

## **My Abortion Testimony**

### **Karen Reynoso**

I grew up with loving parents who provided for me and protected me. It was not a Christian home, but we were raised with good morals in general. The family unit began to fall apart when I was in my early teens, and when I was sixteen, my parents divorced. The divorce occurred around the same time I broke up with my first boyfriend and I was very lonely. My family, as I had known it, was gone. My parents had their own problems and I no longer got the attention, love, or affirmation I so needed, and I didn't know how to ask for it. I began to look for love in the wrong places and became pregnant when I was 19 years old. I was very scared and confused and felt all alone. The father of the child was quickly out of the picture and I didn't think I could raise a child by myself. So, I felt my only option was to have an abortion.

I believed at the time that abortion was my right and my choice...that's what they had been telling us for years. Society's lies had told us that our lives were more important, that we were to look out for number one, and to not let anything interfere with our plans. Because I had bought into these lies, I became a very selfish person. And because of my selfishness, I came to believe that pregnancy and motherhood were an inconvenience and a burden, rather than a blessing.

Also, the abortion providers and pro-choice representatives said that it was a safe, simple procedure and that it was just a "blob of tissue," a "clump of cells," a "product of conception." They said it wasn't a baby yet. I was around 8 to 10 weeks pregnant when I had the abortion and I believed what they had told me. I wish I would have known then what I know now: that it was a baby inside of me, and he was fully formed and all his major organs were in place. He already had finger prints and his brain waves were detectable. His heart had already been beating for over a month. I didn't know that then, but I know it now. They blatantly lied, and I believed them.

I remember very little about the abortion. I remember talking with a woman who conducted the intake. She made it appear that the abortion procedure was no big deal. I understood the abortion to be a safe procedure that simply removed a "tissue mass" from my uterus. As I mentioned above, I know now that it wasn't a "tissue mass" ....It was my living baby that they ripped from my womb.

Next, I remember lying on a cold metal table with a couple of nurses in the room. They were very nice to me and I trusted them. They put an IV in my arm and told me to count backwards from 100. I don't think I even got to 90 before I was out.

The next thing I remember, I woke up in a recovery room. This room had several beds in it, and several young girls and women who were all recovering from their abortions. I was very groggy from the anesthetic and was cramping and bleeding. They said this was normal. I had to lie there for some time before I was able to get up and go home.

After I got dressed, I met my Mom in waiting room and we left together. When I left the clinic, I remember feeling relieved, because I thought my problem had been solved. However, it would prove later, that the abortion created more problems than it solved.

After the abortion, my lifestyle became more and more destructive and my drug use increased. I was not able to see that the abortion was causing me pain because it was legal and "my right." How could something that was legal and "my right," be bothering me? Because of my destructive lifestyle, I became pregnant three more times. Because I was still in denial and still believed the lies, I made