

One Man's Story

“That Day Ripped Out My Gut”

**For every woman who has had an abortion a man has been involved.
For me it was two abortions.**

I think that because we live in such a visual world where we can't see the baby from conception, it just doesn't seem real. I know this may seem like a simple analogy, but ... we cannot see corn that was just planted; yet, that doesn't make it any less a vegetable.

My story begins at 16 when I heard that first "I'm pregnant" from my girlfriend. I can remember being scared and a little confused about how it all happened. I asked all of the questions like, "I thought you were protected," and anything else I could think of to say rather than taking responsibility for my actions.

I can remember when the phone call came to my parents. My feelings of being scared and confused changed to terrified and ashamed. I don't know how much time passed from the phone call until my parents came to talk with me, but it felt like an eternity. I remember putting on my headphones with the music cranked up, not wanting to face the consequences of my actions as my parents were trying to talk to me. I wanted it all to go away.

I'm sure my parents were just as scared and that thoughts of "what's next" were running through their minds. Both sets of parents got involved, and it ended with the untimely death of Jonathan Michael, who would now be 30-plus years old and doing something I never gave him the chance to do.

I don't remember thinking a whole lot about the abortion. In my busy, important life as a teenager, sex, drugs, and rock and roll took over with a steady diet of Pink Floyd and others. It didn't take long for this life-style to catch up with me; I got myself in the same situation with another girlfriend. I remember thinking, "Okay, this time I will be a man and take care of this baby. I know I'm only 17, but I'll be 18 real soon and out of high school. I know I can work hard and make it work out this time."

When we had the sit-down talk with my girlfriend's dad, he proceeded to tell me I wasn't ready for the responsibility of raising a child. After all, I was still in high school and I had no job stability. He continued for some time, but all I heard after that was, "You are not good enough; you're a loser. What kind of idiot would get my daughter pregnant anyway? I can't believe I even let my daughter go out with you the way you look, you long-haired loser."

The result of that conversation was the decision by her parents for the abortion of Zachary Allen, who would be following his older brother's lead in the life I didn't fight for. That day ripped my gut out and closed my heart.

My role in two abortions has been long-lasting. I can tell you that the mental and emotional effects on a man are real and devastating. I really don't let anyone get close to me because I don't want to let them down. I've had a divorce, no current relationship with my two living sons, countless unfinished projects, and several jobs left before true success--mainly because I never felt I deserved it.

Where am I today? After hearing a woman's personal story in our church of how abortion affected her, I felt like a

hammer hit me between the eyes. I knew then it was time to start dealing with my past. Jesus Christ has forgiven my past and continues to strengthen me. I know that there is NO future looking in my rearview mirror and nothing in my past that I can change. My wife had nothing to do with my past, but she wants the best for our future and to fight and save as many untimely deaths as we can together. Her support has been immeasurable in the healing process. ...