

My First Day Outside an Abortion Clinic

My day began shortly after sunrise in a back alley behind an abortion mill. The alley was muddy, and the clinic was surrounded by a fence with two entrances. The first thing I noticed was that this clinic was in a prominent place on the freeway in Uptown Dallas, one block from my boyfriend's church. No one I've talked to at the church knew this was an abortion mill. It's not marked as such. These places of death are all around us...you just may not know.

I met two sisters in Christ there--strangers I'd never met before in my life. I learned from them. My job that day was originally to just pray while they counseled. I ended up counseling as well. It was just too busy with women coming to the clinic. Just to clarify, this is peaceful, prayerful counseling. This is not picketing or screaming at people. It's smiling and asking to help.

The clinic had a "bouncer" of sorts. His job was to sit in his truck and watch the people in the alley. If we set one toe across the property line, he would call the police. If someone stopped and talked to us through his or her car window, he honked his truck horn. We had a little pamphlet with pictures of tiny babies at 5, 11, and 15 weeks of gestation, along with a picture of some babies who have gone through abortion, and a sonogram picture. The pamphlet also has numbers of local places and people who desperately care and want to help with everything you can think of, including free pregnancy tests, sonograms, medical bills, rent, shelter, adoption, groceries, and childcare.

I placed this brochure in the hands of a woman. She took it. The man in the truck stopped her and told her she couldn't bring the pamphlet into the clinic. The woman brought it back to me; I told her this was America, and no one could tell her what papers she could have in that clinic. The man who drove her to the clinic yelled at her to hurry up. She gave me the paper, said she was sorry and went inside. An hour and a half later she came out, totally devastated. She muttered "I'm through," got in the car, and the man drove her away.

Another couple came to the clinic. The counselor talked with them, and the situation seemed hopeful. They sat in their car for about 20 minutes discussing. When they finally got out, the man came to me and said "I'm screwed...I'll be back out." He came out about an hour later, his face like an etching of death and sadness. He wouldn't even look at me. He'd just lost a child that he wanted, and the mom didn't.

I saw yet another couple drive up to the clinic. The other counselor talked to them. They went into the clinic. About 10 minutes later they came out and drove to where I was. I asked them through their car window if there was anything I could help them with. She said "Yes...a phone number." I showed her the free number for help on the brochure. She thanked me and left. I told her "God bless you!"

This is called a turn around -- a couple who, for the moment, chose not to abort that day. They might be back. We pray to the Father in Heaven that they won't. Only the Holy Spirit can change hearts. Only God can bring light into darkness. All those acts of love that day were not my acts. They were offerings of love to God. I was not there to be right, or win an argument. I was there to help these women however I could, every single way I could -- before, during, or after the abortion. I prayed for them when they went in. I prayed for them on my way home.

A spiritual battle is going on all around us that we don't see. The abortion center is the front lines--the trenches, if you will. I know my enemy is unseen and doesn't want me there. Our enemy isn't the women, the guys who impregnated them, or even the abortionist. The enemy is Satan himself who wants to steal, kill, and destroy. Abortion destroys lives. As long as I know the Author of Life, I'm not going to stand idle any more. I ask you to join me in prayer for all those involved.

And you better believe I'm going back.