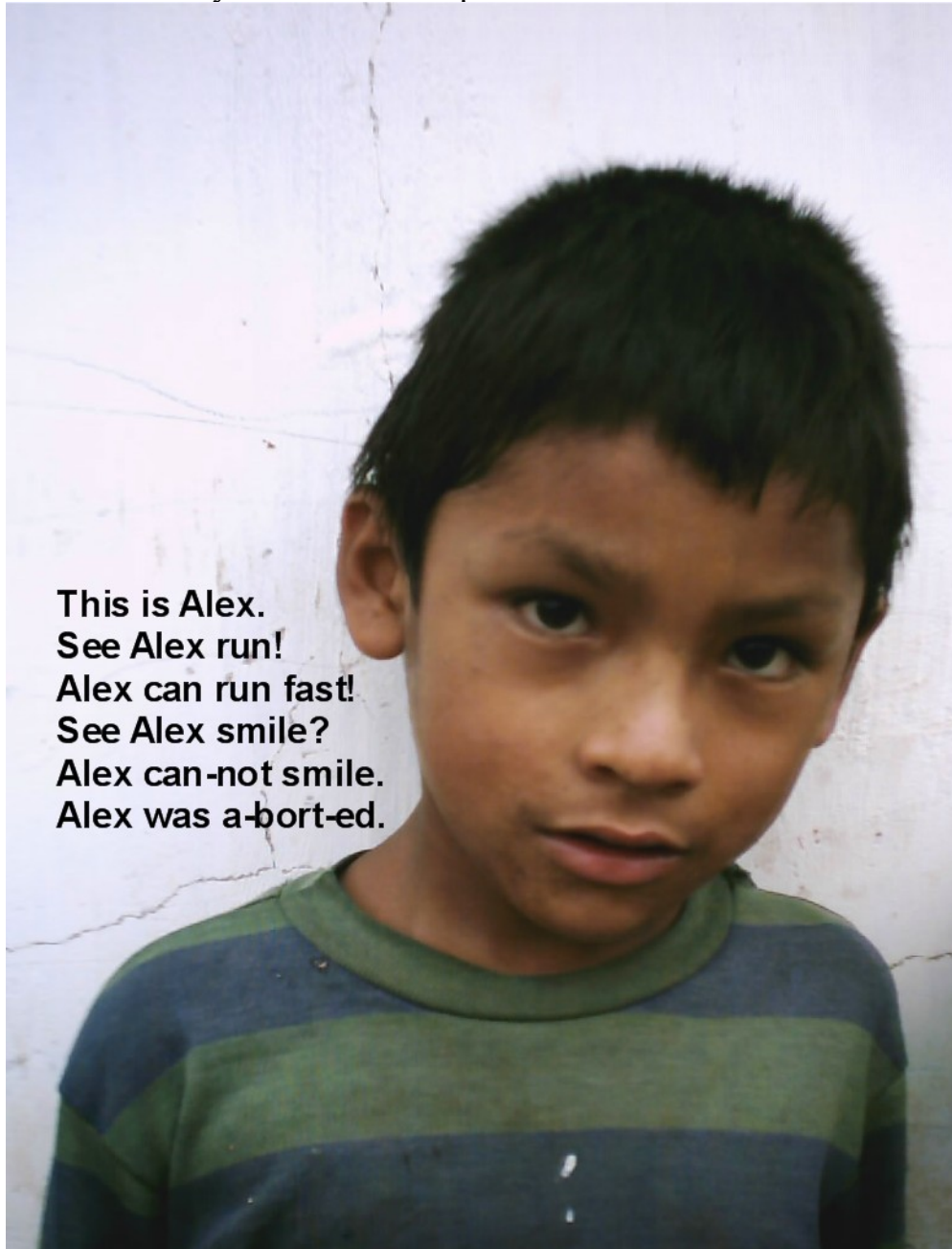


## Axe to the Root

Imagine your surprise if your 1st-grader came home with his reading book and asked you to help him read today's lesson. You open the book and find this:



**This is Alex.  
See Alex run!  
Alex can run fast!  
See Alex smile?  
Alex can-not smile.  
Alex was a-bort-ed.**

Your head might spin a little. This is Alex? He can run, but not smile? He was aborted? Must have been a misprint... Or else the book is trying to say that this is what Alex may have been.

But the book is speaking the truth. Alex is a real boy that lived across the street from me for over a year, on the outskirts of Candua, Bolivia.

His real full name is Alejandro, but most everyone called him "Ali" (Al-lee), shortened

version of his full first name. I call him "the boy that could not smile".

He lived in a hut of a house, some 12' by 15' in area, with his grandmother and aunt. They lived a sustenance lifestyle, not so much by choice as by chance. "Chance" had them born in a place where minimum wage laws deal in the realm of \$50/year rather than in \$6/hour.

Alex was a typical child in some ways, lots of energy, curious, and could turn a chunk of wood into a truck plowing through a mud-hole in the street. But he could hardly smile.

In the year that he was my next door neighbor, I saw him smile maybe two or three times. As he was poor, I got the idea that I would take his picture with a little digital camera that I had at the time and print him a black and white photo for a keepsake of his childhood. It was an effort on my part to do something "special" for him, something that I rarely do myself (waste time with pictures, most of which have no value).

So I lined him up against the wall and said, "Smile, Alex!"

Nothing changed.

"Smile, Alex! Smile big!"

"Bigger!"

"Come on, Alex, smile real big for your picture!"

"Smile!"

Seeing that the little crook of a smile that he mustered was about the best I would probably get from him, I clicked the shutter and printed him a couple of black and white copies. When he received them, I could tell he was happy. It may have been one of the occasions when a smile did actually creep across his face.

Why could Alex not smile?

He was aborted.

"Huh?", you ask.

Yes, Alex was aborted.

You see, Alex's abortion was the drawn-out type, those that last years instead of moments.

Alex's mother did not want him, but did come to visit him once or twice a year. For that matter, the grandmother that raised him did not really want him either, but at least she did have enough compassion to keep him and feed him, and occasionally show him a bit of affection. His father? I never met him, and to be honest, I could not even say if the mother knew who he was, let alone Alex. I don't know that for a fact, that is just the way things are too many times with "living abortions".

No, Alex did not survive a botched abortion. He was simply born to a mother and father that did not love him. So instead of his left arm, head, right leg, and then his abdomen being sucked out of his mother's womb by a vacuum, his soul was, and still is as far as I know, being vacuumed out by a self-centered mother and father who do not care about him.

Alex was an angry little boy. No, he did not really throw anger-fits as such. His grandmother would not permit that. She would occasionally chasten him with a stick about 4 feet long if he misbehaved. About the only thing left in his vacuumed-out soul

was a deep-rooted anger.

And thus Alex could run fast, but he could not smile.

He is a victim of "drawn-out abortion".

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Ok, now for the rest of my sermon.

In the last few weeks, I have received several emails about the coming election, proclaiming the urgent need for disciples of Jesus to get out there and vote against Barack Obama, the pro-abortion candidate.

I will not be voting against Barack Obama. Neither will I be voting for him. Here's why...

I am a Christian. A follower of Jesus of Nazareth, who proved Himself to be the Son of God by resurrecting from the dead, on His own strength.

And this Jesus had a message for mankind, summed up as follows:

"I am Lord of lords and King of kings. I paid the ransom price, death, to liberate mankind from death, hell, sin, and Satan. Whoever will believe upon me may join me in my triumph over all sin, including the sin of abortion. I will pour out my Spirit into that believing heart, which as a fire of Divine Love will purge away all selfishness, which is the root of abortion."

I have believed that message. I can witness it is true. He has done it for me!

And so, instead of trying to stop the utter gruesomeness of the sin of abortion by campaigning for John McCain, I will continue to use my time, money, and efforts to promote a righteousness that springs from a spiritual renewal of the heart, a new birth if you will.

We can stop the abortion industry in this nation by legislation, outlawing it completely. But it will only produce thousands and thousands of little boys and girls like Alex- boys and girls who suffer having their soul vacuumed out over many year's time. Statistics show that over 100,000 unwanted children wander the streets of Lima, Peru. Mexico City has about 230,000 if I remember right.

Saints of God! Let's not be deceived by the call to muster our strength for the right political agenda--and the anti-abortion agenda is a good agenda. Let's dig at the root of the problem, and cut it off once for all.

Preach the Gospel of Jesus, do not campaign in politics!

Constantine of old tried to straighten up the world by welding politics to Christianity. His experiment failed. It produced the Roman Catholic and Orthodox churches that burned witches--and "heretics"--at the stake. Both burned (witch) and burner went to hell.

We can outlaw abortion, and I do hope that happens, but that will not solve the problem! If you do not believe me, ask Alex.

yours for the kingdom of righteousness,

Mike

[www.primitivechristianity.org](http://www.primitivechristianity.org)