



Roe v. Wade

January 22nd
Anniversary Date

Dear Mommy,

I am in Heaven now, sitting on Jesus' lap. He loves me and cries with me; for my heart has been broken. I so wanted to be your little girl. I don't quite understand what has happened. I was so excited when I began realizing my existence. I was in a dark, yet comfortable place. I saw I had fingers and toes. I was pretty far along in my developing yet not near ready to leave my surroundings. I spent most of my time thinking or sleeping. Even from my earliest days, I felt a special bonding between you and me. Sometimes I heard you crying and I cried with you. Sometimes you would yell or scream, then cry. I heard Daddy yelling back. I was sad, and hoped you would be better soon. I wondered why you cried so much. One day you cried almost all of the day. I hurt for you. I couldn't imagine why you were so unhappy. That same day, the most horrible thing happened. A very mean monster came into that warm, comfortable place I was in. I was so scared, I began screaming, but you never once tried to help me. Maybe you never heard me. The monster got closer and closer as I was screaming and screaming, "Mommy, Mommy, help me please; Mommy help me." Complete terror is all I felt. I screamed and screamed until I thought I couldn't anymore. Then the monster started ripping my arm off. It hurt so bad; the pain I can never explain. It didn't stop. Oh, how I begged it to stop. I screamed in horror as it ripped my leg off. Though I was in such complete pain, I was dying. I knew I would never see your face or hear you say how much you love me. I wanted to make all your tears go away. I had so many plans to make you happy. Now I couldn't; all my dreams were shattered. Though I was in utter pain and horror, I felt the pain of my heart breaking, above all. I wanted more than anything to be your daughter. No use now, for I was dying a painful death. I could only imagine the terrible things that they had done to you. I wanted to tell you that I love you before I was gone, but I didn't know the words you could understand. And soon, I no longer had the breath to say them; I was dead. I felt myself rising. I was being carried by a huge angel into a big beautiful place. I was still crying, but the physical pain was gone. The angel took me to Jesus and set me on His lap. He said He loved me, and then I was happy. I asked Him what the thing was that killed me. He answered, "Abortion. I am sorry my child; for I know how it feels." I don't know what abortion is; I guess that's the name of the monster. I'm writing to say that I love you and to tell you how much I wanted to be your little girl. I tried very hard to live. I wanted to live. I had the will, but I couldn't; the monster was too powerful. It sucked my arm and legs off and finally got all off me. It was impossible to live. I just wanted you to know I tried to stay with you. I didn't want to die. Also, Mommy, please watch out for that abortion monster. Mommy, I love you and I would hate for you to go through the kind of pain I did. Please be careful.

Love,
Your Baby Girl



Abortion not only takes the life of an unborn child; it deeply wounds the hearts of those women involved. If you have had an abortion and you need healing prayer or counseling with Fr. Mike, please call 601-798-4779 to make a confidential appointment.