





SO WE'RE SORRY



I feel like I'm speaking for all mothers. I want to say to my daughter and to every daughter who ever felt pressured to abort by her mother, I'm sorry. I had no right to ask that of you.

I had no right to insist that you choose between your love for your baby and your love for me or your father. I honestly thought it would help to save the future we always wanted for you. I never imagined how it could affect you forever.

Can you ever forgive me?




I'm sorry for not having been there for you. I was afraid, confused....

I've never forgotten you or our baby.

Speaking for all the men who skipped out on the women who trusted us, urged an abortion, or simply didn't fight hard enough for our relationships with both you and our children, I'm sorry.

I'll always be sorry.



I want to tell my boyfriend, whose baby I aborted, I'm sorry.

I did it without even telling you, except afterwards...just to make you feel the same hurt I was feeling.

For myself, and all of us women who have used our abortions to dump on men, I'm sorry. We were just so confused, frightened, and hurting.

I'm sorry for all the times I was insensitive.

I'm sorry for the times I did *not* speak on abortion when I had a chance to shape your future choices.

I'm also sorry for the times when I *did* speak on abortion without emphasizing God's love for you, and my love for you.

Instead, I only said how wrong it was—piercing your soul with words of blame—when what you really needed was a gentle word, a reminder that we all make mistakes. We all fall short.

But our God is so loving that if we run to Him when we fall, He will always tend to our wounds and make us whole again. This is what I knew. This is what I *wanted* to share with you. But so often, the words never came out right. I'm sorry.

Allow me to speak for every minister of every denomination who has ever failed you: I'm sorry. Every minister of God tries to faithfully preach both God's law and His mercy. But so often we end up preaching more of one than the other, and the message becomes unbalanced.

Please, forgive us our failings, just as God will surely forgive you yours.

I was prejudiced. I just assumed that having a baby, in your situation, was automatically a bad thing. I encouraged or went along with the abortion because it was easier than helping you to find a better solution.



As a medical procedure, abortion is easy to do. The alternative—helping people to welcome a child into the world—is hard. That takes time and commitment.

It was easier for me just to offer you an abortion—cheap love. I'm sorry.

What you really wanted was help. I took the easy way out.

I'm sorry that I encouraged you to abort. I know I made it sound so easy.

What I didn't tell you was that I had buried my own pain about abortion. I wanted to convince myself, as much as you, that my abortion wasn't so bad.

Worse, in encouraging you to abort, and seeing you abort, I was somehow hoping that your abortion would make me feel a little better. After all, I liked you, and if you also had an abortion, then somehow that was proof that I could still be likable too.

As you can tell, I was really messed up.

I'm sorry.



For myself, and all fathers, to all of our children who were too afraid to tell us about their pregnancies—too afraid to face our disappointment, or even our anger—I'm sorry.

I'm sorry I made you feel that you had to be perfect. I'm sorry that when you were a child, I didn't build up enough trust in you so that you would know that your mother and I would have stood beside you.

Given some time to adjust, we would have helped. We would still have loved you, and been proud of you, and been proud of our grandchild.

But we failed you. We failed to give you the confidence to have your child and to rely on us.

I'm sorry.

