

Testimonies of Aborted Women

Notes:

- 1) These are only 15 of thousands of testimonies available.
- 2) Underlining is not in the originals.
- 3) Planned Parenthood and other Killing Centers rarely offer counseling for the pregnant. If you would like pregnancy counseling, see the end of this document for how to find it.
- 4) If you need post-abortion counseling, also see the end of this document.

One way to show how abortion hurts women is to provide testimonies of hundreds of women who have been hurt. Many of these women have founded and staffed post-abortion counseling centers across the nation to help women hurt by abortion. If you are interested in reading their incredible testimonies, you should buy David Reardon's book, *ABORTED WOMEN, SILENT NO MORE*. (Wheaton, IL: Good News, Crossways Books; Chicago: Loyola University Press). Reardon's address and phone number are Elliot Institute, P. O. Box 7348, Springfield, IL 92791; 217 525 8202. Some of the testimonies in the book are included on this web site.

One Dead, One Wounded

"As I walked into the abortion clinic in the Washington D.C. hospital on April 6th, 1988, I was immediately given a valium to calm me and probably to keep me from backing out. My \$750 was taken from me right away and I could not get it back no matter what. In the waiting room there were at least 20 other women. One was 8 months pregnant and said she waited this long to save up enough money.

I thought to myself that that was too late to have an abortion. I was convinced that at 16 weeks, it was only tissue right now. A sonogram was given, but I was not allowed to look at it. I then had to have a psychological evaluation to make sure I was in good mind to go through with it. It took 5 minutes and even though I was crying and shaking, they said I was okay. When they saw that I might back out, they were like salespeople trying to make a sale. [This is a standard practice.] Then, it was time.

I was given no anesthetic and was strapped down to the bed. I then went through the most traumatic and painful experience I have ever had. I screamed uncontrollably and the nurses were screaming at me to 'shut-up'. If I moved, my cervix and uterus would be destroyed. I could feel pools of warm blood oozing down my thighs and the suction was so powerful that it felt like my entire insides were being pulled out. When I begged them to stop and asked if it was over, they replied, 'we have to make sure all the parts are here'. Parts?

I thought this was 'tissue'? I pushed a nurse out of the way and there I saw, my precious baby boy in pieces. There were body parts just tossed in a beaker. They quickly hid the evidence from me and sent me to recovery. The room had a few other girls and we were all in the fetal position, weeping. I was sent home with no plans to recheck me later and as I walked to the bus, I bled so badly that it soaked through my pants and down my legs. I arrived home and my parents kept asking how I was. I convinced them that everything was great, it was easy.

Quickly, I crawled into my bed and wept feeling sad and empty and saying over and over, 'I am so sorry'. After that day, the abortion was never mentioned and completely blocked from my mind until I started experiencing Post Abortion Syndrome. . . .

In Memory of my son Christopher December 1, 1987- April 6, 1988"

Post Abortion Syndrome is where approximately 50% of women who have aborted suffer long term psychological problems.

Testimony of Alice Gilmore

"I was eighteen years old when I first became pregnant. . . . The doctor told me I was almost four months along. I asked the doctor, 'Is the baby alive?' He said 'No.' I never had prior instruction in school as to the development of a baby, so I didn't know any better. All I had to go on was what he told me; and that's all he said. . . .

Afterwards [after the abortion], I just felt badly, and I had a lot of pain. I felt no relief at all. I didn't realize why I felt bad. My boyfriend took me home. It wasn't long after I got home that I knew--it just hit me--that I had killed my baby. That's what I said to myself: 'I killed my baby.'

After the abortion I started to bleed a lot. They had told me that I would bleed for about six weeks, and that unless I had clots bigger than an inch across, not to worry about it. I went way past the six weeks; I bled for over a year. I bled a whole lot for the first nine months. I didn't go to the doctor, because I was ashamed, especially at first. And secondly because the clots weren't very big, half an inch across, but never an inch. I was bleeding so bad that I couldn't get away from the bathroom for more than fifteen minutes. I had to have double protection to keep the blood from going through my pants.

I also began to feel a great deal of pain during intercourse. This lasted for many years. From what I've been able to learn since, I probably had a torn cervix. And I still have pain now.

I also became very, very depressed. I had a lot of trouble concentrating; I couldn't keep my mind off the abortion. I cried a lot. I don't think I ever got out of the depression. I used to laugh a lot; I used to be known in school as the class clown. But afterwards I could never laugh. People tried very hard to make me laugh; but I just couldn't laugh, even at something very funny. I went through a complete personality change.

A lot of times I wanted to die--I was very, very lonely. There was no reason to live, not really.

I had six years of depression after my abortion. I developed into a really weird person. I hated myself; I had no self-confidence. My boyfriend started to feel really guilty, too. Right after making love I'd say, 'I killed my baby.' And he started feeling really bad. Things started going downhill. He started lying to me, and going out behind my back. . . ."

Source: David C. Reardon, *Aborted Women, Silent No More*, (Chicago: Loyola University Press, 1987) 147.

Testimony of Nancy Anders

"It was May 19, 1973 [and abortion was legal]. I was pregnant from a date rape. I had tried to hide it from my parents but of course they found out. Then the pressure started. 'How are you going to go to college with a baby?' 'How are you going to support it?' 'It is only a blob of blood. It's not a baby yet.' Before I had time to think about what I wanted, the abortion was over.

The abortion itself was like a living hell. I thought my guts were being pulled out. It was degrading and I was terrified. When it was over, something made me ask the doctor, 'Was it a boy or a girl?' He answered, 'I can't tell. It's in pieces.' The counseling consisted of throwing some birth control pills at me.

Its so hard to put into words how the abortion affected me. Looking back and knowing what I know now, I realize that I was going through almost classic Post-Abortion Syndrome. I became a tramp and slept with anyone and everyone. I engaged in unprotected sex and each month when I wasn't pregnant I would go into a deep depression. I was rebellious. I wanted my parents to see what I had become. I dropped out of college. I tried suicide, but I didn't have the guts to slit my wrists or blow my brains out. I couldn't get my hands on sleeping pills, so I resorted to over the counter sleep aids and booze.

When that failed, I then tried to make relationships work with men, any man. I was driven with a need to have a child and knew if I was married my parents couldn't do anything about it. Then I married in 1975. While my husband and I are still together, we have had to work extra hard because I married him for all the wrong reasons.

Five months after we were married my first child was born. I was in heaven. I doted on that baby. In three months, I was pregnant again. But this time we lost our baby at 6 months. Then the depression that I had conquered came back full force. I can remember thinking: 'I deserve this pain. I killed a baby and now God has taken one from me. I deserve it.' The doctor felt that I had a weak cervix, a common aftereffect of abortion, and that the weight of the baby was too much for it and she just fell out. Four months later I was pregnant again.

It is hard to explain this need to keep having babies, but I did. From 1976 with the birth of my first living child, to 1985 at the birth of my fourth and final living child, I was pregnant a total of eight times. With the birth of my last child the doctor didn't leave me any choice but to quit having children if I wanted to live to see the ones I had grow up.

In trying to deal with the abortion, I had to face what I had done and beg forgiveness from my God. The hardest thing of all is trying to forgive myself. It is a daily struggle to accept the forgiveness I know the Lord has given me. And I will never forget it. Only now I don't want to forget it, because it keeps me from getting complacent. I know if it helps others, I can talk about it. It always makes me cry, but if it saves just one mom and baby the pain, it's worth it.

I joined our local Right to Life and crisis pregnancy center. I have also had to forgive my parents. I can still remember when I walked into my Mom's house and threw down a picture of an aborted fetus and snarled, 'See what you made me do?' She has since become pro-life herself and has told me how sorry she is. I still have to fight against my anger at my Dad, because he still won't admit the abortion was wrong, at least for me.

Do all these things help? That's a hard one. Sometimes it does and sometimes the depression is too strong and time has to pass. Not a day goes by that the abortion doesn't cross my mind. It is a constant struggle trying to overcome my guilt and depression, even knowing I have been forgiven. I dread the day when I have to come face to face with my little child and explain to her why mamma took her life. But I also think I am a softer, more caring person than I might have been. If not for the abortion, I might have turned out 'pro-choice.' "

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Trying to Survive, by Judith Evans

"My two abortions nearly destroyed me. When I became pregnant for the fifth time in seven years, my doctor asked me if I really thought I should 'continue the pregnancy.' Abortion had never occurred to me until he suggested it.

My husband said, 'It's your decision. Do what you want,' and left for work. Naively, I began looking for women who had had abortions. I wanted to know what to expect. But I couldn't find anyone who would admit to having had one. I asked my doctor and he said, 'It only takes a few minutes and it's over.'

Having already had four babies, I am now appalled at how ignorant I was about fetal development. My doctor said the baby, at six-and-a-half weeks was 'just a blob,' and I believed him. I had my first abortion in another state. Afterwards, before I even got home, I began to cry. It didn't help.

I continued to cry after I got home. I cried on my knees beside my bed. When finally I stopped crying on the outside, I kept crying on the inside. I felt so dirty and alone.

Something deep inside of me froze, I think. I dreamed a lot about snow and ice, as well as about babies. I felt cheated, betrayed, and manipulated. I went to counseling and the psychologist said 'Forgive yourself,' and 'Let yourself go on.' She didn't say how.

Two years later, I was pregnant again--on purpose. But still, I wanted to die, or at least go crazy so I could escape the torment, the nightmares about babies, the self-disgust, and the degradation I felt. This time I waited until the baby was 12 weeks along before I murdered him. My doctor tied my tubes at the same time, and he said he would never do another abortion. I made him tell me about the baby, just as I had made the man who did the first abortion. (The first one was a girl. She died January 15th. The second was a boy, March 29th. I learned to dread every January and March.)

I wasn't told that there could be complications which wouldn't be discovered for years. I wasn't told that the strength of the suction machine is such that it can turn a uterus nearly completely inside out. I had to have an early hysterectomy because of it.

I wasn't told that after having an abortion an unbelievable self-hatred would consume me and lead to distrust, suspicion, and the utter inability to care about myself, or others--including my four children. I wasn't told that hearing babies cry would trigger such anger that I wouldn't be able to be around babies at all.

I wasn't told that it would become impossible to look at my own eyes in a mirror. Or that my confidence would be so shaken that I would become unable to make important life decisions. My self-hatred kept me from pursuing my goal of becoming a registered nurse. I didn't think I deserved success.

I wasn't told that I would come to hate all those who advised me to have my abortions, because they were my accomplices in the murders of my babies. I wasn't told that having an abortion with my husband's consent would end up causing me to hate the father of my children, or that I would be unable to sustain any satisfying, lasting, fulfilling relationships.

I wasn't told that I could become suicidal in the fall of every year, when both of my babies should have been born. I wasn't told that on the birthdays of my living children, I would remember the two for whom I would never make a birthday cake, or that on Mother's Day I would remember the two who would never send me a card, or that every Christmas I would remember the two for whom there would be no presents.

I went to a psychiatric hospital and they gave me shock treatments. It didn't help. The nightmares continued. I became a workaholic. Work didn't help. I became a compulsive eater. Food didn't help. I became an anorexic as a form of self-punishment. That came close to killing me; I had two strokes.

I tried alcohol. It only helped temporarily. The torment would still be there when I woke up. . . .

Finally, [by using my experience to talk someone else out of an abortion] I knew with a certainty that God had used my experience to save someone else from making my terrible mistake. That helped a lot."

Judith would welcome correspondence with anyone whom she can help who is considering an abortion or has had an abortion. She can be reached at caldwell5@hotmail.com or (316) 848-3642.

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My testimony of Two Abortions

"For twenty years I kept the secret and feelings buried deep inside. Over the years the guilt, the shame, the pain, the emptiness, the anger, the dirty feeling, the feeling of being a murderer, continued to grow and with each passing year got bigger and bigger. Over the years I managed to bury the memory of those two abortions deep inside and numb the feelings until two years ago it all came out with a vengeance..

Today, and for the last two years, I've been struggling with depression, eating disorder, suicide, self-mutilation, I've been in the hospital three times and in therapy for the past two years. Why, because of the abortions. For twenty years I kept the secret locked away.

When I had the abortions I believed life started at birth, and no one told me any different either, and yes, I also believed that it was a woman's choice to decide whether she should have an abortion. There are no complications or affects from an abortion. Well no one told me about the devastating effects that abortions have on a woman's spiritual and emotional life or her health, or her separation from God because of the overwhelming feels of being a murderer, a sinner, or what she would feel if she had a miscarriage after the abortion(s), or what would happen when she got pregnant by choice and felt her baby move for the first time, and realized that life started at conception NOT BIRTH, and realized that she had made a horrible mistake.

No one told me how I would struggle for years with the shame, the guilt, the anger, the fear of people finding out about my dark past, the loss I would feel, the emptiness, the longing to hold my babies, the regrets of not being able to love them or to see them or to watch them grow, yes, they forgot to mention the depression, the eating disorders, the suicides, the sleep disturbances, the nightmares, the effects it has on your marriage (mine broke up and the abortions were the reason) the inability to forgive, forget, heal, and the horrible horrible pain deep inside.

Five months after my son was born I got pregnant. Very early on I started spotting and would continue until I had a miscarriage at work three months later. [Abortion greatly increases the risk of future miscarriage.] I watched my baby go in a toilet, the **horror**, but with it came the flooding memories of the abortions.

Life was difficult because my son was very temperamental. We would later find out he had severe allergies, Attention Deficit Disorder, Oppositional Defiant Disorder, learning disabilities, and problems with low blood sugar. [Abortion often leads to handicapped later children.] My son was diagnosed with allergies in 1992, ADD/LD./ODD, low sugar was diagnosed in the spring of 1995. . . .

Four months later I was back in the hospital, the depression, suicidal and the eating disorder now was out of control. This time my potassium was low. For months my therapist and I had been trying to deal with the abortions, but every time the feelings came out I could not deal with them and instead turned them on my self. When I went in this time I was able to tell them about the abortions . . . no emotions, numb. We both knew that I had to find a way to deal with the abortions and forgive myself or they would end up killing me.

For twenty-two years I have endured the pain deep inside, suffering from the guilt and shame, lived in fear that someone might find out about my dark past, the emptiness I felt of not being able to hold my babies, to tell them I love them, to watch them grow, unable to move from brokenness toward reconciliation with myself, with my babies, with God, because I could not forgive myself or ask God for forgiveness, to grieve and let go."

Kim's Story

"My story is probably common. At age 15, I found myself pregnant. Scared, I went to the baby's Father for support, he was against abortion and insisted that I have the baby. He even said that he would take our baby and raise it if I did not want to. I was scared but agreed to have our baby.

Days later morning sickness set in, everything was making me nauseous and my mother noticed something was wrong. My attitude had changed and I was angry at everything and crying a lot. She

finally asked if I was pregnant and I started crying again, my secret was out. The next day she took me to the doctor's office to take a pregnancy test to make sure. Hours later, when the call came in to confirm what I already knew, my mother's decision was already made. I would have an abortion and not tell anyone including my boyfriend. She made up a story to tell my boyfriend, saying that I had miscarried in the middle of the night, and now everything was going to be all right.

Within a week, she had made the appointment for me; her nightmare was going to be over. I did not want to have the abortion but my mom made it clear that it was the only way. Days later she took me to work with her (so no one in my family would know that I had not gone to school), and that morning I was going to brutally agree to murder my child.

After filling out all of the paper work, and going through the in-process I was finally on the abortion table. The doctor came in, examined me, and decided that I was not far enough along. I would have to wait another week to make sure that they were able to get the entire baby out of my body. God was providing me a way out, but I did not see it. My mind was already made up; I was having this abortion and ending this nightmare. One week later I was back, the waiting room was full.

This time things went a little different, we were all put into a small room. I suppose it was to help us relax. We were called out one by one.

The waiting was over, it was my turn. The nurse gave me a series of shots. Then the doctor came in. He was a very cold man, not seeming to care that I was in physical pain or emotional pain. It was over. I was taken into a room that had a couple of white recliners where other ladies were laying crying.

Why were they crying? Didn't they want to end their pregnancy, or were they pressured like me? I remember laying there crying just like them. What had I done to my baby? What had I done to myself? Would I be able to face my boyfriend?

Finally, the nurse released me into my mother's care. As soon as I left the office building, I started crying uncontrollably. She tried to comfort me and reassure me that we had made the right choice. She even said that this would be easier than adoption. Nothing she said made a difference. I just wanted to go to sleep and never wake up.

My life started going down hill immediately. Drug use became the norm. Going to school was impossible and I had even developed an eating disorder. I lost all of my friends and even lost my boyfriend, my best friend. Within weeks my memory had completely forgotten my abortion, but my body continued to torture itself. I did not realize why I was punishing myself, or how to stop. . . .

[Years later:] Telling my fiancee was the hardest thing in my life that I had ever had to do. He cried and was very disappointed in me; and we almost did not get married. He was so hurt that I would lie to him and keep such a dark secret from him. Nevertheless, Jesus had a plan for our lives. God had forgiven me, so Jack said he could forgive me also.

I am now happily married and drug free. The Lord used my abortion and has made good come from evil. I am now volunteering at a Crisis Pregnancy Center and helping women and men make the choice for life. If someone had only been there for me, to show me that murder is not the only way, my child might have been spared.

I will work diligently to save the baby humans and shut down the abortion mills."

Testimony of Carolyn Walton

Following a long introduction: "What was to follow was more like a nightmare than reality. I began having nightmares about my murdered baby. I began drinking more and more until I was up to five bottles of alcohol a week. I sometimes went so long without eating that when I would try to eat, I would vomit. I finally went to the doctor and found out that I had an infection from the abortion. He started treatment, but it didn't help. I told him about the nightmares and my nerves, and he gave me tranquilizers--no comfort, no counseling--just pills.

So I started taking tranquilizers to help me sleep, and pep pills to keep me going during the day. Four times I deliberately overdosed, trying to commit suicide. I don't think I really wanted the pain to go away. The doctor continued to try treatment after treatment on the physical problem. But to no avail. I finally changed doctors and had to have surgery because the infection caused by the abortion had destroyed the cervix and the uterus. This helped for a short time.

I finally met the man I am now married to; with his love and support, I started to put my life back together. We started to attend church and I came to find Christ as my Savior. I then knew I was forgiven, but it took time before I was able to forgive myself. I was finally alive after being dead and living in hell.

But the physical problems caused by the abortion started cropping back up. More infections and more damage. I changed doctors again. I had a D&C. I was filled with tumors by this time and had endometriosis. A hysterectomy was inevitable, but we put it off as long as possible. But March 15, 1984 in finally came to pass. Everything had to be removed, for it was totally destroyed. It took ten years of constant problems, but the abortion finally took its final toll.

As I look back, if I had had love and support, and above all, the true facts, I would have never even considered an abortion. The pain never goes away; it's always there.

The thought of anyone going through what I went through (although I know that there are literally millions who have) is heartbreaking to me."

Carolyn's problems are common. One reason we don't hear of them is that lawsuits are settled out of court under conditions where the lawyers carefully control the paperwork to avoid the possibility that the public can learn the details.

Source: David C. Reardon, *Aborted Women, Silent No More*, (Chicago: Loyola University Press, 1987) 144.

Testimony of Ila Ryan

Following approximately 1,000 words of introduction: "It was almost twenty years before I began to talk about my abortions. The ultimate truth was hard to face. I had not solved four 'problems.' I had not simply removed four growths of 'tissue' from my womb. The truth was I had murdered four innocent babies who were helplessly dependent upon me for their lives. I had chosen to give them death. I had sought to live my life the normal way, for myself. And I had succeeded. The result was death, but not only for four babies. I was dead, too. And I deserved much more punishment than that which I had inflicted upon the babies. I deserved the life apart from God which I had chosen for so many years. Moreover, I deserved to be shut out of His presence forever.

Before facing these hard truths, I lived in a continuous spiritual and mental state of alienation, guilt, and self-hate. This sent me on a road of almost total self-destruction. I began to drink heavier than every before. I tried to lose myself in the bottle and in the arms of many, many men and overwork. I could not stand to be alone with my thoughts. I so desperately wanted to be loved and accepted, but I could not allow people to get close to me. I was afraid that if they knew what I had done, they

wouldn't like me. My personal relationships were short and brief. During the sixties, a pattern formed: drink, fall into sexual relationships, get pregnant, abort, feel guilty, fearful, lonely, self-hateful; then start all over again. . . .

By profession I am a nurse anesthetist (the person who puts you to sleep for your operations). I had been giving anesthesia for abortions in the hospital I worked in. I felt I understood the women's dilemmas and sympathized with them. I knew how lonely and scared they were, and I wanted them to know I understood. I don't know how many times I did this. The last time I gave anesthesia for an abortion, it was to be a hysterotomy, because the woman was about 6.5 to 7 months pregnant. I put her to sleep as usual, the incision was made in the abdomen, then into the uterus, and a baby was pulled out--I mean a fully developed, moving, breathing baby. It hit me like a ton of bricks--the baby was put into a bucket of water and drowned. I was shaken; I knew at that moment I had stood silently by and condoned murder, not only this time, but many times before."

Source: David C. Reardon, *Aborted Women, Silent No More*, (Chicago: Loyola University Press, 1987) 305.

Testimony of Lori Nerad, former national president of Women Exploited by Abortion

"Well, despite the hospital setting, everything wasn't fine. For starters, the doctor dilated me with a series of metal rods that literally ripped up my cervix. It hurt horribly, but they gave me nothing for the pain. Then he stuck the vacuum aspirator up inside me and turned it on. It had this piercing sound, like a fork grating across the bottom of a sink. I kept grabbing my tummy every time he scraped the suction tool around inside, and could feel my stomach rise and fall. I was crying and screaming in pain, but the doctor kept telling me to hold still, to keep quiet. The nurse pinned me down, and was constantly pushing my arms away. And then the doctor told me to quit being so hysterical about something that was just a 'blob of jelly.' As if to prove his point, he kept smearing bloody bits of the child and placenta on the sheet beside me. 'See, there is no baby,' he said, wiping his hands on the cloth. 'Of course not,' I yelled. 'You just pulverized it! You just ground it to hamburger before my eyes!' The bigger pieces he put in a glass jar beside my leg. It was filled with four inches of blood. And then after it was all done, the doctor looked down at me with his funny look in his eyes. I was still up in the stirrups with my legs spread. With a twisted grin he said, 'If your husband found you in this position, you'd probably get pregnant all over again.' Lori says that after the abortion she and her husband lied to everyone about it, trying to hide from the guilt. They never talked about it. They both wanted to forget the incident, but couldn't--in part because of the nagging pain. 'I was hemorrhaging terribly and having constant cramps. The pain kept getting worse. I wanted to go back to the doctor, but I couldn't bear any more humiliation and exploitation. So I just toughed it out. Finally, two weeks after the abortion, I went into labor. The contractions were horrible. I staggered into the bathroom. And there, with my husband beside me, I delivered a part of my baby the doctor had missed. It was partially decomposed, and only about the size of a quarter. But there was no mistaking what it was. It was the head of my baby. . . .' 'I began to abuse my children, my husband, my home and my own body. I didn't hold or cuddle my children, because of the strange looks I thought they were giving me. It was as if they knew what I had done and they hated me for killing their brother or sister. . . . Sometimes I still set the dinner table for three children instead of two. Or I'll wake up in the middle of the night, thinking I hear a baby crying. And I still have nightmares in which I am forced to watch my baby being ripped apart in front of me. But that's not the hardest thing to deal with. The most difficult aspect of the whole experience is perhaps the most normal. I simply miss my baby. I constantly wake

up wanting to nurse my child, wanting to hold my child. And that's something the doctor never told me I would experience. He never said I'd go through anything like this."

Source: Ricky Christian, *The Woodland Hills Tragedy*, (Wheaton, IL: Crossway Books, 1985) 165.

Testimony of another woman of Women Exploited by Abortion

"I had to wait for the abortion because they said that I was only two weeks past my period and that I had to wait two weeks before I could get scheduled. Before leaving, I asked two questions: Will it hurt? and Was it a baby? Her reply to my first question was that I would feel pressure and then something that felt like menstrual cramps. Then, she drew a picture of a uterus and placed a circle inside and said it was no bigger than a quarter. It was like a tumor - easy enough to be removed with a little discomfort. While in the hands of the abortionist, I received no medication for pain, no medication for anxiety, nor was I anesthetized. I did not have enough money for these 'extras.' Some girls were given low doses of Valium for their nerves. That cost money too, more than what I had. I paid for the operation right up front - CASH ONLY, please. The pain I felt during the abortion was the most excruciating pain I have ever experienced in my life. I could feel the baby being ripped from my womb. I yelled in pain and the nurse told me to relax - that I was tightening up - and to stay quiet. What empathy they feel for you before they take your money. Everyone was so pleasant in the beginning. But, once the sale is closed, money in hand, you're just another person lying on the assembly line waiting to have their product of conception slaughtered. When the abortion was over, I felt humiliated, embarrassed, guilty, ashamed and violated all at the same time. I quickly justified my actions and my feelings. I suppressed those feelings, deep down, for ten years. Three days after the abortion, I awoke in a pool of blood. I had a temperature of 103, abdominal pain, nausea and a migraine. I was rushed to the hospital where I received an emergency D&C. The doctor said I had blood clots. I was sent home with antibiotics. Shortly after this horrifying experience, I started to experiment with drugs. Soon, I was doing them on a regular basis. I would fall into deep depressions. I lost job after job. There were times when I would not get out of bed for weeks at a time. I did not eat. I went from 108 to 89 pounds. I could not sleep and, when I would finally fall asleep, I would suffer from nightmares. Drugs were the only release and escape from the feelings I could not deal with. At the age of 22, I stopped doing drugs. I met someone new and started what seemed like a healthy relationship. One year later, I was engaged. I had to move the wedding date up because I was pregnant (it seems the pill was not as effective as we were told in school). Four-ninths into the pregnancy, I was rushed into the hospital and into O.R. and had an immediate surgery. I had an ectopic pregnancy. The doctor told me my tube was deformed. After the surgery, I felt I was being punished for my abortion. Friends convinced me that my earlier abortion had been the best thing. Wanting to believe this, I suppressed my feelings of guilt and remorse. Shortly after this, I ended my relationship. At 25, I met a man I truly loved. He came at one of the most crucial times of my life. He helped me through my father's illness and death. Shortly after my father's death, I found myself pregnant again. I wanted to keep this baby. My boyfriend had other ideas. He used my friends to try and talk me into having an abortion. When this didn't work, he used his family. Then he threatened to leave. I could not bear the thought of losing another person I loved, so I had the abortion. Shortly after, at a check up, my doctor told me the most devastating news. He explained why I was having problem such as severe cramping during menstruation and ovulation. He told me that some women experience this after they have had an abortion. He also explained about my ectopic pregnancy. He told me that it was also common among women who have had abortions. The infection I had had

damaged the fallopian tube and the suction apparatus, combined with the tearing of the placenta, caused scarring. These problems have left me with a 70% to 80% chance of never being able to get pregnant again. Did the Planned Parenthood counselor ever mention that these problems could happen? NO! After hearing this, I began to research what my doctor had told me. I have read documents on the physical and emotional damages to women due to abortions. I have met women who are sterile and some who had to undergo further operations that left them sterile. This was all due to abortions. Were any of these women told that this could happen? The ones I spoke to said NO! Healing was a very difficult step to take. I had to admit to myself what I had always known. I killed my children - One of the hardest things to accept is that these children could be the only ones I will ever have. I am now 31, married and still have no children. The next step was forgiveness from the Lord. This helped to release the feelings of damnation. But the hardest thing was forgiving myself. Post-abortion therapy was the best experience I ever had. It brought me closer to the Lord as well as healing my wounds. Like many women who find help after an abortion, I want to help other women to not make the same mistake I made. I also want to help women who have had abortions deal with the painful process of healing. People need to understand abortion exploits women, kills the life of their child and damages the spirit that each one of us has. Abortion not only kills life, it also hurts women physically and emotionally. It starts with sex education ends with dead babies and shattered lives. We must put a stop to this tragedy."

Source: *National Stopp News*, February 1992, p. 5. Phone 914 473-3316.

Testimony of LaTachie Veal

"Seventeen-year-old LaTachie Veal's parents weren't prepared to be grandparents, and she wasn't interested in being a mother on November 2, 1991 when abortionist Robert Crist killed LaTachie's 22-week-old child. But LaTachie and her parents got more than they'd bargained for. Within hours after the death of her child, LaTachie would be rushed too late-to Ben Taub Hospital. Before arriving she had already bled to death.

Attorney Richard Haynes, in his complaint against abortionist Crist, states that mill staff repeatedly responded to cries of pain and severe bleeding by reassuring the dying high school girl that it was 'normal.' Crist, who specializes in killing both mother and child, did not monitor LaTachie's vital signs, and did not respond to a dramatic drop in blood pressure that might have given trauma surgeons an opportunity to save her life.

A spokesman for Planned Parenthood reacted to the news of LaTachie Veal's death by insinuating that the uterine laceration that caused nearly 90% of Tachie's blood to drain from her body was the result of poor planning on the part of the young high schooler. A baby-killing agency that routinely advertises its willingness to kill children as old as LaTachie Veal's stated, it was unwise of the girl to have opted for her 22-week abortion.

Additional information on LaTachie Veal's death at the hands of abortionist Robert Crist can be obtained through *The Houston Post*, 11-7-91, *The Kansas City Star*, 11-6-91, and *The Wanderer*, (cross reference under Olhausen)."

Source: "Life Advocate," June 1992, 19.

Testimony of Janet Willis

"My husband left me when I got pregnant. I had been on a mild tranquilizer before conceiving, and my doctor convinced me that the baby would be born with severe birth defects. I did not want an abortion, but I was so confused that I couldn't think clearly, so I went along with everyone else's advice. My family was just as misinformed as I was, and they thought abortion was best for me at the time. I expected the abortion clinic to tell me a little about what would happen during and after the abortion. All they did was take my \$225.00, give me a 5mg. Valium, and ask me please not to cry and appear so upset. All I wanted to do was leave, but I remember not being able to move out of the chair. I have wished so many times that I could have left with my precious baby. After the abortion, I grew more and more depressed. Two weeks later, I couldn't take it anymore. I tried to commit suicide by cutting my wrists. I was rushed to the hospital, and they said I had suffered a nervous breakdown of unknown origin. I knew the origin, but to talk about it hurt too much. I was sent to a state mental institution, where I was kept in a locked ward for five weeks. By the time I got out I had built such an impenetrable wall around myself that no one would hurt me again, and I wouldn't have to think about the abortion. My physical problems continued: pelvic infections, low-grade fever, continuous bleeding, they never ended. Then I began to have nightmares. I'd wake up in a cold sweat because I'd hear my baby crying for me but I couldn't find him. Or I'd hear suction machine over and over again. [Many women can't ever again even vacuum their rugs.] David, my present husband, and I had just begun dating, and after a couple of months I was pregnant. David was very upset and blamed me. He said he would pay for an abortion. My family was worried about me and again thought this was the perfect solution. All I kept thinking was that I barely made it through the last abortion and I can't go through that again. 'I won't have any more children if I have it done again,' I told them. 'Oh, sure you will,' they told me. I knew better. My second abortion was performed on July 23, 1977 at the same clinic where my first abortion was performed just nine months before. I had to go into the hospital four days after my second a for acute Pelvic Inflammatory Disease (PID), painful infection in my fallopian tubes. The infection spread into my ovary, and seven days after the abortion, there was no way to control the infection. One tube and ovary, about to rupture, had to be removed. For six months, I ran a low-grade fever and bled continuously. Finally, in February, 1978, my doctor performed a complete hysterectomy. I was 19. The psychological problems were numerous. I couldn't see a baby without seeing my dead babies first. David and I couldn't even talk about the abortion without physically abusing each other. We continued to abuse each other for seven years. Then we adopted a daughter. I was so proud of her. I loved this child with every ounce of my being, but she was a constant reminder of the two precious babies that should have been playing with her but were not. I lost my ability to love her - temporarily - because I hated myself for what I had allowed to happen. In 1985 my worst problems came out. I found myself crying for two weeks with no end. I became anorexic, slowly starving myself to death. In September, 1985, I was placed in a psychiatric ward at the hospital. I had repressed the memories and feelings about the abortion so far that I couldn't imagine they were the cause of my problems. When I was released, things weren't any better, but this time, something in me wouldn't allow the memories to be suppressed any longer. David and I tried to talk several times, but it always ended up in a brutal fight. We became abusive to our daughter verbally, and I became physically abusive to her. My heart was breaking in two, and I was dying inside. Just dying. My health had steadily gotten worse. My weight continued to drop from a once 160 lbs. to 90, then 85. I was going to avenge my kids' deaths with my death. Then they took my daughter away from me and said I couldn't have her back until I was well enough. I finally ended up at New Orleans Hospital in July, 1986 in heart failure, dying from self-starvation. They were surprised I was even alive at this point. Then I realized that the Lord had other plans for my life. My

feelings were awakened through an organization whose counselors listened to women like me and did not judge. They simply came and loved, unconditionally. I've found healing in Christ Jesus. I asked for His forgiveness and He freely gave it to me. After 10 years of sheer Hell, Jesus Christ became my personal Savior, and I have now forgiven myself. I am free. I no longer see my babies in pieces in a jar. I see them as whole, beautiful children, sitting in the arms of Christ. My abortions are laid to rest in Christ's forgiving arms. The abuse in my home has ended and the anger and the guilt are gone. The area that I still find difficult is this. What will I tell my child when she asks Momma why I must tell the truth about abortion? I want my child to know the truth-that I did not want to have either abortion, and that Momma was lied to. I want to be able to tell my daughter that Momma continues to speak out because life is very precious to me."

Underlining is not in original.

Source: *Abortion Malpractice Report* published by Legal Action for Women. Phone 800 962-2319.

Horror on Beacon Street by Barbara Bell

"Planned Parenthood hates me. Every Saturday morning I stand outside their abortion clinic and minister to the women going in. Sometimes they listen to me. A few change their minds and give life to their babies instead of death.

On the rainy morning of December 18, 1990, I was in front of Planned Parenthood again, talking with the girls who were going into the clinic. But that Tuesday was a tough morning. The girls did not want to hear the truth about the life inside of them.

About 8:30 a.m., a pretty, blond girl about 18 years old was making her way to the clinic. I saw her coming across Beacon Street with a young man. I went over to her and said, 'Please don't go in there, they kill unborn babies. I can help you.' The girl said nothing.

All of a sudden, I looked down at the ground and saw blood coming out from the bottom of her pant leg. She was wearing white loose-fitting sweat pants. I said, 'Honey, you're bleeding. Can I help you?' Without a word she walked into the clinic.

Then I looked out into the street where she came from, and there in the middle of Beacon Street lay a very tiny infant. I couldn't believe my eyes. I ran over to the baby, picked it up with a handkerchief, and put the baby in my rain scarf. A few inches away from the baby was the laminaria (a seaweed packing that is inserted into the woman to dilate the cervix) that was put into a plastic bag.

I took both the infant and the laminaria, put them in the back of my car, and took off. I had to get the baby away from there, because if Planned Parenthood had gotten ahold of the baby, they would have thrown it down the garbage disposal or something.

I was never so scared in all my life. I thought Planned Parenthood people might be coming out to follow me. I was praying my heart out.

There I was, with a precious, tiny infant in the back of my car, crying my eyes out, trying to keep calm so I could drive. I decided that I would take the baby home and call Bob Delery, a very close friend

and fellow sidewalk counselor (thank God he lives right around the corner). This man is like a grandfather to me, and I respect and trust his decisions in everything.

From Beacon Street in Brookline to Medford is about a twenty-five minute drive, but on this day to me it felt like a two-day drive. At this point, I didn't know what to do, so I started praying again. I was praying, 'Lord, please let Bob be home, (the night before, Bob told me he would be going to a funeral.) I don't know what to do with the baby, and I know he will be able to help me, by Your grace.'

Finally, I made it to Medford. The Lord answered my prayer and Bob was home. It was about 9:00 a.m. in the morning when I got there. I rang the doorbell, and Bob opened the door not knowing what to expect. I was standing there crying, trying to tell him about the nightmare at Planned Parenthood.

I went into the house, closed the door, and told him that a girl went into labor and delivered a dead baby in the middle of Beacon Street in front of Planned Parenthood. I said, 'Bob, I have the baby and the laminaria in the car.' He could not believe it. After sharing this with him and his wife, we all were standing in the dining room in a state of shock and crying. Then Bob asked me to get the baby. Bob laid a white sheet on the table and very gently we unwrapped the rain scarf and placed the baby on the sheet.

The baby was a perfectly formed little boy. I could see his tiny little fingers, toes, ears and everything, just as God had designed.

Bob baptized him, and I named him Joshua Jonathan. (Joshua means 'God is Salvation' and Jonathan means 'Given by God'). I do believe for some reason God allowed me to be at the clinic to adopt this abandoned little helpless unborn baby boy, and even now I think about him all the time. Next to Joshy, we placed a beautiful red rose. The red rose means life in pro-life circles. Although Joshy was dead in the physical, I knew he was in the hands of God."

This testimony continues for another full page and more, but it deals with the police and the media.

A Mother's Anguished Letter to her aborted Child

"Even after years have intervened, a woman cannot forget the life that her decision took. Ten years ago yesterday, I carried you beneath my heart. Ten years ago today, I stopped the beating of your heart. I, your mother, the one who gave you life, also gave you death. It's been a decade and still my blood runs cold and I catch my breath whenever I hear the word 'abortion.' There's an emptiness inside of me that can never be filled, a chill that has never quite been warmed, a grief that will never end. To me you will forever remain an unfinished song, a flower that never bloomed, a sunrise clouded by rain. Even during your last fragile moments of life, I wondered, 'Is my baby a boy or a girl?' The question ran through my mind again and again as I tried to block out the sickening sounds of you being suctioned from my womb and from my life. I seemed to have a burning need to know whether I would have had a son or a daughter, yet somehow I couldn't bear to ask such an indelicate question of the doctor who stood smiling above me. Instead, I simply nodded in defeat and sadness as this man in white patted my trembling hand and said, 'Now - aren't you glad it's all over?' As I lay there drowning in my own blood, tears and sweat, I could hear the nurses chattering about coworkers, new cars and clothes. To these people, the extermination of your life was simply a job -

'making a living by destroying the living.' To those gathered in that sunny room in Philadelphia 10 years ago, it was just another day. To me, it was the darkest day I had ever known. 'The Abortion' - the most heart-wrenching, terrible experience I had suffered through in my 18 years; certainly the most painful experience suffered by you in your three short months. It has taken me all these years to get over it. Now - as my eyes fill with tears, I realize that this is something I will never 'get over.' That fateful April day has replayed itself over and over in my mind like a horror movie one forces oneself to watch, then can never forget ... Even in my distraught state of mind, I knew that there were other choices. I was simply too scared to consider the alternatives. Still a child myself, I 'wasn't ready' to be a mother. What I didn't realize then was that I already was a mother. You became my child at the moment of conception; my love for you began when your life began, and although your life ended, that love has never died. Your silent screams have awakened me from sleep many times over the years, and I have lain in the dark and mourned the loss of the baby I killed. There have even been times when I've contemplated ending my own life as I ended yours. It's been 10 years and still I haven't forgiven myself. Have you forgiven me? Has God forgiven me for destroying a being created by Him? I've had many nightmares through the years. Scenes of a tiny fetus in a trash bag haunt my subconscious. I've awakened in a cold sweat, again feeling the excruciating pain of that long-ago day. I recall the intense physical pain of the abortion - but those 10 minutes of hurt were nothing compared to the 10 years of pain I've lived with since. For years my heart has ached to write you this letter, but whenever I attempted to put my feelings into words, I found the blank pages covered with tears rather than with ink. For some reason, though, tonight was different ... Perhaps this letter was meant to be written in order to help others to avoid the agony I experienced, to help other young girls 'in trouble,' as I was 10 years ago, to realize that there are alternatives to abortion.... If this letter prevents even one abortion, it will have served a purpose. But Baby, my purpose in sending this letter to you is to let you know that I love you - whoever you are. And I'm sorry.

Love, Mommy"

Source: *Our Sunday Visitor* and Linda Oatman.

Testimony of Joanne Culbertson

"I am a surgical technologist in a small hospital. One day we were doing an operation on a young woman. She had a tubal pregnancy. When we opened her abdomen, the tube had expelled the inch-long fetus, about four to six weeks old. It was still alive inside the sack. Dr. Dobson that tiny baby was waving its little hands and kicking its little legs. It even turned its whole body over. There is no way anyone can tell me that was not a human being. I also knew there was no way we could save it. As the doctor clamped the tube, and the baby grew still, I whispered, 'That breaks my heart.'

Joanne Culbertson Lockhart, S.C."

Source: *Focus on the Family*, August 1991, back page.

Do you need pregnancy or post-abortion counseling? See the "Pregnant? Need Help?" link on this web site.

NEVER call Planned Parenthood or any other abortion provider. They are in the business of selling abortions, not in counseling about them. If they talk you out of an abortion, they lose money.

If you feel you have been injured by an abortion and might want to sue, call American Rights Coalition at 800 634 2224.