

LITTLE KATE'S STORY OF HER ABORTION



When I was 14, I found out I as 20 weeks pregnant. I was persuaded by my doctor, church leader, and family to abort the baby. However, in the state of Maryland, abortion was not an option. My parents found Dr. George Tiller's Clinic in Wichita, Kansas by searching on the internet, and I was flown there within days of finding out that I was pregnant. I was so scared, ashamed and confused! I knew what I was doing was wrong. There was a gate my dad and I had to go through in order to get into the clinic and protesters stood outside the gate holding signs of bloody bodies.

We drove through those gates every morning for five days! The first day involved signing a lot of papers. I did not understand any of what I was reading before I signed my child's life away! No one explained anything to me. I had no idea what exactly I was getting myself into; the pain, the risks, the after effects! The clinic was dark and quiet, and I wanted the whole experience to be over, and to go back home; but every step I took made it harder, and harder to turn back.

I participated in "group therapy" with other women who were there for the five day procedure as well. I was the youngest, and from the looks of the other woman, I was the least far along in my pregnancy. From talking with the other woman, I learned more of their stories. I remember being so disgusted because there were women there who had no "good" reason to be there.

They were married, financially, stable, healthy women, who just did not feel like they were ready to have a baby. I couldn't see why they waited so long to decide that! But I was there too so who was I to judge!

Between "group therapy" we spent time in examining rooms where small sticks of expandable seaweed were inserted into the cervix! This caused cramps like I have never felt before! This cramping went on for days!

At night I would lay curled up in a hotel bed and cry. I was so exhausted! I hurt everywhere and no one was there to help me. No one talked about what was actually happening. I knew the truth. I knew that there was Life moving inside of me.

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I knew what was happening was unnatural and that everyone around me was either cold-hearted, or in shock, but I kept going back to that clinic. On the final day, we got to the clinic early. There were 6-10 other women, and they were all in the same large room in our own hospital bed. I could hear the others moaning, and I knew how they felt. We were all in labor. I was so cold and I was shaking so violently that a nurse came by and placed many blankets on me so that the shivering would stop. It didn't help. No one sat beside my bed, or asked how I was. A nurse said to lean on her, and that would make pushing easier. I pushed. My baby was left in the toilet!!

After his I was wheeled into another examining room and I was placed on a big metal table. There was a large light beating down on me. As the nurse waited with me for the doctor, she rubbed my stomach, and said, "Look how skinny you are now!" I Cried! Dr. Tiller came in and removed the afterbirth. I was then given some pads, and prescriptions for pain-killers, and nausea as well as birth control pills, told me to make an appointment with my doctor back home, and the sent me on my way.

This is my experience at the clinic. No one ever told me that what happened at the clinic would cause an Emptiness and Sadness that would consume me for years to come! No one advised me to seek counseling to deal with the trauma I had experienced. Actually, no one talked about that day for years!

The pain manifested in other ways: I tried to mask my feelings with drugs and reckless behavior. I did not want to live. I didn't deserve to live. I eventually did seek counseling for "Unrelated" issues, and my therapist advised me to find healing through a Rachel's Vineyard Retreat. The Retreat was the beginning of a healing process that I am still working on. The decision to abort my child was not a solution to a problem, but the source of many of my problems from then on. I hope that other women will hear of my experience and other women's experience, and think hard about not making the same mistake!

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