



Guadalupe Workers



August 2017

I'm not sure how many security guards have come and gone at Summit abortion clinic since we've been present there. Four or five, perhaps. This past six months there's been a fellow named Jerome, who I suppose has been the most harmless of the lot; at least he doesn't forearm us or rip pamphlets out of our hands. The problem with Jerome, though, is his fondness for chatter. With a little encouragement, he will keep you trapped in idle conversation—which, as we know, violates the fundamentals of sidewalk counseling. However, since we've been going to the clinic this summer on weekdays, many of which gratefully have been slow, I've allowed myself little five minute chats with him—just to find out what makes him tick, I guess, and how he justifies doing security work for an abortion mill.



What I've learned about this often friendly, apparently harmless man is chilling.

Very casually, he told me about how, a couple of weeks ago, he witnessed a man beating his girlfriend while they sat together in their car in front of the clinic. He didn't interfere, he said, because he figured the man had beaten her before and would do so again. He's also prone to speak derisively of the mothers who come to the clinic; he speaks of their lies, their irresponsibility, their drug use, their lack of intelligence (all his perception of them, of course). He really does believe that most of them don't qualify to bring children into the world.

He also mentioned the time his daughter brought up the possibility of moving in with her boyfriend. Initially, the teachings of his grandmother kicked in and he opposed the idea; then his wife spoke of the money they would save with their daughter out of the house, and he changed his mind.

This is the sort of smiling, friendly chatter that one hears from Jerome. And he will be just as friendly and



chatty with the pro-abortion escorts as he is with us. When we ignore him, and no one else is around, he goes to his truck

where, often, he sleeps, cuddled with the pistol he wears under his shirt ("I carry extra rounds," once he assured me).

What one finds in Jerome is one of the preeminent characteristics of our age—a pleasant exterior, under which there is...nothing. No conviction, no will, nothing for which sacrifice of life will be made. If ever there were any kind of serious altercation in front of Summit, one would not count on Jerome (and he's told us as much). He will get worked up if someone parks in the wrong spot; and if I or Alicia get in a heated exchange with an escort or with some pimp bringing one of his girls to the clinic, Jerome will nervously request that we "behave," or "follow the rules."

Please send all correspondence and/or support for the Guadalupe Workers to the following address:
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Cont.

I don't mean any disrespect to Jerome, and truly he's just one of millions, but in essence he has become a good member of the Nazi party; by which I mean that outward order takes precedence over moral order. Jerome gets upset when the abortion clinic's clients park in the wrong place, or when I tell the escorts that they are participating in genocide. What goes on inside the clinic, though, doesn't seem to bother him. But, as I say, he's only one of millions. On Orchard Lake Road, the abortion clinic enjoys a Starbucks as its closest neighbor. Don't think that any of the Starbucks clientele will allow the pleasure of their mocha to be disturbed by the thought of what the suction machine is doing a few yards away.

Many of the mothers entering the abortion clinic express an outlook similar to Jerome's. They want to put "order" in their lives. They want to be able to finish school, or they want to avoid tension with their parents; or, as many mothers have commented, they want to be sure that their other children "don't lack for anything." So they enter the brick building, around which every day the maintenance man pulls weeds and picks up trash, and they quietly fill out paper work and wait in line until their turn comes to have a child dismembered.

As we all know, though, there comes a point at which the outward forms of order have nothing to stick to; there's no one there anymore. We found this situation two weeks ago when a woman named Teresa came to the clinic. We knew her name because we have worked with



Two of our mothers counseling at Summit.

her before, when she was pregnant with one of her other children. And she knew us. And she knew that we would help her. And, as we talked to her recently in front of Summit, standing with her hand on the door handle, we could see that she knew exactly what the clinic personnel were going to do to her and to her child. Her eyes, though, were empty—no pain, no hope, no grief, no doubt—nothing registered. Another mom that we've been assisting actually came down to the clinic and went in to talk to Teresa. Nothing.

A prominent professor at Sacred Heart Major Seminary has been faithfully, generously, working with a mother whom we met several years ago. The baby she was carrying then we had to save not just once, but several times, because Chonte is one of the most angry mothers we've ever known. The other night, then, this professor was expressing some frustration, basically asking how one deals with what seems to be a hopeless situation—as Chonte continues to live a life marked with many manifestations of hopelessness and violence. But what Dr. Smith can't see as well as I, because I have known Chonte longer, is how Chonte has softened just a little bit over the years, and has given birth to other children, whom, in earlier years, she might not have accepted:

*The wind blows where it wills, and you hear the sound of it,
But you do not know where it comes from or where it goes....*