

The Christmas Story Retold in Light of the Ghoulish Practices of Planned Parenthood

At this time of the year, in churches around the world, the opening chapters of Matthew and Luke will be read afresh, describing the miraculous births of Jesus and His forerunner, John. In light of a recent 500-page Senate report detailing some of the barbaric practices of Planned Parenthood, I thought it good to retell the story with a striking new twist.

There was an old woman named Elizabeth, a godly, devoted woman, blessed by God in many ways except one: She was unable to have a child. But now, a miracle had taken place, and this saintly woman found herself pregnant, to her delight and the delight of her husband, Zechariah. It was even revealed to them that they were having a boy, a boy with a very special destiny. His name would be John.

But there's more. Elizabeth had a young cousin named Miriam (Mary), just a young teenager and still a virgin, although she was betrothed to be married to a fine man named Joseph. To her absolute shock, she found herself pregnant out of wedlock but claimed—get this—that an angel appeared to her and told her she was pregnant by the Holy Spirit and was going to give birth to the Messiah. Either this was the most miraculous story in history or a tall tale worthy of legend.

About six months later, the two pregnant women met, so many years apart in age but so united by their shared experiences. When Miriam walked into the room, the baby in Elizabeth's womb seemed to jump, as if he realized the other baby in the room was really the Messiah.

Could it be true?

Well, as incredible as the story sounds, reality soon set in, and when Zechariah and Elizabeth realized the very strong chance that their child would be born with Down Syndrome (or some other debilitating condition) they did the compassionate thing, found a Planned Parenthood clinic and aborted the one who was destined to be the forerunner of the Messiah, popularly known as John the Baptist.

And in a further act of compassion, rather than let John's little body go to waste, it was meticulously divided up and sold off—in the name of science. Zechariah and Elizabeth were told—with detailed records of all the transactions carefully preserved: His brain was sold to one customer for \$325; both of his eyes for \$325 each (\$650 total); a portion of his liver for \$325; his thymus for \$325, along with another portion of his liver; and his lung for \$325, all to different customers, allowing John to touch so many more lives. (These figures are based on actual Planned Parenthood transactions as detailed in the Senate report.)

Reality also set in for Miriam.

Although her husband claimed to believe her story, it was obvious their marriage would be challenged in the days ahead. Worse still, their child would be tainted—they had given him a name too, Yeshua (Jesus)—always known as the kid born out of wedlock. Why bring someone into the world with a lifelong cloud hanging over his head?

So Miriam and Joseph also found a local Planned Parenthood (thank God there were so many available, especially in the poor neighborhoods) and aborted their little boy, sparing him from an uncertain future. And did I mention that Joseph was also concerned about Miriam's physical and emotional health? After all, she was so young and the whole experience was so traumatic. Surely this was best way to go.

The little body of Jesus was also cut up into little pieces—tiny eyes, ears, heart, liver, limbs—each one sold for a good purpose.

And that is the end of the Christmas story—no salvation for the lost, no joy to the world, no hope for the human race—or, I should say, that would have been the end of the story had Planned Parenthood been operating in first-century Judea.

I, along with billions of other people, am everlastingly grateful that was not the case.

The Savior has come, and hope reigns eternal.

Thanks be to God! {eoa}