

My Abortion

[Pro 31:8 NKJV] 8 Open your mouth for the speechless [mute, silent, dumb, unable to speak], In the cause of all [who are] appointed to die.

NKJV

**I am not looking for compassion, sympathy, empathy or anything of that
I'm not here to argue politics and laws**

**I share this as hopefully a way to open a window into a world that many have never
experienced and many have**

**I cannot speak to everyone's experience - as many detractors will clearly point out that
I'm a man - and have no right to speak on this**

**To which I don't totally disagree.
I cannot speak to the things a woman goes through.**

I can speak to the things a man goes through.

**But what I want you to see and to hear tonight is...the truth
A true story
A true God
And about my true first child**

**There are times to share things and times not to.
And with the recent Supreme Court ruling this seems like the right time to.**

The struggle: sharing - what right? As one who committed? Can I mention my child? When asked how many children I have. I always want to say five. Sometimes, if the situation seems right, i do share. Other times I don't and wish that I had.

Why share? Why bring to light? It's not to make right, nothing I can ever do will change what happened or bring absolution.

**I hope to bring Glory to God
Some honor to a beautiful child
Some hope and love for those caught up in it or have gone through it
And hopefully tell this in a way respectful to them, but also towards my college girlfriend
And to hopefully save at least one life.**

[Pray]

Testimony: growing up in church/christian school
Divorce, high school, college life

College girlfriend, September 11th, bad relationship

20 years ago, college in NJ - the darkest time in my life

Finding out she was (we were) pregnant

Knowing the reality
Not stepping up and doing the right thing
Immediately looking for a way out
Calling someone i knew would rationalize my way out

Yet deep down, i didn't want the way out. I just had no idea how to go the way forward, the right way

Prisoner, handcuffed, led by my chains of sin

She was Catholic. We had similar beliefs. I knew the truth - that there was a baby growing inside. But I was blind. I was a slave.

I'm not sure she would have gone if I didn't take her. She seemed totally lost. In need of direction. Would she have married me if I had asked? Been serious? IDK, we were technically engaged. I had wanted to get married. She obviously stayed with me for some reason but she eventually left me down the road. Could we have faced her very strict parents, who hated me, pretty rightly so?

I wish we had.

Leading up to it - looking for money, finding a place - NYC

The trip in

The protesters
The imagery

Glad they were there. Glad it wasn't easy

The atmosphere of that place...

Going home, her mom finding out by a mailing

Dropping out of college

Deeper dive into depression, drug addiction and alcoholism

Eventually breaking up - she actually got me the left behind books which evangelized me and led me to read the bible - but I didn't come to him for another year.

Coming to the Lord

Newfound hope, life, friends, relationships

Still deep scars. Deep pain.

I still cry, to this day, over what I did, over not knowing my child, not being able to see them grow. Over the lasting effects on those around me by it.

They would be around 20 today.

My life would have been drastically different.

Not that I would ever trade my wife or kids today - I love them.

But, somehow, in some small, relatively insignificant way compared to what I did to them - I love that baby. I love them immensely in my heart, but I know my actions overshadow that for this life. I find comfort in knowing that God knows.

2 Samuel 12:13-23

I will go to him, but he will not return to me.

I can remember collapsing on the floor of the kitchen of my mom's condo in NY, not long after getting saved

Weeping, brokenhearted, crying out for forgiveness for what I had done.

I had already prayed, already been forgiven

But the burden of guilt, of loss of a child - at my own hand

God was freeing me from the burden - not the pain. Not the regret.

But the burden needed to be his.

It affected my way of thinking.

In some ways I began to think that my wife would be one who had a child already

Even though that was really just me trying to make up for it

There were times, driving the long commute home, i'd turn around and look in my back seat and imagine how wonderful it would be to see my child back there on a car seat

**Having Mia in 2013 was a first fulfillment of that God-given desire.
Never a replacement, never filling that hole, and not meant to be.**

**But you know it's not something that ever will go away
I'll always wonder, desire, and wish things were different somehow**

I think of my friends who lost a young child - how anguishing that must be - how robbed they must feel. And it was not at their own fault.

God took David's son to be in heaven because David was king and God had to make an example out of David - not the child.

It was God's decision to take the child home. Not David's.

In some way we're all conceived in sin, born into it. It's unavoidable.
But God still creates life. We do not have a right to say who lives and who dies - unless they have done something that God deems worthy for us to in capital punishment.

We are to protect life. We play a role in creating it, but we are not responsible for making it happen nor are we to be responsible in saying when it should end.

How could we say such a thing?

**My child today - what would they have grown up to be? To say? To invent? To love?
How many friends would they have impacted? Lives touched because of them?
The world changed through them. Who was I to prevent that? - a selfish murder.**

Would it have been impossibly hard? Sure. Would we have been good parents? Without God, no. Would their life and ours potentially have been hard? Probably. But does that mean their life was not important, significant or worth protecting? Because of the parents sin?

Why was the child punished for our crimes? Our immaturity? Our lack of love?

I think about my other children - Mia, Jacob, Elisha & Timmy
Will they ever think I don't love them, that what I say is a lie because of it?
Dad did that...he must not really love us.
That's huge for them.

They'll forever be robbed of knowing their older sibling. And not because of an accident, sickness, or misfortune...but because their dad committed murder - as a sacrifice to his sin, to his lifestyle.

But thanks be to Jesus. They can see, hopefully, a changed life. I tell them and have always told them, in bite-sized, child-processable ways - so that it's never a shock. Never a surprise. Never something to blindsides them. They've seen me cry over it. I've asked them to forgive me and that I always pray and hope they know I love them. That the me without Jesus was that kind of person. And the me with Jesus is hopefully a father that loves them. That cares for them. That will protect them to the cost of his own life.

Perhaps I'm overprotective. I'd rather they hate me for that then hate me for not being there - or worse - not having them there.

I take comfort in this -

Knowing that Jesus died for ALL of my sin. Even the unthinkable of killing my own child, on the cross.

That God killed his own son so that I could be forgiven of murdering my baby when they were most vulnerable.

I take comfort knowing that my child is in heaven - it's God's heart. It's in scripture. We can talk about age of accountability some other time - but know this, heaven is filled with - at minimum since Roe V Wade

63,459,781 (2022)

<https://nrlc.org/uploads/factsheets/FS01AbortionintheUS.pdf>

I don't pretend to understand every situation everyone is in. But there's always a way out, a way through with God (1 cor 10:13)

There are many ways out - that don't require the child to bear the penalty - the sacrifice

Call to repentance, encouragement, every life has worth

I'll hug Jesus first in heaven, then because of mercy and grace of God, I'll finally be able to embrace my child

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