

My Experience of Abortion

By an anonymous Kansas woman

I am one of the regretful and unhappy ones who made the worst mistake any mother could make. What I did, I did back in 1989 when I was 19. My little baby was 8 weeks old. I could go on about my reasons but you've heard them all. I was happy to be pregnant at first, but decided to make the worst choice in my life a few weeks down the road; I was very impressionable back then and doubted myself quite easily. It's something I still struggle with.

The abortion of my first baby caused me real bonding issues with my next child when he was a baby. I was scared he had some sense that I had killed his older sibling; it might seem irrational but in my mind it seemed a feasible concern. I had no confidence as a mother and felt unworthy and guilty to even have him. I felt he hated me. I was frightened to love him in a confident way, with emotional closeness and hugs and kisses. I didn't neglect him, but did all these things with colossal negative feelings. If he didn't smile at me I would think, "he knows" or "he suspects I'm bad and dangerous." Sometimes, I felt when he would look at me, it was with accusation.

With my next baby, a girl, things were very different. It was my second time now, and with all the experience and confidence I had finally built up with her older brother, things went much smoother with her. In fact, she has been a source of healing for me; she has a very trusting and loving nature towards me and only wanted me all the time when she was a baby. I just felt so wanted and loved by her. It was the first time I felt like a real mother who had something to give that no one else could.

The pain of it all lessens in time through the Grace of God but never goes away completely. It is something I would not wish on anyone; to mourn the death of one's baby, one's baby that its own mother

had killed. For years I wouldn't let myself mourn but instead decided to punish myself but bottling up my pain. I felt I had no right to mourn. I went into a deep depression and developed many phobias. I was in the emergency room many times with ailments that the doctors could find no reason for. This went on for years.



I think women who have had abortions and then become vehement pro-choice activists are just rationalizing their bad decisions, as to reach the step of acceptance that you have destroyed your own baby is almost too much to bear, the truth is too much. I regretted my terrible choice immediately, but at first I felt I had no right to mourn for my lost baby. Now I mourn. I will mourn until the day I die. But at least I can cry and grieve in the arms of Jesus, whose

comfort I now feel when I am in great pain.

I trained as a pro-life counselor at a pro-life center. I would see women who were abortion bound and would try to get them to change their minds and choose life. I learned about the stages of the unborn baby's life. Most of the time, they were 6 - 8 weeks into their pregnancy and so I had great "ammunition" or rather information that was based on science, to shatter the lies they had believed that their baby was not a baby.

Doing this work caused me distress and pain at times; I couldn't show my feelings at all to my co-workers, who were also my wonderful friends, and kept my past a secret. I did this work for a couple of years before I got married and we had our two children.

As a last note, I must say that my relationship with my son now is wonderful, thankfully by the Grace of God.