**It’s Wrong No Matter Who Does It**

“That good-for-nothing finally got what he deserved!” Mr. Racjik shouted while pounding his fist on the breakfast table. “I wish they’d asked me to give the lethal injection - I’d have broken his stupid neck first.” He noisily refolded the morning paper and tossed it onto an empty chair.

“So one killing justifies another?” Mrs. Racjik challenged him. She was standing by the coffeemaker, waiting for the last drops to fall through the filter. “Do you know that the poor boy grew up in the slums of New York? He was beaten senseless whenever his mother’s boyfriend got drunk - and even lost an eye when his cousin shot him during an argument.”

“So you’re defending the murderer because he had a tough childhood?” Mr. Racjik said, the red rising in his cheeks. “What about the fact that he murdered those cheerleaders? Do we just slap his hand because he couldn’t control himself?”

“What he did was wrong, I agree,” Mrs. Racjik explained calmly, pouring herself a cup of coffee and sitting across from her husband. “But his execution hardly brings those girls back from the dead, does it? Now there’s just more blood spilt, and no one’s better off! You’re just like that crazy preacher in Florida who shot the doctor at the abortion clinic. By some twist of logic, he felt justified in killing the doctor to save the unborn.”

“At least he was defending innocent babies,” Mr. Racjik cried defensively. “That’s why I vote for Republicans: they care about the unborn. You always vote for pro-abortion Democrats!”

“Well, there’s more to politics than abortion!” Mrs. Racjik replied, beginning to lose her composure. She blew the steam from her coffee and sipped the hot liquid carefully before speaking again. “Anyway, I can understand why certain women seek an abortion. Beth Horner, my best friend in high school, had one because she was only fifteen, and her father threatened to kick her out of the house. And Samantha Sherwood terminated her last pregnancy because the fetus was deformed.”

Shaking his head, Mr. Racjik reached for the loaf of bread in the center of the table, took two pieces, and dropped them into the toaster. “I guess I’d rather be against abortion and for the death penalty,” he concluded, “than side with those who kill babies and coddle criminals.”

Before Mrs. Racjik could say anything in response, her husband cleared his throat and nodded toward the door of the kitchen. Jill, their sixteen-year-old daughter, had just entered.

“Good morning, dear,” her mother said sweetly. “I hope you slept well.”

“Slept well? How could I sleep at all with the arguing going on out here?” she answered testily. “Come on! It’s Saturday morning. People should be sleeping, not fighting.”

“We were discussing, not fighting,” Mr. Racjik corrected his daughter. “Besides, we don’t need your permission to have a discussion.”

“Maybe not, Dad,” Jill said as she slipped into a chair by his side, “but the two of you need to think a little bit more before you have your next fight - I mean, discussion.”

“Think? What do you mean, honey?” Mrs. Racjik was very curious to know what her daughter had in mind.

“Well, first, Dad says that killing murderers is okay, but killing cheerleaders isn’t. Then you say that killing murderers isn’t okay but getting an abortion is. I just don’t get it. If killing is wrong, it’s wrong no matter who does it.”

“How long were you standing outside the kitchen, Jill?” her father inquired. “Eavesdropping isn’t polite, you know.”

“I didn’t have to eavesdrop. I could hear you in my bedroom,” she huffed. “You two get so loud when you fight - I mean, discuss.”

“She’s right, Jim, Mrs. Racjik said. “It’s no wonder she overheard us.”

“Anyway, Mom and Dad,” Jill said, covering a big yawn with her left hand. “I don’t agree with either one of you. I think God loves all people, whether they’re good or bad, and doesn’t want anybody to be killed.” She shook her head slightly. “Maybe you should pray today for a convict on death row, Dad, and Mom, you should pray for a pregnant teenager. I think everyone’s life is worth at least a prayer or two, don’t you?”