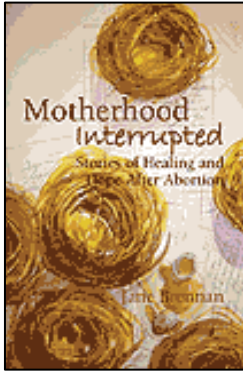


## Excerpts from the book *Motherhood Interrupted*...



### from Jackie's Story

...There's one shopping experience at Wal-Mart I will never forget. I had everything in my cart. I casually looked around me as I stood in line, waiting to check out. And there she was. A mother with a newborn baby stood directly in front of me. I turned the other way - only to see the pregnant woman standing next to me. On the other side of me sat a baby accompanying her mom. I couldn't take it. My eyes welled up with tears, and I felt a scream coming up in my throat. I abandoned my groceries as I ran out of the store, crying.

My struggles intensified so much, I could not attend baby showers or even hold babies. Adding insult to injury, my cousin announced she was pregnant -- with triplets. Anger towards God welled up in me. I could not wrap my mind around the idea that unwanted babies were being thrown into dumpsters, and God would not allow me to have a child. I felt like I was really losing my mind and my salvation.

### from Annie's Story

...After nearly seven years of marriage, Ryan and I finally felt secure enough to start our family. I was not at all surprised that late into my first trimester, I started bleeding. I'm not sure whether my ensuing grief was for my miscarried child or from the feeling I had caused it ten years earlier when I had willingly participated in killing my first baby. Maybe my abortion damaged me physically or left me infertile, or maybe God was punishing me for what I had done.

My doctor insisted that I have a procedure called a D & C (Dilation and Curettage) to remove the dead fetus from my womb. This procedure was similar to my abortion, the procedure I had been desperate to forget. I was further distressed when I received the papers from the insurance describing my miscarriage as a spontaneous abortion. When I mentioned it to my doctor, he brushed aside my concerns by explaining that it was only medical terminology for a miscarriage. I was not consoled.

Nothing positive ever comes from abortion, but when I called my parents, in tears, to tell them that I had recently miscarried, I blamed myself. "If I hadn't had an abortion, I wouldn't have lost this baby. I just know it's my fault," I cried. "God's punishing me."

Each of my parents told me the same thing, "Your miscarriage has nothing to do with your abortion." They each claimed their roles in what I had claimed for years to be my abortion alone. Their comforting words spoke volumes of love for me as their daughter. No longer Miss Perfect Success, I realized that I was just one person. Tiny fissures opened in the wall of my hardened heart, and I began forgiving myself...

### from Joyce's Story

...My heart beat wildly in my chest as I was taken to the "procedure" room. The doctor came in, introduced himself and said the following. "If you ever see me in public, don't acknowledge me and for my part, if I ever see you in public I won't acknowledge you." At the time I thought he was trying to be the good guy, trying to help me with my embarrassment, but now I wonder if lack of acknowledgement leads to lack of responsibility.

Emotionally I completely died during my abortion. I looked at everything in the room but the equipment and then right before my eyes I saw the tube fill with blood and tissue. I fell into a trance as the vacuum finished removing my first child. I was now an empty shell of a mother. It wasn't until years later did I come to understand that you are a mommy whether your baby is a six day old embryo or a 60 year old person. Motherhood is interrupted when you deny that reality...

**from Joan's Story**

...It has been a long, difficult road, learning how to forgive myself and believe that God could forgive me for taking the life of my unborn children. I've spent multiple hours finding support with other women in abortion recovery groups, and have attended week long retreats to help resolve the guilt, shame and pain of my past. I will always regret my decisions to end the lives of my babies, and often wonder what they would be like today. However, as much as I would like to, I can't redo, erasing what's been done. All I can do is share my experiences with others who may be in a similar situation, hopefully persuading them to choose life.

Through counseling, I found that my own lack of education concerning pregnancy and my Catholic faith was one of many links to my decisions toward abortion. Time with church support groups taught me about the reality of love, marriage and family. It was then I discovered the truth-even through my experiences, I had been pro-life all the time. Also as I became more knowledgeable about my faith and more involved in my healing, I realized how blessed I was. I had this husband from heaven, a beautiful son and a granddaughter, great kids and stepkids, and an awesome job, a forgiving God and the list goes on and on. I decided to use these truths to help others. Today, I am active in the pro-life agenda, and once had the honor of speaking at the capital building representing women who regret their abortions...

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