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Woman hurt by abortion

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"Planned Parenthood Exposed: Examining Abortion
Procedures and Medical Ethics at the Nation's Largest
Abortion Provider"

Thank you Mr. Chairman and committee members:

This topic is very important to me. My life has been devastated by abortion.

I had three abortions when I was younger because I believed I had no other choice.

I was a teenager when I had my first abortion. I was too afraid to tell my parents that I was pregnant, and my boyfriend did not want a baby. He told me he would break up with me if I didn't abort, so I made the appointment at Planned Parenthood and my boyfriend drove me to the abortion facility.

I was scared to death during the entire ride. I knew in my heart this was wrong. Everything in me cried out saying "it" is a baby – I was pregnant with a baby.

When we arrived, I paid my money and was seated in the waiting room with several other girls. They took each of us separately into a room to do our paper work and talk to us.

The nurse asked me how I felt about this. I told her I was sure this was a baby and that it couldn't be the right thing to do. She quickly informed me that this was just a "blob of tissue." In fact, she told me this abortion would be safer and easier than if I carried to term.

The staff were all dressed in white uniforms. They were the adults; I was the scared teenager with no medical knowledge or experience. I saw them as medical professionals that I could believe and trust. I was so afraid and desperate that I listened to them, and went through with the procedure. The type of abortion I would have was vacuum aspiration. It is the most common surgical abortion done in the first trimester.

I lay on the cold table waiting for **a doctor that I had never met**, to do this procedure. That is the case for most women coming into Planned Parenthood.

The doctor came in and was very cold and unfriendly. He told me to lie still – that it wouldn't take long. I was given no anesthetic for the pain.

He said I would feel a tugging sensation and just slight cramping. That was untrue. It was extremely painful, and I didn't think it would ever end.

I could hear the increased labor of the suction machine when a part or limb of my baby was being extracted. Each time I tried to sit up enough to see what was going into that jar – to see if it was my baby, but they kept pushing me back down and telling me to lie still.

As soon as the procedure was over, the jar with my baby's remains was quickly wheeled out of the room so I wouldn't see it.

They knew it was a baby. They saw her head, and her tiny little arms and legs in that jar.

I wasn't told about fetal development. I wasn't told that my nine-week-old, unborn baby, which they were ripping from my body, had a heartbeat at day 18, that her brain waves were functioning at day 40. I wasn't told that she had toes, fingers, and even finger prints – or that all her organs were present and she felt pain.

Why didn't they want to tell me that?

Were they afraid that I would change my mind? They seemed to think it would have been a “wrong choice”, if, after knowing all the facts, I changed my mind and chose life for my child.

When the procedure was finished I was sent to a waiting room with the other girls. I was given a cup of juice and some cookies and told if I felt ok in 20 minutes I could leave. After 20 minutes I told them I felt fine, when, in fact, I had never felt worse. I just wanted out of there.

I was given a small pill to take on my way out, and told it would help shrink my cervix. I was in severe pain on the way home. I lay in the back seat crying and bleeding profusely.

When I got in the house, I immediately called Planned Parenthood and told them about the pain and bleeding. I was told that I was no longer their problem and that I needed to call my own physician. There was no way I was going to do that. I was too ashamed and didn't want my parents to find out what I had done. So I painfully laid there and wondered if I would die.

I did die that day. I died on the table with my baby. The happy, fun loving, compassionate, caring Luana died that day. I was never the same.

I broke up with my boyfriend shortly after the abortion. I couldn't stand to look at him. It was too painful. He reminded me of the child I had killed.

I became depressed and angry. I started drinking heavily; doing drugs, and became very promiscuous. I absolutely hated myself. I thought the only way anyone else would possibly love me was if I gave sex in return.

My life was spinning out of control. I became pregnant **two more times**, and chose abortion each time.

Each experience was similar to the first, except the second abortion, I was shown a slide presentation of blobs of tissue. I was told that was what they were removing as it wasn't a baby at all.

By my third abortion I was so ashamed and embarrassed that I didn't even give the abortion facility my real name. I used the name of a friend of mine. I cringe now to think what would have happened if there would have been complications or if I had died. Who would they have called? Would my parents have ever found out what really happened to me?

By this time my life was a mess. Having abortions didn't solve any problems. It only created new and larger ones.

Abortion didn't remove the fact that I was a mother. I was still a mother. It's just that my three children were dead, and I killed them. How do you deal with that fact?

The way I dealt with it was more alcohol, more drugs, deeper depression, self-hatred and self-destructive behavior. I had constant thoughts of wanting to kill myself. I thought of ways I could do it that wouldn't be painful. Then the thoughts turned to actual attempts. I tried to kill myself three different times. The first time I tried to slit my wrists. Twice after that, I turned the gas on in my oven and lay on my kitchen floor, crying waiting for the pain and guilt to go away. Each time friends came banging at my door and interrupted my attempts.

I hated myself for what I had done. I couldn't run away from myself or live with myself. I saw no hope and no way out.

But God had a plan. My Mom came to know the Lord and began praying for me and telling me about Jesus. I found hope and forgiveness in Jesus Christ and accepted Him as my Lord.

My life began to change.

I met a wonderful man, and we were married. We wanted to start a family, but we were having no success.

I went for endless tests. One of them was a dye test to determine if there were blockages in my fallopian tubes.

In the midst of this procedure my doctor looked at me and asked if I had ever had abortions. I had not put it on my paper work and would never tell my doctors because I was too ashamed. I admitted to her that I had three abortions. She showed me on the screen where the suction from the vacuum aspirator damaged and mangled my fallopian tubes. One was 90% blocked and the other was 100% blocked. She informed me that I would **never** be able to have children because of the abortions. She also wanted me to have a hysterectomy because she was afraid of the risk of having an ectopic pregnancy.

After she left the room I tried to process all this information. I literally laid there paralyzed as I let it soak in that I would **never** be able to have children.

That the only children that I would ever carry, I killed.

I started thinking about my husband. He was a wonderful man who married me knowing my past. How was I going to tell him that he was never going to be able to have his own biological children because of the "choices" I had made before I met him? I couldn't think of a single reason why he should have to live with the consequences of my mistakes. I wondered if he would stay with me or if he would want a divorce.

My husband is a man of honor. He stayed with me for better or worse. It was a very hard road ahead of us. There were a lot of tears, a lot of pain, and a lot of sleepless nights. I went through counseling and Bible studies. I learned how to accept God's forgiveness for what I had done, and to forgive myself.

I had to learn forgiveness. I was angry at the abortion workers for not telling me the risks of the procedure and that it could cause infertility. I was angry that they lied to me and told me it was only a blob of tissue not a baby.

I was angry that they didn't give me all the facts and let me make the "choice" for myself. I thought they were "pro-choice" and cared for women. I didn't feel cared for, I only felt abused and used.

There were also other people in my life that my abortions affected. I called my family together and told my mother and father that they had three grandchildren that they would never hold. I told my brother and my sisters that they had nieces and nephews they would never meet and that would never be a part of our holiday gathering and family photos. I asked them to forgive me for altering our family tree and removing generations from our family lineage. I asked them to forgive me for changing what was meant to be, and "playing God" with life.

The most important decision I would ever make in my life was to spare or to end the lives of my children. The worst decision I ever made in my life was to end the lives of my children by abortion. Abortion is final. I can never take back that decision or bring my children back.

I live with the consequences, pain, and regret of my abortions every day, along with many other women.

In front of me are pages of sworn testimonies from women who have been hurt and abused physically and psychologically, by Planned Parenthood and the abortion industry in general.

Each page represents one woman's story of the trauma and deception she endured, and the pain she continues to live with every day.

I am here representing them, as well and asking you to think about **all** of our stories whenever you consider legislation for abortion.

All of us who have been hurt by abortion are being made to pay Planned Parenthood with our tax dollars. It is like being forced to pay you're abuser over and over again.
We pay everyday through our regret.

Abortion is **NOT healthcare** it is the killing of an unborn child.

Thank you