

Kathy's Abortion- The Dream



Before they did my abortion, they put me under general anesthesia. And while under this, I dreamed that I was contentedly floating in a beautiful pool, enjoying the clear sky. It was very peaceful, but I noticed that my legs were becoming entangled in the hose of one of those vacuums they use to clean a pool. At first, I was just annoyed to have my peaceful swim disturbed. Then the pain struck!

I was trapped by the suction of the hose. It began pulling me apart, piece by piece! I cried and pleaded for someone to stop it, but there was no stopping it! Piece by piece I watched myself being pulled apart; thinking how unfair it was that I was being denied the joy I had known only a few minutes before. When it was over, I was just aware of floating through the darkness of the tube, and then there was a sharp slapping on my thigh, and a rude voice shouting “Get up!” The nurse at the Abortion Clinic was waking me. The Dream was over, but I couldn't get it out of my mind.

Kathy did not need a psychiatrist to explain to her the significance of her dream.

She simply “stuffed it in a box” with all her other feelings about her abortion, and hid the box away. Guilt and grief occasionally surfaced, but she generally coped well for many years. But eventually, after marriage and the birth of her second child she more increasingly felt the need to confront her hidden secret. She was drawn to greater involvement in her church, and finally found forgiveness in confessing her sin to Jesus, and submitting herself to His Judgeship. What happened to my box? The old box was now destroyed; Jesus removed my sins from me as far as the east is to the west. (Ps. 103:12)

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But my memories remained; a mother does not easily forget her children. So, I gathered it's contents up and put them in a new box; one that was covered by the Lamb of God, and stamped, **Forgiven, on every side!** I was set free from the guilt and condemnation of my sin; and I knew that I could stand before the Lord because I had received His pardon. But standing before man was another matter. I continued to hide my greatest Secret, even though I had Jesus' forgiveness. It was so shameful a secret that I could not endure the thought of my friends and family knowing what I had done.

Nineteen years after my abortion my feelings of grief were stirring, and I prayed to the Lord and said, "Lord, Why did you give me that Dream and why did you give it to me when it was too late to save my baby? His simple and profound reply was, "I didn't give it to you to save your baby: I gave it to you to save other babies." It was then that I realized that through my dream, the Lord, in His sovereign and merciful way, had allowed me to taste the reality, the Torment, the Pain, and the Injustice of my child's death. I contacted the local crisis pregnancy center, thinking that this could be the arena the Lord may use in which my dream and testimony could "save the lives of other babies." I was interested in training as a counselor, but they were interested in my first attending their post-abortion support group.

I thought, "The Lord has forgiven me; my guilt is gone." But I had yet to learn that, while it takes the blood of Jesus to deliver us from guilt, it sometimes takes the acceptance of others to deliver us from shame.

The Lord knew that I needed this small intimate group, made up of abortion victims like myself. I could be confident in their acceptance of me. Through this sharing with others like myself, I began my journey to be free of my shame, with Jesus' help.



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