



LifeMinded

PRO-LIFE TRAINING

Midland, MI 48640
train@lifeminded.org
www.lifeminded.org

Dear Reader,

You don't know me and I don't know you, but if you're reading this letter then likely we share a common experience: abortion. Lest you think that all who hold a pro-life view are "out of touch" with the pressures, expectations and yes, even still exploitations experienced by many women in our culture, I want you to hear my story.

The experience of abortion and the emotional and psychological reaction to it, both immediately afterward and over time, is no doubt different for every woman who has put herself through this grim operation. But I am convinced that my experience mirrors that of many women who are, either consciously or unconsciously, hurting in silence. There is yet another group of women who haven't considered or are unaware of the high price she or one of her friends will pay for this so-called benign procedure. It is for all of these women I write.

It was my second abortion in two years and reality was crashing in. My initial feeling of relief had quickly vanished, leaving in its place a gnawing emptiness. Crawling into bed, I covered my head. I was numb—I wanted to forget—I wanted to disappear. It was mid afternoon and although the sun was shining brightly, a black darkness had engulfed me; a shadow so dense I could almost touch it.

I was 20 years old, and like most young adults, I was a long way from emotional and intellectual maturity. This, coupled with a lack of support, whether real or perceived, and my own lack of courage in the face of certain shame and personal hardship, all conspired to lead me to make one of the worst decisions of my life — for the second time. I can clearly remember the suicidal depression I was in for weeks. What on the surface looked like an easy way out, had become in reality my own death sentence. Both at 18 years old and then at 20, I had been assured that it was only "tissue." But deep down I knew better, and no matter how much I wanted to, I could not suppress the truth of what I had done. My actions had not only destroyed my own child, but had assaulted my conscience, making me a casualty in the process. The only way I knew how to cope was to somehow disconnect from myself and from everything else in hopes that denial and time would eventually save me.

At 22, I found out I was pregnant again, only this time I was engaged. Although still not feeling "ready" to be a parent, I was resolved to never take the abortion path again. Two years later, I had two wonderful, beautiful children who changed my life forever by surprising me with immeasurable joy and fulfillment. But it was during these pregnancies that I also experienced my deepest realization and pain over what I had done. I was quietly haunted by the knowledge that I in fact, had four children: two living and two dead, and that, by my own doing.



LifeMinded

PRO-LIFE TRAINING

Midland, MI 48640
train@lifeminded.org
www.lifeminded.org

But there's an even greater tragedy that comes out of wrong decisions. At the time, you never imagine how far into your life they may reach or the unexpected repercussions that could come even decades later. Two years ago, my now grown daughter found herself unexpectedly pregnant. Although a shock, at first she seemed intent to make the best of it and had even considered marrying the father whom she did not love. But as the magnitude of these decisions began to sink in, and the anticipation of public humility that would certainly follow began to dominate her thoughts, she called to give me the news. She knew of my past abortions and my current strong feelings against it and why, but wanted me to know she was scared and would probably have an abortion. My heart dropped.

Over the next few days I pleaded, I begged, I reasoned, I prayed. I promised our support if only she would choose to have her baby. But her fear grew rampant and like her mother before her, she could not find the courage to do the right thing. I was crushed and sickened with grief to find out that my past mistakes had been used as a justification for hers. As if that sadness were not enough, I also went through weeks of mourning for my grand daughter just as real as I would experience from losing any other family member. I still cry for her sometimes.

My daughter has since gone through her own agony and personal journey towards healing, and I am so thankful for that. Fortunately, she found a counseling group for post abortive women that encouraged her to talk about her experience and listened without judgment or condemnation. Every woman in her group had very different circumstances leading up to their abortions, but all of them had one thing in common: they were hurting as a result. These free counseling resources exist in almost every community and can be found by contacting a pregnancy resource center or right to life organization in your area.

And that is my hope and purpose in writing. These private matters aren't easy to share in such a public way and I can promise you I would rather not revisit these memories. But if hearing my story can some how help a hurting woman to know she's not alone and that there are many more besides me who truly care and want to help; and if by exposing the dark side of "choice" that most people never hear about, I can persuade and warn another to never have an abortion in the first place, then it is well worth bearing some additional pain.

Sincerely,

Lynne Most