

In 1999 I gave birth to a beautiful 9 lb daughter. At 3 months of pregnancy I left her father, and became a single mother. My family helped me out, I got a job at local restaurant, and I saved to move out. When my daughter was 5 months old I got my own apartment. Soon after a friend recommended me for a teacher's aide position at a local school, and I was hired. I began attending college after work, so my time with my daughter was minimal. I worked full time, and attended school. Shortly after my career began to take off, I suspected I was pregnant. I was confused at how I was going to be able to finish school and keep my job. I went in to the local clinic to get a pregnancy test to verify whether or not I was pregnant. The form I was filling out asked if I was going to keep the baby, abort or was I undecided? Full of confusion as to how I was going to be able to work and support my daughter and finish school single handedly, I checked undecided. You see, I was now going to be a single mother of two. The pregnancy test came back positive, just as I suspected. A counselor met with me, and we begun to discuss my situation as I cried. Because I checked the undecided box, she had an open door to suggest abortion as the best option. My intention from the beginning was not to abort. As the conversation continued the counselor made abortion sound like my only and best option. She said abortion was common and many women had them. She began to lie to me and say it was a painless procedure for me and the "embryo". Never once did she refer to my baby as a living human being. The counselor's job was to convince me that having this abortion was a positive thing rather than the truth. The woman said it was not even a baby, just a ball of mass. I agreed to the abortion and set up the appointment.

The morning of the abortion a friend drove me the clinic. Twenty or more women sat in one room with chairs lined up in a circular setting. We all look scared and confused, you could hear a pin drop in the room. My name was called and I went onto the gurney. An I.V. was put on me, these people were fast. I began to cry and beg them to stop, but the anesthesia was already given. My last words to the nurse were, "no please don't, stop no please!" She responded with, "it's gonna be o.k. shh shh." When I woke up it was too late, my baby was gone, dead, and despite my begging to stop they did not . There was a line of beds to the right of me and some to the left. The girls on the beds were being brought in and taken out. No one counseled me or was next to me when I woke up. They just pushed the beds along, like we were animals being taken into a slaughter house. They gave me a few minutes to wake up, then I was told to go home and rest.

One thing the counselor said was true, I did not feel any physical pain. For awhile I did not feel any

emotional pain. Soon after, the very thing I tried to preserve I lost. I ended up on drugs and lost my job. My life spiraled down from there. I met another guy, and he was good to my daughter. Soon I was pregnant once again, and I eventually gave birth to a 8 lb 15 oz son. Sadly things did not work out with me and his dad. This was due to the fact that we both were on drugs. I acquired an addiction to meth in trying to cope with the fact that I had taken an innocent life. This relationship lasted 3 years, and it was over.

There was a greater need for the drugs because now my life was getting worse. Again I got pregnant by yet another man. He too took off on me and so I had an abortion because I thought to myself, "how am I going to raise three kids on my own, with no money, and no father?" On top of that my grandmother kept pressuring me to "get rid of that thing." The second abortion was easily repressed with more drugs, or so I thought. I began to develop a criminal record breaking the law as well. I felt like I had nothing to live for. I thought, "what

kind of mother was I, men in and out of my life, on drugs, and getting abortions?" I had little to no hope.

In 2004 I was released from county jail, and my family moved me to Apple Valley. I hooked up with someone from my past. He would drive all the way to from Hacienda Heights to visit me. I thought he was so great, the best thing that had ever happened to me. Then, I got pregnant. The first thing he said was get an abortion. Mr. Prince Charming was a snake. I fought with him and cried and pleaded with him for us to keep the baby. He would tell me horrible things like, "I will never let my family know that thing." He also said if I kept it, he would leave me. Of course, his favorite was, "if I loved him I would get rid of it." Once again, the very thing I tried to keep I lost. I gave him his stupid abortion, and Mr. nice guy even drove me to the clinic and waited in the lobby. This time, I was five months pregnant. They had me take a pill to stop the baby's heartbeat. They never told me that. It was painful, large pellets were inserted into my cervix, and I screamed because the pain was so intense. This thing they were inserting would stop the baby's heartbeat and allow my cervix to dilate. Once again the counselors said it was not a baby until 24 weeks. I should have known by the procedure they were doing that was not true. I just wanted a family and I wanted to prove to this guy that I cared about him. This procedure was given 24 hours before the actual abortion.

The next morning at 5 a.m. my water broke. The father of the baby I was carrying rushed over and took me to have the abortion, how nice of him he was taking me to kill his own child. I remember this waiver they had me sign, it said that the chances of something going wrong was 1/1,000,000. I thought, "What could the odds be that something happens to me?" I had done this before. Things seemed fine, when I came out he took me home. Later on that evening I developed a fever. I called the emergency line they said everything was fine. The next day I was bad I had chills and it was horrible. This took place during the weekend my mom drove me around to every hospital in the area. No one would see me, or help me. The hospitals do not know how to treat ladies that have had an abortion, so every hospital I went to rejected me. My mother, who is against abortions drove me everywhere and fought for my life. I was dying!! Finally a hospital gave me an ultrasound. They found particles of the baby and gauze inside of me. My body was infected! The hospital told me that unless they went in and removed everything I would die.

The after hours phone number said there was nothing they could do until morning. My time was running out. My mom called and threatened those people and was told there was a hospital two hours away that I could go

to. Finally another abortion clinic accepted me at 9 p.m. I was the only patient laying in a room all alone. There was no nurse station and there were no patients. It was a scene from a horror film, and I was in it.

The Lord spared my life, He gave me grace and favor for a time such as this. I chose now to be a voice for God. Abortion may seem like the best option or the only option, but it is not. There are many organizations that can help with financial burdens, that offer assistance with clothing, diapers, and low income property rentals. I look back and see now that with God I could have made it with 6 kids. I couldn't see that then. I now know that God is in control of everything.

There are many that may have stories similar to mine. My reason for sharing a very personal part of my life is this **Abortion** is a temporary solution that can cause permanent problems in your future. You always hear, “Pro Choice!” “My body, my choice!”. In closing I would like to say two things. Yes this is about choice, choose wisely, once you choose abortion you cannot reverse the outcome. Secondly, yes it is your body, but there is another body to consider the body of your unborn child. Who chooses for him or her? You can never go back. Whether you regret it now or later, one day you very well may regret your choice.

You may be thinking to yourself as you read this “she doesn’t know what she’s talking about I don’t have any regrets”. No I don’t know you, but we are all human and we don’t always see how things affect us mentally, physically, or spiritually. I am blessed to have Jesus in my life. I know He has forgiven me, and I have learned to accept his forgiveness. I encourage you to forgive yourself and accept forgiveness for yourself. Please educate yourself and be aware of the risk factors. I would not want to see another young lady suffer as I have. My choices not only destroyed 3 lives, they destroyed 7. I am now a mother of three. My life is just now falling back into place after losing so many years. My living children and I have had to live with the effects of abortion.

Please choose life, not just for your unborn child but for yourself and for your children. God will provide.
Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all of his righteousness will be added unto you. Matt 6:33