

My Experience of Abortion

By an anonymous Kansas woman

I finally had my first boyfriend! It was serious! I just KNEW he loved me! Though he and I were only 19 years old – we just knew it was love. Unbeknownst to us at the time, it was more LUST than LOVE!

I was working fast food and wondered why everything seemed to make me sick. I was sick in the mornings, and being normally tall and skinny, was wondering why I had gained weight when I didn't raise my appetite. Then my sister broke it to me...."you're (3 months) pregnant."

NO WAY! I can't be! I've got an "Archie Bunker and his wife" set of parents with morals as high as God and they will kill me! I didn't live with them at the time – I was on my own with another friend, but I still felt guilty for how much it would disappoint them.

My sisters and the girl friend I lived with convinced me that it was way too early for marriage and abortion was a better idea so no one would know – my oldest sister proceeded to take me to the clinic. I know it was in Missouri by Ward Parkway, but because of the horrific scars it STILL leaves me over 30 years later – I couldn't tell you the exact location.

I remember walking in. I didn't feel any emotions except for fear that someone would tell my parents somehow. But when I lay down on the table and they proceeded with the surgery – I felt GUILT! But it was too late to turn back. I figured I had no choice! I felt a LOT of physical pain afterwards so I had to stay there until it went away.

My "beloved" boyfriend chewed me up one side down the other crying, "Why didn't you tell me? We could have worked something out! We could have gotten married. It was my kid too!" Needless to say, we broke up. On top of the guilt for destroying a

child, I now lost my one and only first love!

Four years later I got pregnant out of wedlock again. This time it was only "for fun" and not love. But I promised God the day after I aborted that I would never kill another child again! So I gave her up for adoption. The "fling" was upset only because he said I should have aborted her – "Do you know what this will do to your life – walking around pregnant and not married?" I didn't care.

The verbal abuse I received from my father still hurts, but knowing I didn't upset God and saved a child was much more important!

I later married for a short time (divorced 3 years later) what I thought was another "true love" – we lost our child at 4 months old. Joshua was born too early to survive. He died at

home. So again, the abortion nightmares came back!

I finally did find my true love in 1989.

In 2005 I began to communicate with Audrey (the baby I'd placed for adoption) via e-mail. I'm proud to say Audrey grew up in a good home. We met in person for the first time right before Christmas in 2008. My two children and husband God blessed me with welcomed Audrey with open arms. They all get along great!

When new doctors ask me if there were any surgeries in my whole life and how many children do I have...that abortion still haunts me. What would it have been?! A boy? A girl? What about a name? I hated myself for YEARS! I wouldn't forgive myself for YEARS!

Thank you LORD for forgiving me and may this letter touch a life to save a life!

