

## Though Babies All the Same

My baby girl, just nine months old, crawled up and hugged my knee.  
Her happy open toothless smile made sure that I would see.  
She took a step away and stood there proudly all alone.  
And when she fell she held that smile from standing on her own.

A year ago her hands and feet were once so very small  
And yet her little ears they say, could hear me when I'd call.  
And when from out her mother's womb, she came forth perfectly.  
we wept for joy the day she came, this child we longed to see.

Ah, Giver of life, thanks for the life, the life of this baby of mine.  
The joy that she gives as she grows  
and she lives is a hint of your goodness divine.

Each child you give our families makes us more rich in life.  
Each child reflects your perfect love, the love of man and wife.  
Each baby boy and baby girl commands so great a charm  
That moms and dads would choose to die to keep their child from harm.

Ah, Giver of life, thanks for the life, the life of this baby of mine.  
The joy that she gives as she grows  
and she lives is a hint of your goodness divine.

And yet your gift of intellect has given us the power  
to choose a baby's birth or death as though we pick a flower.  
And some we kiss and some we kill though babies all the same.  
How unlike you who loves each one and calls them each by name.

Oh giver of life please save the life, the life of each child to be born.  
O help us to end the way we pretend  
that these babies aren't sundered and torn.

Oh Lord of Life, I pledge to You that I'll respect all life.  
No matter whether young or old, or close to death by strife.  
The helpless sick, the young unborn, you love them all the same.  
You lived yourself as one of them, in fact, that's why You came.

Oh giver of life please save the life, the life of each child to be born.  
O help us to end the way we pretend  
that these babies aren't sundered and torn.  
A year ago her hands and feet were once so very small.

