond the limited and the ephemeral, it gives us the courage to continue seeking and working for the benefit of all, even if this cannot be achieved immediately . . . God gives us the strength to fight and suffer for love of the common good, because he is our All, our greatest hope” (78).

In truth, we can never love enough, as we continue to labor against abortion and other attacks on human life. But the good that comes from our efforts can make, even on this day, a better world.

# **The Great Defender of Life Dinner**

## **October 4, 2018**



***Rebecca Ryskind Teti:***

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. It's an honor to be in this noble company.

Maria invited me to address you on the strength of two factors. I am, as she put it, "one of the few outside the family" who remembers J.P. McFadden when he still had his voice.

Also, Fr. Paul Scalia had a previous engagement.

I choose not to think too hard about which of these factors is more responsible for my being here, and in the spirit of J.P., who never minded being second fiddle, will see what I can make of the opportunity.

A word about how I came to know him, and then a few stories to help you know him too.

In the summer of 1989, I finished two years of missionary work straight out of college, and Jim gave me my first real job.

He hired me for the Ad Hoc Committee in Defense of Life, the Washington-based, activist arm of his pro-life activities. It was the seat of his punchily written *Lifeletter*, and the place where—from our office in the National Press Building—our little team cooked up as much pro-life trouble as we could. We had not the budget of some of the more famous pro-life groups, but in terms of research and playing angles, we punched above our weight. It was our office, for example, that first brought to light Dr. Joel Brind's exposure of the connection between abortion and breast cancer.

Ad Hoc—or AD HOKE as Latin-loving Jim insisted on pronouncing it—was run by one of Jim's two sons, the late Robert McFadden, and during the time I was there was populated as well by two [Joe] Sobran kids, the future Fr. Paul Scalia during the summer months, and me, the daughter of conservative journalist Allan Ryskind. We called ourselves the "sad-sack sons of famous fathers."

In your program tonight you see some great pictures of Jim, and you'll find a lovely eulogy from Mike Uhlmann, penned at Jim's passing, twenty years ago this month. In it, Mike calls Jim "as tender a man as I have ever known."

I came to see that this was true—but it was far from my first impression.

"Is Robert there?" Stentorian and staccato barked the great voice on the end of the phone. That was my introduction to my new boss, who had hired me sight unseen on the strength of a recommendation from the late Anne Higgins and a





lunch interview with Robert.

Robert, a 6-foot tall burly bear of a man, generally as easy-going as they come, would snap to attention when the boss called. His demeanor set the tone for me: This is not a man you want to cross or disappoint.

My early experiences with Jim were all curt, completely business-like exchanges. The man had great imagination and restless energy in service of his cause. Monday mornings at a staff meeting we'd set our tasks for the week: stories we were pursuing for *Lifeletter*, lobbying meetings with congressmen and staffers . . . And we fielded daily calls from Jim: "Find out what Senator X has to say about . . ." "Get me that transcript."

None of this was ever punctuated with any niceties like "Hello," and I construed Jim in my mind's eye as less a person than a type. The hard-bitten journalist of yore: gruff, always-smoking, punching out copy hunt-and-peck style, bellowing orders. The kind of guy who in the movies says things like, "If your mother says she loves you, check it out."

That was just Jim at work. Though in retrospect I wonder whether in my own case Jim didn't want to be friendly in case he had to fire me.

I can tell you the precise moment I proved my worth to him.

As editors did in his day, Jim considered typos a blight upon his honor. He was livid when they appeared and constantly re-checked to be sure his text was error-free. Before any newsletter or any copy of the *Review* went to print, everything stopped while each of us in both offices proofread our faxed copies and called in our edits.

One day they faxed us down a sheet of new letterhead to be proofed. It had already been through several keen sets of eyes in the New York office, but somehow only I caught the fact that we were about to list our legal counsel as a council.

Well, I was made. Suddenly there was warmth in his calls and from then on he took me under his wing: gave me opportunities to write for *Lifeletter* and the *Review*, and tried to pass on to me his craft. I remember a lesson on kerning in headlines, for example. He had Ray in the New York office typeset each of the possible headlines I'd suggested for a *Lifeletter* piece, then faxed me the results and tutored me over the phone about what worked and why.

This was one of the loveliest things about Jim: He genuinely wanted others to flourish and shine. One would not call him self-effacing, but his was not the sort of ego that is threatened by other people's success. I think rather he saw his glory lying in being the man behind the scenes of many people's careers.

Fr. Scalia recalls that when he sent Jim pieces from seminary, there would always be three to four rounds of edits and Jim once told him, "You can never edit too much."

Fr. Paul reports he isn't sure he agrees with that sentiment, but it shows Jim's

zeal for getting things right.

I think it also shows Jim's patience with the many young writers he mentored—the more remarkable because he was not a naturally patient man.

He had one other fault of which I am aware, and that was his weakness for the worst puns imaginable. Mary McFadden, Robert's wife, reports that McFadden family gatherings nearly always devolved eventually into a pun fest. He punctuated *Lifeletter* headlines and the final lines of his newsletter *catholic eye* each month with groaners, about which he would chuckle uproariously.

During the Monica Lewinsky scandal, *catholic eye* referred to President Clinton as “sinner qua non.”

The eye correspondent in Poland was called “Warseye,” and reported the latest hit there as, “I could Gdansk all night.”

The first cloned musical was Hello Dolly, Dolly, Dolly . . .

Pope John Paul II was said to have the “ardor of sanctity” about him and Madonna's fans were “united by a common blonde.”

I didn't see Jim in the flesh except for once a year when our office hosted an open house on the day of the March for Life, where we'd feed contributors and benefactors who'd come in from the cold. Then I met him—and Faith, and Maria—and some of the grand old heroes for life: the late, great Dr. Joe Stanton, as well as long-time *Review* contributors Stella Morabito and Mary Meehan.

It was those open houses that gave me a window into who I was working for and what he had achieved. He'd managed to gather around him, not always the flashiest figures in the movement, but to my mind the most effective.

It was also always a great day for war stories, and here's a favorite, involving the aforementioned Anne Higgins. Anne worked at the White House at the time Jim persuaded Ronald Reagan to contribute his marvelous essay “Abortion and the Conscience of the Nation” to the *Review*. Jim was on the phone with a White House counselor—whose name I will pass over in mercy—ostensibly taking edits on the piece.

But as the call progressed it became clear that Jim was on the receiving end of a complete re-write—one in which staff who thought they knew better replaced the President's poignant prose with something much safer and anodyne.

Another man might just have accepted the changes in disappointment. Not Jim. He told the man that the edits were too cumbersome to receive over the phone and he would call back with a better solution. He then instantly dialed Anne Higgins, explained the situation, and had her take the original text straight in to the President. “Are you ready to sign off on this text?” He was, and he did. Armed with the signature, the *Review* ran with it. There was no return call to the office of White House Counsel.

Jim had one of the great, powerful voices, and though I'm sure it cost him dearly to lose it—first to a high-pitched rasp and then altogether—nonetheless

he was part of the bygone age of the letter, and I think in a certain way he never lost his voice, because so much of him came out from behind his typewriter.

I hope someday we will see a volume of Jim's correspondence, simply because he wrote to everyone, and they wrote to him. Such a volume would make for a nearly complete history of the defense of life since 1974, as well as a Who's Who. If the *Review* is filled with young talent Jim nurtured and discovered, it's equally filled with eminences of the age who wound up there simply because Jim was plucky and determined enough to ask them.

Even the rejection letters are awesome: They're from the likes of Alexander Solzhenitsyn and Pope John Paul II.

His deep friendship with Malcolm Muggeridge began because Jim wrote him a simple fan letter and asked him to contribute something to the *Review*.

Here's something from Maria's files:

My dear Mr. McFadden:

In your gracious letter you spoke of Malcolm Muggeridge. There are few men in the world for whom I have higher esteem. I would be honored and delighted and inspired if the both of you could come to visit me at my apartment, 500 E. 77th St. With very warmest personal wishes, and commending you for the apostolate in which you are so avidly engaged, I am faithfully yours in Christ, Fulton Sheen.

I've tried to sketch for you a portrait of the man. His gruff exterior; his relentless energy for "doing"; his generosity, his wit and goofy humor.

What I have loved in remembering Jim in the weeks leading up to this dinner is reflecting on how much he accomplished—forgive me, Maria and Christina—while not being a great man.

Don't mistake me. He was a good man. I admired him, and he achieved something great. But he was a man whose achievements are capable of imitation because in the end he was an ordinary guy from Youngstown, Ohio.

He was a talented writer, but not the most eloquent, and rather than lamenting that, he accepted it and got to work enlisting the most eloquent writers for his cause.

He was a man of simple pieties: He loved his Lord; he loved his family fiercely and with pride, even if he was of the generation of men who had a hard time showing it; and when he got word of a profound injustice on his watch, he spent the rest of his life finding ways to right the wrong.

Along the way, just doing what he could and what he knew to do, he found himself at the heart of the most noble social movement of the age, and the founder of one of its most important institutions. He was a vital force. And here we are this evening, each of us in some sense his legacy, and, we have reason to hope, on the cusp of the victory he never ceased to believe would come.

***Edward Mechmann:***

As we've all seen in recent weeks, one of the greatest challenges of our time is that the truth is on trial. We've heard that we live in a post-truth and post-moral society. But nothing could be more dangerous than to fall for the pernicious lie that there is no such thing as objective, eternal, moral truth.

We see this all around us. Academia has long peddled the idea that "everything is relative," and that we can define our own "truth." In the public square we see the truth subordinated to political ends or distorted by "spin" and ideology. I don't have to cite specific examples. Just pick up the newspaper.

We can see this in the sufferings of the Catholic Church that I love and serve. We see it especially when we listen to the victims of abuse, as I do. We see what happens when people betray the truth, ignore it, hide it, or hide from it. For the longest time we didn't realize—and in some places we still don't realize—that the only way to address the problem is with the truth, by living according to it and accepting the consequences. If you want to see the case study of what happens when we fail to uphold the truth, look at the Church.

The denial of truth is certainly not a new phenomenon. But in the communication age, it is spreading like a virus and is having a corrosive effect on society on all levels—from our public institutions down to our own individual lives.

Truth is on trial, and the vulnerable are at risk. In reality, we are all at risk.

My particular focus is on the degradation of the law. Up in the Bronx, at the majestic County Courthouse, you can see inscribed above the north portico: "The administration of justice presents the noblest field for the exercise of human capacity." That certainly presupposes that there is such a thing as justice, and that there is nobility in serving it.



Does anyone believe this anymore? I do, but I certainly wasn't taught that in law school, and it's hard to see it anywhere in our politics or government. It has been replaced by legal positivism—the idea that there is no objective morality, that the law is nothing but an expression of power, special interest, and domination, and that there is no law but man's law.

You can see the danger. If there is no law but man-made law, then nothing is safe and, as my first-year Contracts professor told us—"It's all up for grabs." Pope Benedict warned us about this, "A purely positivistic culture . . . would be

the capitulation of reason, the renunciation of its highest possibilities, and hence a disaster for humanity, with very grave consequences.”

How far we have come from the day, when in the midst of the slavery debate, the great statesman William Seward said, “there is a higher law than the Constitution, which regulates our authority over the domain, and devotes it to the same noble purposes.”

Instead we have a Supreme Court that echoes the infamous Dred Scott decision by holding that unborn human

beings have no rights that born people are bound to respect. A Court that says that absolute personal autonomy is the highest value, and that everyone can somehow define the meaning of the universe for himself. A Supreme Court Justice who cynically instructed his law clerks that the most important thing to know about the Court is five—the bare majority needed for a decision. A series of nominees who are forced by the confirmation process to talk about decisions that were wrong the day they were decided—*Roe* and *Casey* in particular—and call them “settled law” that have to be respected as “precedent.” Not much has changed since Frederick Douglass said of the Dred Scott Supreme Court, “[they] can do many things, but [they] cannot change the essential nature of things—making evil good, and good, evil.” But they certainly are still trying, and will continue to try.

We see this in every issue we face in the pro-life movement, where the powerful first devalue, then dehumanize, and then dispose of the weak. For the past few years I’ve spent a lot of time on the issue of assisted suicide. People with disabilities and elderly people are being told their lives have no value because they lack some kind of quality or capability or because they are too costly to maintain. They are being told that they are better off dead. Insurance companies won’t pay for treatment but they will pay for suicide drugs. Doctors become killers, laws put people in danger rather than protecting them, the advocates hide behind phony terms like “medical aid in dying,” they claim that it’s not really “suicide” and they call it “compassionate.” This is what the denial of the truth brings us to.





Yes, the truth is on trial. We are on trial. The stakes are very high. But we have an answer because our movement is at its heart a truth-teller.

One of the fundamental truths we hold is that there is a law that governs us all—the natural law.

It is a universal, objective moral order that God wrote in our hearts and in our very nature, but it is discernible by reason also. The truth of this law does not depend on power, identity, feelings, culture, or the whims of courts or legislatures. It is real, eternal, binding on us all, and essential for our safety and happiness. All human laws must conform to it, or at least not contradict it, or they are not binding on us, and we must try to correct them. James Wilson, a Founding Father and one of the first Supreme Court Justices, said “it should always be remembered, that this law, natural or revealed, made for men or for nations, flows from the same divine source: It is the law of God . . . Human law must rest its authority, ultimately, upon the authority of that law, which is divine.” All the Founders of our nation believed this. Abraham Lincoln believed it. Can you imagine any Supreme Court nominee saying this now?

This higher law stands against any abuse of power, whether by individuals or governments. Under this law, abortion and euthanasia would be unthinkable—nobody can take into their own hands the absolute, unaccountable power over life and death.

The natural law and its objective moral truth are the cure for the pessimism and nihilism of the legal positivists. It gives us the foundation to uphold what is right and good and most human—policies that embody justice, charity, and the common good, and laws that protect the most vulnerable, and defend religious freedom and human rights. How much better life would be, if these fundamental truths were embodied in our law. How much more happiness there would be in our world.

This is why our movement is so important. We are the advocates for the weak and vulnerable who are most at risk when the powerful act as if there is no truth, no eternal law, and “it’s all up for grabs.” In the end, we know that we will be judged—as individuals and as a nation—not according to man’s “settled law,” or the Supreme Court’s precedents, but by God’s eternal law.

And we prove these truths by how we love—from the mother vulnerable to abortion, to the single parent struggling to survive, to the disabled person living in loneliness. Including loving those who oppose us. Love is the most powerful argument for the truth.

Our society has lost sight of these truths. But we are here to remind them.

We hold these truths to be self-evident:

Every human being has been endowed by God with dignity and rights that cannot be taken away by anyone.

The first and foremost of these rights is the right to live.



Every unique individual human being has inestimable value that is not dependent on productivity or ability or usefulness or convenience.

It is a fundamental injustice to hurt or kill an innocent person no matter their age or condition.

The government has a solemn duty to protect and defend everyone.

It is a disgraceful dereliction of duty for the government to stand by and do nothing while innocent lives are taken, or, even worse, to encourage it or pay for it.

We are all united in one human family—what hurts one hurts us all.

Because either everybody's life matters or nobody's life matters.

Our challenge is the same it has always been, in every movement to eliminate injustice and oppression—from abolitionism to the civil rights movement to our pro-life movement. Abraham Lincoln once said, "[T]he real issue . . . is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time; and will ever continue to struggle."

This is our struggle, our trial, in our time—to defend every human life.

We do this because we have an unshakable confidence. We are not to be discouraged by the powerful forces that oppose us. We will speak the truth with love. We will uphold the law that God has written into every human heart. We will lift up the weak and vulnerable. We will dare to do our duty to them.

And we know that by the grace of God and our hard work, our cause—our glorious cause—will triumph in the end.

### ***David Quinn:***

Thanks, Maria, for this fantastic honor, and thank you to all of the team at the Human Life Foundation as well for what really is a fantastic honor.

I began writing for newspapers in 1994 and I was wondering when I began writing for the *Human Life Review*. You say it was March of 1995, so that was only about a year after I began writing. I'd only seen the *Review* maybe a couple of years before that because of course this was before the internet. In Ireland, you didn't get many opportunities to come across journals like the *Human Life Review*, but I remember walking into the main pro-life office in the country at that time and I saw a copy of it and I said this is a fantastic magazine, a fantastic journal. I didn't dream that only a few months later I'd be writing for it. And now, 23 years later—I couldn't have even dreamt of receiving this award.

When Maria contacted me to say I was going to receive this award, it was before the referendum. And I'm thinking Great Defender of Life—I hope I can go there post victory. And of course that's simply not the case at all. I'm sure Maria was hoping I'd be here post victory as well. It was not to be.

As I'm sure many of you would have seen on TV, the vote was May 25th, and the result became known officially the following day. And you also may have seen on TV the pictures of people in one of the state buildings, Dublin Castle, cheering and hollering because we had passed abortion. It was just a horrible, horrible thing to see.

And as Maria said, we were, I think, practically the first and only country in the world to ever have passed, by a popular vote of 2 to 1 in 1983, a really good pro-life amendment. And by the way, one of the reasons for that pro-life amendment was *Roe v. Wade*. Because the early pro-life movement in Ireland did not want to see our Supreme Court issue a *Roe v. Wade*-type decision. And so they figured, OK, we've got to get something into the Constitution. That this amendment was passed by a 2 to 1 margin shows how different Ireland was only 35 years ago.

Now from that day, the pro-choice movement and the pro-abortion movement began working strenuously and tirelessly to reverse it. And they reversed it completely. And so we ended up going from 2 to 1 in favor to 2 to 1 against the 8th Amendment, as the pro-life amendment is called. It was repealed by a 2 to 1 vote.

I remember meeting people in subsequent days, people who would have been more or less middle of the road, and they were saying to me things like, "You know, I didn't think I was going to vote yes, but in the end, something made me vote yes." And they couldn't quite explain why, in the end, they had voted yes.

I think it was because the mood was just so all pervasive in the country. I mean if you want to go into the reasons why we ended up voting yes, I have some of them in my article in the present issue of the *Human Life Review*. There is a huge backlash in Ireland against the Catholic Church at the present moment. I mean, in a way, what we have done in Ireland is replace Britain as the national villain with the Catholic Church. Britain used to be seen as the oppressive force and there was a huge anti-British feeling for a long time. And that, by the way,



Maria with Rachael and David Quinn

meant the Queen couldn't come to Ireland until 2011. We will be a hundred years independent in 2022, but she couldn't come into Ireland because of the atmosphere until 2011.

And in a way, we are in a similar position with the Catholic Church. Pope Francis came to Ireland at the end of August but the atmosphere was terrible. There was a huge amount of hostility being displayed in the media in particular towards the Catholic Church, and of course unfortunately we've got to hang our heads in shame genuinely over the scandals—and of course you've been reviewing those scandals here as well.

We have a chronically biased media. I mean the entirety of the media was against the 8th Amendment in the first place. And obviously has continued in that vein since 1983.

In the referendum itself, and in the long lead up to the vote, there was a huge concentration on the hard cases—undoubtedly hard cases like rape, incest, and what we were calling fatal fetal abnormality, which is when the baby is diagnosed with a condition in the womb that is going to lead to its life being very short. And this did pluck at people's heartstrings. And people said the 8th Amendment is getting in the way of this. But there was a kind of bait-and-switch going on, because once the 8th Amendment were to go—and now it's gone—it would be open season and carte blanche for whatever kind of abortion law. And actually, this very day in the Irish Parliament, they have been basically debating the exact law that is going to replace the 8th Amendment and it's about as liberal as any European law.

So now in the first 12 weeks of pregnancy, which is when 90 percent of abortions take place, you can have an abortion for any reason whatsoever; you don't even have to pretend there's a health reason. And after 12 weeks, it will be like in Britain, it will be for health-related reasons. And as we know from Britain, health-related reasons basically allow abortion for nearly any reason. In Britain there's 200,000 abortions a year, that's one pregnancy in five, which I think is roughly the same as in the United States as well.

All kinds of peculiar things happened in the campaign. The major outdoor advertising companies refused to take any ads whatsoever. So it just became very hard to get our message out. Now, they stopped the pro-choice side having these big outdoor posters as well, but that really didn't matter to them because they have the media doing their work. And then Google weighs in, and Google says they're not going to take ads. A lot of ads had been booked online, and, of course, since YouTube is owned by Google, suddenly we couldn't advertise on YouTube either.

So it became harder and harder to reach the general public. I don't want to make excuses, but I have to find an explanation for why the vote ended up being 2 to 1. Because even the pro-choice side was surprised at the scale of their

victory; they simply didn't expect that.

But what has been incredibly dis-edifying is seeing, for example, our health minister celebrate so wildly what happened. This is a guy called Simon Harris. He is our youngest minister, and only as recently as 2013, he was firmly in favor of the 8th Amendment. He changed like that, as soon as he saw which way the wind was blowing and which way his career was blowing as well. And he is celebrating today what just happened in our Parliament—the introduction of this bill—the way somebody might have celebrated the fall of the Berlin Wall, that is, as an unambiguous good. There is no moral seriousness about him at all. I mean even Hillary Clinton would say she wants abortion to be rare. But this has not been said in Ireland by the people who voted for abortion and are its greatest advocates. There was a march on the weekend, and the cat's cry was “free, safe, legal,” but rare is gone. I suppose if we say “rare” that is some kind of a moral judgment and we can't have that.

So that's where we are now. A third of weekly Massgoers said Yes to repeal the 8th Amendment. We heard this from the exit polls. I find it incredible that a third of weekly Mass goers voted yes. Weirdly, a slightly higher percentage of *daily* Mass goers voted to repeal the 8th Amendment, that is, with the pro-choice side. And this, anecdotally: I met a woman who brings communion door-to-door to people who are basically housebound, and she told me about a 90-year-old woman who is a daily communicant and gets out to Mass when she can. She managed to get out to vote on May 25th, and she voted for abortion on the grounds that “Well, I had a difficult pregnancy when I was young.” I couldn't figure out the logic of that, but that was what was taking place.



The Catholic Church, of course, is so badly damaged; had it launched a national campaign it probably would have been counterproductive. But it would have been good to see more priests within their parishes strongly asserting the right to life and saying why people should vote No. But not enough of that happened.

All these things unfortunately added to the kind of result that we got. But on a more positive side, most countries in the Western world introduced abortion between 1967—when England did—and America in 1973 (some places, like France, between 1975 and 1976). We in Ireland delayed this decades past those

countries. So in a way, we shouldn't be too gloomy. I mean, yes, objectively speaking. But it was surprising that actually we managed to hold out for so long.

I had the honor of interviewing Cardinal Ratzinger at the start of my journalistic career in 1995. We had just legalized divorce and he said to me in the interview that Ireland may be an island geographically, but it is not an island culturally. Which is obviously the case. So now, you know, we had all these forces bearing down hard on us to legalize abortion. Even the UN was telling us we had to get rid of the 8th Amendment. So all these things were coming together.

Now, as to the future, we've basically got to learn from what you've been doing since 1973. And this is where an organization like the Human Life Foundation, and its journal the *Human Life Review*, are so important. Jim McFadden, post 1973, didn't say "It's all over, I'm going away now." He said No, I'm going to found this journal in order to give intellectual depth and weight to the pro-life movement permanently. Because actually, nobody gets to put a full stop on history.

So here we are 45 years later in the United States, and here we have this dinner tonight, and your support is extremely important to the Human Life Foundation and *Human Life Review* and the pro-life movement across this country. And not just across this country but in Ireland as well. Because honestly, if we weren't able to see that there is still a flourishing pro-life movement in the United States, if all the lights had gone out in the pro-life movement as in a country like Sweden, then we would be wondering, is it all over?

But we look across the Atlantic, and see it's not all over. And this gathering tonight, for example, proves it's not all over. And I would hope that maybe, in another few decades, there might be another Irish person standing here in the Union League Club, and what will have happened is that the pro-life culture will have been restored to Ireland, and this person will be receiving the award from a successor of Maria's, in a country that has itself restored a pro-life culture and pro-life laws. This is a decades-long struggle and we have got to take this as our view: that in the end we will succeed in both your country and mine. We will restore a pro-life culture because a pro-life culture is what is conducive to moral and human flourishing. Thank you.



2018 GREAT DEFENDER OF LIFE DINNER



*Cecile Thompson and  
Anne Conlon*



*Dana Hendershott, Maria  
McFadden Maffucci, and  
Pat O'Brien*



*A welcome gathering of family, friends, and staff—some are all three!*



*Board  
Chairman Jim  
McLaughlin,  
center*



# Chasing Happiness through Choice

Ellen Wilson Fielding

An old friend has begun entering the long decline of a mortal illness. Each time we part, he sends me off with the words, “The best is yet to be!” That’s not new—it’s always been his tag line—but nowadays it smacks of the heroic. And yet, these very circumstances now make me recoil from the words, because they seem to gloss over how hard things are becoming and how even harder they are likely to get. Yes, I understand what my friend is trying to say, I understand that we are pointed toward God as our end, but the visceral, emotional reality of our human experience of pain, sickness, poverty, war, and other calamities still seems to me to need more acknowledgement. In the early decades of life it can be relatively easy to believe that happiness is the norm, though somewhat inexplicably broken into by anomalous unhappy events. Some of these anomalies (the young person may believe) will eventually disappear as science and medicine continue their triumphant advance. And numerous utopians in our midst expect many other types of interrupting miseries, such as poverty, homelessness, and discrimination, to be relegated to the past as the world grows increasingly enlightened.

But this appears to me to be overly optimistic. In fact, joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, accompany us throughout life for reasons that seem traceable more to such constants as our human makeup than to the variables of Earth’s environment, election results, the need for educational reform, or gender identity. We can ameliorate and partially medicate suffering, increase prosperity, formulate and pursue goals, nurture friendships, adopt gratitude journals, exercise our brains, and cultivate friendships. And all of these can help us enjoy the good and ride out the bad. But they do not eliminate the bad, since, as William Blake put it (in words that the late Malcolm Muggeridge loved to quote), “Joy and sorrow [are] woven fine.” And, it is possible that to a certain extent the sorrow closely woven into our lives actually heightens and intensifies—what? Certainly not mere pleasure. The joy? Some apprehension of a reality or meaning lying deeper than joy?

In his autobiographical *Surprised By Joy*, C.S. Lewis devotes two chapters to relating the bullying, crudity, and meanness of life at his detested English boarding school. But immediately after those two chapters comes another,

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which opens with these words:

Reading through what I had just written about Wyvern, I find myself exclaiming, “Lies, lies! This was really a period of ecstasy. It consisted chiefly of moments when you were too happy to speak” . . . When I remember my outer life, I see clearly that the other is but momentary flashes, seconds of gold scattered in months of dross . . . When I remember my inner life I see that everything mentioned in the last two chapters was merely a coarse curtain which at any moment might be drawn aside to reveal all the heavens I then knew.

Most of us can remember some period in our lives that we recall with dramatically different emotions according to where we focus our attention. One of my children, as a three-year-old, spent three weeks in the hospital. Each morning I would drive in to spend the day with him there, then hurry home to two older children and a five-month-old. He had periods of great pain, and I fretted about the left-behind children, particularly my baby. Yet I also remember moments of sheer delight when, driving to or from the hospital, I played recordings of P. G. Wodehouse books to temporarily distract myself. Would some aspect of that delight—some aching keenness—have been diluted without the presence of what I was trying to block out?

So even if it turns out, as the medieval mystic Julian of Norwich related, that “all shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well,” it would be inauthentic for us to deny or explain away our encounters with suffering and disappointment. If there is “no way out but through,” then everything we go through matters too. If we try to step back far enough to make out the meaning of the checkered pattern of our lives, our myopia will dissolve the distinct components into undifferentiated gray.

The “both-and” nature of joy and sorrow in a fallen world is difficult to convey to someone who is suffering *and therefore* needs that very truth to hang onto. In the pro-life arena, this difficulty repeatedly arises when counseling someone about to enter an abortion clinic. In most cases, the woman is unhappy not only with the circumstances of her pregnancy but with its ending through abortion. She views herself as caught in a trap, and, as Frederica Mathews-Green has put it, “She wants an abortion as an animal caught in a trap wants to gnaw off its own leg.” The partner that has threatened to leave if she has the baby, or has already left, or is wildly unsuitable for fatherhood, the parents or friends who will only support her if she makes this choice; or whatever else has brought her here are the sorrows she understandably seeks to shed. And she has absorbed from the surrounding culture the falsehood that happy circumstances are the default mode we should expect of life.

Now, I think many of us partly know better than this, but it is hard to listen to that internal voice when the external ones are so loud. And a woman in a crisis pregnancy so much *wants* those outside voices to be right, when they promise that she can put her pregnancy behind her and get on with life, and when the

alternative to abortion seems crushingly difficult.

Among those of us who counsel women outside my local abortion clinic are many old enough to be the mothers (or fathers) of those entering the clinic. Some of us once had an abortion and now deeply regret it; others have struggled through one or more of the nightmares that bring these young women here—fears of abandonment by the father or by family, fears of poverty or single parenthood or the child's disability, or just fear of the hugeness and finality of becoming a mother.

Of course, most of us can tell these young women about the other side of the both-and, joyful and sorrowful experiences of motherhood—the rush of love and protectiveness and tenderness she will feel for her baby, and the oceans of love that baby will offer her. But when we reflect on our years as parents, the positive emotions are not the only things we remember. Among us are single mothers and financially stressed mothers and mothers of handicapped children. And among our children are wonderful success stories, but also dropouts or children with addictions or children who have chosen to abort their own children. All of us know and appreciate that life is a gift from God, but that doesn't always mean that we know how to open it or what we are to do with it or that we perceive why it was given to us.

One way we come to apprehend this on the micro rather than the macro level is through hindsight. As we look back we realize we can misjudge situations in either direction: We can reject choices we later recognize as goods, or we can pursue people and things that are likely to harm or disappoint us or prevent us from encountering unforeseen blessings.

Most humbling, perhaps, is that we never completely lose the capacity to delude ourselves with yet more false conceptions of our needs and wants. No matter how far off we have been in the past when plotting the coordinates of our future happiness, we still find it difficult to navigate the present. Despite the hard-won lessons about the limits of our prophetic gifts, those very limits (combined with our insistent emotions) render imperfect and incomplete our judgments about how happy or unhappy our choices are likely to make us.

Still, we have choices to make, and we hope as we journey through life to improve upon our winning percentages. But to do that, some additional criteria beyond the tug of our desires or the drag of our fears and loathing are necessary. Those suffice for choosing which movie to see or which ice cream flavor to indulge in, but the emotions and the mind's cunning capacity to conjure up reasons for doing what we want to do anyway, or avoid doing what we in fact have no desire to do, too often collude to mislead us in our quest for joy unmingled with sorrow.

The world's wisdom—conveyed through the self-help shelves—acknowledges the

insufficiency of steering our course along the lines of immediate satisfactions. Their method of living a successful life, however, amounts to little more than making choices in light of medium- and long-term goals. Contemplating an evening of junk food? Recall that goal of losing 15 pounds and imagine how happy you will be when you achieve it. Tempted to goof off rather than tackle that term paper? Remind yourself of your career goals and how happy you will be when you attain them. That sort of thing.

An older wisdom tradition, however, takes a different approach to making choices for a good life. Oh, it would see no problem with the admonition to line up present choices with long-term plans. But beyond that, to take account of the conditions we find ourselves in (and only by taking account of those conditions do we have any likelihood of success), we need to acknowledge the effects of our finiteness on how much and how well we can see what will make us more or less happy.

The sort of humility this takes is not much valued today. The accelerating successes of the Industrial, medical, and technological revolutions have brought a dizzying and disoriented belief that whatever roadblocks now hamper the advance of our ever-enlarging ambitions will inevitably yield to our ingenuity. So a Silicon Valley devotee of artificial intelligence, outer space relocation, the possibility of prolonging human life virtually indefinitely through uploading the mind's contents onto computers—the whole sci-fi ball of wax—dismisses the problem of finite knowledge as temporary. At some point, according to this hypothesis, it will be possible to incorporate into our decisions every possible permutation of our choices about human happiness.

However, this makes more sense as a mood or an attitude than as a rational position. If we posit an infinite universe, it is difficult to see how any finite creatures could, so to speak, learn all there is to be known about it. If, as others maintain, the universe is finite, it is difficult to see how even devices of extraordinary capacity and complexity could cover all possibilities.

But none of these theories really touch on the more fundamental problem of determining with certainty which choices will bring us happiness and which will not. First, it is not at all obvious, looking at the universe through a materialist lens, whether, if everything within the universe were wholly knowable and the effects of our decisions predictable, the paths to happiness of some might not impede the paths to happiness of others.

Take the case of the young woman at the abortion clinic. Maybe we should be imagining a future where she and everyone else make wise and prudent decisions (with the assistance of Artificial Intelligence); in such a future she would not face a problematic pregnancy in the first place. But that seems to sneak in a suspiciously providential view of how the randomly existing universe of the secular materialists arranges itself for its inhabitants' happiness. Why would the

universe set us up to evolve in such a way that we could develop high-tech tools to determine the choices that will bring us happiness? And how would such impersonal beneficence be content to cohabit with millions and even billions of years of wasted life, preying species, extinction of species, and the like? It's the problem of pain all over again, with the much less convincing substitution of a "good" universe for a "good" God.

Second, even if we posit such a handily beneficent universe whose workings—whether infinite or merely spectacularly, unimaginably vast and multifarious—we somehow have mastered by technologically expanding human intelligence, what episodes in human history suggest that human beings would automatically trust and adopt the course of action laid out for us, particularly if their emotions tug them in another direction and their minds justify the emotions' choice? In our own day, do we see people mindlessly trusting the more limited, technological outputs of our era? Or do we see lots of selective trust of certain sites and electronic sources of information, but also lots of selective mistrust, edging into X-files-style paranoia, about other sites and sources and the motivations of those behind them?

Plots from dystopian books and movies are largely driven by such distrust of the motives of those in control of technology, and this distrust was not recently acquired. In incipient form, it is all laid out in *1984*, *Brave New World*, and *Fahrenheit 451*, as well as many *Twilight Zone* episodes. (It is there in C.S. Lewis's mid-20th-century space trilogy too—and he like others stressed that the control of man over his environment really means the control of most by a few.)

It is not that the Masters of the Universe would necessarily care about most of the choices most people might need to make in pursuit of a happy life (though they might—the pre-IT planned totalitarian societies of the 20th-century sought to insinuate the goals of government into almost every area of human activity). The point is, once mistrust of information arises for some categories, there is no special reason to trust any of it. You may *choose* to trust certain sources or categories of information. But in making *that* decision, you are usurping the role of the overarching authority in the matter of choice.

And notice that this case, too, smuggles in the idea of an intelligent and benevolent universe as a stand-in for God. For the underlying suspicions even of those who are content to rely on their tech gadgets, internet, smartphones, smart houses, and the like somewhat resembles human beings' distrust of God. Suffering the wound of the Edenic Fall, human beings often fear God's judgments, distrust and resist his plans for their welfare, second-guess his rules for the navigation of the circumstances of this life, and try to find a way to go off the grid of his omniscience. Not much different from the attitude towards Big Brother and his descendants.

The old friend I mentioned at the beginning of this article was quoting the Victorian poet Robert Browning, who has sometimes drawn criticism for his easy optimism and bold positivity. But Browning was not an epicurean, or a brute sensualist incurious of other people's explanations of life. Many of his most successful poems display his efforts to enter into minds quite different from his own, such as the Duke's in "My Last Duchess," or the aged John the Evangelist in "A Death in the Desert."

So whose soul was he entering into as he wrote "the best is yet to be"? Into Rabbi ben Ezra's, in the poem of the same name. This 12th-century Sephardic Jewish scholar, who spent time in Spain, Egypt, Arabia, Greece, and Rome, also roved over a range of subjects throughout a long life, including Biblical commentary and science. The poem opens with these words:

Grow old with me!  
 The best is yet to be,  
 The last of life, for which the first was made:  
 Our times are in His hand  
 Who saith "A whole I planned,  
 Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

So far the poet's genial optimism holds forth, but soon we encounter a view of life's goal demonstrably different from the direct pursuit of pleasure, comfort, or happiness: "Poor vaunt of life indeed,/Were men but formed to feed/On joy, to solely seek and find and feast . . ." Instead, in lines that could harmonize with Blake's, Browning's ben Ezra advises:

Then, welcome each rebuff  
 That turns earth's smoothness rough  
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!  
 Be our joys three-parts pain!  
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain;  
 Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

It seems that ben Ezra has in his own life taken on strenuous tasks and accepted sacrifice and "three-parts pain"; he strives, even if he never attains the heights he apprehends and desires, because "What I aspired to be,/And was not, comforts me:/A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale."

Now, in his old age, he has reached the period of reflection upon his life and actions, and the purposes he can somewhat perceive in the pattern they make. It is around the contrasting tasks of youth and age that he locates his observation that age is "the last of life,/for which the first was made." His meditations upon the meaning of life later in the poem focus on God, the potter (for which I suppose a scientific materialist could instead substitute the universe, working on its primordial ooze):



He fixed thee mid this dance  
Of plastic circumstance, . . .  
Machinery just meant  
To give thy soul its bent,  
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

His closing is addressed to God as a prayer:

So, take and use Thy work:  
Amend what flaws may lurk, . . .  
My times be in Thy hand!  
Perfect the cup as planned!

For Browning's ben Ezra, the pregnant mother hesitating on the steps of the abortion clinic, the aged widow wondering why she can't just cut the last threads of life to join her husband, the chronically ill or handicapped persons who, weighing their lives on the scale of joy or pleasure, seem to come up short, all should evaluate their circumstances, choices, and actions for how well they cohere with God's intentions for them—his plan for their growth and development, their increase in wisdom and understanding. This is initially less appealing than using pleasure as your measure for choice, but it has many merits in addition to realism. For example, it can rescue us from despair when pain can't be shooed away. (If you view the world as a place where it is possible to routinely achieve happy outcomes through your choices, and you run into the brick wall of an obstinately unhappy outcome such as mortal illness or harm to loved ones, despair over the unpleasantness or seeming senselessness of life is a risk). It also offers a way of moving forward even when the right choice is in fact also an easy one.

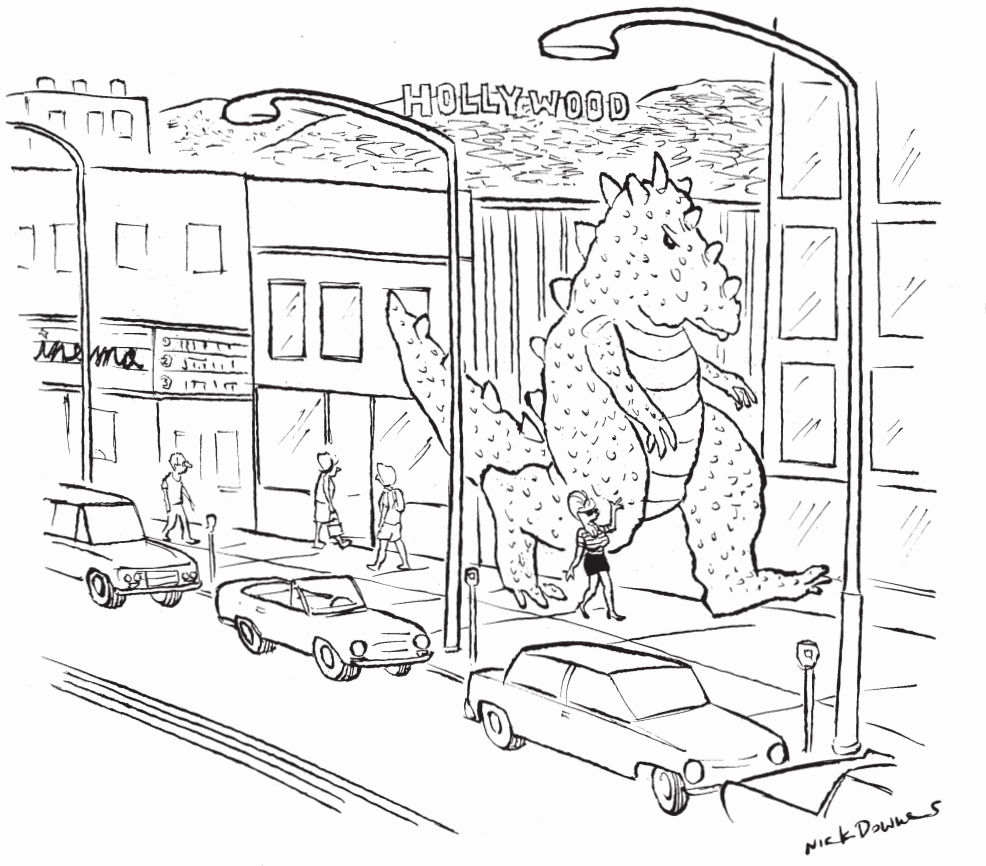
Throughout human history men and women have grappled with how to steer themselves toward happiness, make good choices, and make sense of their lives in a world with "joy and sorrow woven fine." Though they have differed in their explanations of how we came to be here and how we should best live our lives, not many have veered as far as we have toward the view that eliminating the sources of unhappiness could be universally possible and attainable as a human technological project.

In the furthest outposts of the former Roman Empire, early in the 7th century, a king, his advisors, and his pagan priests debated what they should believe after the envoy of the Christian religion appeared before them. One of the king's counselors spoke the following words:

The present life of man, O king, seems to me, in comparison with that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter amid your officers and ministers, with a good fire in the midst, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad; the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door and

immediately out at another, whilst he is within is safe from the wintry storm; but after a short space of fair weather he immediately vanishes out of your sight into the dark winter from which he has emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before or of what is to follow we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed" (The Venerable Bede, *Ecclesiastical History of the English People*).

The image of the sparrow passing through the great hall and back out into the darkness possesses a beauty and power as significant for Western civilization as that of Plato's cave. Even beyond the implications of the king and his court's decision for themselves and their descendants, this story captures the lights and shadows, the wonder, the desire to know, and also the limits of our groping sight that are home-grown to human thoughts, emotions, and embodied experience rather than the mental construct of technocrats seeking to escape the limits of the world. The more genuine human reaction to life is awe before the mystery of what lies within the homely light and shelter of our earthly home—and wonder at what lies beyond our mortal sight.



"I know just how you feel—I'm typecast as well."

# Eugenics Goes into Hyperdrive

*Christopher M. Reilly*

**W**e live in an age of radical individualism in the West. Our people revel in the consumer products springing from a technological revolution, with wireless cell phone data unleashing a world of unrestricted communication, entertainment, and frenetic productivity. In the moral sphere, individual conscience enjoys an exuberant freedom from the bonds of reason. Sexual adventurism is not only permissible but celebrated by the media, cultural icons, and even our schools. The concept of human rights no longer derives from a shared reverence for humanity but from the self-interest of vocal minorities. The late Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia's declaration now rings true of our whole society: "[We have] descended from the disciplined legal reasoning of John Marshall and Joseph Story to the mystical aphorisms of the fortune cookie."<sup>1</sup>

This is certainly not the same culture that originally embraced eugenics in the early 20th century. As an ideology, eugenics promotes the management of the inherited composition of humanity by eliminating or preventing the birth of certain "unwanted" types of persons. In the early decades of the 20th century, Progressive segments of society reacted to the irrationality of politics and the decadence of the Roaring Twenties by imposing morally neutral scientific management through the government. This was the age of federal regulation of labor markets and corporate monopolies, with Frederick Taylor promoting the obedience of employees in the factory as machines within a machine. A prominent text on eugenics declared: "Government and social control are in the hands of expert politicians who have power, instead of expert technologists who have wisdom. There should be technologists in control of every field of human need and desire."<sup>2</sup>

In our own era, however, the technocratic and authoritarian eugenics that once thrived within a collectivist, Progressive society has had to adapt to radical individualism. Even 21st-century Progressivism has adopted the trappings of democratic resistance to traditional institutions. No longer can mental and medical institutions justify widespread forced sterilization of epileptic, alcoholic, sexually promiscuous, and disabled persons, as they did to more than 60,000 individuals through the 1970s.<sup>3</sup> Past calls in America by Ivy League darlings and Nobel Prize winners for euthanasia of the "unfit" and killing of the most

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“unwanted” 10 percent of the population have been quietly forgotten after our wartime enemies, the German Nazis, horrified the American public by putting such ideas into action on an even greater scale.<sup>4</sup>

After decades of embarrassed silence, however, eugenicists have regrouped. Today, influential publishers and journals call for a “liberal eugenics” in which individual mothers make supposedly free choices to kill or prevent the birth of human beings that may experience disabilities, inherited “diseases,” or other “abnormalities.”<sup>5</sup> With the rapidly developing capability of genetic scientists to manipulate the genetic composition of unborn humans, liberal eugenicists forcefully argue for the rights of parents (those privileged enough to afford it) to grant extraordinary intellectual and physical capabilities to their children. Under the guise of parental rights, however, liberal eugenics deteriorates into illiberal tyranny when eugenicists demand a government-imposed “obligation to enhance” as well as arguing for universal subsidies for genetic enhancement (to be administered, of course, by yet more bureaucratic technocrats).<sup>6</sup>

It is no coincidence that the resurgence of eugenics has occurred as abortion has gained legal status and solid judicial protection since the 1970s. Given this new setting, forced sterilization has become the less palatable eugenics option. In an era when abortion is championed as an individual right for women, genetic testing of the unborn increasingly identifies abortion-vulnerable embryos with supposedly unwanted characteristics like disabilities. As Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg admitted: “Frankly I had thought that at the time *Roe* was decided, there was concern about population growth and particularly growth in populations that we don’t want to have too many of.”<sup>7</sup>

The development of in vitro fertilization (IVF) and preimplantation genetic diagnosis (PGD) to identify and eliminate human embryos with disabling inherited characteristics has been especially efficient in destroying embryos out of sight and mind of the parents. Not surprisingly, the scientist who developed IVF in 1978 was a publicly active member of the British Eugenics Society.<sup>8</sup> In the IVF procedure, multiple human embryos are usually created to maximize the odds of success, which is generally understood not just as a live birth but the birth of a healthy, non-disabled child. PGD identifies the embryos that may have inherited disabling characteristics and therefore are not selected for implantation in the mother’s uterus; not making the cut, these embryos are discarded, frozen, or destroyed in research that ends in mutilation and death for the embryo.

Nowhere is the current success of eugenics, facilitated by parents’ choices of abortion and IVF, more evident than in the case of persons with Down syndrome (DS). In a recent article published by the *National Catholic Bioethics Quarterly*, I demonstrated that many medical professionals are pursuing an effective eugenics agenda against the prevalence of DS in our society.<sup>9</sup> Cer-

tain medical professionals hold extraordinarily negative perspectives on raising a child with DS. Studies have shown that healthcare providers strongly emphasize the negative aspects of parenting a child with DS over the positive aspects.<sup>10</sup> In one study, 48 percent of genetic counselors made such negative appraisals, compared to only 6 percent of mothers and 17 percent of nurses.<sup>11</sup> Genetic counselors encourage abortion in roughly half of the cases.<sup>12</sup>

Negative attitudes accompany poor counseling and inadequate information for parents, and this lack of information encourages parents' negative feelings about the effects of welcoming a child with DS into their family.<sup>13</sup> Mothers are more likely to terminate the pregnancy when less information, still highly negative, is provided about disability-related services.<sup>14</sup> Only 66 percent of mothers pregnant with children diagnosed with DS were notified by any healthcare provider of the option to continue their pregnancy.<sup>15</sup> Also, 46 percent of abortion-preferring specialists deny any responsibility to provide a consultation to the parents before a decision to kill the preborn fetus. Even 25 percent of the fetal care pediatric specialists ignore this responsibility.<sup>16</sup>

The negative appraisals by healthcare professionals of actual parental experiences are simply inaccurate. Reportedly, 99 percent of the parents of born children with DS love their offspring, and 88 percent of siblings say they are better people because of their brother or sister with DS.<sup>17</sup> This nearly universal positive attitude between siblings is extraordinary.

Certain physicians directly impact the number of abortions. For example, the preference for aborting a DS child is higher among maternal-fetal medicine specialists<sup>18</sup> than among fetal care pediatric specialists. Predictably, the termination rates are more than doubled for patients of maternal-fetal medicine specialists.<sup>19</sup>

Medical professionals often advocate enhanced screening technologies specifically so that more children with DS will be aborted, since the populations of persons with DS and Fragile X syndrome have been considered to be public health problems.<sup>20</sup> More thorough testing is believed to spare society the supposed financial costs of DS.<sup>21</sup> Because about half of women willing to consider abortion would only seek an abortion in the first trimester, emphasis on developing the accuracy of first-trimester testing increases the number of abortions of fetuses with DS.<sup>22</sup> Companies selling genetic testing services claim to help parents have only "healthy" children, implying the undesirability of any child that receives a positive test result for some characteristic termed an "abnormality."<sup>23</sup>

If a child tests positive for DS, then the option of abortion becomes much more likely. Only a quarter to a third of nonpregnant people say they would abort their fetus if he or she tested positive for DS, yet almost all women choose abortion when tests actually do indicate DS.<sup>24</sup> Parents who receive false positive blood tests for chromosomal disorders also abort their child around 6.2 percent

of the time without seeking confirmation from more reliable tests (not including abortions following indications of DS through ultrasounds).<sup>25</sup>

We can also show that parents independently pursue a eugenics agenda when they hope to euthanize—through abortion—an unborn child with a disability. In many cases, unborn children are killed specifically because they have the potential to be disabled or are perceived as failing to thrive in some way. Parents believe that the potential disabilities or afflictions of the unborn children—and of the children in later stages outside the womb—will unacceptably undermine the quality of life of the parents or of the children themselves. Close to 90 percent of diagnosed unborn children with Down syndrome are aborted, with a similar figure for anencephaly and a large majority for spina bifida. The pro-abortion Guttmacher Institute reports that around 27,000 American children were aborted in 2016 alone due to a concern about fetal health problems.

The motivation for such abortions is not solely based on the interests of the mothers. In a 2007 study of the reasons for aborting children that tested positive for Down syndrome, concern for the quality of life of the child was the most frequently mentioned.<sup>26</sup> Parents with an unborn child diagnosed as having a fetal abnormality weighed the perceived burden of disability on the child just as heavily as they considered their own welfare.<sup>27</sup> Of women choosing to abort a child diagnosed with Down syndrome, nearly half base their decision on society's very low respect for persons with the genetic condition.<sup>28</sup> A 2003 study by Special Olympics showed that 88 percent of the public felt that neighbors' negative attitudes toward persons with an intellectual disability posed an obstacle to inclusion (53 percent felt it was a major obstacle), and 94 percent (66 percent) expected the same from students' attitudes.<sup>29</sup> The survey also found that 91 percent saw a lack of community resources as an obstacle, and 96 percent were concerned about deficient educational resources.

Arguments for the euthanasia of unborn children are common and accepted in the mainstream of public opinion. In 2003, when campaigning for president of the United States, Hillary Clinton argued that the availability of partial-birth abortion—a particularly violent procedure that kills a baby partly out of the womb—was necessary for eliminating disabled children; she claimed that women should not be “forced” to carry a “child with severe abnormalities.”<sup>30</sup> Many people and organizations that defended partial-birth abortion until it became illegal in 2007, such as Planned Parenthood and the ACLU, have shared Clinton's view that the procedure is needed to kill disabled or otherwise unwanted children. Princeton philosopher Peter Singer has received public sanction and professional stardom for arguing that abortion, and even infanticide, should be pursued based on the practical interests of the parents and the economic priorities of society. Singer's justification for his arguments is the claimed “zero quality of life” of children who lack rationality and self-consciousness.<sup>31</sup>



It is high time for concerted action against eugenics by a coalition of persons and groups who defend the dignity of human life or fear coercive attempts to manipulate the genetic composition of humanity. Although abortion and IVF are currently the dominant mechanisms for enacting a eugenics agenda, opposition to eugenics is not simply a matter of opposing death for the unborn. In the past, governments and physicians pursued eugenics through euthanasia of born persons, forced sterilization, psychiatric surgery, and restrictive immigration policies. Today, international population control efforts include targeted promotion of birth control and abortion-inducing vaccines. Some countries are returning to euthanasia of the disabled, ill, and elderly, sometimes including children. The United States has a history of subsidizing or pressuring the poor to accept birth control along with welfare benefits, and instances of forced sterilization continue.

**A**t the heart of eugenics is a hatred for human “imperfection” and a utopian desire for godless supremacy. This utopian illusion will only grow as genetic scientists and the wizards of artificial intelligence make grandiose claims about a post-human future filled with enhanced capabilities and computing networks that out-think us. The emerging counterpart to parents being manipulated into culling unwanted types of offspring is signaled by a Chinese scientist’s announcement in November 2018 of the first creation of “designer babies,” with potentially disastrous implications for the overall genetic composition of descendants. Our society is faced with an urgent decision based on how and why we value our human nature, and whether we want to protect it.

The ugly self-hatred of eugenics must be countered with a vigorous celebration of human dignity. Opposition to eugenics works to protect vulnerable and genetically different populations from being excluded from the human community. As opponents of eugenics, we reject simplistic, reductionist definitions of individuals’ human nature that refer only to certain genetic traits. We deny that immorality, poverty, political struggle, and criminality can be managed with genetic solutions rather than a real commitment to social policies that balance prudence, fairness, and compassion.

The resurgence of eugenics forces a stark recognition of the fundamental values that our society prefers to sidestep. Our role is to do the hard work of persuading secular Americans of transcendental values that give substance to the concept of “human rights.” Opponents of eugenics must express clearly and persuasively the reasons for the infinite value of a unique and unrepeatable human being. We must look into the eyes of a parent or transhumanist who is excited about genetic enhancement of an unborn child and say “no.” We must make the case for humanity that is not beholden to a shallow (utilitarian) concept of persons as merely capable, rational, and useful elements of a population.

Even the champions of secular individual rights understand that they attribute such rights to a person who somehow “deserves” a certain dignity. However, agreeing upon such human dignity requires the embrace of a communal understanding of the basis of such rights. Our opposition to eugenics must employ the language of individual rights and its logical implications to emphasize the infinite, unrepeatable dignity of all human beings of all types. By doing so, we can challenge our society to re-imagine human rights that are grounded solely in the human nature that is being threatened. Ultimately, we can re-educate a despairing and alienated people to abandon the pursuit of genetic purity and embrace each other in a heroic struggle of virtue. By gazing into the eyes of their neighbor and recognizing their own reflection, our people will learn to love again.

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# Edmund Burke's Family Legacy

Edward Short

“... the present state of things in France is not a transient evil, productive, as some have too favourably represented it, of a lasting good ... the present evil is only the means of producing future, and (if that were possible) worse evils.”

—Edmund Burke, *An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs* (1791)

## I

In his great riposte to the revolution that toppled the most tragic of the Bourbon kings, *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1791), Edmund Burke reminded his English readers that the source of their constitutional liberties was the principle of inheritance, a principle which was of the very essence of the family. By remaining loyal to this principle, the English might not meet with the approval of France's *philosophes*, who saw only oppressiveness and irrationality in the family, but they certainly confirmed their reliance on the natural law, and in defending and, indeed, celebrating that law Burke showed how fundamental the family is to the acquisition and exercise of liberty.

Through ... conformity to nature ... and by calling in the aid of her unerring and powerful instincts, to fortify the fallible and feeble contrivances of our reason, we have derived several ... benefits from considering our liberties in the light of an inheritance. Always acting as if in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. This idea of a liberal descent inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart insolence almost inevitably adhering to and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction. By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree, and illustrating ancestors. It has its bearings, and its ensigns armorial. It has its gallery of portraits; its monumental inscriptions; its records, evidences, and titles. We procure reverence to our civil institutions on the principle upon which nature teaches us to revere individual men; on account of their age; and on account of those from whom they are descended. All your sophisters cannot produce any thing better adapted to preserve a rational and manly freedom than the course that we have pursued, who have chosen our nature rather than our speculations, our breasts rather than our inventions, for the great conservatories and magazines of our rights and privileges.

In pointedly praising the natural law for fortifying what he nicely referred to as “the fallible and feeble contrivances of our reason,” Burke showed how thoroughly he differed from the *philosophes*, whether Diderot or d’Alembert, Voltaire or Rousseau, all of whom regarded these contrivances as instrumental

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to forging a new, improved, more rational society. Again and again, throughout his writings, but especially in his *Reflections*, Burke held up the idea of inheritance—with all of its manifold duties and obligations—to refute the *philosophes*, and since this is an idea that lies at the very heart of both family and tradition, it is one that we might profitably revisit. Accordingly, in this essay, I shall endeavor to show not only how Burke opposed the revolutionary ideas of the *philosophes* but how he made the family the touchstone of his vision of good governance.

Writing after Burke's death, the radical essayist William Hazlitt realized that the orator could not be dismissed as a mere reactionary. If Burke was at heart a conservative two generations before the term was coined—indeed, he is rightly hailed as the father of conservatism—he also appreciated that “A state without the means of some change, is without the means of its conservation.” When it came to the essence of Burke's conservative vision, Hazlitt applauded its fundamental humanity.

He thought that the wants and happiness of men were not to be provided for, as we provide for those of a herd of cattle, merely by attending to physical necessities. He thought more nobly of his fellows. He knew that man had affections and passions and powers of imagination, as well as hunger and thirst, and the sense of heat and cold. He took his idea of political society from the pattern of private life, wishing, as he himself expresses it, to incorporate the domestic charities with the order of the state, and to blend them together.

That the radical Hazlitt should have agreed with the conservative Burke on the advisability of statesmen basing their conduct of affairs on “domestic charities” says a good deal for the essayist's fairmindedness. Yet it also argues that there is something about Burke's insistence on family as a model for our polity that transcends party. If the political philosopher Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679) considered men to be necessarily at war with one another, animated as he considered them to be by “a perpetual and restless desire of power after power, that ceaseth only in death,” Burke saw his fellows in a far more generous light. “You will observe, that from Magna Charta to the Declaration of Right,” he wrote in the *Reflections*, “it has been the uniform policy of our constitution to claim and assert our liberties, as an *entailed inheritance* derived to us from our forefathers, and to be transmitted to our posterity; as an estate specially belonging to the people of this kingdom, without any reference whatever to any other more general or prior right.” For Burke, that England's constitution should be founded on the laws of inheritance was “the result of profound reflection; or rather the happy effect of following nature, which is wisdom without reflection, and above it.” Conversely, while no antiquarian, he would always look askance at change for change's sake. “A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors. Besides, the people of England



well know, that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission; without at all excluding a principle of improvement. It leaves acquisition free; but it secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are obtained by a state proceeding on these maxims, are locked fast as in a sort of family settlement; grasped as in a kind of mortmain for ever."

Revolutionary critics might charge Burke with simply defending the interests of the propertied, but he saw property in a metaphysical, as well as a material sense. For Burke, "the institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down, to us and from us . . ." Seen thus, England's conforming her constitution to the natural law bespoke a certain humility. "Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenour of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve, we are never wholly new; in what we retain we are never wholly obsolete."

Burke returned to this theme of how the "pattern of private life" should furnish the model for the state again and again. "We begin our public affections in our families," he was convinced. "No cold relation is a zealous citizen." Indeed, for the family man in Burke, a tender, liberal, gregarious man, whom friends and family alike found delightful company, it became almost axiomatic that: "To be attached to the subdivision, to love the little platoon we belong to in society, is the first principle (the germ as it were) of public affections. It is the first link in the series by which we proceed towards a love to our country and to mankind." Readers interested in Burke's fascinating life will enjoy F. P. Lock's magisterial two-volume biography, even though it concludes by declaring that "Burke's supreme gift . . . was not his wisdom but his eloquence," as though the two were somehow different.

## II

The son of a Protestant Dublin solicitor and a Catholic mother from a well-to-do family in Cork, Edmund Burke (1730-97) was educated at an excellent Quaker school in Kildare and at Trinity College, before entering the Middle Temple in London. In 1756, after working for Robert Dodsley, the bookseller who helped launch Samuel Johnson's literary career, he married a Catholic Irishwoman, Jane Mary Nugent, with whom he had two boys, only one of whom survived. Happily married for over forty years, Burke and his wife were well matched. Indeed, a good deal of Burke's ability to turn his extraordinary talents to account must be attributed to his marriage. Often mocked in public

by such unsparing caricaturists as Gillray and Rowlandson as an unscrupulous Irishman, a crypto-Catholic, or even a madman, he drew fortitude and serenity from a wife whose strong Catholic faith encouraged him to disregard the opprobrium to which public life exposed him. In 1765, Burke became secretary to the Whig magnate Lord Rockingham, with whom his political fortunes would be long associated, and in the same year he entered Parliament. There he gave the famous speeches on America, Ireland, France, and India that made his reputation. In 1768, he purchased the costly estate at Beaconsfield that would be the family home until his death. In later life, he generously helped to promote the literary careers of the poet George Crabbe (a favorite of Cardinal Newman) and the novelist Fanny Burney (Johnson's friend), who so exulted in Burke's company when she first met him at one of Joshua Reynold's dinners, that she went away convinced that she was in love with him: "quite desperately and outrageously in love." Later, she wrote of the *Reflections*, "it is the noblest, deepest, most animated, and exalted work that I think I have ever read." Burke, in turn, found Burney's novels unputdownable. "In an age distinguished by producing extraordinary women," he wrote to her after reading *Cecilia* (1782), "I hardly dare to tell you where my opinion would place you amongst them—I respect your modesty, that will not endure the commendations which your merit forces from every body." Such happy meetings, however, were not unalloyed. When Burke's only surviving son Richard died in 1794, aged 36, a month after he was to take his father's seat in Parliament, Burke was devastated. "The storm has gone over me," he wrote; "and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me . . . I am torn up by the roots . . . I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my Lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world." Reading this, no one could ever accuse Burke of having been a "cold relation."

The intellectual historian, Jonathan Clark, in his superb critical edition of the *Reflections* (2001), may be right to downplay Burke's Irishry and his connection to the Church of Rome, which have been exaggerated. As his writings abundantly show, Burke saw himself as a Protestant Englishman, not as an Irishman *per se* or crypto-Catholic. Nevertheless, Burke's experience of the divisions of Ireland cannot be discounted; going back and forth from Dublin to Cork as a boy left him with an indelible sense of the injustice at the heart of Irish society, which would always animate his political thinking. In 1750, before leaving Ireland for London, he gave moving expression to this sense.

Whoever travels through this Kingdom will see such poverty as few nations in Europe can equal . . . It is no uncommon sight to see half-a-dozen children run quite naked out of a cabin, scarcely distinguishable from a dunghill, to the great disgrace of our country with foreigners, who would doubtless report them savages, imputing that to choice

which only proceeds from their irremediable poverty. Let anyone take a survey of their cabins, and then say whether such a residence be worthy . . . of a human creature.

For Burke, the moral of such degradation was inescapable: “I fancy, many of our fine gentlemen’s pageantry would be greatly tarnished, were their gilt coaches to be preceded and followed by the miserable wretches, whose labour supports them.” The same solicitude for those on the receiving end of oppression would guide all of his great writings on America, France, and India. Then, again, as Conor Cruise O’Brien observed in his biography of Burke: “In all of Burke’s great campaigns there was, as Yeats discerned, one constant target . . . the abuse of power.” Of course, the shape this abuse took would vary, but in each case, Burke would always insist on two principles: that power be accountable and that it serve liberty. Moreover, if he understood that: “The greater the power, the more dangerous the abuse,” he was equally aware that: “Nothing turns out to be so oppressive and unjust as a feeble government,” a truth to which the ramshackle rule of the Jacobins spectacularly attested. (Burke, always ready to call a spade a spade, neatly defined Jacobinism as “the revolt of the enterprising talent of a country against its property.”) He also saw that the anarchy caused by the Jacobins would pave the way for the authoritarian rule of Napoleon, which Burke prophesied nearly twelve years before the ambitious Corsican assumed power.

It was apt that O’Brien should have based his biography on Yeats’s poem, “The Seven Sages” (1929), in which the poet hailed the statesman for being a hater of Whiggery, which he memorably defined as “A levelling, rancorous, rational sort of mind/That never looked out of the eye of a saint/Or out of drunkard’s eye” because the poet admired Burke’s deep respect for tradition. Reading Burke’s works as a whole, one can see this understanding of the appeal of tradition at every turn. “To innovate is not to reform,” Burke declares in *A Letter to a Noble Lord* (1796). In his *Reflections*, he is no less categorical: “Those who attempt to level never equalize.” Speaking of the Jacobins and their newfangled schemes for improving the social order, he is even more admonitory: “In the groves of *their* academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows.” During the Reign of Terror, which would occur two years after Burke made his prescient observation, 40,000 French men and women had their heads removed by the guillotines of Robespierre’s Committee of Public Safety. That our own culture of death is also advanced by appeals to public safety is surely no coincidence.

### III

Burke wrote his *Reflections* to refute the radical Richard Price (1723-91), who had commended the French Revolution for spreading “the ardour for liberty,” seeing in it “the dominion of kings changed for the dominion of laws; and the dominion of priests giving way to the dominion of reason and conscience.”

Burke took up his pen to show his contemporaries that Robespierre and his friends were spreading not liberty but tyranny. And he did this, in large measure, by showing that what Price considered the enlightened good sense of the lawyers who made up the majority of France's Third Estate was really little more than small-minded greed.

Judge, Sir, of my surprise, when I found that a very great proportion of the Assembly . . . was composed of practitioners in the law. It was composed, not of distinguished magistrates, who had given pledges to their country of their science, prudence, and integrity; not of leading advocates, the glory of the bar; not of renowned professors in universities;—but for the greater part, as it must in such a number, of the inferior, unlearned, mechanical, merely instrumental members of the profession. There were distinguished exceptions; but the general composition was of obscure provincial advocates, of stewards of petty local jurisdictions, country attornies, notaries, and the whole train of the ministers of municipal litigation, the fomentors and conductors of the petty war of village vexation.

In taking the measure of these revolutionary parvenus, Burke confirmed one of his governing principles. “Never wholly separate in your mind,” he told the young Frenchman to whom he dedicated his *Reflections*, “the merits of any political question from the men who are concerned in it.” And from this insistence on judging of the real merits of real men, as opposed to those theoretical abstractions that tend to be the stock and trade of revolutionaries, Burke drew conclusions that have a perennial appeal.

Who could conceive, that men who are habitually meddling, daring, subtle, active, of litigious dispositions and unquiet minds, would easily fall back into their old condition of obscure contention, and laborious, low, unprofitable chicane? Who could doubt but that, at any expense to the state, of which they understood nothing, they must pursue their private interests, which they understood but too well? It was not an event depending on chance or contingency. It was inevitable; it was necessary; it was planted in the nature of things. They must . . . [gravitate to] any project which could . . . lay open to them those innumerable lucrative jobs which follow in the train of all great convulsions and revolutions in the state, and particularly in all great and violent permutations of property. Was it to be expected that they would attend to the stability of property, whose existence had always depended upon whatever rendered property questionable, ambiguous, and insecure? Their objects would be enlarged with their elevation, but their disposition and habits, and mode of accomplishing their designs, must remain the same.

By first vilifying France's Catholic clergy and then confiscating their property, these revolutionary *arrivistes* consolidated their power. Yet it was remarkable that Burke should have foreseen so clearly how these men would lead the Revolution to its confiscatory apotheosis. Again, one cannot underestimate the tune of Burke's prescience. According to the historian Alfred Cobban: “If accurate prophecy is the test of a political thinker, Burke stands supreme. . . . He prophesied that France would first fall under the control of an oligarchy of *nouveaux riches*, made wealthy by the acquisition of confiscated estates, and

then by way of terror and disorder would pass into the hands of a military despotism, more powerful, more destructive of the peace of the world, and more disastrous in its historical sequel than any that Western civilization had known.” Nearly 6 million civilian and military lives were lost as the result of Napoleon’s misadventures. Nevertheless, here it is useful to recall what Francois-René de Chateaubriand (1768-1848) had to say of the almost festive complicity of the French in the anarchy that gave rise to such a costly authoritarian reaction: “The breaches of the laws, the emancipation from duties, customs and proprieties . . . all add to the interest of . . . disorder. The human race perambulates the streets in holiday mood, having got rid of its schoolmasters and returned for a moment to a state of nature, and does not begin to feel the need for social restraint until it bears the yoke of the new tyrants engendered by license.”

Taking into account the confiscation of lucrative church lands that inaugurated and sustained the Revolution, it is difficult to deny Burke’s own contention, which he makes in *An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs* (1791) that “. . . what the assembly calling itself national, had held out as a large and liberal toleration, [was] in reality a cruel and insidious religious persecution; infinitely more bitter than any which had been heard of within this century.” And to prove his point, Burke contended that this unparalleled “new persecution [was] not against a variety in conscience, but against all conscience.” In fine, the revolutionaries set out to undermine all liberty, which would necessarily include not only the prerogatives but the very lifeblood of the family.

When the *Reflections* was first published, the antiquarian and Whig politician Horace Walpole called it “sublime, profound and gay. The wit and satire are brilliant and the whole is wise . . . If it could be translated . . . I should think it would be a classic book in all countries, except in *present* France. To their tribunes it speaks daggers . . .” In *The Rights of Man* (1791-2), Thomas Paine came to Price’s defense, castigating Burke for his “unprovoked attack” on France’s National Assembly. “Every age and generation,” he declared, “must be . . . free to act for itself . . . The vanity and presumption of governing beyond the grave, is the most ridiculous and insolent of all tyrannies.”

Burke was adamant that none of us is free to act as he pleases irrespective of his obligations and duties to previous, present, and future generations. “We have obligations to mankind at large,” he pointed out, “which are not in consequence of any special voluntary pact. They arise from the relation of man to man, and the relation of man to God, which . . . are not matters of choice.” Children, for example, do not choose their parents, nor can parents abrogate their duties to children, whether born or unborn.

Although Burke’s book sold 30,000 copies in two years, Paine’s far outstripped it, selling over 200,000. In the debate that ensued as to what ought to be the basis for good governance, two positions took abiding shape. William

Doyle, in his *Oxford History of the French Revolution* (1989), encapsulates how those favorable to the Revolution perceived the positions: “The French were now in the process of giving themselves a rational, equitable, established constitution, whereas that of Great Britain, so vaunted by Burke, was nothing but a random and arbitrary collection of unjust customs going back to no better title than conquest by a Norman adventurer. Now was the time for all peoples to follow the French example by abolishing nobility and titles, . . . and proclaiming the regeneration of man.”

Burke’s response to this caricature was to reject the putative wisdom of any nation disowning her ancestors. “If the last generations of your country appeared without much lustre in your eyes,” Burke counseled the revolutionaries, “you might have passed them by, and derived your claims from a more early race of ancestors. Under a pious predilection for those ancestors, your imaginations would have realized in them a standard of virtue and wisdom, beyond the vulgar practice of the hour: and you would have risen with the example to whose imitation you aspired. Respecting your forefathers, you would have been taught to respect yourselves. You would not have chosen to consider the French as a people of yesterday, as a nation of low-born servile wretches until the emancipating year of 1789.” Burke also pointed out to his French friends that they had been culpably precipitate in toppling a monarchical constitution that still had much about it that was worthy of conservation. Indeed, he spoke of the *ancien regime*, with all of its pockmarks, as though it had been a marriage between the French and their monarchy—imperfect, yes, but certainly not warranting dissolution.

Your constitution, it is true . . . suffered waste and dilapidation; but you possessed in some parts the walls, and in all the foundations, of a noble and venerable castle. You might have repaired those walls; you might have built on those old foundations. Your constitution was suspended before it was perfected; but you had the elements of a constitution very nearly as good as could be wished . . . You had all these advantages in your ancient states; but you chose to act as if you had never been moulded into civil society, and had everything to begin anew.

When it came to anatomizing rationalist arrogance—which has always been at war with the perceived failings not only of established constitutions but of the prototype of all constitutions, the primordial family—Burke was in his element, recognizing the impatience and vainglory of those who consider their own private judgment superior to the authority of tradition. He also looked forward to perhaps the best French critic of the Revolution, Gustav Flaubert (1821-80), whose unfinished comic novel, *Bouvard and Pecuchet* (1881) burlesques the *hubris* of the *philosophes* by having his two village copy clerks set out to make themselves masters of all knowledge, only to have their mania for omniscience devolve into farcical futility. Burke, referring to the *philosophes* as



“literary men” and “politicians” and “the whole clan of the enlightened among us,” described the principles by which they were motivated in their revolutionary endeavors with damning precision. “They have no respect for the wisdom of others; but they pay it off by a very full measure of confidence in their own,” he wrote.

With them it is a sufficient motive to destroy an old scheme of things, because it is an old one. As to the new, they are in no sort of fear with regard to the duration of a building run up in haste; because duration is no object to those who think little or nothing has been done before their time, and who place all their hopes in discovery. They conceive, very systematically, that all things which give perpetuity are mischievous, and therefore they are at inexpiable war with all establishments. They think that government may vary like modes of dress, and with as little ill effect; that there needs no principle of attachment, except a sense of present conveniency, to any constitution of the state. They always speak as if they were of opinion that there is a singular species of compact between them and their magistrates, which binds the magistrate, but which has nothing reciprocal in it, but that the majesty of the people has a right to dissolve it without any reason, but its will. Their attachment to their country itself is only so far as it agrees with some of their fleeting projects; it begins and ends with that scheme of polity which falls in with their momentary opinion.

Another arresting characteristic that Burke recognized about France’s rationalist revolutionaries was their genius for self-promotion. Burke had many talents: He was an incisive historian of an event that struck most of his contemporaries as unfathomably chaotic; he was alive to the duplicity of those who give out that they are coming to the aid of the poor, when they are only pillaging the rich; he knew how revolutionary adventurers acquire and retain power by manipulating language; yet he was also a redoubtable psychologist, especially when it came to unpacking the stratagems by which his rationalist oligarchs shaped public opinion.

They were possessed with a spirit of proselytism in the most fanatical degree; and from thence, by an easy progress, with the spirit of persecution according to their means. What was not to be done towards their great end by any direct or immediate act, might be wrought by a longer process through the medium of opinion. To command that opinion, the first step is to establish a dominion over those who direct it. They contrived to possess themselves, with great method and perseverance, of all the avenues to literary fame. Many of them indeed stood high in the ranks of literature and science. The world had done them justice; and in favour of general talents forgave the evil tendency of their peculiar principles. This was true liberality; which they returned by endeavouring to confine the reputation of sense, learning, and taste to themselves or their followers. I will venture to say that this narrow, exclusive spirit has not been less prejudicial to literature and to taste, than to morals and true philosophy.

*Plus ça change, plus c’est la même chose* is a phrase that occurs to the reader frequently as he turns Burke’s surprisingly topical pages, but nowhere more than here:

These Atheistical fathers have a bigotry of their own; and they have learnt to talk against

monks with the spirit of a monk. But in some things they are men of the world. The resources of intrigue are called in to supply the defects of argument and wit. To this system of literary monopoly was joined an unremitting industry to blacken and, discredit in every way, and by every means, all those who did not hold to their faction.

As we can all attest, such rationalist principles are with us still. Indeed, they continue to ravage what is left of Western civilization. When Burke first got wind of them, he thought to oppose them by claiming that the English opposed them as well, though the phenomenal sales of Paine's tract must qualify that claim. Nevertheless, even if only a slender majority in his own country agreed with Burke, the sentiments he puts into the mouths of his Englishmen are still those that all sensible men share when confronted with the manifest evils of rationalism. "Thanks to our sullen resistance to innovation, thanks to the cold sluggishness of our national character, we still bear the stamp of our forefathers," he says in one of the book's most bravura passages, invoking again his respect for the natural law as the warrant of all good sense and all good faith in the public, as in the private sphere.

We are not the converts of Rousseau; we are not the disciples of Voltaire; Helvetius has made no progress amongst us. Atheists are not our preachers; madmen are not our lawgivers. We know that we have made no discoveries, and we think that no discoveries are to be made, in morality; nor many in the great principles of government, nor in the ideas of liberty, which were understood long before we were born, altogether as well as they will be after the grave has heaped its mould upon our presumption, and the silent tomb shall have imposed its law on our pert loquacity. In England we have not yet been completely embowelled of our natural entrails; we still feel within us, and we cherish and cultivate, those inbred sentiments which are the faithful guardians, the active monitors of our duty, the true supporters of all liberal and manly morals. We have not been drawn and trussed, in order that we may be filled, like stuffed birds in a museum, with chaff and rags, and paltry blurred shreds of paper about the rights of man. We preserve the whole of our feelings still native and entire, unsophisticated by pedantry and infidelity. We have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our bosoms. We fear God; we look up with awe to kings; with affection to parliaments; with duty to magistrates; with reverence to priests; and with respect to nobility. Why? Because when such ideas are brought before our minds, it is natural to be so affected; because all other feelings are false and spurious, and tend to corrupt our minds, to vitiate our primary morals, to render us unfit for rational liberty; and by teaching us a servile, licentious, and abandoned insolence, to be our low sport for a few holidays, to make us perfectly fit for, and justly deserving of slavery, through the whole course of our lives.

In a social order like ours, which has seen innovations in morality lead to the legalizing of abortion, the redefining of marriage, and the sanctioning of euthanasia, to name only a few of the dehumanizing novelties that degrade our already coarsened culture, all sedulously advanced by the tyrannical censorship of political correctness, Burke's defense of the prejudices that proceed from respect for the natural law is particularly salutary.

You see, Sir, that in this enlightened age I am bold enough to confess, that we are gen-

erally men of untaught feelings; that instead of casting away all our old prejudices, we cherish them to a very considerable degree, and, to take more shame to ourselves, we cherish them because they are prejudices; and the longer they have lasted, and the more generally they have prevailed, the more we cherish them. We are afraid to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason; because we suspect that this stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and of ages. Many of our men of speculation, instead of exploding general prejudices, employ their sagacity to discover the latent wisdom which prevails in them. If they find what they seek, and they seldom fail, they think it more wise to continue the prejudice, with the reason involved, than to cast away the coat of prejudice, and to leave nothing but the naked reason; because prejudice, with its reason, has a motive to give action to that reason, and an affection which will give it permanence. Prejudice is of ready application in the emergency; it previously engages the mind in a steady course of wisdom and virtue, and does not leave the man hesitating in the moment of decision, skeptical, puzzled, and unresolved. Prejudice renders a man's virtue his habit; and not a series of unconnected acts. Through just prejudice, his duty becomes a part of his nature.

That prejudice in favor of the self-evident benefits of the natural law should now be under such plenary assault by a ruling class in Europe that makes the Jacobins look like choir boys should attract more readers to Burke's counter-revolutionary writings.

Certainly these readers will find it of interest that a defining aspect of the "new fanatical Religion," as Burke called it, "of the Rights of Man, which rejects all establishments, all discipline, all ecclesiastical, and in truth all civil order," was its contempt for marriage. Of course, this was inseparable from its contempt for the family, and it inspired some of Burke's most vitriolic criticism. In his first *Letter on a Regicide Peace* (1796), the defender of sacred tradition in Burke spoke passionately of the revolutionaries' attacks on an institution that has since suffered no end of attacks. "All their new institutions (and with them every thing is new) strike at the root of our social nature," he wrote. "Other Legislators, knowing that marriage is the origin of all relations, and consequently the first element of all duties, have endeavoured, by every art, to make it sacred. The Christian Religion, by confining it to the pairs, and by rendering that relation indissoluble, has by these two things done more towards the peace, happiness, settlement, and civilisation of the world, than by any other part in this whole scheme of Divine Wisdom." For Burke, the fact that the National Assembly should pronounce that "marriage was no better than a common civil contract" was bad enough; but what was even worse was their producing a prostitute at the bar "whom they called by the affected name of 'a mother without being a wife'" to mock and undermine the principle of inheritance by putting illegitimate children on the same legal footing as "the issue of lawful unions." To make sure that no one should be in any doubt as to the point of these proceedings, they "gave a licence to divorce at the mere pleasure of either party,

and at four day's notice. With them the matrimonial connexion is brought into so degraded a state of concubinage, that, I believe, none of the wretches in London, who keep warehouses of infamy, would give out one of their victims to private custody on so short and insolent a tenure. . . . Their law of divorce, like all their laws, had not for its object the relief of domestick uneasiness, but the total corruption of all morals, the total disconnection of social life."

In the same letter, Burke reminded his readers that the corruption of manners, which the Assembly was thus hastening to effect, was neither trifling nor accidental. "Manners are of more importance than laws," he wrote. "Upon them, in a great measure the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them. Of this the new French Legislators were aware; therefore, with the same method, and under the same authority, they settled a system of manners, the most licentious, prostitute, and abandoned that ever has been known, and at the same time the most coarse, rude, savage, and ferocious." Nevertheless, to put Burke's censures in some context, it should be borne in mind that neither the 1791 Penal Code nor Napoleon's Penal Code (1810) legalized abortion. If hostile to marriage, the revolutionary and post-revolutionary French were not prepared to legalize the killing of unborn children.

## V

Against the libertine rationalism of the French *philosophes*, Burke offered a vision of the social order as a compact made up not only of the living and the dead but of those yet to be born, which makes him a natural ally of all proliferers. Here, there is no honored place for harlotry or concubinage. "In this choice of inheritance, we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood," he wrote in a justly celebrated passage, "binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities our state, our hearths, our sepulchres and our altars."

The reference to "sepulchres," here, is vital to Burke's understanding of the virtuous polity, since "People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors." That virtue was indeed crucial to this compact was clear if one appreciated, as Burke did, that "Among a people generally corrupt liberty cannot long exist." The historian Lewis Namier regarded Burke's insistence on virtue in government as so much "cant," camouflage behind which ruthless self-interest could go its merry way. Yet Burke saw virtue ensuring for government a kind of aristocracy of talent, which it might not otherwise have.

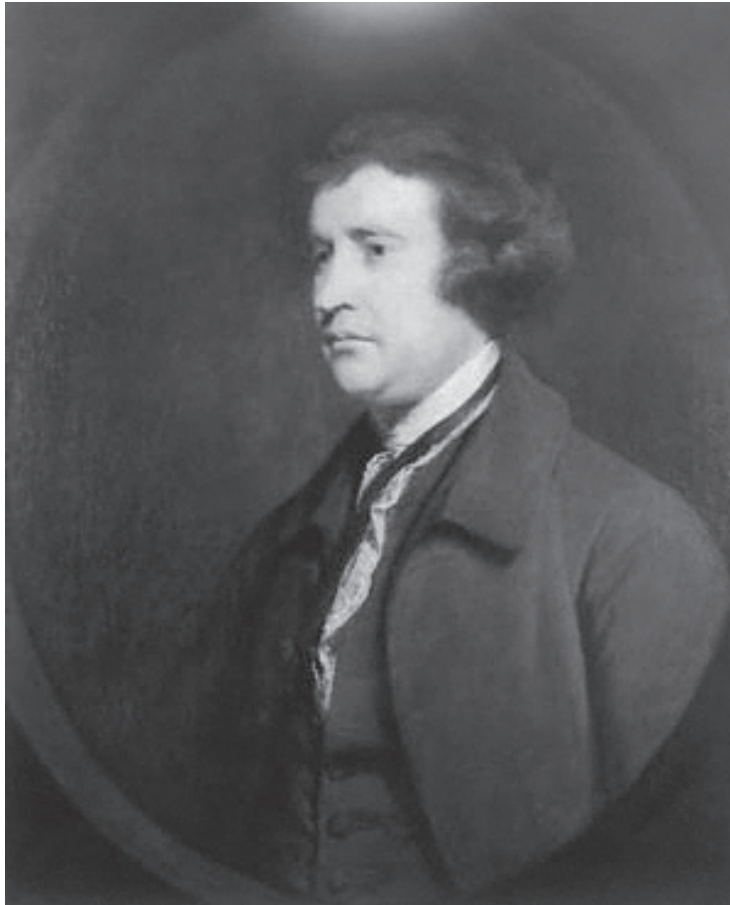
“There is no qualification for government,” he wrote, “but virtue and wisdom, actual or presumptive. Wherever they are actually found, they have, in whatever state, condition, profession or trade, the passport of Heaven to human place and honour.”

As for Burke’s own probity, the historian Paul Langford makes an incisive point when he says: “Irishmen of minor gentry or professional background were conventionally portrayed in England as fortune-hunters and Burke sometimes among them. In his case it was a particularly absurd charge, for at all the crucial points in his career he had turned his back on promotion for its own sake.” Langford also gets to the heart of what made Burke tick when he says: “For many of his generation the deity of the early Enlightenment was little more than a stage prop in a rationally ordered existence. For Burke it was an intense and all-pervading spiritual reality.” And this was another reason why he recognized how the new religion of the Rights of Man would triumph over Christian civilization if the English were to emulate France’s apostasy. This is also why Burke, although not the crypto-Catholic that many of his contemporary critics claimed (he was necessarily Anglican), still recognized the indispensability of the Catholic Church in a world rife with apostasy. Asked late in life whether he thought Catholics should be admitted to the Irish Parliament, Burke was categorical: The Catholic Church should be “cherished” and “given positive encouragement.” Why? Because he understood that “the serious and earnest belief and practice of it by its professors forms, as things stand, the most effectual barrier, if not the sole barrier, against Jacobinism.”

## VI

That liberty inheres in inheritance, in the lawful acquisition, protection, and transmission of property is a truism of which many are now lamentably unfamiliar, but it is foundational to Burke because it is foundational to the family and the tradition that the family makes possible. It is also a truism that reminds us of how vital it is that we draw the right lessons from a Revolution that still supplies a blueprint for those avid to undermine the family and its traditions. Burke recognized more than any of his contemporaries that the French Revolution would constitute a baleful precedent. “In France is the bank of deposit and the bank of circulation of all the pernicious principles that are forming in every state,” he wrote. Had he lived to see the rise of totalitarianism in 20th-century Russia, Italy, and Germany, not to mention the now pathological rationalism that animates our 21st-century progressives, he would have seen the awful accuracy of his prescience. “I am not going to make an idle panegyric on Burke (he has no need of it),” wrote Hazlitt in his essay on the great man, “but I cannot help looking on him as the chief boast and ornament of the English House of Commons. What is said of him is, I think, strictly true, that ‘He was the most eloquent man of his time; his wisdom was greater than his eloquence.’” Burke’s

magnificent writings, especially those extolling the blessings of the family, show why Hazlitt, *pace* F.P. Lock, was right. Yet for our purposes, no one summed up this wise champion of the family better than Paul Langford: “Burke saw with a fearful clarity what seemed to him the ultimate obscenity of a creed, the ‘rights of man’, that degraded humanity while professing to serve it.”



*Portrait of Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, circa 1769*



# SaveOne: A Conversation with Sheila Harper

Maria McFadden Maffucci

“For seven years after this date my life quickly became a mess. I started drinking, then consuming vast amounts of drugs, spending all my money to go to concerts and get backstage, signing up for credit cards and maxing them out, suffered through a rape . . . going through relationships like water, not committing to anything or anybody.

I felt like a shell. Just an empty version of my former self. When could I die? Did I have to keep waking up? Why did I make this choice? The guilt was consuming me. . . . How could our society allow this to happen? Why didn’t the sound of that machine dull with time? Was I being over-emotional? The media version of abortion contrasted so drastically from my personal experience, I even questioned my own sanity.”

—Sheila Harper, *Survivor: A Journey Through Abortion and Back*

While radical pro-abortion activists are running a well-funded and publicized campaign to “normalize” abortion—with the #ShoutYourAbortion movement and #SayAbortion billboards proclaiming, “I had an abortion & it was just healthcare”—the truth is that millions of women suffer post-abortion regret. Sheila Harper knows this well. Once despairing and self-destructive because of her abortion, she is now the founder and president of SaveOne, a Christian post-abortion ministry for men, women, and children.

What follows is Sheila’s story, from our in-person conversation at the *Human Life Review*’s offices, her accounts in her book *Survivor*, and the SaveOne.org website.

**“No little girl dreams of growing up some day and having an abortion.”**

Sheila Harper is a tall, attractive blonde whose warmth and joyful spirit give little clue to her past suffering. At only four years of age:

My mother and I were in a tragic car accident. I was thrown through the windshield, she was killed instantly. Throughout my childhood years after this event, I endured sexual abuse, then a psychotic stepmother came into the picture who hated me and made sure I knew it.

When she was eleven, Sheila finally found some stability and guidance when she went to live with her aunt and uncle.

It was during my aunt/uncle years I accepted Jesus Christ as my Savior. I was only twelve, but I knew exactly what I was doing. Throughout my teen years I lived for the Lord and made it all the way through high school a good girl. It was only after I started college, I made decisions that I knew weren’t good for me, but at the time I wanted to have some fun. So, I packed God up in a neat little box and put Him on a shelf. With me

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Maria McFadden Maffucci is the editor of the *Human Life Review*.

at the reins of my life, it didn't take long to steer right off a cliff. Within the year, I was in a relationship I had no business being in, and six months after that I was pregnant.

Sheila was a 19-year-old college freshman when she discovered she was pregnant. Panicked, she wanted to "solve this problem quickly"; she was too young, she could take care of this. "Was this really a baby?" she asked herself. "No, certainly not. Abortion is okay, I would tell myself, why else would it be legal?" The Supreme Court had researched and debated it, and "announced it to America as a new freedom. I began to think that the experts had already solved my abortion dilemma." Sheila's boyfriend Brian, however, "was distraught. He cried, begged and pleaded for me to change my mind." Brian wanted to make wedding plans; Sheila thought they would have the rest of their lives together, and a better time for children.

As the day for the procedure approached, Sheila had doubts—"something inside was screaming for me to stop"—but she pushed those feelings down, keeping the "picture of the Supreme Court in my mind." Still, when she arrived at the clinic, she was hoping to be dissuaded:

I signed in and was told I would receive counseling. My mind went wild thinking of how grateful I was that someone in charge was going to counsel me. I knew I needed to talk to someone who could give me an alternative; someone who didn't have all this craziness going on in her head like I did. I was called into the office, where I was met by a cold and emotionless woman sitting behind a desk. I would later learn that a person validating wrongful death every day tends to be cold and aloof. I immediately burst into tears. I thought this would be my chance to describe what I was feeling, and that someone would help me. The woman simply asked, "Do you want to have this abortion?" I told her through my sobs, "I don't know any other choice." She wrote a number 2 on a small white card, handed it to me, and said, "Okay, then go sit in the waiting room and they'll call your number in a minute." I was devastated. At that moment I realized that counseling was the last thing they were going to give me. I was nothing but 250 bucks to them. By the time my number was called, the room was filled, mostly with young girls just like me. They were lined around the walls, sitting on couches, chairs, and the floor. I stepped my way over and around them and went into an adjoining room. I lay down on the table and offered my first child to these strangers.

Though Sheila did experience relief immediately after her abortion, it turned to pain and devastation when Brian broke up with her two weeks later, saying "he never wanted to see me again." She decided that she would lock her secret up "forever"; she began to push down her feelings of regret with alcohol and drugs, shopping and partying.

Seven years after her abortion, Sheila was married and had two little boys and a loving husband. But she was not well. She was drinking heavily, still trying to deal with feelings of regret and unworthiness. She "had suicidal thoughts on a daily basis" and felt guilt every time she looked at "her precious boys' faces, knowing I did not deserve one ounce of the love they shared." But one day in 1992, while she was driving in her car with her boys, listening to a Christian

radio station, a commercial came on from a local pregnancy center, advertising a class they were about to offer for women suffering “after the choice of abortion.” Sheila was amazed: “I thought I was the only one,” because society seemed to have accepted abortion. She had never encountered abortion regret in the media. She called right away to sign up for the class, but then “the devil convinced me it was a stupid idea and I went to a bar instead.” This happened two or three more times—until her husband insisted she go, and she did.

Sheila’s path to healing began the moment she walked through the door of the pregnancy center. Those who greeted her were “loving, accepting”; no one mentioned how she’d stood the group up several times, and the “teacher, who had had an abortion, was smiling!” After attending the first class, she “knew something was different.” And from then on, she “never missed a single class. For twelve weeks I drove to the other side of town to spend two hours talking and dealing with a subject I had worked harder than anything in my life to keep secret. Now I was talking about it every week to total strangers.”

“I was so miserable, but these women gave me back my life.” The class, a guided Bible study, brought her back to “The one true source that could free me and totally heal me. The Ultimate Healer, Jesus Christ.” Sheila’s healing awakened a desire to help women like her, and when she completed her class, she immediately signed up to teach her own recovery class at the same pregnancy center—which was located right across the street from the clinic where she’d had her abortion.

As she recounts in her book *Survivor*, Sheila—and her husband’s—journey back to a strong, faith-filled, and healthy lifestyle took several years. In 1994, they moved to Nashville and found a home in the Cornerstone Church. Four years later, Sheila felt called again to reach out to women who were suffering from abortion grief, and she volunteered to lead an abortion recovery class at Cornerstone. Her first class had a diverse group of 10 women, including a “pastor’s wife, single mom, country music star’s wife, Hispanic girl from Brooklyn and the mother of a handicapped son.”

These women would form the first board of a new organization. Sheila shared with them that both in Chattanooga and in Nashville, she kept hearing the same phrase from women she counseled: “If I could just save one”—one baby or mother—they would be willing to share their personal testimonies. Sheila’s class, convinced that there was an enormous need for such a witness, decided to create a non-profit and worked for many months to make it happen. In 2000, SaveOne was born. Soon after, Sheila “felt led by the Lord to write” her own Bible study, “because He started showing me the need to duplicate ourselves.” She wrote *SaveOne*, first published in 2002, and this Bible study is still used by every SaveOne chapter.

What started with one group of women has grown by leaps and bounds. SaveOne now has over 200 chapters in 21 countries. Sheila's husband Jack is now vice president and director of the men's ministry, which has its own Bible study, also written by Sheila. The very first man to go to a SaveOne Bible study went on to found, with his wife, SaveOne Europe and SaveOne China.

While the pain of abortion grief can be healed, Sheila said, the consequences remain. "I now picture the abortion wound as a scar that will forever be on my soul. . . . I will never forget what happened, and I will never stop regretting my choice, but I can now live my life without feeling the pain and shame abortion created."

In 1993 the Chattanooga Women's Center, the abortion clinic that took Sheila's child, went out of business. The Prolife Majority Coalition of Chattanooga raised the funds to buy the land and recreated the space, moving in the pregnancy center (now called Choices) that had helped Sheila through her recovery. On the same site they also built a new place for hope and healing, the National Memorial for the Unborn ([www.memorialfortheunborn.org](http://www.memorialfortheunborn.org)). Among those memorialized is Sheila Harper's child, whose name is Meghan.

## FILM/BOOKNOTES

### BEAUTIFUL BOY

Directed by Felix van Groeningen

*Reviewed by William Doyno Jr.*

Early on in *Beautiful Boy*, there is a scene where young Nic Sheff cradles his newly born half-brother Jasper for the first time. He then looks up at his dad and step-mom, David and Karen, and with an enormous smile exclaims, “Wow! This is *amazing*!”

It is a memorable moment in a remarkable film, highlighting just how wonderful life can be. Yet *Beautiful Boy* also reveals the fragility of human life—showing just how quickly good times can change, making way for unimaginable suffering.

Directed by acclaimed Belgian filmmaker Felix van Groeningen, and based on the best-selling memoirs of David and Nic Sheff, *Beautiful Boy* recounts the true, harrowing story of Nic’s struggle with drug abuse as a teen and young adult, exposing the devastating effects it has on his family as they desperately try to save him.

From its stark opening scene to its moving close, the film engages the heart of Nic’s existential crisis—and never lets go. One of the reasons *Beautiful Boy* works so well is because of its exceptionally talented lead actors, Steve Carrell (as David Sheff), and Timothée Chalamet (as Nic). Together, they not only anchor the story, they drive it with searing emotional force.

Carrell earned his reputation as a great comedic actor in the hit television series *The Office*, but *Beautiful Boy* proves he can excel in dramatic roles as well. Portraying Nic’s determined but anguished father, Carrell captures the “terror, fury . . . and boundless sadness” the real David Sheff experienced and wrote about in his memoir, *Beautiful Boy: A Father’s Journey Through His Son’s Addiction*. Even more impressive is Carrell’s ability to express what David Sheff discovered during his ordeal: the “infinite depth and breadth” of love a parent can have for his child, despite the circumstances.

As Nic, Timothée Chalamet—just 23 and already one of the best actors of his generation—is simply brilliant. In a role many other actors his age would find difficult, if not impossible to master, Chalamet effortlessly depicts Nic’s tragic fall from a gifted and seemingly well-adjusted student into a hard-core crystal-meth addict. The drug ravages Nic’s body, soul, and mind, as he becomes unruly, paranoid, and terrifying.

The film never fully explains why Nic, part of an upper-class family in pleasant San Francisco, suddenly becomes a hard addict, but leaves significant

clues—as do the real David and Nic in their respective memoirs.

One possible reason is the divorce of Nic's parents. "See, the divorce went down like this," Nic writes bluntly in *Tweak: Growing Up on Methamphetamines*. "My dad had an affair with a woman, Flicka, then left my mom for her. Mischa [one of Nic's childhood friends] was her son. We all moved in together when I was five." Though this arrangement with Flicka didn't last, it caused confusion and the dysfunction of a "new normal" negatively impacting Nic. At a very young age, his original family unit was fractured, and with it, his sense of stability and safety.

David is even more frank about the details and consequences of his personal life and divorce: "Vicki and I have spent Nic's first three years in the tired but blissful half-sleep of new parenthood and then wake up in the harsh light and oppressive chill of a shattering marriage. I maturely address our disagreements by falling in love with a family friend. Her son and Nic are playmates."

It's not the first time, David admits, that he has sabotaged a relationship, "but now there is a child. Nic."

Then comes this: "No child benefits from the bitterness and savagery of a divorce like ours. Like fallout from a bomb, the collateral damage is widespread and enduring. Nic is hit hard."

At a time when divorce is widely considered routine and inconsequential, it is rare for a prominent writer to confront its perils so honestly—and rarer still for a major motion picture to do so. Yet that is precisely what *Beautiful Boy* does, albeit subtly, as in the tense scenes where David and his ex-wife Vicki (Amy Ryan) fight over Nic's treatment and which parent can best support him. The strain these upheavals put upon David's second wife, Karen (Maura Tierney), and their two young children, is also apparent.

Another possible reason for Nic's crisis is that he appears uninterested in any traditional religious faith—something which might have grounded him. This vacuum creates a "black hole," as Nic describes it, leading him to read dark and depressing literature that makes life appear meaningless. In one striking scene, David discovers a secret notebook Nic has kept, containing drawings of drug paraphernalia and occult symbols, revealing Nic's rapid descent into a frightening underworld. Nic later explains that he started taking crystal-meth because it made his black-and-white world light up in Technicolor, "taking the edge" off reality. Reality quickly reasserts itself, however, as Nic's body constantly craves another destructive fix.

It's a vicious cycle, leading to Nic's sudden and unexplained disappearances from family gatherings and his increasingly bizarre behavior. By the time David realizes the danger his son is in, it's almost too late.

That is where *Beautiful Boy*—which has a nonlinear structure and many flashback scenes—begins. David, with his successful life as a father and writer now



turned upside down, sits in an addiction expert's office describing how he has lost Nic—his beautiful boy—and not understanding why.

The medical expert (Timothy Hutton) cannot provide any solace, because crystal-meth, as he explains to David, is gradually destroying Nic's ability to think and act rationally. Worse, the recovery rate for meth addicts, Nic learns, "is in the single digits." The clear message is that Nic likely is going to die—and die young—no matter how much his family tries to prevent it.

David refuses to accept this virtual death sentence for his son and courageously fights back. He persuades Nic to enter rehab only to watch him desert the facility and disappear into the streets. For days, a frantic David goes searching for Nic, and finally finds him in an abandoned alley, shivering, nauseous, and strung out.

Back at the rehab center, David and Karen have a wrenching conversation with Nic, in which Nic recounts how he became an addict—it started by smoking marijuana, then moved on to cocaine, ecstasy, and finally, the harshest drug of all, crystal-meth. David had no idea and can't believe it: "I thought we were close. I thought we were closer than most fathers and sons. *Why?*"

"I felt better than I ever had, so I just kept doing it," Nic responds, anxiously.

"But this isn't us, this isn't who we are," David passionately insists; and at first, his fatherly appeals seem to work. Nic promises to beat his addiction, agrees to continue rehab, and shows signs of genuine progress—raising his family's hopes—only to relapse and crash even harder, a second, third, and fourth time.

In the midst of this uncontrollable phase, Nic, to support his insatiable habit, breaks into his younger brother's piggy bank, lies to David about it, and then runs away—only to secretly return with his girlfriend, also an addict, to rob his family's home again. David and Karen catch them in the act, and David turns his back on them in disgust. Karen, played exceptionally well by Tierney in her supporting role as Nic's step-mom, decides to assert herself, and in one of the film's most charged and heartbreaking scenes, races after the two in her car, crying all the while.

A turning point occurs when Nic, in the middle of the night and far from home, nearly kills himself and his girlfriend with an overdose, then tearfully calls David for help. David, however, has now reached his breaking point and tells Nic that *he will not serve as his enabler any longer*; he further informs Nic that if he wants any additional help from his family, he'll first have to prove himself clean with his doctors. As David hangs up, he is clearly distraught by what he has told his son—feeling guilty that he may have abandoned him—but believes it's his only remaining option.

The final scenes of *Beautiful Boy* lead to a series of further tragedies, but ones which include an unlikely healing between David's new family and his

first wife, Vicki (a strong performance by Amy Ryan), and even renewed hope for Nic, who has survived miraculously, despite having thoroughly abused his body.

Despite his reckless and inexcusable behavior, Nic never comes across as unlikable, and that is to the great credit of Chalamet, who is able to exhibit a sincere desire to turn his life around, despite all his many setbacks, convincing his family not to give up on him.

They don't, and one of the reasons why is captured in the film's most potent flashback scene, where David looks into his then young son's eyes and tells him, "Do you know how much I love you? If you could take all the words in the language, it still wouldn't describe how much I love you. I love you more than everything."

"Everything?" young Nic asks, in child-like disbelief.

"Everything!" David assures him.

That is the kind of boundless love Nic needed to conquer his deadly habit, which, unlike so many others trapped in our nation's nightmarish drug epidemic, he finally did.

*Beautiful Boy* is a testament to the power of love and perseverance, even when all the odds are stacked against you, and the forces of hell have conspired to take you down. Unique, and unforgettable, it should not be missed.

—William Doyno Jr writes about religion, history, and politics.

## **TARGET AFRICA: IDEOLOGICAL NEOCOLONIALISM IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY**

Obianuju Ekeocha

(San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 2018, 225 pages; paperback, \$16.95)

*Reviewed by Jason Morgan*

For decades, radical feminists and their liberal enablers in academia, government, and the media have been obsessed with dismantling the patriarchy—the male-dominated establishment which, they claim, systematically oppresses women while perpetuating gender stereotypes.

If only they were a tenth as interested in dismantling their own paternalism, patronage, and patronizing dismissal of the vast majority of people on the planet who recoil in horror at what they are peddling. Abortion, promiscuity, pornography, prostitution, the sexualization of children, incest, adultery, homosexuality, materialist sensuality, and civilizational nihilism—with near unanimity humans everywhere and always have rejected these scourges as baneful to societies, families, and the human person. And yet feminists still cannot, or will not, understand or accept this. Liberal elites see themselves as sitting atop

a moral Himalaya, somehow chosen to use the wealth of the West—in the form of patrimony to poor countries—to paternalistically tutor lesser, non-European mortals in how to conduct their affairs. How patronizing.

But there is something more insidious at work here than just bad manners. Obianuju Ekeocha, a Nigerian biomedical scientist and founder of Culture of Life Africa, shows in her new book *Target Africa* how elite insistence on schooling the world in liberal dogmas is actually rooted in deep and disturbing assumptions about race and cultural superiority straight out of a Rudyard Kipling poem. Whenever a liberal goes to Africa, she or he brings along centuries of cultural baggage—the entire ugly legacy of colonialization, mercantilism, slave-trading, social Darwinism, and eugenics. As Ekeocha makes clear, the new “white man’s burden” is the same as the old one: to go to the dark-skinned peoples of the earth—who are “half devil and half child”—and teach them the ways of European “enlightenment.”

The recent bearers of radical feminism and gender ideology arguably have been even more disastrous for the Dark Continent than the English, Belgian, German, Portuguese, and French colonists of yesteryear. Consider the example of Uganda. Ekeocha writes:

When HIV/AIDS first became an epidemic in Africa, the ABC prevention plan [Abstinence before marriage; Be faithful in marriage or to one partner; Condom use if A and B are impossible] was developed in response to it. [...] This ABC program had great success when it was launched in Uganda, a country with a record-high HIV infection rate in the general population. The number of young unmarried people having sex plummeted, and so did the number of Ugandans reporting multiple partners. An impressive behavior change was seen across the country, and in subsequent years, Uganda had the most remarkable reduction in HIV infections ever recorded since the beginning of the AIDS epidemic, as the infection rate dropped by 70 percent. In contrast, in some of the countries with the most extensive condom-distribution networks, the rate of HIV infection remains high.

An impressive achievement, no? Apparently not, as far as “humanitarian” leaders were concerned. Ekeocha continues:

One would have thought that the great success of the Ugandan initiative would help to shape other prevention programs across Africa, but even with the documented success in Uganda, humanitarian organizations have chosen a different prevention model that does not encourage or require any sexual restraint or responsibility whatsoever. They developed a core prevention message tightly wrapped around the condom, with little, if any, support for the existing abstinence and fidelity programs. Sam Ruteikara, the co-chair of Uganda’s National AIDS Prevention Committee, pointed out that his country’s original, endogenous, and highly effective behavior-change approach suffered at the expense of the greater promotion of condoms and expensive antiviral drugs, both of which make money for the people who manufacture and distribute them. As a result, the AIDS rate was increasing again:

In the fight against AIDS, profiteering has trumped prevention. AIDS is no longer

simply a disease; it has become a multibillion-dollar industry... [The] international AIDS experts who came to Uganda said we were wrong to try to limit people's sexual freedom. Worse, they had the financial power to force their casual-sex agendas upon us ...

[...] According to Edward Green, former director of the Harvard AIDS Prevention Project, one of the tragic blunders of modern history is that even though empirical studies had demonstrated that Uganda's ABC program was effective, and that condoms alone would not stop the spread of HIV, condoms and promiscuity have been promoted while ABC programs have been discouraged and defunded. (68-70)

In other words, the "ideological neocolonialists," dismissive of African success and unable to countenance any method abroad that deviates from the perennial imperialism of the West, would rather see Africans die and ideology live than vice versa.

Perhaps even more revolting than the staggering human cost of all of this "enlightenment" is the slick sheen of hypocrisy and self-righteousness that envelops its perpetrators. The old imperialists openly acknowledged that empires existed to prosper their home countries; the new imperialists, wreathed in smiles, insist they have come to your village to save you from your own backwardness.

Much of this is just plain obscene. White American Melinda Gates, one of the wealthiest people on the planet, pledged five billion dollars of her husband's money to promote contraception—and promiscuity—in Africa because, as Ekeocha argues, the childless Gates "wanted to replace the legacy of an African woman (which is her child) with the legacy of 'child-free sex.'" (40-41) And then there is the carbon tax offset, whereby Western liberals can assuage their delicate consciences by culling the African population.

A more outrageous case of Western supremacy is the anti-carbon campaign launched by Population Matters, an organization based in the United Kingdom. A few days before the 2009 Copenhagen Climate Summit, it launched PopOffsets, a website that enables individuals and organizations to offset their carbon emissions by making online donations for contraception and sterilization in Kenya, Tanzania, Ethiopia, and other developing countries, even though the carbon emissions per capita in the United Kingdom is more than 135 times higher than that in Ethiopia. Go ahead, commandeer the world's resources and live self-indulgently, Population Matters seems to be suggesting, so long as you prevent a poor African from being born. (149)

*Target Africa* is filled with observations such as these, detailing how Western liberals have brought endless misery to Africa in the name of their own self-righteous ideology. It is difficult to imagine, but the new imperialists have managed to outdo their forebears in casual contempt for the non-white peoples of the planet.

It doesn't take much familiarity with current events, however, to understand that *Target Africa* is also about all of us, we who live in worldwide polities governed by globalist liberals. Decent people everywhere are under attack. The

same racist Sangerism that dispatches black babies in Lagos stalks them in Harlem, too. And the same gender-gangsters who lord it over Equatorial Guinea throw conscientious dissenters into prison in the United Kingdom, Canada, and Rowan County, Kentucky.

Indeed, although *Target Africa* is laser-focused on the liberals' reign of terror in Africa, the true import of the book cannot be understood apart from a decades-old global campaign to control third-world population. For example, in 1974—the year after anti-life forces foisted abortion-on-demand on an unsuspecting American electorate via the United States Supreme Court—the United States National Security Council issued *National Security Study Memorandum 200 (NSSM-200)*, usually referred to as *The Kissinger Report*. The Central Intelligence Agency, State Department, Department of Agriculture, Department of Defense, and the United States Agency for International Development (US-AID) also helped research and draft the report. As detailed by Brian Clowes of *Human Life International*:

In order to protect U.S. commercial interests, *NSSM-200* cited a number of factors that could interrupt the smooth flow of materials from LDCs [less-developed countries] to the United States, including a large population of anti-imperialist youth, whose numbers must be limited by population control. The document identified 13 nations by name that would be the primary targets of U.S.-funded population control efforts [...]: India, Bangladesh, Pakistan, Nigeria, Mexico, Indonesia, Brazil, the Philippines, Thailand, Egypt, Turkey, Ethiopia and Columbia [sic]. “At the same time” [the report continues] “the U.S. will look to the multilateral agencies, especially the U.N. Fund for Population Activities which already has projects in over 80 countries to increase population assistance on a broader basis with increased U.S. contributions. This is desirable in terms of U.S. interests and necessary in political terms in the United Nations.”

According to *The Kissinger Report*, elements of the implementation of population control programs could include:

- the legalization of abortion;
- financial incentives for countries to increase their abortion, sterilization and contraception-use rates;
- indoctrination of children; and
- mandatory population control and coercion of other forms, such as withholding disaster and food aid unless an LDC implements population control programs.

*The Kissinger Report* also specifically declared that the United States was to cover up its population control activities and avoid charges of imperialism by inducing the United Nations and various non-governmental organizations—specifically the Pathfinder Fund, the International Planned Parenthood Foundation (IPPF) and the Population Council—to do its dirty work.

In fact, it was under the rubric of *The Kissinger Report* that the successful ABC program in Uganda was attacked and defeated, largely by forces funded by, or acting on behalf of, the United States federal government. As Clowes writes:

The population control groups [...] aggressively undermined [Ugandan] President Yoweri

Museveni's [ABC] program. Timothy Wirth, president of the United Nations Foundation, called this highly effective program "gross negligence toward humanity." The United States Agency for International Development (USAID), Population Services International, CARE International, and others have been pushing condoms as hard as they can in Uganda.

The West has made it a pillar of foreign policy to export its own values abroad, indeed making foreign aid contingent on a country's acceptance of those values. Ekeocha's book provides a wealth of information on how this has taken place, but it is still only the tip of the iceberg.

And yet, although *Target Africa* is a chilling account of perfidy and death-dealing by out-of-control globalist liberals and gender ideologues, there is, oddly, an aura of hope. Africa has endured the single most brutal and sustained assault in world history. The mightiest nations have thrown everything they have into subduing and exploiting the continent: enslaving and breaking the population, trapping whole countries in debt peonage, and now, threatening the very cultural fabric of Africans' lives with enforced population-control measures including synthetic estrogen and abortion. But Africa has survived. It lives, and it has retained its self-respect.

To be sure, the cost has been very high. As Ekeocha writes:

[...] In 1958, [...] Guinea participated in the referendum on the French constitution—the Constitution of the Fifth Republic. On acceptance of the new constitution, French overseas territories (i.e., colonies) had the options of continuing their existing status as a colony, moving toward full integration into France, or acquiring the status of an autonomous republic in the new French Community (*Communauté française*). If, however, they rejected the new constitution, they would become completely independent. The French president of the time, General Charles de Gaulle, made it clear that any country opting for independence from France would no longer receive French economic aid or retain French technical and administrative officers. Undaunted by this threat, Guinean political leader Ahmed Sékou Touré campaigned vigorously for complete independence from France with the slogan: "We prefer freedom in poverty to opulence in slavery." Thus, in 1958, Guinea voted to sever its ties with France, thereby becoming the first and, in fact, the only French African colony at that time to vote for immediate independence. (195-96)

The defiant words of the African leader could just as well be those of Westerners who would reject globalist ideology in their own countries. Whatever book you are reading this week, put it aside and read *Target Africa*. I recommend it urgently and without reservation. Let us learn, today, from Africa how to survive the scornful depredations of a botched civilization hell-bent on erasing humanity from the planet.

—Jason Morgan is an assistant professor at Reitaku University in Japan.



## FROM THE HLR WEBSITE

### An Evening with Sarah

*John Grondelski*

The *Human Life Review* and Plough Publishing hosted “On Personhood: A Conversation with Sarah C. Williams” in Washington the day before this year’s March for Life. It was a most moving event.

I originally began this blog with: “Sarah Williams is a former faculty member at the University of Oxford and Canada’s Regent College.” I then asked myself, why? Why did I start off writing about her career, rather than the important lesson she taught us that evening? So, I scratched it out and began again.

Sarah Williams is the mother of two young women. She is also the mother of Cerian, a little girl who died of a rare genetic deformity just before she was born. Recounting Cerian’s story—which is told in detail in her book, *Perfectly Human: Nine Months with Cerian* (<https://www.plough.com/en/topics/life/parenting/perfectly-human>)—and what her daughter’s brief life meant to her family, was the heart of Ms. Williams’ presentation.

As a result of what is now commonplace prenatal genetic screening, Sarah Williams learned when she was 20 weeks pregnant that the daughter she was expecting suffered from thanatophoric dysplasia (<https://ghr.nlm.nih.gov/condition/thanatophoric-dysplasia>), a rare and lethal deformity of the skeleton which practically assured the child would die either during birth or soon thereafter. Offered the usual “termination,” devout Christians Sarah and her husband Paul “chose” to carry their daughter to term, knowing that her birth and death would almost certainly be concurrent.

What was most powerful in Ms. Williams’ talk was hearing that, for her, the decision not to end their daughter’s life did not center on abstract principle but on the demands of love. “I’ve often heard people use the phrase ‘God said to me’ but I never understood what it meant until that evening in May when I can only say we felt God speak a message to our hearts . . . ‘*Here is a sick and dying child. Will you love this child for me?*’ The question reframed everything. It was no longer primarily a question of abstract ethical principle but rather the gentle imperative of love.” (19)

And love seeps through, suffuses, penetrates, and permeates every page of this book.

No one is saying that love is easy, because eventually the pregnancy would end and so would Cerian’s life. How is pregnancy experienced when it is known that the moment of birth will almost certainly be the moment of death? T.S. Eliot’s reflections in “The Journey of the Magi” seem apt: “. . . [W]ere we led all

that way for Birth or Death? . . . I had seen birth and death, / but had thought they were different; this Birth was / Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.”

As an academic, Ms. Williams does not hesitate from drawing generalized observations from her experience. How can the world attach such a premium to “choice” as a defining human characteristic, she asks, when Cerian never had a choice in her life and yet still could become the subject of such love. (For those who would separate humanity from personhood—for example, Oxford’s Kate Greasley [<https://www.amazon.com/Abortion-Rights-Against-Kate-Greasley/dp/1316621855>]*—the question becomes: Could such love as Cerian received go to a “non-person?”*)

Ms. Williams’ conclusions are thought-provoking and deserving of all serious consideration. Still, as with her love-inspired rationale for not choosing abortion, I found that the reward of her riveting discussion was not intellectual stimulation but rather the sheer, intimate insight she offered into life, death, and a child. Hers was a personal journey—and a tragic chapter in her family’s life—which she has chosen to share with others. In doing so she shows us—and perhaps especially those in similar circumstances and/or having lost a child to miscarriage or stillbirth—that love can triumph even in such agonizing situations. Love remains love, and it remains infinitely precious, even if it’s given for only nine months and seared through with pain.

Likewise, while Sarah comes from the Protestant tradition and includes religious thoughts about her experience, these are by no means confessional or exclusive: They are the best of “mere Christianity,” the essence of the Christian message presented as a personal spiritual journey (whose lessons for others I suggest are rich).

We live at an odd, indeed bizarre, moment in history. While abortionists generally shy away from admitting what they are doing, content to euphemize their deeds, we are also in the midst of a “Shout Your Abortion” campaign, an effort to “normalize” abortion by proclaiming it. In her soft British accent, Sarah Williams does not shout, but she tells us a story that is more compelling than a defense of “I did it my way,” a story even more rarely—but more in need of being—heard.

If you haven’t read it, get *Perfectly Human*. Then give it away: Like love, it deserves sharing. The book, and the evening some of us spent with Sarah, both affirm that life and love can be two sides of the same coin.

*—John M. Grondelski (Ph.D., Fordham) was former associate dean of the School of Theology, Seton Hall University, South Orange, New Jersey. All views expressed herein are exclusively his.*

## **“Shout Your Abortion”: The Coffee Table Book**

*Theresa Bonapartis*

*Shout Your Abortion* is a collection of photos, essays, and “creative work” born from the social media campaign of the same name, where women are encouraged to share their abortion experiences online for the purpose, says co-founder Lindy West, of “de-stigmatization, normalization, and putting an end to shame.”

The opening pages of this abortion coffee-table book—edited by Amelia Bonow and Emily Nokes—feature a quote from the abortionist Willie Parker: “We believe that the truth will do” (<https://shoutyourabortion.com/book/>).

These days it seems the truth is what one wants it to be—but there is only one truth, and it’s not found in this book. As I read it, I stepped into another world, so contrary to the one I personally experienced with abortion, and to the experience of thousands of other women I have come to know and love in my past thirty years of working with those whose lives have been affected by abortion.

Thanks to technological advancements, it is no longer possible to deny that a human being exists from the moment of conception. Advocates of abortion, who were once able to hide the truth, can no longer discredit the personhood of the unborn child in the womb.

Without the ability to obscure, pro-abortionists have elected to normalize. *Shout Your Abortion* is the abortion lobby’s attempt to normalize abortion, to portray it as part of routine women’s healthcare. There is nothing normal about abortion. It is a violent act that ends a human life.

*Shout Your Abortion* is an attempt to shift the focus to one of compassion, power, and determination. Proponents share their abortion “experiences,” proudly wearing the badge of “I’m not sorry,” as if that in itself were some great accomplishment.

How can killing a defenseless unborn baby possibly make someone feel powerful or promote the dignity of personhood? Where’s the power in that? Does control over one’s own life mean destroying the lives of others?

The book immediately goes to work putting a positive spin on abortion. The mantra “abortion is normal” is repeated throughout—in jokes and graphics, on marquees and, yes, in photographs of celebratory cakes.

Abortion is normal, they insist. Abortion is freedom.

But for countless women, abortion is neither normal nor freeing. Abortion has committed them to a life of misery, a life of fighting depression, guilt, shame, and grief. Sometimes abortion has left them unable to have other children.

Even the Planned Parenthood-affiliated Guttmacher Institute, which conducts research and policy analysis on abortion in the United States, admits that at least 10 percent of women are harmed by it. Considering there have been 60

million abortions in the United States since *Roe v. Wade*, that 10 percent figure means millions of women have been harmed in some way. Yet the numbers are undoubtedly greater, as many women don't speak about their abortion to anyone!

Members of the "Shout Your Abortion" campaign want us to believe they are not political—that they aren't telling anyone else how to feel—but all through the book they are selling the "abortion is normal" message. According to them, women who feel guilty do so because they fear the judgment of society, not because participating in the death of their own child in and of itself could result in shame and guilt.

The book refuses to validate the feelings of women who know in their hearts that abortion is anything but normal. It also fails to acknowledge women who are coerced by boyfriends, parents, or husbands, nor does it mention those who feel they have no choice but to kill their child because of a lack of resources or support. The only thing you'll find within these pages is praise and thanks for abortion.

The authors don't spend any time considering abortion's impact on anyone but themselves. Men may be the fathers, but the "Shout Your Abortion" movement has no time for them because to admit that men suffer would distract from the talking point that women should have the only say in what happens—"Their body, their choice." Nor does the book consider the suffering or guilt of surviving siblings who mourn the loss of brothers or sisters—believe me, there are now millions of them.

Interestingly enough, a few women quoted in the book justify their abortion decision by proclaiming love for the children they now have. They say if they had not aborted, their current children would not be alive; they ignore the fact that the child who died was also one they would have cherished and loved.

Reading the testimonies is sad. As much as the authors insist they're not sorry for their abortions, there's a certain desperation in the way they shout their nonchalance and the way they try to justify, rationalize, and normalize the procedure.

It's as if they think if they repeat it enough times, they'll begin to believe it themselves. Get out, get angry, and shout it, and it will be true.

In the end, all the shouting in the world will not make abortion normal or justify the killing of the unborn in the womb. That is the truth of what abortion is. Not women's health, but the killing of a child. No matter how it's rationalized, justified, or made to seem like a compassionate answer to an unplanned pregnancy, that truth will never change. There is only one truth.

I feel great compassion for these women. As they raise their voices and shout in a quest to drown out the silent screams of the tiny victims of abortion, the humanity and dignity of their unborn children cannot be waved away. I hope

that these women who rejected the very gift of life they were privileged to experience will heal one day, as they come to realize abortion is *not* normal at all.

—*Theresa Bonapartis is co-founder of Entering Canaan Post Abortion Ministry and director of Lumina/Hope & Healing after Abortion.*

## **Motherless America Radicalized—and Redeemed**

*Joe Bissonnette*

You may have seen a video of my daughter being roundhouse kicked during a pro-life demonstration (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z7SqtIe5rZQ>). The man in the video, Jordan Hunt, is the perfectly cast villain. He has stylized himself as punk-chic gender-bender, wearing spandex tights, a lip ring, and a flower in his ear. In words and action, he compresses within 47 seconds the vicious irony of the pro-choice position. He sets himself up as a champion of women's rights, justifying abortion with the 16-year-old-rape-victim argument. His words are fluid and dismissive, his theatrics smug and condescending—and then shockingly violent. His language purports to be pro-woman, but he actually despises womanhood (and manhood), as he suddenly assaults my daughter when she dares to point out that abortion kills the baby.

Marie-Claire is fine, thanks be to God, but this wasn't the only incident that day. During the one-hour witness against abortion on Life Chain Sunday, a Catholic priest in our town was punched in the face, and many people were pushed and verbally assaulted.

Antifa types show no respect for free speech or the basic rights of the person. They intimidate, shout down, bully, and assault anyone who dares speak against abortion and a growing list of related "crimes" they identify with the great oppressor—Christian Western civilization. They often style themselves as transgressive gender-benders, because they despise the natural strength and dignity of manhood and they have contempt for the natural gentleness and grace of womanhood. Their gender-fluid personas are no accident; they are a philosophical statement.

Male and female are essential categories of Being. They are ever-present witnesses to universal, objective truth. They have their respective natures, rights, and duties. Therefore, according to the dictates of imposed relativism, maleness and femaleness have to be denied, snuffed out. Second only to extinguishing one's life through suicide, the dissolution of natural sex distinctions is the ultimate triumph of nihilistic existentialism.

This past week, antifa types mobbed the D.C. home of Fox News host Tucker Carlson, shouting threatening chants through a bullhorn, spray-painting an anarchy symbol on his driveway, and damaging the front door of his house. They timed the attack, knowing that Carlson was on air, at work. His wife was home

alone. Their four children were not at home. A couple of weeks ago, Senator Ted Cruz and his wife were run out of a restaurant in D.C. by antifa thugs screaming at them about the Kavanaugh hearings and physically intimidating them.

But of course, none of this has occurred within a vacuum. The whirlwind of anarchy is in large part the legacy of abortion culture.

When brothers and sisters have been killed by abortion, when each of us could have been killed by abortion, there exists a deep psychological estrangement from our mothers, a brokenness in all of us. We are motherless and homeless and we project our brokenness out into the world.

Every American born since 1973 could have been killed legally before birth, had his or her mother so chosen. This is worth dwelling upon. That you could have been legally killed by your mother reduces you to property over which she has dominion. This has caused a crisis of maternal estrangement far greater than we might imagine. It has radically destabilized the child-mother bond; the first and most foundational human relationship. It has made every child a contingent good. It has made our mothers both gods and devils, with the capricious power of dealing out both life and death.

For close to fifty years, American children have grown up knowing that brothers, sisters, and other children who might have been cousins, friends, or spouses are among the dead. Ghosts walk among us. We are haunted. Mostly, our awareness of this is subterranean, but occasionally it manifests in our ongoing fascination with zombies and the undead, or our own thoughts of suicide. This can't help but cause survivor guilt, which variously manifests as a lack of confidence and wholeness, or sometimes as contempt for the vulnerable.

This wounded condition of our birth has been worsened by the cold indifference of our upbringing. For close to 40 years, a majority of infants in America has been surrendered by their mothers to be raised by minimum-wage caregivers. The intimacy and love so important to infant, toddler, and child development has been long replaced by pre-packaged snacks, saccharine children's videos, and the happy-clappy faux enthusiasm of daycare. Childhood has become a nihilistic clown-house caricature. School provides more of the same. Suburbanized, mesmerized by TV and now smartphones, pornified and pacified, natural horizons of wonder have been reduced to just so much Disneyesque simulacra.

Now we stare into the abyss.

Jordan Hunt and the antifa thugs are statistical outliers in their extremism, but their numbers are growing. They are a real danger, capable of real violence. But in accordance with a great universal motif, their misdeeds contain within them the seeds of their redemption. There is a great self-defeating irony in anarchic activism. In the doing, one can't long maintain a commitment to non-being and nihilism. Even among nihilists, people get together, fall in love, and take responsibility. In short, we are hardwired for natural virtue, which creates



new access points for redemption.

As we enter a period of more intense political tension and maybe even violence, there are two very important things we must constantly remember. First of all, we must remember that our enemies on the Left are not *other*. They manifest in extreme form a wound we all bear. They are like us, we are like them. We are all wounded children in a culture abandoned by its mothers. Better still, we are all fallen. Secondly, we must remain quietly hopeful about the checks and measures hardwired within us, the natural correctives, the counter-balances that restore equilibrium, the natural virtue that bubbles forth unbidden and the openings for God's grace, which will occur even in the hearts of our enemies.

—Joe Bissonnette, a religion teacher, grew up reading his father's copies of *the Human Life Review*.

## **Lessons from a Foster Family**

*Tara Jernigan*

It was two in the morning when a little round face popped up from the mattress, looked right and left, and then asked, "Umma?" He was ten months old and had already mastered the intonation of a question.

It was two in the morning when I patted my little son on the back and said softly, "No, sweetie, Umma's not here." He understood, not my words, but that pat, that maternal tone, that warm blanket. He put his head down and went back to sleep.

My son's Umma is a woman I've never met. She does not speak my language or eat the foods I eat. Aside from this child, we have no common connection. For ten months she nurtured my son as her own, though he came into her house a helpless and needy little stranger. She carried him on her back as he grew from being a tiny early arrival in this world to a hefty baby boy. She cared for him through two hospitalizations. She woke around the clock to feed and comfort him. Umma is the Korean word for mom, and though her own children were grown, she was his Umma. Her grown children were his brother and sister. He was, for those ten months, just like every foster child she'd had before and every one to come after, part of their family.

Because of his Umma, my ten-month-old baby knew, in those wee, dark hours, what it was to be comforted. It did not matter who comforted him, it mattered that he was comforted. Because this stranger, for no reason other than love, had been his Umma, he understood what it meant that, only two weeks before, I had become his mom.

Isaiah 40 begins with the Prophet's commission: "Comfort, comfort my people, says your God. Speak tenderly to Jerusalem and cry to her that her warfare is ended." (Isaiah 40:1-2a, ESV) This message of comfort comes at a time when

the people of God suddenly find themselves to be vulnerable and weak strangers in a powerful foreign land. Into this message of exile, God also interjects a message of peace, of comfort, in words that all who know His patterns can recognize. Even in a foreign land, God will be there. Even though his people have become powerless, accepting care at the hands of a stranger, His patterns will hold fast. If they listen, they will still hear His voice.

The Church today, like the people of Israel, often gets bogged down in the idea that we are strangers in a land that is not our own. We become tempted to pull up the gates and fear what is on the outside, but in doing so we would miss our role. We are not, in fact, the exiles. We are instead like Isaiah, prophets of comfort, sent to speak tenderness to a darkened world. Our urge is to pull up the drawbridges as we ponder the massive chasm between this world and the Kingdom of God; we forget that we are the drawbridge.

The Church itself is often described as our mother, but the Church on earth is more of a foster mother, living in the culture of our birth family to prepare us for our permanent home. Romans 8:15 is perhaps the best known of passages in which we are described as adopted into God's household, as Paul proclaims that his reader has received the "spirit of adoption," literally son-placement (*Greek English Lexicon of the New Testament*, p. 1024), borrowing secular custom and language to make clear how fully accepted and transformed we are in God's radical acceptance of us as His heirs.

As citizens of two kingdoms, the world and the Kingdom of God, we also serve as foster parents, preparing our children to recognize true comfort when they receive it, to know the patterns and culture of their permanent home. The Church's language is naturally familiar for this reason. We call one another brothers and sisters because regardless of our family or origin we are adopted into the household of God. St. John, in his first epistle, sweetly addresses his readers as "dear children" (regardless of their earthly age) as well as "brothers and sisters" (without concern for earthly rank and status) as he pours the language of one family into the lively Ephesian context. It is an act of pure grace, which moves us from the household and future of a slave to the status of an uncontested heir.

The modern congregation is aware, attending to the adoption of children. The life-affirming and savvy congregation may be ahead of the curve in the need for foster families in the world and supports those who provide foster care. The next challenge is less obvious; let down our drawbridge and foster whoever wanders through our doors. Like every good foster family, we will have culture clashes, and some we will regrettably let go in the end. Nonetheless, it remains to us to "comfort, comfort my people."

— *Tara Jernigan is a vocational deacon in the Anglican Diocese of Pittsburgh (ACNA). She also teaches Biblical Greek to high school students.*

## APPENDIX A

[Maria McFadden Maffucci is the editor of the Human Life Review. She also has a regular column at Newsmax.com. The following appeared on Newsmax, Jan.22, 2019, and is reprinted with permission.]

### **Media Afraid to Report March for Life: Its Attendance, Youthfulness, Joy**

*Maria McFadden Maffucci*

Lizz Winstead, comedienne and The Daily Show co-creator, now full-time abortion advocate as founder and director of Lady Parts Justice League, called for “shame on the media” Friday for not covering the January 18th March for Life.

Why weren’t they reporting on the “thousands and thousands and thousands of people who have descended on Washington,” she asked in a video tweeted out with #OperationSaveAbortion, while she and four comrades were embedded along the march route. She called out “my progressive brothers and sisters” and declared “shame on the activists” in town for the Women’s March (to be held the next day) for not coming out to “be a voice against” the “incredible” number of pro-life marchers.

This may be one time I agree with Winstead. The number of proliferers that turn out each year is astronomical. The media, shamefully, acts as if they are invisible. We’re not talking just thousands but *hundreds of thousands* of Americans who come to our capital and march peacefully to protest the 1973 *Roe v. Wade* Supreme Court decision which stripped legal protection from the unborn. This year, 100,000 were expected, but estimates have been up to 300,000. As usual, coverage was scarce to non-existent.

The major media won’t report on the March for Life because it is afraid to reveal how many people attend, and how overwhelmingly young, joyful, and well-behaved they are. It contradicts their narrative of proliferers as backwards religious fanatics who are anti-woman. Winstead, on the other hand, *wants* people to be afraid, so that they will be motivated to come join her in abortion activism.

I can understand why Lizz was feeling lonely. The day before the March, our paths crossed when she and only half-a-dozen others held signs and yelled that proliferers were hypocrites (they call this “sidewalk counseling”) outside the Renaissance Hotel in downtown DC, as *thousands of us arrived* to attend the March for Life Conference and Expo.

We were at the same location again on the day of the March itself, outside the Supreme Court. Every year, women (and men) from the Silent No More Awareness Network stand at the steps of the Supreme Court and give testimony about why they regret their abortions. Pro-abortion activists also meet there to make a lot of noise in an attempt to drown out the pro-life speakers. When I got there, a woman tagging along with Lizz was shouting into her bullhorn, “I don’t regret my abortion, and I’d do it again,” over and over, marching in a circle. I went to greet the Silent No More group and stayed for a while to help protect their speaking space from encroachers. It wasn’t pretty: One woman asked a man if the sign he held saying he regretted “lost fatherhood” was a reference to masturbation; a woman in a nutty condom costume offered

us some because “condoms prevent abortion;” another pointed to us and screamed, “they hate sex!” When Janet Morana, co-founder of Silent No More, asked people to remember the women harmed or killed in legal abortions the protestors shouted over her that she was lying, and then that she was “uneducated.”

If ever there was a clear display of the contrast between the conduct of proliferers versus abortion activists, this was it. What Lizz Winstead doesn’t seem to understand is that most decent Americans *wouldn’t want* to join her in these actions. It takes a certain kind of angry activist to scream at people who are exercising their rights as Americans to peacefully protest. It takes angry and scared radical abortion supporters to encourage people to *have* abortions and then “shout your abortion” and celebrate. It takes hard-hearted people to shout over a woman who is courageously sharing her painful lived experience in the hope that her witness might save lives.

This is what I saw at the March for Life: ordinary people going out of their way to thank the DC police officers for doing their jobs; older people walking the route in the cold with canes and walkers; thousands of fresh young teens; families with babies and toddlers in strollers; clergy from many denominations, and lots of creative signs, including those declaring that feminism has to start with protecting baby girls in the womb.

A few more angry abortion activists on the streets won’t change anything, Lizz, sorry. The media knows this; it’s why they refuse to honestly report the marvelous number of proliferers who show up each year at the March for Life. But boy do I wish they would take your advice and cover it!

## APPENDIX B

*[Mike Pence is vice president of the United States. This column was published on January 31, 2019, on National Review Online.]*

### **Life Is Under Attack**

*Mike Pence*

This week, a delegate to the Virginia state legislature introduced a bill affirming abortion up to the moment of birth. In shocking testimony, the delegate admitted that even when it was obvious that a child was about to be born—in the 40th week of a pregnancy, even in the midst of active labor—this proposed law would allow for the child to be aborted, so long as a single doctor approves.

Governor Ralph Northam, a supporter of the bill, went even further in a radio interview the next day. He tried to reassure its opponents that if a child survived an abortion, “the infant would be kept comfortable [and] the infant would be resuscitated if that’s what the mother and the family desired, and then a discussion would ensue.”

There’s another word for this: infanticide. And it is morally reprehensible and evil.

Virginia’s bill comes just a week after the New York State Senate was filled with cheers following the passage of a similar law. Governor Andrew Cuomo declared it “a historic victory for . . . our progressive values” and directed pink lights to shine on landmarks throughout the state, including One World Trade Center.

This shameless embrace of a culture of death is startling to every American who cherishes life. Not too long ago, the Democratic Party’s stated position was that abortion should be “safe, legal, and rare.” It was this widespread rejection of late-term abortion that led a large bipartisan majority in Congress to pass the partial-birth-abortion ban in 2003. But now look at how far the Democratic Party has fallen.

To support, let alone cheer, late-term abortions not only marks a disturbing step backward by so-called “progressives”—it also violates every demand of human decency. As modern science has moved the point of viability ever earlier in pregnancy, most Americans have agreed that a child who can survive outside the womb deserves a chance at life. Only a handful of countries, including China and North Korea, allow late-term abortions.

Until we heard those cheers coming from Albany and the defense of the indefensible over the airwaves in Virginia, we thought states were moving beyond such barbaric practices. These Virginia and New York late-term abortion bills should be a call to action for all Americans. A society can be judged by how it treats its most vulnerable, and it would be unconscionable for us to let this moment pass in silence. We must recommit ourselves, today and every day, to restoring the sanctity of life to the center of American law.

For my part, I couldn’t be more proud to serve as vice president to the most pro-life president in American history. From his first week in office, President Trump has been a tireless champion of life. He reinstated and expanded the Mexico City Policy, ensuring that our foreign-aid dollars don’t go to groups that promote or perform abortions abroad. He withdrew the United States from the United Nations Population Fund to

prevent our tax dollars from supporting forced sterilization and abortion overseas. And he signed a law to empower states to withhold federal funding from abortion providers—and defund Planned Parenthood.

But the commitment to life extends further than our administration. Beyond the White House, state leaders are taking action to protect the unborn. They are encouraging parents to choose life by requiring brief waiting periods, setting ultrasound and other informed-consent standards, and prohibiting abortions based solely on a child's sex, race, or disability—a measure I was proud to sign into law as governor of Indiana.

And thanks to the efforts of millions of compassionate and caring Americans across the country, we are changing minds and turning hearts to embrace life as never before. Fewer abortions are being performed than ever recorded—a decrease of more than 50 percent since the 1980s. This is a true cause for celebration.

So even in this dark moment in our nation's history, Americans should take heart. The New York and Virginia bills aren't some bold departure into a brave new world. They are the last gasp of a dying movement that stands in stark and irreconcilable contrast with our nation's timeless founding principles.

After all, at the base of the same One World Trade Center that was bathed in pink last week to mark the passage of New York's law, is the September 11th memorial. There, the names of all who died in the horrific terrorist attacks 18 years ago are etched in stone—including the eleven unborn children we lost along with their expectant mothers.

Our commitment to the unalienable right to life is as sure as the stone in which those names are etched. And our administration, and our movement, will continue to fight until our nation once again recognizes and celebrates the sanctity of all human life.







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What can we draw from the conversations between Kavanaugh and Collins, or at least from Collins's recollections of them, as to how Kavanaugh will vote the next time a challenge to *Roe v. Wade* (1973) comes before the Supreme Court? For clues we must revisit a case decided eight years earlier, *Griswold v. Connecticut* (1965). It is worth the digression to examine this case at some length because it is the poisonous root of both *Roe v. Wade* and *Planned Parenthood v. Casey*.

—George McKenna, "The Tender Trap"