

Feb. 27, 2008

My name is Vera Faith Lord, and I am testifying in opposition to Senate Bill 398.

I was 34 years old when I killed my son. If I had allowed him to live, he would have been born on my 35th birthday, & he would have turned 25 this past August. I was 21 weeks pregnant. Up until 2 days before the abortion, I didn't know I was pregnant. I'd had 2 negative pregnancy tests & 2 Doctors tell me I could never get pregnant. I thought I had a tumor - I thought I was dying.

On the night my son was conceived, I not only got him, I got a black eye, a broken jaw, & a broken rib. I was in a dysfunctional, abusive marriage, & I was using alcohol, cocaine, & amphetamines - In short, I was the Poster Child for the so-called "justifiable abortion". On the advice of a Doctor, a clergyman, & everyone around me, I went ahead & I did it: I had the abortion. --- Now we'll talk about Afterward.

At some point after the abortion, (the time frame varies from woman to woman) an interesting thing happens: Mother Nature shows up - Big-Time - in the form of the strongest instinct on the planet - the Maternal Instinct. It's stronger than survival, & it's alive & well in all of us who are female, whether we want it or not. It appears in full Primal force, & we have one awful moment when we KNOW that we have killed our child.

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It's like putting your hand into fire, & holding it there – Everything in you screams to pull back – run away – & that's what we do: We spend the rest of our lives running away from that moment – It's called Post-Abortion Syndrome & it's the worst feeling in the world.

If we really could run away, that would almost make it all right, but we can't – & the reason we can't is that we have a DEAD BABY – no less than the mother whose baby died in any other way. The fact that we participated in the killing, doesn't make the baby any less dead.

When someone dies, you MUST acknowledge, grieve & mourn that death. – If you cannot, you're in serious psychological trouble – They call it Impacted Grief & it's a big part of Post Abortion Syndrome, along with migraines, eating disorders, relationship problems, inability to bond, & many others. We who are Post-Abortive have lifestyles ranging from Compulsive Perfectionism down to Suicidal Self-Destruction.

There is a healing process. When I began my healing in 1997, I did lots of research & I discovered that in 1997 – 10 years ago – there had been 9 books written & there were 21 national organizations just to help Post-Abortive mothers (& fathers). You've probably never heard of any of them, & there's a good reason why you haven't.

If you knew about all that, you'd know the dirty little secret behind the door called "Choice" - The baby is not the only one who dies - big parts of his mother die right along with him. It doesn't get better - she keeps on dying spiritually, psychologically, emotionally, & sometimes physically until something either shakes her out of denial, & she begins the healing process OR she takes her Post abortion Syndrome to her grave ---- never connecting the dots, never realizing that her migraines, her eating disorders, her inability to bond - all stem back to something she may have done 20 or 30 or 40 years ago - something she THINKS she feels perfectly OK about. --- Something society tells her she MUST feel OK about.

Everyone here today knows someone who's had an abortion. Statistics say you know more than one of us. We are your mothers, grandmothers, sisters, daughters, wives, friends, & co-workers. We're all around you. If you're thinking you don't know anyone, there's only one reason: You don't know who it is yet.

Many say "I do know someone & she seems to be OK" - she's not. There's research being done right now that says Post Abortion Syndrome is hormonal - How she feels intellectually about the abortion simply doesn't matter. It's literally her own body not allowing her to forget.

One of the steps in our healing process is to name the baby who has died, & to finally accept, grieve, & mourn that death – That may sound morbid, but it's a very healthy, very necessary thing that we need to do to get better.

My son's name is Gabriel. About a year after my healing began, I saw a woman carrying a baby boy about a year old through a doorway. She walked a little too close to the door, & he hit his head & began to shriek as only a one-year-old can. She stood him up, kneeled down in front of him, & rubbed his head, saying "Oh Mommy's sorry you hit your head" --- Just like turning off a light switch, the shrieking stopped & she had made it all better.

I thought nothing of it at the time, but it resonated in my sub-conscious, & about 8 hours later, I found myself on the floor in my living room, rocking back & forth, & sobbing & talking to my son, saying "Gabriel, Mommy is sorry --- Mommy is so sorry".

You have no idea what that feels like. ---- I'm glad it happened because it's part of my healing process. --- I am here today speaking to you so that neither you nor anyone you care about will ever have to experience a moment like that, because you'll never have to heal from something like what I did.

I urge you to vote against Senate Bill 398.