

Pastor's Column

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Abortion Changes You!

Below you will find anonymous comments from women who have been involved in abortion. These comments, hopefully, will help everyone to think twice...

"I was 27 years old and 'should have known better.' The embarrassing part was I didn't know who the father was, how could I tell my friends this? I was realizing my life was out of control about this same time, and the pregnancy suddenly put everything into perspective. I had always dreamed of having a baby, several babies, so when I found out I was pregnant I was immediately overjoyed, then the fear set in. I didn't think I had what it took to be a single parent. And I couldn't even tell the father I was having a baby because didn't know which guy it was. I believed strongly in being a 'stay at home' mom, but this baby would have to be a day care baby. Much of its life would be spent away from me, this tore me apart. I loved my baby. I would sit and talk to him/her all through the day. I felt strangely whole for the first time in my life. I knew this baby was special. I was happy and complete. I really wanted this child, but everything was so imperfect from what I wanted it to be, no dad or a marriage I didn't want right then, day care, the added responsibility (I took parenting seriously), fear of judgment from others...it wasn't 'cool' to be unwed and pregnant at the same time. I opted for abortion. I remember sitting on the kitchen floor sobbing as I told my baby what was to become of it. The people at the clinic asked if I was sure that I wanted an abortion because I told them how much I loved the baby and how I felt warm and whole. They told me about adoption (absolutely not acceptable for someone else to raise my baby). This was the rational thing to do, I was sure of it, though it went against everything I wanted. I just wanted a better life to bring my baby into, a better situation. I told myself it was the loving selfless thing to do. Then it was done. I walked in feeling warm and whole, I left feeling cold and empty, totally empty, alone, extremely alone, my compassion was gone. My baby was no more. I would never be the same. I couldn't shake the feelings. No one said that I would feel empty and alone, that I would suffer extreme loneliness and longing for my missing baby. I longed for that whole feeling again. I wanted my baby back. I was stricken with deep grief. I had done something there was no turning back from. It was final. My baby was dead. I would never feel his presence again, ever. How could I as a loving person have done such a thing? I've never recovered from that abortion and I am now 60. When I think of it, I still long for that child. I can't think of it for very long because I begin with all the self-recrimination. I ache. Then the tears start coming. And the thing is, I feel like no one else understands. I could feel the life of the baby in my womb. He was a living being, we were bonded, we talked to each other. The life within me made me feel alive and in some ways I felt dead now too. After this experience I couldn't

understand how anyone could say, it isn't a true being until a certain amount of gestation. It is life from the start. I wasn't a Christian at the time, but I am now and I feel certain that the baby was a gift from God in the midst of the turmoil of my life. With the baby inside me everything stood still and I felt peace. With the baby gone it was back to living but with a large chunk of my heart and soul missing, as it is even today. A few years later, God would bless me with twins of my own. It still didn't take the ache away. It's like if someone you love dies, no one else can replace them. I could have a million children, but none would replace the one that died..."

"I have made many bad decisions in my life. Some worse than others... But I have never made one worse than that of taking the life of another knowingly and by my own hand. Rationalizations become reasons, faulty logic and selfish motives to avoid pain and responsibility...Thinking that it would all be over and my life would move on...Move on it did, but the pain never left...the shame never left...the lack of self-forgiveness never left...I thought I was taking the easy way out but little did I know I gave myself a life sentence..."

"Fate fell short for me, too short. Junior year of high school, August, the first day of school was when I met him. He was an exchange student from Denmark, his smile was why I went to school just to see him when I walked through the door. I had a crush on him since we paired to be science partners in class. As the days went on the more we fell in love... November, I found out I was pregnant. By a guy that would be leaving the country that summer. January, I was in an abortion clinic. I felt like I had no other option, this was what everyone told me to do. This was what was best, 'for my situation,' they said. I blame myself every single day for letting myself let this happen. I didn't speak up, I knew it would be hard to be a single parent, but that was my baby. My reason. What happened to the happily ever after we planned? March, in the hospital for a suicide attempt... I ended up getting my G.E.D. because of the depression and everyone at school talking about it. Their stares could give it all away. May, he acts like I don't exist. June, he left on a plane back home without a goodbye. I regret it, I regret it all. I just want to go back...but I know I can't...but baby, just know that your mommy was in such a tough spot, and that fate fell rapidly. I can't wait to hold you in my arms one day, I love you, and I miss you every day. You would have been born August 25...that day was so painful for me. It's now September and this is the first time I'm getting this all out...I'm so sorry."

For more stories and for helpful information go to:
www.abortionchangesyou.com



Help Save Lives from September 25 - November 3

Includes prayer and fasting, peaceful vigil, and community outreach
www.40daysforlife.com/sanmarcos