

Get Out of My Bed!

Contributed by Administrator

Passing the Reproductive Health (RH) Bill into law is like inviting a cast of slimy characters into your bedroom. They will watch you and your spouse as you make love.

From foreplay all the way to climax, well-meaning NGO workers and legislators will whisper in your ear:

“Hija, remember! Stop at two. More than two means you’re an irresponsible bitch...” “No, better stop at one. Remember, you want to be a millionaire by the age of 30!” “Yes! With birth control, you can have sex 24/7, as often as you want. You deserve to enjoy sex without the burden and the guilt...” “Yes, marriage these days is challenging enough...” “Hey woman, discover your identity. Show him who’s the boss!”

Whether poor or rich, and whether you love children or not, you will be forever a slave of government’s population management policies.

The RH Bill is the foot in the door, and once passed, every sexual act, every show of affection, every intimate moment between husband and wife will be like a sex scene in an erotic porn film, done under the tight scrutiny of nincompoops.

Sex, the fruit of love between wife and husband, nurturing that love, becomes now a duty to the state. Goodbye freedom to decide how many kids you can have. From then on, the sex act is an extension of the law, a test of one’s loyalty to the national interest. What would all these do to the relationship between husband and wife?

First, pleasure would be the main reason to stay together. One tolerates the other as long as the other continues to be a source of pleasure.

Second, less give and take means less sacrifice and less love. Expect a rise in stressful marriages and the pressure to separate and be unfaithful.

Third, divorce will land with a bang and rear its ugly head. Because the happiness of voters is the government’s main goal, “Don’t mind the kids”. They’re just collateral damage. Forget that in the future, these kids will raise hell with drug use, birth control, and juvenile delinquency. Then, we’ll be like many countries in the world.

Like the U.S., more than half of marriages would end in divorce.

Like Spain, girls lose their virginity (or in modern parlance, be sexually active) by 13.

Like Italy and France, men will have many partners (and not necessarily women).

Like Germany, we’ll have more abortions than births.

Like the Scandinavian countries, we’ll start running out of people.

Like New Zealand, we’ll have more pigs and cows than people.

Like the United Kingdom, we’ll be a nation of beer-guzzling hooligans.

That is the “good” news.

The bad news is that with the RH Bill, we throw away the qualities that endear us to the world: the pro-life and pro-family traits that moved generations of Pinoy to work hard and think outward. The RH Bill will sap us of our hope.

By bringing politicians into our bedrooms and making us glum about life, the RH Bill opens the door to our Pinoy culture’s self-destruction, guaranteeing a future of misery and condemning us to worse poverty. I’m happy I won’t be here to see it.

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