

PROLOGUE

WINDSOR, CANADA 1998

The man burst into the back door of the clinic by kicking it open. It was a simple door frame and the man was big and strong. He carried in his hands an AR-15 which is the civilian, semi-automatic model of the military, fully-automatic M-16. With three magazines each containing twenty rounds of high-powered ammunition, he was supplied with deadly and accurate fire-power.

He had been staking out the clinic for several months and knew the best day to find all the doctors in the building at the same time. Even the visiting doctor from the United States. This was now the day. This was now the time. There were five doctors in the clinic. Each one of these doctors, he thought, were planning to conduct abortions on as many women as they could. In his mind it was the greatest of evils on the earth and all he could think about were the innocent children that were about to be murdered.

With the type of motivation that possessed him he felt no fear or regret at what he was about to do. It wasn't just a job, it was a calling. And he coolly and calmly went to the task at hand.

The patients and doctors heard the loud noise as the back door caved in but no one suspected the reason. They were startled, but not alarmed. They stayed in their offices and assumed that another person would check into the source of the noise. Their mistake was staying in place. It was what the man had prayed for. He could then systematically do what he intended to do.

He entered a room and carefully sorted out the patient and the nurse from the doctor. Then he leveled his weapon and shot. His aim was perfect. After the first shot things became hectic, but by this time there was no way for those in the examining rooms to escape. Whether the doctor stayed in the room or tried to leave, the man found them and needed only one shot for each.

In the last room a woman doctor was standing in front of her patient covering her as best she could with her own body. The patient was obviously pregnant and in hysterics. The man pushed the doctor out of the way causing her to hit the wall and collapse to the ground. He did not want to inadvertently hurt the unborn child and so he had made sure that the doctor, who was the intended target, was by herself. He then lowered his rifle and placed one round cleanly through her heart.

In a matter of minutes all five doctors had been killed. No one else had been injured and he gave thanks to God that the plan had worked out as well as it did. He started to leave through the broken back door and as he did so, he took out of his back pants pocket three-dozen typewritten pages that he scattered all over the hallway.

On each paper were written words that had been taken from the pages of the Bible. They were not direct quotes but were words that had been modified or pasted together from several different chapters. Together they amounted to a manifesto and a rationalization for his actions. Whatever they were, they proclaimed his message. The papers said: "Do not be deceived! Neither idolaters, nor adulterers, nor murderers, nor thieves will inherit the kingdom of God! Because of these, the wrath of God is coming!"

His fingerprints were all over the sheets of paper. They were on the spent and ejected cartridges. He made no attempt to hide his identity. It was his desire to be caught

and put on trial and he wanted the scene he created to be so devastating that it could not be ignored by the media. He had several thoughts going through his mind on this subject. The first one was that a jury would find him innocent and thank him for eliminating a great evil in their society. The second one was that, in the case he should be convicted and sent to prison, he would then write his book and send a message to the entire world. He would gladly give up his freedom for a chance to expose the danger in abortions and rally people behind a righteous cause. Then, after the correct word was out among the entire populace, people would demand a new trial and he would be acquitted.

Either way, he reasoned, the cause of Christ would triumph. The fact that the crime was committed in Canada where there was no death penalty was also a major part of his thought process, but he wouldn't admit that to anyone. If he knew how all of it would turn out, he might have reconsidered his actions. But he couldn't tell the future and would have to wait and see how it would all play out.

Two days after the killing spree at the Windsor Women's Clinic the same man walked into the Montreal Police Headquarters, unarmed, and gave himself up for arrest. He walked up to the front desk and said, "My name is William and I am the man you are searching for. May God's will be done." And so that was how it all began, which was just the beginning of how God's will was going to get done, one way or the other.

ABSOLUTES