



"It is a poverty to decide that a child must die so that you may live as you wish".

Mother Teresa

## My Testimony

The year was 1996...my son Jake was 22 years old when he called me to say "mom, do you have some time, I would like to come over. I have something I need to talk to you about." Although I was not sure why Jake needed to come over to talk to me rather than talk on the phone. I suspected his girlfriend was pregnant by the quietness of his voice.

He came in the house, gave me a hug (he was 6'3" and he always greeted me with his BIG hug) and asked if we could sit outside, so we sat at the BBQ table. He says "mom, hold my hand, I want to tell you something" tears began to run down his cheek and I knew this was so difficult for him to come to me.

"Mom" he said (his face covered in tears) ... "AAAAbortion."

"Oh Jake" I said, his pain piercing my heart...the word ABORTION was not what I was expecting to hear, as I realized now there is no baby.

"Jake" I said, with our hands held tightly together. We need to pray the "Our Father" and we began "Our Father who art in Heaven..." As we prayed the Our Father there was a presence or power that I cannot describe, God coming through me to Jake, it was God's LOVE and it was God's HEALING gift. There are not words to describe the *oneness* of God, Jake and I at that moment we were saying the Our Father together.

There was not much Jake said after that except, "I needed to tell you...I had gone to confession and the pain was still there...I told her (his girlfriend) she could do what she wanted...I didn't think anyone would find out...it has been 6 months but there was this pain...a pain that would not go away...I knew I had to tell you."

Well, I knew now that I had to do something more. I knew I did need to move from the darkness (abortion) to the *light* (God's healing love). Jake knew that I was pro-life; our family has a legacy of raising adopted children. I grew up with 3 adopted siblings; my daughter and her husband have 3 adopted children. In our own family Jake's youngest brother David is adopted with special needs...BUT now I need to do something more.

I became the Respect Life Ministry Representative at our church since we were without one at the time and the person before me had taken it on for 25 years. I had followed up a request in our church bulletin asking for volunteers to be trained to answer hot line calls for a crisis pregnancy center. Then later while working at my Respect Life table a visiting priest came to me and asked if I would spend time visiting girls in prison who were pregnant. I have for many years now taken on all that I could to help educate and bring *hope* to those in crisis.

It had only been 3 years after Jake had shared with me that day, the pain he carried from the abortion. It was on a Sunday, I was at my Respect Life Table and he had come out of Mass so peace filled and said to me, "mom that was the best gospel I have ever heard, the woman at the well story, they should read it more often" ([John 4, 1-42 The Samaritan Woman](#)). I knew with all my heart, God had touched Jake's heart with His *healing love*, I said "do you want to come to dinner" and he said "no, I have to go and study" (he was going on the fire department). Jake and I gave each other what we did not know at the time was to be our last HUG and EMBRACE. On the following Friday, March 12, 1999, Jake was called home to the loving arms of Our Father when he was killed instantly in a mountain biking accident at the age of 25.

Mary (Jake's mom)