

Former Abortion Provider Describes Her Experience

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My name is J.D. I recently began working for a crisis pregnancy center as Office Administrator.

I am uniquely qualified for this job by my ten years of employment in the abortion industry. During that time, I went from an office worker, to an administrator of six abortion centers, to doing actual abortions, although I never had any formal medical training. Due to a heavy patient load and other problems, the doctor I worked for from 1988 until 1993 gradually gave me more and more medical responsibilities, and I loved the learning process. The patients even called me "Doctor" and I did not correct them.

I really began feeling like a doctor until one day in November of 1991. That is when a young woman who was in no condition for an abortion came in. I turned her down and referred her to a hospital, but the doctor I worked for told me we needed the money and instructed me to put her through.

When we tried to revive this young woman after the procedure, she began having trouble breathing, and we couldn't get her blood pressure reading. The doctor came in the room and panicked. He started screaming and throwing things. None of us even knew how to establish oral airway on the patient.

The doctor administered resuscitation medicine, and when the patient seemed to stabilize somewhat, he told me to get her out of there and back to the recovery room so more patients could get in. All the patient's vitals were unstable, and she began to hemorrhage. I ran to tell the doctor, and he told me to take the patient to the examining room to determine the source of the bleeding.

I could only find uterine bleeding, and I packed her with gauze to try to stop the flow. I knew she was dying, and I called an ambulance. I went back to the exam room to get the patient ready to transport to the hospital, but the doctor came in to tell me he was the doctor, and if anyone was going to order an ambulance, it would be he. He had cancelled the call.

The young woman bled through the packing, and I re-packed; but I could see it wasn't helping. I ran to find the doctor and discovered him talking to his wife. I told him the patient was bleeding to death, and begged him to do something. "What the --- do you want me to do?" he responded.

He finally agreed to allow me to call the ambulance; then he left. I worked to keep the woman alive during the twenty minutes it took the ambulance to arrive, but during that time I realized I was no doctor. I wanted to save her; but I couldn't.

Things began changing for me after that. I started my own abortion center; but I began talking my clients out of abortions. One day I called a couple I had known as sidewalk counselors. They helped me to walk away from the abortion industry. I'm still dealing with many things from my past. I want to help young women who want to keep their babies, and I also want to help people get out of the abortion industry.

Part of my job at the crisis pregnancy center is to start a home where young mothers could go. I'd like it to be staffed with former abortion center workers under the direction of pro-life physicians. I want them to have the chance to gain back some of their dignity – to once again give life instead of taking it...

I also have a great desire to reach out to teens and to share what it was like inside the abortion centers...