The Arrogance of Birth Control Vended to Children



Last night, my husband and I attended a party. I engaged in a discussion with a guest I knew from years ago. Being an obstetrics nurse at a local hospital, she told me about a project she hoped to launch in our hometown.

Since she used to be a home-birthing advocate, I was eager to hear her plans. (Home-birthing is my idea of taking control of a family's wellbeing from day one).

But within minutes, I grew uneasy.

She told me that with the aid of government grants (already a suspicious start), she intended to open a reproductive clinic in a public school in an under- privileged area of town. It would entice kids, during their study hall time, to be treated for pregnancies, to replenish their supply of French ticklers (excuse me, I couldn't resist), drugs to suppress reproductive hormones and who knows what else.

Call me old fashioned, but is the intent of school to fabricate little consumers to purchase life-altering products that could affect their bodies, souls and legacies?

As she spoke, my husband was surreptitiously stroking my

shoulder. He sensed a volcano in me about to erupt.

“So, we might call it *The-Parents-Have- Nothing-To -Say -About -Their -Own-Offspring’s Future-‘Cause-Someone-Else-Knows-Better-Clinic* ?” I offered.

“But this is for underprivileged kids, who don’t have the opportunity of making good choices,” she apologized.

My husband’s grasp grew tighter.

As a Sicilian American, I’m aware of prejudices my grandparents and parents endured less than a century ago. Someone might judge that *they* were disadvantaged and incapable of making proper decisions. In fact, this is often the flavor of discrimination.

I image my grandparents would have questioned the intention of a stranger who would lure their daughter to ingest questionable, synthetic hormones so as to keep her from having their grandchild. Particularly if the counselor condescendingly regarded Sicilian-Americans incapable of making good choices.

What might have made my grandparents particularly suspicious is that their “underprivileged” child might be influenced by someone whose grants depended on the number of kids enlisted in the program.

The ultimate question for anyone faced with these kinds of busy-bodies ought to be, why is it anyone’s business how many children a family has in the first place!?

My conversation with the nurse was making my militant bone grow stronger by the minute, and particularly flexed because the implication is that certain lineages (those who we deem don’t make decisions similar to ours) ought to be curtailed.

I thought certain sentiments went without saying, but it became apparent that they needed to be expressed. So, while we

were serving the cake, I did just that.

I told her that a decision to consider limiting the lineage of a particular family via birth control pills, morning-after drugs and other such "services" is exclusively the jurisdiction of the unconditional love of a parent. And that any rational parent would protect their youngster from such shenanigans.

Additionally, such an assessment ought not be under the influence of a psycho-babbling counselor who is paid to recruit young innocents.

Well, I didn't say it exactly like that. I was more polite.

I held back while my gut festered and my thoughts turned to….. Since when are the reproductive organs of another woman's child up for grabs?

You might accuse me of not being very progressive, but her thinking seemed arrogant and disruptive of family life, hence immoral.

Indeed, I was raised to believe that children are a blessing *and* that their unique characteristics are from the family's roots *and* that's why it's solely the family's responsibility to protect and nurture them.

Now, it's the day after the party and in a way, I regret having said this to the nurse, whose day job is to help bring babies into the world in an upscale hospital.

After all, we *were* at a party.

On second thought, I couldn't harbor my impulses.

It seems that my pro-family, anti-meds, parent-decisive, keep-your-hands-off -my-kids, Sicilian-American ancestry inadvertently expressed itself.

Some bloodlines haven’t yet been suppressed.

If you feel as passionately as I do about taking charge of your family’s health, I encourage you to explore **my website** for many, many ***free articles*** about using homeopathy at home. Or **contact my office** to schedule a consultation to discuss how homeopathy could fit with your family’s health strategy. It’s also free!