

August 2011
The Labour Life Group
NEWS Issue 58

**THE NEXT L.L.G.
MEETING**

**SATURDAY
OCTOBER 15th
2011**

in

Doncaster

Details Page 26



**L.L.G. FRINGE
MEETING**

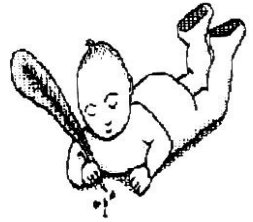
**Labour Party Conference
Liverpool**

SEPTEMBER 26th 2011

Details Page 7

www.labourlifegroup.co.uk

Dear Friends,



What a headline ~ "Planned Parenthood Closing more Centres." It seems that the total numbers of their clinics are at the lowest since 1986. Whatever the reason given, at a guess I would say it is because there is no longer enough profit to make them viable.

Another possible headline ~ "Labour Life Group in Britain inspires Australians." The launch of a similar group down under is already underway by Tara McInnes from the Australian Labour Party. As mentioned before, the pro-life issue is worldwide, and isn't it wonderful that L.L.G. can be an inspiration to folk so far away?

Reading an article on "Taste Receptors" revealed something startling! Big names like Nestles, Cadbury Chocolate, Campbell Soups, Pepsi and Kraft Foods are working hard at the idea that to cut out using as much sugar or salt to get savoury and sweet tastes, artificial flavours can be used. But to test these flavours, Senomyx (the biotech company) uses aborted foetal cells to see whether these artificial flavours would be acceptable to human taste. What a revelation?

This is what the Senomyx Website says: 'The company's key flavour programmes focus on the discovery and development of savoury, sweet and salt flavour ingredients that are intended to allow for the reduction of MSG (mono sodium glutamate), sugar and salt in food and beverage products. Using isolated human taste receptors, we created proprietary taste receptor based assay systems that provide biochemical or electronic readout when a flavour ingredient interacts with the receptors.'

What the Website does not tell us is that Senomyx are using HEK 293~ human embryonic kidney cells taken from an electively aborted baby to produce these receptors --- reported by Debi Vinnedge, director of a pro-life organization in the U.S.A.

Can you do anything about this? Debi Vinnedge has! She wrote to all the companies working with Senomyx and threatened them with public backlash and a boycott. Within a week, two companies have disaffiliated with Senomyx after the call for a boycott of their goods. Campbell Soups has also severed ties with the biotech company. Watch what you purchase!

At last, one Tory M.P. Nadine Dorries has admitted in the House that all the policies used so far by any government have not worked with regards to the high teenage pregnancy rate. “Why can’t we tell teenagers it is quite all right to say ‘no’ to sex?” Unveiling her Ten-Minute Rule Bill in the Commons, she called for schools to give girls aged 13 –16 extra sex educations, including the benefits of abstinence. She added: “This is about giving empowerment to young girls!”

Who knows what may happen if we go down this line!

Editor



ABORTION ENABLED MY ABUSE

By Melissa Pereira (LifeNews.com)

Why? Why me? Why did I have to learn at an extraordinarily early age how to make 911 calls? Why did I have to experience the traumas of threats? Why the screaming, the psychological manipulation, the constant fear as if my life were a big, ugly minefield? What did I do to deserve this? Looking at my peers, I couldn't help but ask, “Why did I have to be born with this kind of life?”

After a lifetime of asking these questions it became very clear; as vivid as the days when I came close to death itself. I was born into this situation because three of my siblings could not be born. They became victims of abortion and I, then, had to become a victim of child abuse. It was all part of the vicious cycle where violence breeds violence. My life and that of my mother are living testimonies of the death of three children and a family.

People may think that the taking of the lives of my siblings created a void. I tell you, in this world there can be no voids, and something has to fill it. The emptiness created from the murders of my three siblings was instantly filled with years of abuse and exploitation. Why did it take that route? Why couldn't it have led to a sense of remorse, healing, or respect? Because Planned Parenthood is the Great Enabler that not only allows for the cycles of exploitation and abuse, but feeds it with their lies and what they do not say. Because Planned Parenthood's idea of a “final solution” leaves no room for personal responsibility and accountability. Vulnerability is their target, from the innocent defenceless life in the womb to the fearful young girls and women caught in abusive

relationships. My life testifies to this as that of my mother. Twenty-six years ago my mother was forced into a Planned Parenthood facility with her supposed husband. As they entered the clinic together, my mother was pushed and verbally abused as her husband exclaimed that this was her only choice, right in front of the clinic worker. Rather than defend the woman and her rights, one of the Planned Parenthood's champion causes, the clinic worker not only ignored the abuse, but proceeded to lie about her pregnancy. My mother was 5 months pregnant, but she was told it was just a 'blob of cells'. There was no counselling, no chance for my mother to make an informed choice with the guidance of informed educators as Planned Parenthood claims to be. That day was empty of truth as my mother's womb was emptied of a person too small and vulnerable to defend himself. It became a void for my father to quickly fill with more sexual abuse.

A year later my mother was pregnant again. At this point her abuser knew where to take her to find solace - for himself. After continued abuse of her body and I dare say, her very soul, once again, hand in hand with the Great Enabler, Planned Parenthood, they took advantage of my mother's vulnerability. She was speedily referred to a nearby hospital that performed abortions. Where were the other options that Planned Parenthood speaks about? It was clear that my mother had only one option as another sibling was taken and another void created for my father to intensify his insatiable sexual drives.

Again, my mother found herself pregnant. Obviously what Planned Parenthood had to offer as a solution was not working, and my mother realized it. But my father didn't want to. With the support of my grandmother, she mastered the courage to go forward with the pregnancy and have the child. I was that child. Though my physical life was spared, I was born into the vicious current of abuse established by my father through the empowerment of Planned Parenthood. My life became a reminder that he was defied and therefore I had to pay. The tyrant did not like the void created by the word 'no', so he filled it with child abuse. I was no stranger to the threatening injuries.

My mother would find herself pregnant once more and again, she refused a trip to Planned Parenthood. My father took matters into his own hands, or shall I say fists. Following the example of his informed educators, he removed the 'contents' by repeatedly pounding my mother's stomach. Before he could cut the phone line, as he did in the past, I found myself frantically dialling 911 and one more time was left without a sibling. As life went on, the domestic violence and child abuse increased and so did my questioning of why things were the way they were. Then when in my 8th Grade at school, the truth of

those questions came into the light. A nearby high school pro-life group came to give a presentation that would change my life forever. It was a presentation on abortion and nothing was spared. We were told about the methods of abortion and saw actual footage of an abortion. It was at that moment that I realized the pain my mother had gone through as I could visibly see what happened to my siblings. At twelve years old, I was starting to understand the impact of abortion on my family. I later went on to that high school where I joined the pro-life group wanting so much for other girls to learn the truth like I did. Once my father found out about this, I was told I had to leave the movement. For two years, fear of my father kept me away from the pro-life group on the campus, but by the time I was a Junior I just couldn't deny my convictions anymore, so re-joined. It was through this group that I had the opportunity to participate in the Genocide Awareness Project (GAP) at the Planned Parenthood and abortion clinic where my siblings' lives were taken. Having the option to sidewalk counsel girls before they entered the clinic and seeing them turn away was a true victory.

I believe that no matter how bad things are in life, there is always something good to draw from it, always for the purpose of helping others. Upon entering college the pro-life mission had truly become a passion for me. I had the opportunity to help start a Students' for Life chapter on my campus. Since I was given the opportunity to live, I am an abortion survivor. I want others to hear my story so they understand the gravity and effects of abortion and the reality behind the abortion business.

Recently my mother had the courage to seek a divorce. Years of death threats no longer caused her to cower in fearful submission. She has had to bear the health consequences directly related to the sexual abuse of my father and the abortions, a hysterectomy among them. She lost her job in the process and incurred medical fees and lawyers fees. It was worth it. It's what it took to break from Planned Parenthood's solution to her problems. Now she has freedom and the chance to restore her dignity. Now she can make her own choices and none of us live with the fear and confinement of living with a tyrant.

The solutions offered by Planned Parenthood finally caught up with my father. He was placed behind bars for a good while and he is now a registered sex offender for the rest of his life.

After putting my testimony on YouTube, some people have commented that it was not Planned Parenthood's fault that my father did what he did, and that Planned Parenthood does good work. I can tell you from experience, no organization can do good work when they lie, cover the truth, destroy innocent

human life, and feed promiscuity at the cost of abuse of young girls. No organization can do 'good' when it endorses 'sexual freedom' but does not address the psychological and relational aspects of a person, especially girls. No organization can do 'good', when it offers birth control to minors while remaining silent about abuse. And how can any organization do 'good' when it destroys entire families, as I myself have experienced?

This is a message to anyone and everyone who considering a termination ~ births control and promiscuity are not answers. And while Planned Parenthood tell you on their website to take care "down there", I tell you take care of you, your whole person, your mind, heart and the life you may carry within you.



END TO ONE-CHILD POLICY

According to Steve Ertelt of LifeNews.com ~

China brought in the 'one-child policy' in 1980 when he first visited the country. He says that the Communist Party has never shied away from imposing its will on the people it controls. The Party believes that the Chinese masses exist to serve the State, not the converse! It is a crime in China to criticize Party Policy and critics are punished.

It is evident that the Communist Party was not at all concerned about the millions of children both born and unborn, who have been sacrificed as a result of this policy. After all, it was the intent of the Party to eliminate people and have population control. Deng Xiaoping, a small man, set the tone of the policy back in 1979 when he said, "Use whatever means you must, (to control the population), just do it. With the support of the Chinese Communist Party you have nothing to fear." Party officials have been 'doing it' to Chinese women ever since, to the tune of 7 - 10 million abortions a year.

One may wonder if the Communist Party leadership has finally begun to regret the massive human rights violations taking place? Simply brought in to implement this one-child policy? It must take a very hardened leadership cadre to send mobile abortion squads to hunt down pregnant women, then to arrest them for violating the one-child policy, and then to abort them and sterilize the women against their will? This has been the format for 30 years. Steven Ertelt reflects, "It is highly unlikely that Hu Jintao simply woke up one morning wracked with guilt and thought, 'This is wrong!'"

Steven Mosher is the President of the Population Research Institute and author of 'Population control'. He is the foremost expert on this subject. He is positive that this decision has to do with cold dollars and cents calculations. Because as a result of eliminating 400 million productive young people from their population over the past three decades, China now has a labour shortage. Apparently the coastal provinces have been scouring the backwaters of China to find young people to fill factory jobs in assembly plants - this has been going on for 20 years!

It seems that China has hit the Lewis turning point, named after Arthur Lewis, a Nobel Prize-winning economist who first defined that critical moment in a developing country's economic rise, when its labour supply dries up. In Steve's view, China has already hit the Lewis turning point, given that wages, prices and inflation are now soaring in China. Others, like Dong Tao, chief regional economist for Credit Suisse Bank in Hong Kong, say that China will hit it within 2 or 3 years.

China's government has now realized that they have created, by their one-child policy, an artificial shortage of labour. But they cannot admit their policy was wrong. So how do they get over this problem of a labour shortage? Well, by moving slowly to a nationwide two-child policy. This will not eliminate any of the abuses. Women will still be hunted down and aborted against their will, but it will be women who are pregnant with their third child. The State obviously does not want to give up its control over the reproduction of the Chinese people.

L.L.G FRINGE MEETING

@

THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE

***This will take place in Liverpool on
SEPTEMBER 26TH. 2011***

VENUE: Holiday Inn Express, Albert Dock.

TIME: 6.30p.m. - 9.00 p.m.

SUBJECT: "Caring for Women's Health."

Refreshments will be available before meeting.

Please do come and join in the debate!

DID YOU KNOW?

Guatemala affords their nation's unborn children some of the most protective laws in the world? Article 3 of Chapter 1 in Title II of the Constitution of Guatemala grants the right to life from the point of conception. This article states that the government "guarantee and protects human life since its conception, as same as the integrity and security of the person."

Imagine the shock & disbelief when during the 44th. Commission on Population & Development in New York city, the delegate from the Permanent Mission of Guatemala declared that her country was withdrawing all of its pro-life reservations to the outcome document from the International Conference on Population & Development held in Cairo, Egypt! What a wonderful stand to take.



THE CARING OF BABIES THROUGH HISTORY: BABY FARMING.

By Dr. Elizabeth Parisi

In Victorian England, the caring of new born babies by "adopted" mothers was very common. Some women were taking babies under their care for a sum of money and brought them up in the so called "baby farms" of the 1800s.

This form of trade can be compared to modern day nurseries. Tragically this business turned into a dark episode in history: baby manslaughter and infanticide.

Due to the economic difficulties in the 1800s in London, bringing up children was really expensive. These surrogated mothers were taking all the money for the care of the child, but then starving the babies to death and even poisoning them.

There were famous "baby farms" in Clerkenwell and many women were executed to death when they were found guilty of infanticide. One of the last women to be executed took place in this area in London.

With the support of Parliament and also of the British Medical Journal in 1872 the Infant Life Protection Act was finally passed.

Nowadays, the term "baby farming" sometimes refers to in vitro fertilization, as a way forward to bringing new life into society, and not to deprive infants of having life.

ROCKER STEVEN TYLER OF AEROSMITH HAUNTED BY GIRLFRIEND'S ABORTION

By Kevin Burke Washington D.C. (LifeNews.com)

Long before he won accolades as an American idol judge, Steven Tyler was a bona-fide rock star, with all that that implied. In 1975, when he was in his late 20s and the lead singer for the band Aerosmith, Tyler persuaded the parents of his 14 year old girlfriend, Julia Holcomb, to make him her legal guardian so that they could live together in Boston.

When Miss Holcomb and Tyler conceived a child, his long-time friend Ray Tobano convinced Tyler that an abortion was the only solution. In the Aerosmith "autobiography", *Walk This Way* (in which recollections by all band members, and their friends and lovers, were assembled by the author Steven Davis), Tobano says: "So they had the abortion, and it really messed Steven up because it was a boy. He - saw the whole thing and it messed him up big time."

Tyler also reflects on his abortion experience in the autobiography. "It was a big crisis. It's a major thing when you're growing something with a woman, but they convinced us that it would never work out and would ruin our lives.... You go to the doctor and they put the needle in her belly and they squeeze the stuff in and you watch. And it comes out dead. I was pretty devastated. In my mind, I'm going, Jesus, what have I done?"

The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders defines a traumatic event as follows: "1. the person experienced, witnessed, or was confronted with an event or events that involved actual or threatened death or serious injury, or a threat to the physical integrity of self or others. 2. The person's response involved intense fear, helplessness, or horror."

Those who support abortion rights assure us that post-abortion complications are a myth. But Steven Tyler cuts through this fog of denial and lays it on the line: Jesus, what have I done?

This is the cry of a post-abortive father, whose very intimate exposure to the reality of abortion, fits the text-book definition of trauma – as set down by the very same American Psychiatric Association that assures us abortion is a safe procedure, with no negative effects on a man's or woman's mental health.

Go Numb and Run

What happens to someone who is exposed to a traumatic event and fails to process the images and memories of that experience and heal the psychic wounds? The person is likely to go numb, run, and act out the unresolved themes of the trauma.

There is no easier occupation in which to react this way to post-abortion trauma than that of a rock star in the 1970s and 80s.

After the abortion, Tyler began a torrid affair with Playboy model Bebe Buell while still seeing Julia, the mother of his aborted son. If you were wondering what happened to Julia (who is referred to as Dianan Hall in the book) after this purportedly psychologically safe procedure, Bebe tells us: There were many suicidal calls from poor Diana as they were breaking up. It was actually a pretty sad time.”

And how was Steven coping?

He went on a European Concert Tour, accompanied by Bebe, who tells us: “He was crazy..... totally drunk, really out of it..... Steven destroyed his dressing room at Hammersmith.... When he got back from Europe...One night I found him on the floor of his bathroom having a drug seizure. He was writhing in pain.”

This was followed by Steven’s ‘Tuinal days’ – a period he spent stoned on massive doses of the barbiturates. He says: “I would eat four or five a day.... And be good for a couple of months.... Which is why that period is blackout stuff?”

This is the dysfunctional recipe for dealing with post-traumatic stress. Take heavy doses of drugs to numb the memories and feelings – and throw in a portion of toxic rage at band-mates and hotel rooms. Anger, especially in men, is often an undiagnosed sign of depression and repressed grief that needs a healthy expression and healing. Many post-abortive fathers tell us that anger management was a major problem for them after their abortions.

Then Bebe Buell became pregnant with Tyler’s child. She realized it would be impossible to raise a child with him, given his out-of-control substance abuse and rock-and-roll lifestyle. She returned to her former lover, the composer, producer and recording artist Todd Rundgren, who agreed to act as father of the child and keep Tyler’s fatherhood a secret. Their daughter, who grew up to be Liv Tyler, was born on July 1st. 1977.

Trauma and Healing

For many post-abortive men and women, the anxiety associated with an abortion can surface at unexpected times, triggered by events such as a subsequent pregnancy, the death of a pet or a loved one, or some other person, place or thing that is some way connects with the traumatic memory.

Years later, when Tyler married, and he and his wife were expecting their first child, he was still haunted by the abortion. "It affected me later.... I was afraid. I thought we'd give birth to a six-headed cow because of what I had done with other women. The real-life guilt was very traumatic for me. Still hurts."

At Rachel's Vineyard Ministries, we often see men and women many years after their abortion, when they are ready to take a look at this secret and shadowy corner of their souls. Most people cannot make sense of the fragmented, disjointed pieces of their post-abortive lives until they attend a healing programme. Tragically, the spin-doctors of our post-abortion culture work overtime to make sure that these connections are never made.

Despite the opposition, post-abortive parents, grandparents, and siblings are finding their way to healing programmes around the world. As they travel together through the healing process, they learn from and support one another. They discover that the fragmented pieces of their lives start fitting together and making sense. This may be one of the reasons that it is so difficult to counter the propaganda of the pro-abortion movement. It is often only after the healing journey that post-abortive men and women can see the intimate connection between their abortions and their emotional problems, addictions, and other post-abortion symptoms.

Still a Fan

I grew up with the music of Aerosmith as a teenager in the 1970s and continue to have a great respect for the song-writing ability and performing talent of Steven Tyler. His actions in the abortion of his son were very wrong, and he suffered the consequences, as his life descended into a quagmire of addiction and self-destruction. Fortunately, Tyler was successfully treated for his drug addiction in 1986.

At the heart of post-abortion healing is the cleansing of a wounded heart. The post-abortive parent must be free of shame, guilt, and grief before he or she can embrace the unborn child with love. Let us hope and pray that this rock star and idol judge can make peace with his abortion loss and find forgiveness and reconciliation with God and his aborted son – and that he will then use his considerable talent and influence to call other post-abortive fathers to healing.

THE GIPPER GOT IT RIGHT: PRO-LIFE RONALD REAGAN ON ABORTION.

By Charles Colson (LifeNews.com)

A few weeks ago, a friend sent me something he thought I would enjoy reading - something that had been published nearly 30 years ago by Ronald Reagan. I found it so moving that I wanted to share it with others.

In 1983, then-President Reagan sent an unsolicited manuscript to the editors of *Human Life Review*, who published it in a small book. It was a heart-felt plea to the American people to recognize the sanctity of life of unborn babies - and to never give up working to protect them in law.

Reagan reminded readers that neither the American people nor our legislators had ever had a chance to decide if they wanted to legalize abortion through all nine months of pregnancy. That's still true today.

Nor is abortion a right guaranteed by the Constitution. Reagan wrote that *Roe v Wade* was 'not the first time our country has been divided by a Supreme Court decision that denied the value of certain human lives.' The *Dread Scott*' decision affirming slavery has that dubious distinction.

Reagan wrote of the great need to clearly frame, and present, the issue of abortion - just as abolitionists exposed the terrible truth about slavery.

'And what is the real issue?' Reagan asked. 'The real question today is not when human life begins,' he wrote, 'but What is the value of human life? The abortionist who reassembles the torn-apart arms and legs of a tiny baby to make sure all the

parts have been removed from the mother's body, can hardly doubt whether it is a human being.'

And in 1981, Senate hearings on the beginning of human life involved many medical and scientific witnesses who agreed, based on scientific evidence, " that the unborn child is alive, is a distinct individual [and] is a member of the human species."

'So the real question,' Reagan wrote - is whether that tiny human life has a God-given right to be protected by the law - the same right that we have?'

Reagan quoted Lincoln, who wrote that 'nothing stamped with the divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on.' He quoted sociologist William Brennan, who warned, 'The cultural environment for a human holocaust is present whenever any society can be misled into defining individuals as less than human and therefore devoid of value and respect.' And he quoted Malcolm Muggeridge, who said that 'Either life is always and in all circumstances sacred, or intrinsically of no account, it is inconceivable that it should be in some cases the one, and in some cases the other.'

How right these men were.

In order to bring back protection for the unborn, which involves fighting the powerful abortion lobby and activist judges, Reagan said, quoting Mother Teresa, we must become 'a soul of prayer'. In fact, we must be like William Wilberforce and his friends, who, Reagan recalled, prayed for decades for the end of British slavery. 'Let his faith and perseverance be our guide,' Reagan wrote.

The Gipper would be pleased to know that, thanks to the ceaseless efforts of many Christians, more Americans now call themselves pro-life than ever before.

TRUE MASCULINITY!

By Haven Bradford Gow

“Manliness is not all swagger and swearing and mountain climbing,” Laura Roberts trenchantly observed in Robert Anderson’s play, ‘Tea & Sympathy’. “Manliness is also tenderness, gentleness and consideration.” Laura Reynold’s view of masculinity differs sharply from society’s popular misconceptions regarding what makes a man a man. Indeed, her view is in sharp contrast from the conception of manliness that permeates much of society today. This, though, has not always been the case.

The medieval conception of masculinity, for example, acknowledged that, to be sure, a man must demonstrate physical courage, intelligence and fortitude; but more than that, the medieval view claimed that manliness must also involve civility, decency, consideration, self-respect and respect for others, as well as honour and self-sacrifice. The medieval conception affirmed the important truth, that those not assured of their masculinity are those afraid of manifesting courtesy and kindness. This was, and is the ideal of chivalry. That knight on a white charger showed all these traits!

Is it not the right thing to support? Is the young maiden still brought up to believe she will be protected and rescued by her knight in shining armour, who has demonstrated he is willing to combat evil? Unhappily, we live in a society whose popular conceptions of masculinity shunt aside those significant truths.

In this connection, the late ‘Chicago Sun-Times’ columnist Sydney J. Harris made some astute observations regarding the nature of true manliness and how courtesy, kindness and decency are not signs of weakness but rather of true masculinity. Men most assured of their masculinity are courteous and deferential, observed Mr. Harris, “not because they are weak but because they are strong and can afford the emotional luxury of politeness. When a man has a genuine respect for his own person and his powers, he then has enough respect for others.”

According to Mr. Harris, “Crassness is always a sign of weakness; the blusterer is full of fear; the sullen workman who is afraid of being imposed upon is secretly convinced of his own inferiority. It is a curious psychological fact that the man who seems to be ‘egoistic’ is not suffering from too much ego, but from too little.” He trenchantly observed that, “When the ego is strong and well

developed, there is no nagging need to impress others – by money, by rudeness or by any other show of false strength.”

Unhappily, many people in today’s society have the misguided misconception that courtesy and kindness are not signs of strength but rather of weakness. According to the popular view, a young man is “effeminate” if he practises chastity, or shows deference to his elderly parents. This idea transcends to the realm of music too – to be strong and show masculinity, means that you like heavy metal, sing hard rock, but certainly don’t give into Mozart, Bach or Vivaldi!

Many insecure men and sexually frustrated women identify masculinity not with virtues like moral and physical courage, decency, courtesy and kindness but rather with physical strength, aggressiveness, moral and intellectual arrogance, violence, macho posturing and sexual conquest. The modern world does not see a forgiving nature as masculine. Everything on the T.V. soaps are always resolved through aggression and confrontation.

How many times has a story-line in a T.V. film got to a scene with someone threatening to jump off a high building? Isn’t it wonderful that the Police are trained that through patient and sympathetic discourse, the scared and often frustrated person can be lured to safety in the knowledge that there will be help and protection to intercept their life of terror ~ be it mental or physical?

In a section of society where all difficulties in life end up with a confrontational scene ~ it has to be someone’s fault! There is no calm discussion about responsibility or duty, or even a pause to ask for help and advice. If the difficulty is abroad ~ ‘Nuke the bastards!’ Get rid of the difficult situation; by making the pregnant woman have an abortion ~ isn’t that what the government advises? Or maybe pushing for euthanasia when elderly parents are suffering from dementia? This surely does not show or prove masculinity, but simply points to a throw-away society, ruthless and devoid of sympathy.



THE MYTH AND MANIPULATION OF “BRAIN DEATH”

(part one)

by Gerard Nadal PhD

(LifeNews.com)

The research for my Master of Science degree involved obtaining rat spinal cords immediately after having decapitated the live rat with a guillotine. The first time I ever decapitated a rat, I was stunned at what I beheld as I cut away the spine and looked into the animal's cavity.

There before me the intestines were still moving, the heart still beating somewhat, muscles were twitching. All of this in an animal that had been decapitated a moment or two before. By any common understanding, this was a dead animal, yet its body retained so much intrinsic life. It was an experience that played itself out a dozen times during the research, and causes me to begin to question the concept of “Brain Death”.

How could the organs of a ‘dead’ animal retain so much life? The answer is relatively simple, and requires a little painless biological explanation.

Cells run on electrical energy. The oxygen we breathe is carried to every cell in the body, where it aids the cell in extracting energy in the form of electrons from glucose, and storing them in a three-pack of rechargeable molecular batteries called ATP (adenosine triphosphate). So long as oxygen and glucose are available to the cells (from the surrounding blood vessels), the ATP gets recharged and helps cells to perform their functions.

When the oxygen runs out, death quickly follows. As the old beer advertisement said, “When you're out of Bud, you're out of beer.” The same holds for oxygen.

The concept of ‘death’ then depends on what level at which we wish to draw the line. Certainly at the instant the rat's head is struck from the body, the brain is not dead, though the ability of the brain to co-ordinate bodily functions, is immediately eliminated by the end of decapitation. However, the brain still contains oxygenated blood, as do the other organs. Thus, while bodily co-ordinate function is gone, intrinsic function within the brain is not, just as the other organs retain their intrinsic function.

To suggest that the human brain as an organ is dead, and then rush in to harvest the other organs which remain perfused with oxygen, is an absurdity. More and more stories are coming to light (as will be seen in part 11) of people who were proclaimed brain dead, and who made a recovery when family refused to pull the plug.

Biologically speaking, if the other organs are sufficiently perfused with oxygen and retain their intrinsic function, it's a safe bet to assume that the brain also retains sufficient oxygen and intrinsic function. The truth is that the brain is the final frontier of the human body, and we know relatively little about its ability to direct its own recovery and healing.

If the brain is truly dead, then it is oxygen depleted, and ATP production has ground to a halt. That is the definition of death, when the cells run out of energy. When the brain finds itself in that circumstance, the rest of the body is essentially there as well, making organ harvest pretty much impossible.

A severely impaired brain may not be dead at all. Next time we'll look at Terri Schiavo as well as others who survived the diagnosis of brain death and lived to tell about it. We'll see the withering forces brought to bear on frightened and confused family members at their most vulnerable moment.



HEARING THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY!

This relates to the subsequent development of the story regarding Steven Tyler ~ and Julia Holcomb!

From LifeNews.com

Kevin Burke, writer of the article about Steven Tyler's Post-Abortive Trauma following the abortion that Julia had, received this lengthy version of events as seen from her point of view. But ultimately the reason that Julia shares her story at this time is because of the inspiration, healing and faith that are reflected in her personal journey.

Julia's Story

My name is Julia Holcomb and I am writing in response to Kevin Burke's article 'Post Abortion Trauma'. I found the article he wrote about Steven Tyler remarkably compassionate while outlining the trauma of abortion. My name was mentioned in this article, as it has been in several other articles that have been written lately, as well as in several books. I decided it was time to tell my story honestly, to the best of my memory, hoping to bring closure and peace to this period of my life.

In the November of 1973, shortly after my 16th. birthday, I met Steven Tyler at a concert in Portland, Oregon. To understand what leads a 16 year old girl finding

herself backstage at an Aerosmith Rock Concert, and in a three-year live-in relationship with Steven Tyler, you will need some essential background information.

Family Trauma

My biological father abandoned my mother while we were toddlers. He was a charming rogue of a gambler who came and went in our lives, leaving a wake of debt and infidelity. My mother had been encouraged to get an abortion (illegally) by more than one family member when she found out she was expecting me, (the middle child). Thankfully she gave birth to me and later to my younger brother, and was a loving mother. When Daddy's gambling debts caused her small teaching salary to be garnished, she filed for divorce. Even after the first divorce she had been a good mother, taking us to church, reading us the Bible in the morning before school, singing to us at night, and praying with us for our wandering father. She was gentle and supportive and I always knew I could go to her for help. When mother remarried my first stepfather (who was an alcoholic) things became difficult.

A devastating trauma struck our family in the summer of 1971 when I was 13 years old. My younger brother was killed in a car accident on our way home from a camping trip with our grandparents. He was ten years old. My grandfather was also killed, my grandmother lost a leg, and my sister and I were injured. The car accident and family trauma triggered a chain of events that led to my mother and first stepfather to divorce.

My stepfather was committed to a mental hospital briefly, and mother had an emotional breakdown. My sister and I went to live with my aunt and uncle for some months.

When we returned home to my mother after the divorce, things were not the same. My mother seemed wounded and disillusioned with life. Without the stability of the family, or the church, we all struggled to recover from my brother's death. My mother was still working as a teacher but she was living with my second stepfather, though they were not married yet. He is a man I have grown to love and respect over time, yet in the 1970s, when he was living with my mother, he was a different person than he is today and disliked each other.

My sister and I were left on our own most of the time. Previously, I had been raised going to church, but after the accident we just never went back. My sister and I became angry and rebellious. My sister left home when she was about 16, and backpacked around the country with her boyfriend. There I was

at age 15, my sister gone, and feeling like I was an obstacle in my mother's relationship with this new man.

My friendships changed from the kids we knew at the church, to the kids hanging out at the local Teen Centre. Some of them took drugs and drank.

Meeting Steven Tyler

A few months before I met Steven, while I was still 15 years old, I became friends with a girl who had access to backstage parties at concerts. She was 24 years old and although our acquaintance was brief, she was a pivotal change in the course of my life, and ours was one of the most dangerous friendships I ever formed.

She quickly taught me to dress in revealing clothes to get noticed and use sex as a hook to try to catch a rock star. I still remember dressing to go to the Aerosmith Concert, intending to get backstage with her. I had listened to the song 'Dream On' and seen Steven's photo on the album cover. I went to the concert hoping to meet Steven and after the concert we met for the first time. At that time, I thought he was the best thing in my life. My sad, vulnerable story, as well as my youth and personal attractiveness captured his interest.

My mother signed over guardianship of me to Steven after I had moved to Boston. I remember my surprise when Steven told me she had signed the papers and trying to take this in mentally. A sense of vulnerability came over me, knowing that I was his ward, but we were not married. He had not expressed his intentions of a long-term relationship with me. He had mentioned that he wanted guardianship papers so I could travel across state lines when he was on tour. I had told him my mother would not sign me over to him. I asked him how he had got her to do it. He said, 'I told her I needed them for you to enrol in school.' I felt abandoned by my mother as well as my father and stepfather. Steven was really my only hope at that point.

I became lost in a rock and roll culture. In Steven's world it was sex, drugs, and rock and roll, but it seemed no less chaotic than the world I left behind. I didn't know it yet, but I would barely make it out alive.

The Pregnancy

When we first lived together I took the birth control pill. It is not true that my pregnancy with Steven was unplanned, as has been written. After some months together, Steven spoke to me of his desire to have a child. He had grown up in the New Hampshire countryside and at times he behaved like a down-to-earth farm boy. He wanted a family and he asked me if I was willing to have a child with him. I was touched by his sincerity and said yes. I wanted

children, and began to believe he must truly love me since he had made himself my guardian and was asking to have children with me. He threw my birth control pills off the balcony of the hotel where we were staying, into the street far below.

Within in a year I became pregnant. I had never been pregnant before, contrary to what Steven has written. At first both Steven and I were happy about the baby. I remember telling him, "I'm pregnant" and from his reaction I believed he was truly excited. He asked me to marry him a few months later and I said "yes". He took me to New Hampshire to tell his parents about the baby and the marriage. He asked his grandmother if he could give me her wedding ring. His parents were conflicted about the idea of Steven and I marrying. His mother was supportive of everything Steven wanted and I remember truly loving her. She was such a kind-hearted lady, with a wonderful sense of humour. His father had grave reservations because of my youth and immaturity.

His grandmother declined to give us the ring. She loved Steven but expressed concerns that if we divorced, the ring would leave the family. Things went quickly downhill from there for the two of us. When we left that night, Steven and I had a heated argument. I felt he should buy me a ring at a jeweller's shop and we should get married anyway. He did not.

Looking back, I do not fault him for a change of heart after his parents expressed concerns. Marriage is a serious step that should not be jumped into, even when a baby is on the way. Still, I was in a bad position. I thought I loved him, I wanted to marry him, and he had asked me to marry him, now the wedding was off and I was very angry for not standing by me. It seemed like a cowardly change of heart after he had asked me to have a baby with him and purposefully set out getting me pregnant. For the first time I realized that I should not have been foolish enough to conceive a child outside of marriage with a man who might not be interested in a life-long relationship. His guardianship of me complicated things further. I was subordinate to him as in a parent relationship and felt I had little control over my life. I had trusted him and now was the moment of truth.

The fire

It was the fall of 1975. We returned to our apartment in Boston, and within a few weeks he was touring with his band. I was alone and p-regnant in the apartment with no money , no education, no parental care, no driver's licence and little food.

Steven would call me every day to check in with me and I asked him for money to get groceries. He promised to send Ray Tobano over the next day to take me shopping. Ray was a childhood friend of Steven's and had been a guitar player in the original band. I remember waiting by the window for Ray to arrive. He came to the apartment and I let him in through the front door.

The next thing I remember was waking up in a cloud of smoke fighting for air to breathe. Ray was gone. I fell to the floor from the couch in the front room. The couch was not burning and I had no burns on my body, but thick, black smoke was consuming the room. The smoke was less dense on the floor., but still, I could barely see.

I was frightened but calm enough to think about a series of commercials that Bill Cosby had done called *'Learn Not To Burn'*. One message had been, if you're in a smoke filled room; get down on the floor because the air is clearer on the floor. I knew I only had minutes to get out of that apartment. I crawled to the front door, which was next to the couch I had been laying on. The apartment had at least three locks on the front door. There was a keyed lock on the handle, a dead bolt and a security bar that angled from the door down to the floor. Steven insisted on keeping these locked at all times. This was because there were usually kept drugs in the house. He had suffered a break-in at our previous apartment on Beacon Street. All of the locks were secured and I could not budge the security bar. I was choking and I knew I needed to head for the back stairway that led down to the kitchen and an outside exit.

When I reached the stairs, smoke and heat and flames were pouring up the stairway. The railings were scorching hot at the top. I burned one of my hands grabbing the railing before I realized it was impossible to climb down those stairs through that fire. There was no way out.

Bill Cosby was there in my mind again. He had said in one of those commercials, that if you're trapped in a fire, a good place to seek shelter is an empty fireplace. I crawled to the fireplace in our bedroom and lay down inside it. It was empty and clean and the flue was open. Black smoke filled the air and was blowing up the chimney, but there was a small pocket of air on the floor where I was lying. As I began to fall unconscious, I knew I was about to die. I was frightened and I felt so alone. I believed that I deserved to go to hell because of my many sins and I did not feel prepared to die.

Above the fireplace hung a picture of the Child Jesus called the 'Light of the World', by Charles Chambers. The picture had hung in my grandmother's classroom where she taught the first grade. I had been one of her students when I was 5 years old. I used to look up at that picture every day in school

when Grandma would open the class in prayer. One year the schools decided to take down all pictures of Jesus and forbid prayers in the classroom. So my grandmother took the picture home. It hung in her living room for years, and at her death I was given the picture in memory of her.

When I told my mother that I was pregnant, she sent the picture to me and I hung it over the fireplace in Steven's apartment. Now, I was lying beneath it, close to death. I thought of my grandmother, remembering one of the Bible verses she taught me and prayed:

*"Into your hands I commend my spirit,
thou has redeemed me O Lord God of truth."*

I was thinking of the final words of Jesus, as he hung on the cross, as a means of pleading for mercy. I did not expect to live and yet I felt great peace as I closed my eyes.

The Nightmare Deepens

I woke up in the hospital. There was an IV in my arm and a doctor was speaking to me slowly, like one speaks to a child. He asked, 'Do you know your name?' 'My name is Julia Holcomb,' I answered. He asked more questions and he was relieved to see that in spite of severe smoke inhalation I had not suffered any brain damage. The baby that I was carrying also survived the fire.

Steven was there in my hospital room. He said he was happy to see me alive and appeared very shaken. Steven told me they had been taking my blood oxygen count from an artery in my wrist. The last time the nurse had taken it, she had shed tears because she thought I would not make it, and said sadly, "She's so young." Steven told me the doctor did not expect me to live, and thought that if I lived, there would be brain damage from the lack of oxygen. He gave me a teddy bear and I clung to it. He told me I had received many cards and flowers from people wishing me well. I was too weary to talk and I drifted off again.

In the hospital, a doctor came to my room and said that my lungs were remarkable clear of smoke damage. He said Steven had spoken to him about the possibility of my having an abortion, since I was so young and recovering from smoke inhalation. I was surprised and I asked him if the baby was O.K. He smiled and reassured me that the heartbeat sounded good and the baby seemed fine. I told him I would not have an abortion. I wanted my baby.

The doctor was kind and supportive of my decision. He did not pressure me in any way. He asked me if I had taken drugs while I was pregnant. I said, "Yes,

sometimes.” (I did on occasion use cocaine but not to the degree that Steven was abusing.) The doctor told me that drugs were bad for me, and bad for the baby. He said I must not take anymore while I was pregnant. I was so ashamed because I knew he was right. I said, “O.K.” and intended to stop.

The Abortion

The doctor left the room and Steven came in. He told me that I needed to have an abortion because of the smoke damage to my lungs and the oxygen deprivation I had suffered. I said, “No.” I wanted the baby. I was five months pregnant. I could not believe he was asking me to have an abortion at this stage. He spent over an hour pressing me to go ahead and have an abortion. He said that I was too young to have a baby and it would have brain damage because I had been in the fire and taken drugs. I became very quiet and repeated the answer “No” more than once. I said I should be asked to make that decision while still in the hospital. He said I had to have the abortion now. He said I was too far along to wait because it would be illegal for me to get an abortion in another week.

He sat by my hospital bed, but we did not look at each other. I said no again. Finally he gave up and said, “O.K. You can go home to your mother’s and have the baby there.” I was worn out and began to feel hopeless. My mother and stepfather would not be happy to have me return home pregnant. I believed they would also want me to have an abortion. I began to feel like life was caving in on me. I had no health insurance or money and did not believe Steven intended to provide for our baby or me. He had not been providing medical care for me up to that time. I believed he was abandoning me as my father and my mother had. I began to cry and agreed to have the abortion. Steven was relieved and happy. He reassured me that he cared for me and that after the abortion everything would be fine.

I was moved to another part of the hospital and a different doctor performed the abortion. It was a horrible nightmare I will never forget. I was traumatized by the experience. My baby had one defender in life ~ me! And I had caved in to pressure because of fear of rejection and the unknown future. I wish I could go back and be given that chance again, to say no to the abortion one last time. I wish, with all my heart, I could have watched that baby live his life and grow to be a man.

The doctor did not explain what the procedure would be like. Steven watched when the doctor punctured my uterus with a large needle. Then I was taken to a room to wait for the contractions. Steven sat beside me in the hospital until it was all over. When the nurse would leave the room he was snorting cocaine on the table beside my bed. He even offered some to me once, but I just turned away, sick inside. Steven, high on cocaine, was emotionally detached,

witnessing the procedure but cut off from the normal reaction and feelings of horror you would expect. At the time I was shocked and hurt by his behaviour.

But I know now that on an unconscious level, he must have been traumatized witnessing the death of his first-born son in such a horrific and direct way. Steven watched the baby come out and he told me later, when we were in New Hampshire, that it had been born alive and allowed to die. (I was not allowed to see the baby when it was delivered.) Steven told me later that it had been a boy and that he now felt terrible guilt and a sense of dread over what he had done. I did not know that such a thing could be legal. I could not imagine a world where a tiny baby could be born alive and tossed aside as worthless without ever seeing his mother's face.

Nothing was ever the same between us after that day, though I did not return home for over a year. I became very quiet and withdrawn after the abortion. I was grieving the loss of my baby and I could never look at Steven again without remembering what he had done to our son and to me. I had just lived through an horrific fire that nearly claimed my life, but the abortion made me feel that part of me died with the baby. I felt cheated and betrayed, and angry with myself for agreeing to something that I knew was wrong. I felt deep anger and almost hatred for the doctor who performed the abortion.

Everyone around me seemed to be moving on with life, but I was carrying a wound that would not go away. Steven was already involved with other women at that time. The fact that he was my guardian complicated things for him because he was legally responsible for me. I was young, had dropped out of high school, and did not understand my legal rights at the time. I felt completely powerless.

I left Steven in February 1977 and returned to live with my mother and stepfather. Steven called a few times after I returned home and then I never heard from him again.

Rising Out of the Ashes

The road to recovery was a slow process. When I returned home to my mother I was a broken spirit. I could not sleep at night without nightmares of the abortion and the fire. The world seemed like a dark place. My mother and stepfather now had a handsome little boy. He was a joy and I could not help but be happy when I was with him. My love for my half brother opened my heart toward my stepfather and I began to see that he was trying to be a good husband and father.

Mother had found that she missed the church and they were attending a United Methodist church in our area. I began attending with them and I

remember a turning point for me was a week-long church retreat in the summer at the Oregon coast. There were young adults my own age, sing-alongs, campfires, Bible studies, prayer meetings, and I left there with a renewed sense of hope that God existed. He loved me in spite of my sins, and I could find forgiveness and a measure of real happiness within a family of my own if I began to rebuild my life.

Soon I was baptized. Mother helped me to get GED, and I got my first job working as a receptionist. I began to attend youth activities, and the church became a lifeline that pulled me out of the fog of grief, sorrow, and guilt after my years with Steven. I found forgiveness in Jesus. I forgave myself, I forgave my mother and stepfather, and I prayed for the grace to forgive Steven.

I gained the confidence to move out and enrol in college. I rented a room of my own from an elderly widow who lived near the campus. That is when I met Joseph, who is now my husband.

My husband is my true hero. He has been a loving husband, a generous father, and hard-working provider for our family. My husband loves me and has forgiven me from his heart and has not let the past define his understanding of the person I am. If I had kept my baby, I believe Joseph and I would still be married today, and our lives would be richer because of his presence in our family. God has been generous in giving us the joy of children and grandchildren who are a constant reminder of God's presence in our life. I am amazed at the way God has protected me over the years.

Today I am a Roman Catholic, the mother of seven children, and this year my husband and I will celebrate our 30th Wedding Anniversary. Joseph and I have six children of our own, and I give thanks for each of them, as they are truly a gift from God. We are also legal guardians to a beautiful little girl whose young mother made a choice for life in a difficult pregnancy, and they entrusted her to our care.

Setting the Record Straight

I was never pregnant before I met Steven Tyler, nor did I ever have a previous abortion and Steven knows this to be true. I do not believe I started the fire that burned his apartment, but I am thankful to God for the brave firemen who pulled me out of that burning building. I never asked him for any money after I returned home. I came to him with nothing and I left him with nothing, except regrets. Although I presented myself to him in a highly sexualized way, we did not have sex in public places as he has written in his book. His continued gross exaggeration of our relationship is puzzling to me. He has talked of me as a sex object without any dignity. I have made a point over these long years never to speak of him, yet he has repeatedly humiliated me in print with

distortions of our time together. I do not understand why he has done this. It has been very painful.

Love Survives

I pray that all those who have had abortions, or have participated in any way in an abortion procedure. May you find in my story, not judgement or condemnation, but a renewed hope in God's steadfast love, forgiveness and peace?

Our nation's young girls, especially those like me, who have experienced trauma and abuse, and are vulnerable to exploitation should not be used as sexual playthings, scarred by abortions to free their male partners from financial responsibility, and then their unborn children, tossed aside as an unwanted object.

Marriage and the family are the building blocks of all virtuous societies. I learned this lesson in a trial by the fire that taught me to trust God's plan no matter what occurs. I pray that our nation may also find its way back to God by respecting the life of unborn children and strengthening the sanctity of marriage.

After I was out of hospital and recovered from the fire, Steven Tyler brought me my picture of Jesus, '*The Light of the World*', and gave it to me. He said it was the only thing that had survived the fire. It was covered with black soot, and the paper backing was singed, but I cleaned it and it is now hanging in the entry of my home.

Julia Holcomb

The Next L.L.G. MEETING
IS ON OCTOBER 15TH 2011
IN DONCASTER

Please write to secretary for more information.

All welcome

Email: ashdale@madasafish.com or

Tel.: 01379-740-238

THE LABOUR LIFE GROUP

PROTECT THE UNBORN CHILD

c/o Mrs E. Halton.

Ashdale,

Lower Oakley

Diss, Norfolk, IP21 4AP

A PRO-LIFE GROUP IN THE LABOUR PARTY



Labour Life Group's aim is to protect the unborn child. A just society protects its weakest and smallest members. It cherishes the disabled, born and unborn. It treats all human beings as equal, regardless of sex, race, creed, wealth, size or age.

I WISH TO JOIN THE LABOUR LIFE GROUP AND ENCLOSE MY SUBSCRIPTION/DONATION

(Single £12, Couples £18, Unwaged £5). Please give more if you can afford it, less if these rates are too high. Your support is greatly appreciated. Please make cheques payable to **LABOUR LIFE GROUP**.

I declare that I support the aims and objectives of the Labour Life Group.

Date..... Signature.....

Please accept my subscription / donation of £.....

If renewal of subscription please tick box

Please complete the following in block capitals:

(Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms/Dr/Rev'd).....

Address.....

.....

Telephone..... Occupation.....

It would greatly help the group if you pay by Bankers Order. Please tick the box if you would like a bankers order form.

LABOUR LIFE GROUP
For The Humane Alternative

Elaine Halton Hon. Secretary

Ashdale, Lower Oakley, Diss, Norfolk. IP21 4AP Tel:01379-740238

PRESIDENT: Sir Patrick Duffy Ph.D
153, Bennetthrope, Doncaster, DN2 6AH

VICE PRESIDENT: Kevin McNamara Ph.D K.C.S.G.
52 Rosemary Lane, Formby

PATRONS: Kerry Pollard JP : Baron Campbell Savours of Allerdale: Jim Dobbin MP

CHAIR: Mike Barron. 47 Walnut Road, Thorne, Doncaster DN8 4HN
Tel: 01405 813437

VICE CHAIRS: Barbara Hollinghurst, 46 Belmont Ave, Palmers, Green, London N13
Tel: 0208 886-7126

Maisie Bellingham, Charter Cottage, Denmark Green, Diss, Norfolk. IP22 3BQ
Tel: 01379 642398

TREASURER: Bob O'Donnell, 55 Penrhyn Crescent, Chilwell, Nottingham NG9 5PA
Tel: 0115 922-2577

PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER: Damien Sarsfield, Little Lowes Fold, Heath Lane, Lowton,
Nr Warrington, Lancs, WA3 2SJ Tel: 01942-726650

WOMEN'S OFFICER: Dr Elizabeth Parisi, 52 Nightingale Road,
London, NW10 4RG

DISABILITY OFFICER: Gareth Davies, 59 Kinefold House, York Way Estate, York Way,
London N7 9QD

TRADE UNION LIAISON OFFICER: Mike Barron

REGIONAL OFFICERS:

NORTH & HUMBERSIDE: Jonathan Tripp, 15 Woodnook Drive, Tinshill, Nr Horsforth,
Leeds LS16 6PG Tel: 0775-393-1874

NORTH WEST: Damien Sarsfield, (Address as Public Relations Officer)

GREATER LONDON: Patrick Carroll 35 Canonbury Road, London N1 2DG
Tel: 0207 354-5667

MIDLANDS: Mike Warom, 20 Shrub Lane, Erdington, Birmingham. B24 9DG
Tel: 0121 682 2774

SCOTLAND: Isabel E Garrett 26 West Doura Ave, Saltcoats, Ayreshire KA21 5NS
Tel: 012944-62475

SOUTH WEST: Anne Riley, 47, Gorsey Close, Crownhill, Plymouth, Devon. PL5 3DA.

WALES: Jeanette Bedford, 4, Hoel Pantycelyn, Whitchurch, Cardiff, CF4 7BX

ITEMS FOR MAGAZINE: Elaine Halton, (Address as top) e-mail: ashdale@madasafish.com