

LINNSEY'S ABORTION STORY- MY HEART



I signed a declaration when I had these abortions that that I was having them of my own free will. But, while I was signing the documents, I felt like I was dying inside! Even though the procedure had not begun, the abortion was hurting me already! But this was the easy way out and was my boyfriend's desire. I truly wanted my child.

When I first found out I was pregnant, I was overjoyed with the fact of starting a family with the man I loved, and was living with at the time. He, however, surprised me with "Well, do you really think we should have it? You have to consider Abortion." I was devastated that he even considered Killing a product of our love!

Over the next week he proceeded to give me every reason why I have to have the abortion, and then pushed further stating that he would leave me and not help at all if I kept her. Finally, I relented, thinking, "Well, we can always have another child when the time is right."

I even purchased a baby book prior to that, and I remember the day I picked up the 300 pages of excitement, and the joy and I threw it away in the garbage!

I felt as if I should jump in that trash and join that book! My soul was deeply, wholly and forever soiled from that point on.

When we drove up to the clinic, there were protesters lining the streets and the parking lots. One woman came right up to the window of my car as my boyfriend put his vehicle in park. As I opened the door, my heart was heavy, and I said to her in a voice full of emotion, "Please, this was a hard enough decision to make!" Her next statement to me despite my pleading eyes, was a top of the lungs ear shattering scream that I was "going to Hell!" I shut down from that moment, and did not hear another word! Little did she know that my hell was here on earth! My hell was about to begin!

I felt alone while walking up to that clinic, and if one person would given me some compassion and empathy, and put their arms around me and told me that I did not have to do this, I would have my beautiful 4 year old little girl today. That day I lost both my child and myself!

Oddly enough I felt relief when I first left the clinic. I felt as if I was "unimpregnated", as if my child never existed in the first place. I vowed to go on with my life and excel at work so I could create the best time to have a child and overcome all of the fears that my boyfriend was experiencing. I became a work-a-holic and I was rarely at home.

Two months later, even while using birth control, I was pregnant again! And I ended up in the same clinic. There were no protestors that day and walked in it was peaceful. After signing the papers, my boyfriend and I sat waiting in the lobby. As the seconds ticked across the clock, my emotions began building stronger and stronger until I felt this overwhelming sense of hopelessness and sorrow. Fearing a breakdown in the lobby, I went to the front desk to ask the key to the lady's room. Seeing that I was upset, the receptionist told me to come around to the back of the reception desk. She gently held my hand and said, "You know, you don't have to do this."

I started sobbing uncontrollably, and she held me close to her heart. I thanked her for her compassion in the most ironic of places! After a few minutes, I walked back to my boyfriend and told him that I was not doing this. I was keeping the child and there was no discussing it.

Twelve days later, I lost my baby to a miscarriage due to complications from my previous abortion. I was given RU 486 and had to "flush out" my dead child. My child was 6.5 weeks old, and I held that little baby in my hand and looking at its dead eyes and white skin, and sobbed uncontrollably. It seemed so wrong to flush it down the toilet but I had no idea what else to do. Here was a life I fought to keep and God took him away from me. I lost even more of myself then. Hate entered my life that day. I started to despise myself.

As the days passed, I sank into a deep depression. I wanted nothing more of being at home. Our relationship was becoming more strained day after day, because I refused to talk to him about anything and everything. I began to become deeply vengeful of my boyfriend because it is the man's duty to protect his family, and I felt that he was not strong enough to do that. I understand his reasoning for pressuring the abortion was based on fear, and I forgive him for that now, but at the time I needed him, and he failed me entirely.

One day I woke up and I realized he was a stranger to me. A month later, I found out he was sleeping with another woman, (his ex-wife) and I kicked him out of our apartment. A month after that, I realized that I was pregnant again with his child!

I pleaded with him to take this opportunity for us to become a family. He refused but he said I could keep it, and be a single mother while he and his ex-wife moved back to Pittsburgh to try to amend their relationship again. Overcome with rage over his abandonment and extremely fearful of single parenting, I lost another child.

My self-hate after that point was huge. I drank every day to the point where I blacked out and could not remember anything. I neglected everything in my life and worked non-stop to fill the void and hate that was filling my soul. One of my friends even stated to me that they could feel the demons that surrounded me all the time. I was lost!

Then one day I woke up and decided that I would become the opposite. I built a brick wall around the loving and hurting part of my soul. I decided that those areas would never be touched again. I would not hurt or be hurt ever again. I deadened all intimacy and emotions. During this time, I felt so guilty about taking a life that I could not even kill a fire ant, and I would cry excessively if I so much as stepped on or injured one! Every life form was overwhelmingly precious to me except mine! I stopped eating. I wanted to go to sleep and never wake up again. I felt that I was dead. I lived like that for years while I worked 80-90 hours a week so that I did not have to be alone with my thoughts.

I deeply regret my abortions. Years later, my ex-boyfriend called me to apologize to me, stating that he regretted forcing me to lose my children. He stated that he thinks about it every day and wonders what would have happened if we had kept those children.

Four years later, at the pleading of my first boyfriend since those times, I sought help for Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder from Abortion at Rachel's Vineyard. I thank them all every day for giving me back my life, and helping me to learn how to honor and love my children and being willing to forgive myself for what I had done, under the protection of the Holy Spirit.

I never expected to have another Abortion as I was always Pro-Life. I realize now you can never understand what drives someone to make this decision until you truly walk in that person's footsteps. I have spent four years suffering with the guilt and agony of my sins. Some of the people that I met at the retreat said that they are glad I sought help when I did, as they have been suffering for decades! My heart goes out to them, as I know how much this affected me over these long four years. I cannot imagine carrying the weight of this guilt for decades!

Before my abortion, I used to be confident, generous; A joyful person with a sunny disposition. Now I've been dealing with depression, periods of intense anger, bouts of rage, with no self-confidence, sexual fears and disfunctions, the inability to make decisions, the inability to be emotionally intimate, eating disorders of both anorexia and bulimia, and overwhelming intense sorrow, guilt, and regret over what I did!

NO ONE DESERVE THIS PAIN! ABORTION HURTS! IT HURTS! It hurts mothers. It hurts fathers, it hurts brothers...it hurts sister...it hurts cousins...it hurts aunts...it hurts uncles...it hurts grandmothers...it hurts great grandfathers. It hurts generations and breaks up families. And it most importantly it **KILLS CHILDREN!**

IT IS NOT A CHOICE! IT IS MURDER!

Children are the greatest part of life! They are the continuation of our lives and of our souls. Children should be celebrated and allowed to live! Abortion hurts women. Abortion Kills a child, and it kills the mother right along with that child!

It is the reason that I declare that I will **BE SILENT NO MORE!**

