

One of the hardest things about past regrets is the realization that you cannot go back and change it.

One of the greatest regrets of my life was when I ended the life of my unborn baby when I was a senior in high school.

My best friend found a place 30 minutes from my home that performed abortions. When I called, they gave me a new name so that if they called my house and my parents picked up I would know it was them calling.

So they were helping me to lie to my parents. The last thing the abortion industry wants are involved parents.

I remember sitting in the waiting room of the abortion clinic. My best friend who reinforced that I could not have this baby sat next to me and my boyfriend who I think only came to make sure I went through with the abortion sat across from me.

Here I was facing the consequences of my actions because I made a decision based on instant gratification.

I remember laying down to get a sonogram.

The screen was facing towards the wall so I could not see it. When I asked to see the screen the nurse suddenly became irritated that I even asked such a question.

Reluctantly she eventually turned the screen around. Before I could say a word, she said, "See it's nothing! It's just the size of a pea!"

That statement, that lie, gave me a sense of temporary relief. In my uneducated teenage mind, I thought ok, it's not a baby. I now know she lied to me. I was about 7 weeks along.

She didn't tell me that my baby's heart had already begun to beat. She didn't tell me that at conception my baby had their own unique DNA. This DNA would define how tall they would be. Their eye color and skin tone.

I trusted those that the medical professionals knew better than me. Unfortunately, I blindly trusted them.

I was given the RU-486 pills also known as the chemical abortion. For time sake I will tell you that my pills never worked and I ended up hemorrhaging close to 2 months later while I was at school. I had blood clots the size of my fist leaving my body.

At the time I didn't even know what hemorrhaging was. I probably should have gone to the hospital but again I was too afraid to tell my parents.

I went home and continued to bleed for hours going back and forth from the bathroom to my bed.

The abortion industry loves an uneducated woman. They do not care about women or the aftermath after ending the life of their own baby.

They don't care about the haunting reality we are forced to live with.

Abortion did not make my circumstances better.

Years later when I did tell my parents they were devastated because although teen pregnancy would not have been their plan for me, they would have never suggested an abortion.

Abortion took life from the one who should have been protected.

The act of abortion will always stay with me.

I will always regret ending the life of my child.

We need this bill to pass to help teenage girls like myself who feel pressured that abortion is their only option.

I had complications and I saw a medical staff. I cannot imagine the horrible effects with will have now that women can get these poisonous pills through the mail without ever being seen by a doctor.

We need SB832 if we truly care about women.