

I Know Your Pain

By Kristin England

I want the world to know that Yes abortion does hurt and Yes God Can heal all our hurts. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." (Psalm 30:5b)

Have you had an abortion? Are you hurting? Sorry? Do you wish you could go back in time and undo it? Wish you could erase the memories from your mind, be rid of the guilt? I understand how you feel... I've been there.

Let me share my story with you:

When I was a young girl, I dreamed of marrying a handsome man, having lots of children and being a perfect little wife and mother. At 17, my dreams were shattered when I was raped. No! How could this happen to me? I wanted to be pure for my husband. I knew nothing about sex. A friend had to explain to me that I wasn't a virgin anymore; I thought I was bleeding because I had fought so hard. I felt dirty, used and worthless. No man would ever want to marry me now; I was ruined. The first day of my senior year in high school as I walked down the sidewalk to the front door of the school I thought everybody knew what had happened to me. I felt like a whore. Sex was no big deal now. It meant nothing.

At 19, I was 3 ½ months pregnant. I felt so alone. I wanted my baby, but how could I take care of him? I was in beauty school and living at home with my mother and stepfather. I was afraid my stepfather would kick me out of the house. I had no income. What could I do? It seemed I was suspended in space, just watching others as the days turned into months. Oh, I wanted this baby so very much. But I was afraid. What would my family think of me? They would be ashamed of me. Everybody would know what a sinful person I really was.

I finally told my cousins and they told their parents. My aunt and uncle convinced me an abortion was the only choice I had, and no one would ever have to know. But I knew and God knew.

My uncle took me to a cold, dark house where an unshaven man performed the illegal abortion. To the best of my knowledge, the Prostaglandin procedure is probably what he did. It makes me sick in my heart to read this now:

Prostaglandin

The chemical Prostaglandin is applied to the uterine muscle, causing fetal circulatory damage and intense contractions. This causes the muscle tissue of the mother to push the baby out of the uterus. This procedure requires you to "give birth" to a dead baby.

While I was having this done, my aunt was telling my mother and grandparents; the very people I was hiding from knew my secret sins now. If only I had gone to my mother in the first place, Oh, I have said "if only..." so many times!

I remember him giving me a shot he said was to prevent infection. He put something inside me; it hurt. He was lying on a bed with me. He told me I would have to lie there for a little while to be sure things were going okay. Then he made me play with him, telling me this was necessary to make my body abort the baby. He was disgusting. I was afraid of him. Finally he led me down the front steps of the house where my uncle was waiting to drive me to a girlfriend's house to spend the night. My aunt told me I would have a rough menstrual period and my *problem* would be gone. She had had three abortions. I thought she should know.

Later that week, Mother took me to her gynecologist. We thought I had already lost the

baby and wanted to be sure I was all right. I can still hear his words, "Mother and child doing fine". My first thoughts were of panic, then the need to undo the abortion. But the doctor told us I would lose my baby soon and the pain would be excruciating.

When I went into labor my mother took me to my grandparents' house so my stepfather wouldn't find out. My water broke, I went into hard labor, and the pain was indeed excruciating. I sat there in the bathroom praying for God to make the pain go away. I promised Him I would do anything He wanted me to do; just take away this awful pain. Then, finally the pain stopped. I looked down and saw my baby boy. He had tiny fingers, toes and eyes. This was a real baby... what had I done? Oh, dear God, take this pain from my heart... now I wanted to die too. I knew I had made the most terrible mistake of my life and it was too late to do anything about it. Have you had these same thoughts? They are overwhelming aren't they? The emptiness and loss....

I cried almost daily. I was depressed and didn't feel I deserved to be happy. I couldn't sleep. I was abusing alcohol and drugs. I had difficulty with relationships. I was full of anger and hate; but mostly I hated myself. I was on a self-destructive journey. I had asked God to forgive me, but I couldn't forgive myself. I kept punishing myself. Maybe you are having some of these same feelings. If so, you are destroying your life and probably hurting friends and family too.

The emotional pain of my abortion tormented me for 30 years. I never dreamed I could be free of it. But God didn't give up on me. He gave me a second chance. He gave me a church family with a sweet, sweet spirit and a very special pastor, Brother Gary, to show this lost sheep the way home.

It was on Sanctity of Life Sunday January 1995 that Rita gave her testimony at church about how she had aborted her baby girl. I started crying uncontrollably. It didn't matter what people thought now. I knew I had to find help. I could not live with this guilt any longer.

"Oh give thanks unto the LORD, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever. Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses. He sent his word, and healed them from their destructions."
(Psalm 107:1,19-20)

I attended the post-abortion Bible study Rita was teaching and am so thankful I did. I learned that other women felt just like I did as we shared our deep, dark secrets. I've listened as many women shed tears of sorrow because of their abortion. We helped each other in our healing process. God truly is Jehovah-rapha, the one who heals me. I'm so thankful to God for what He has done and continues to do in my life. I wish for you to have this same healing in your life. I want to help you find the freedom that I have found!

"Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies. (Psalm 103:2-4)

God has blessed me greatly since I have chosen to surrender my life to Him. I made such a mess of my life when I did things "my way". God knows what is best for us because He is the one who made us.

My prayer is that all who visit here and study God's Word with me in the weeks to follow will have their "mourning turned into dancing." (Psalm 30:11)