

Momma's Coming

They had not informed her she'd feel like this,
This burned-out, hollow feeling of emptiness,
The pain in her belly just couldn't compare,
To the agony in her soul, the hell, the despair.

Oh my God! Oh my God! What have I done?
I have traded a life for pleasure, for fun,
She closed her sad eyes, reliving the past,
Her life was nothing but selfishness from first to last.

She thought about the life she'd just taken,
The son or daughter that would never waken,
Oh, an abortion is easy they'd said,
Softly she sobbed, "Then why does my heart and soul feel dead?"

"The shame, the guilt is just too much to bear,"
She sighed as she pulled back wisps of tear-soaked hair,
"I do not want to live feeling this way,"
"Then, just kill yourself," she heard an insistent voice say.

Never questioning the voice or its call,
She reached for the sleeping pills to end it all,
Then she noticed the paper in her hand,
And remembered the protestors and the tall, kind man.

They stood outside the clinic in the rain,
She silently observed as they prayed and sang,
When it was over, she walked to her ride,
She took the leaflet from the man as he moved aside.

As gloom cloaked her with a heavy dark cloud,
She slowly, haltingly, read the verses aloud,
Time did not matter as she spoke the words,
He who sees all and is ever faithful knew and heard.

Before night ended and the next begun,
The evil one had lost and Jesus had won,
She was born again and had been set free,
God in His infinite mercy allowed her to see.

A glimpse into Heaven, just a moment,
The scene there forever ended her torment,
'Cause Jesus to her baby was singing,
"Take joy little one, Momma's coming, Momma's coming!"