**Michelle Williams Does'nt Speak For Me ..... **



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I don’t watch Hollywood award shows anymore, although there was a time in my life when I did. In my early college days, I would turn on the television to gape at the pre-awards red carpet glamor, and then chow on popcorn while relishing every acceptance speech over the next few hours, all the while dreaming that maybe one day I could be like those stars.

But somewhere in my twenties, thank God, I grew up. I found my way back to my Catholic faith, and whenever I tuned into the award shows I had adored in my younger days, I no longer felt fulfilled by them but empty. I no longer envied the success of those awarded but felt saddened that this is what America values—vapidity masked as “important work.”

And so I missed Michelle Williams’s acceptance speech last Sunday at the Golden Globes. But when my Facebook newsfeed lit up the next morning with headlines that announced Ms. Williams’s gratitude for her “right to choose,” which had allowed her this moment of success, I couldn’t resist clicking on one of the accompanying video clips and listening to her words myself.

My impulse stemmed mainly from disbelief. The insinuation that she was grateful for an abortion must have been taken out of context—this couldn’t have been what she meant.

Then I watched her acceptance speech. And my heart broke. It broke for Michelle Williams and the unborn baby she seemed to be admitting to having aborted. It broke for the women in the audience who, through smiles and nods of agreement, cried and cheered at her words. Namely, that we women should be grateful to live in a time when we have the lawful right to choose to kill our children for the sake of “successful” moments such as the one Williams was having that night.

Did she realize what she was saying? Did the women who cheered her on realize what they were supporting? I shook my head and knit my brow as I pondered how women—who are given the beautiful ability to co-create with God—could applaud another woman’s choice to murder her baby.

Because that’s exactly what the people in that room in Hollywood last Sunday night were hooting and hollering for. That we should cry tears of joy rather than of sorrow at the admission that a woman had killed her baby for a career, for a role in a television show or film. That roomful of people in Hollywood last Sunday night celebrated a woman who cradled an award instead of her child. Because, apparently, she doesn’t have two arms with which to reach out and grab both.

This is the lie of the abortion industry, the lie that we women are spoon-fed by Planned

Parenthood and NARAL and every other abortion-minded organization and politician. That we women are so weak that we cannot possibly accomplish our dreams *and* have children. That we women are so naturally selfish that we shouldn't want or need to put anything—especially our own flesh and blood— above our career ambitions.

The same people who shouted their praise on hearing Michelle Williams's words would, presumably, also shout that women can have it all. That we can do anything we set our minds to—except have a career and a family. This, it seems, is where our superhero status falls flat. This is the point, they say, at which we must choose. Either we kill our child or our career.

If this is the best that the Left can offer us, then we women should be running as far in the opposite direction as possible.

This is not female empowerment. Our unique power as women is our ability to nurture, not destroy, life. Yes, we nurture and we do it beautifully. We can grow babies and careers and families and hopes and dreams all at the same time. Anyone who tells us that we can't—or that we shouldn't—is no friend of women.

It's time to discover and admit who the true feminists in this world are—and they are not women like Michelle Williams or her roomful of supporters at the Golden Globes. The true feminists look like Lila Rose and Abby Johnson. It's the people who tell us that we don't need to sacrifice what makes us uniquely women in order to have successful lives.

And what of the women who cheer for the choice to murder our children? They deserve our pity, but not our praise. And the politicians who support abortion? They deserve our prayers for conversion, but never, never our votes.