

MEMOIRS OF A  
CHRISTIAN  
WHO CHOSE  
ABORTION



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## Having Professed to Be Wise, I Became a Fool

*So, if you think you are standing firm,  
be careful that you don't fall!  
1 Corinthians 10:12*

### HOW I, AS A CHRISTIAN, CHOSE ABORTION

When I was eighteen years old, about eight months following high school graduation, I found myself pregnant. I had a boyfriend who broke my heart, and his best friend was right there to comfort me. It didn't take long before that comfort led to sex. We used various forms of birth control, but it didn't work. Terrified, I first called my church for help because I had no idea what to do. I knew better than to get myself into this situation but I still made poor choices. I knew the church should be able to help me, and my parents lived in another state, so I called my church and set an appointment to talk with a woman there. I'm certain she had good intentions but absolutely no training in counseling someone with my issue. The year was 1980.

I told the counselor I was single and pregnant and assumed she would help me know what to do. Instead, she spent about forty-five minutes telling me how wrong and guilty I was and how I needed to change my lifestyle. I already knew far better than anyone that I was walking a dangerous path and needed to change my lifestyle, but this knowledge did not help me with my current situation. She said nothing

about solutions to my “problem” except that I couldn’t have an abortion because that was murder. She was the one that brought it up.

I knew very little about fetal development, and the counselor had no resources to help me understand what abortion entailed. I remember asking her if God would forgive me if I had an abortion. She said that He would, but I just couldn’t do that. I left there with no real solution, feeling like the scum of the earth, and determined that I would not tell another Christian about my predicament. I did confess to a friend from high school, but she didn’t know how to help me, though she begged me not to abort.

Looking through the Yellow Pages, I avoided abortion clinics but found Planned Parenthood. I thought maybe they could help me plan to be a parent. I went there, and they were welcoming and kind to me, not judgmental at all. A much different reception than what I experienced at church. The “counselor” they set me up with was more like a salesperson. She told me she could see this was not a good time for me to have a baby and that abortion was my best option. She gave me no other possible options and assured me that it was nothing but a piece of tissue.

I told the woman I didn’t know how to explain this to my family, and she told me I could just tell them I was having a cyst removed because the surgery was the same for both. She said it would be quick and easy and I could get on with my life. I convinced myself that she was right and set an appointment for the procedure. My boyfriend said he’d pay half the cost and took me to my appointment.

I was in the room with fifteen or twenty other women awaiting our abortions, dressed in our surgical gowns, hats, and slippers. I remember feeling as if we were cattle awaiting slaughter. One by one, they called us back. The doctor put me under anesthesia and did the abortion. I woke up throwing up, feeling I'd done what I needed to do and shoving away thoughts of it being wrong. I so wanted to believe that it was the best choice—my only choice—and was determined to force any remorse from my mind. It was what I had to do, and I did it. It was over, and now I could go on with my life.

In the days following, I developed a terrible infection with a high fever. My legs buckled under me, so I could hardly walk. I was in terrible abdominal pain and very dizzy with a rising fever. My boyfriend was not available to take me back to the clinic, so I had no choice but to drive myself. This time, they weren't friendly at all and insisted that it was just the flu. They were very gruff with me verbally and rough when examining me. They tried to send me home saying I'd get over it, but I insisted that it wasn't the flu. Finally, they told me that I could drive to another clinic to see the doctor who performed the abortion.

Although I could hardly walk and was feeling worse by the minute, I managed to drive about twenty more miles through heavy traffic to the other clinic. The doctor saw me and finally agreed it was an infection without admitting it was from the abortion, other than a nod. He gave me a shot of antibiotics and one for pain. He didn't even ask if there was someone else who could drive me home. I was so groggy from the pain medication that I have no idea how I

made it safely. I remember driving slowly, not fully conscious, yet aware that I was driving, hoping I wouldn't get pulled over.

Emotionally, I became very numb. My boyfriend and I moved to another state but soon broke up, and I went to live with my parents. I put on a smile and attended church as if everything was great. On the one hand, I felt that it didn't matter what I did at this point because I'd already done the worst thing. On the other hand, I played the good Christian, and no one ever questioned me because I was one of the leaders in the singles class. I lived very differently between Sundays. I found a new boyfriend. I'd told him about my abortion, and he told me that if he got a girl pregnant, he'd "take care of it," meaning he'd help her get an abortion.

As I look back now, my new life verse was about to become, "Like a dog that returns to its vomit is a fool who repeats his folly."<sup>1</sup> Not surprisingly, I was pregnant again at age nineteen. Perhaps it should have been a surprise, remarkable I could conceive again after that terrible infection. But this time I knew to skip the church entirely and went directly to a clinic. Who needs that kind of grief?

For some reason, I told my parents this time that I was pregnant. They were quite upset, so I couldn't tell them that I'd already been through this once. They'd encouraged my sister to marry when she was pregnant out of wedlock, and it turned into a rough situation. A daughter of friends was encouraged to place her baby for adoption, and that was a

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<sup>1</sup> Proverbs 26:11

very painful experience, as well. When looking at options, it seemed like abortion was realistic. I also decided not to tell my boyfriend, because I was going to do what I was going to do and didn't want him to have to feel responsible.

I was like a zombie, in a way, just going through the motions as if I had no other options. I felt I needed to do this to cover my shame and keep from shaming my parents. It felt justifiable since my boyfriend would have chosen this anyway. I scheduled an appointment for when my parents would be out of town.

I stopped by a 7-11 and purchased two money orders to pay for the abortion, drove myself to the clinic, and there discovered that one of my money orders was missing. I frantically searched my car and purse, but it was nowhere to be found. Vanished. They were both there on the seat while I drove to the clinic, and I'd tucked them in my purse when I parked; it didn't make any sense.

I'm sure God was giving me one last opportunity to change my mind. You know, the part where when we are tempted, and He provides a way of escape? However, upon seeing my distress, the receptionist told me I could mail them the balance when I got home, and I had my second abortion just nine months after the first.

This time I was awake for the procedure, making it even more traumatic and painful than the first one. I recovered enough to drive home and then called my boyfriend to tell him I was pregnant and miscarried. What's another lie after what I'd done? However, I had no idea of the consequences

that would follow.