

Pam Thompson

I had an abortion in 1981, I was 19 years old. I was afraid of sharing the truth I was pregnant with my mother and was also fearful the father of the baby was going to bolt if he thought I was going to keep the baby, which would leave me as a single mom to raise this child and I simply wasn't willing to put myself through that. Completely selfish, I know. After my abortion, I was relieved that my problem was over, or so I thought. Unfortunately, for the next 27 years I was reminded about my decision at various times and basically suffered in silence. One particular experience was a very bittersweet event. When I was 25 I married my husband and 2 years later became pregnant. We had an ultrasound done at 12 weeks because they had not heard a heartbeat and wanted to verify it was a viable pregnancy. What I saw that day was a wonderful experience as my husband and I looked at our baby boy growing inside of me, waving his hand as if to say hi to mommy and daddy; yet it was devastating at the same time as I realized what I had done just 7 years prior at about the same gestational stage. I had believed the lie that what was inside of me was just a "blob of tissue", the ultrasound that day showed me otherwise and I was forever changed. Fortunately, I did seek help and healing from a post abortion support group and God has healed me.