



Rebecca's Story

Growing up in an abusive atmosphere deprived me of the security and assurance I needed from my parents.

My stepfather was sent to prison for his actions and at the age of 12 I was removed from the home. I felt guilty thinking I was to blame for splitting up the family. The love and security that I needed was not there. My mother was not able to give that to me due to a vicious cycle that had surrounded our family for generations. I was hurt and that hurt turned into anger and the anger turned into resentment.

I eventually started to act out by being rebellious and looking else where to feel loved, wanted and accepted.

I was basically on the path of destruction. I got involved with the wrong crowd and started to look for what I thought was love from men. I became pregnant at the age of 17. I was not sure of whom the father was and I was too ashamed to tell others of my pregnancy so I hid my pregnancy. There were only a few selected people that knew. I was scared and ashamed. I was not sure what to do. I just wanted to wake up and for everything to be back the way it was before.

I did not know what an abortion was then because years ago it was not talked about as much. I was not in the right state of mind to make a wise choice. Fear and shame consumed my thoughts and actions. The guy I was dating at the time helped to pay for the abortion. I remember waking up after the procedure and a tear falling down my face. My heart knowing what I had done was wrong. I was never the same after that. I lied to my mother and others that knew I was pregnant and told them that I had miscarried. I felt sad and I was confused. I thought things were going to be back to normal, but all the things I was feeling inside- I had no idea what to do with that. I was angry. I felt I was robbed of something. I was mourning a loss. I needed something to cover up the pain; I needed something to replace the loss I was feeling.

I became pregnant again, intentionally. I felt that was my only solution. Things were going to be ok, back to what it was before. The father did not want to keep this baby. I did want to keep the baby. The father was not accepting of that. My family was upset with me prior to the first abortion; as a result I was alone in this battle. I finally gave in to what he wanted and after the matter I had so much hate in my heart towards the father and everyone else, even God. I hated my self. I started to drink heavily and I became suicidal I just did not want to be here anymore. I repressed everything. That was the only way I could cope. Since my abortions, I've had many failed relationships with boyfriends and friends. All I wanted was to be happy and at peace. I was never able to experience that until I met God and established a relationship with him.

Allowing God to have control of my life has brought me happiness and peace. Something I had been longing for. Although I became a Christian, I still struggled with my past. I was ashamed. I compared myself to others; thinking how much better everyone else was because they had not committed such a sin as I had. Condemnation prevented me from establishing relationships with others. I was too ashamed to allow anyone to get close to me because I had this big dark secret I was carrying with me. God placed all the right people in my life that I needed. A year ago at the banquet I signed up to be a volunteer for the Oaks, but God had a different plan. He knew I needed to be healed from the pain of my own abortions before I could volunteer to help anyone else. After 26 weeks of post abortion recovery, I am coming out as a woman who has been set free from my sin, bondage, conviction, shame, guilt, fear, and insecurities. I feel ready now to help others.

Who am I? God says, I am forgiven of all my sins and washed in the blood, I am a new creature. I am delivered from the power of darkness and translated into Gods kingdom. I am set free, I am dead to sin, I am alive with Christ, I am more than a conqueror. I am his faithful follower most of all I am healed by the stripes of Jesus and I am being changed into his image. I am a voice to be heard; to help the many women that suffer in the same way I have suffered. Praise God he can use my testimony for his glory. Hallelujah I have been set free, God has turned my wailing into dancing. I am free to dance, I am free to live. Live for him.