



BERYL'S STORY

My husband and I are directors of three Discipleship Training Schools with “Youth With A Mission”. We have six children and ten grandchildren. We are now three generations of Christians. God has blessed us tremendously, but life wasn’t always so great.

My family were not Christians. My father was an alcoholic, and my parents divorced when I was ten. I was the oldest of three children, all of whom were damaged emotionally in some way by the trauma of our childhood.

I married young, and we had three children. When I got pregnant again my husband didn’t want any more children and insisted on an abortion. Our marriage was shaky and abortion had just become legal in New Zealand. The newspapers were full of "a woman’s right to her body" etc.

So to "save" my marriage I finally agreed. Of course it only made things worse.

The counseling I received beforehand, consisted of one session where I was told that it was not a baby, just a few cells as big as my little finger nail. The abortion was quick, humiliating and painful. I remember the doctor spoke across to the nurse and said, "This one must be four months." I felt cold. I knew a four month old fetus was a fully formed baby, kicking and moving around - not just cells. I hated that doctor and I hated the counselor who lied to me.

Afterwards there was an initial sense of huge relief. It was over - I could get on with my life again. But a few days later a huge cloud of depression descended on me.

I cried continually - I couldn’t eat or sleep. My marriage was falling apart. I felt so much anger and resentment to my husband and I hated myself. We moved house - a fresh start - I got a new job to take my mind off everything.

A Christian girl there began to fast and pray for me. Six months later she took me to church and there I finally found forgiveness and healing. My husband watched me and three years later he

too became a Christian. For three days after making that commitment I found him reading an old Bible and weeping. He asked me "What's wrong with me?" I said "I think God is healing you." He agreed. A week after his healing took place his plane crashed into the sea off Wanganui. We never saw him again, but we had the tremendous comfort of knowing he had made his peace with God before he went.

It wasn't until years later on a trip taking Bibles into China with my new husband, that I came face to face with abortion again. China's one child policy means girl babies are aborted, drowned at birth, thrown into rivers etc. Sitting next to a Chinese courier in a restaurant, he told me that millions of girl babies are murdered every year - aborted forcibly at full term sometimes. Grief overwhelmed me for those women.

When I arrived home a friend and I started a group called "Open Arms" for post abortion counseling in Auckland. Over the years we have seen many women healed and restored. I have spoken on radio, in churches, women's groups, I have run workshops for priests, and written for magazines so that this message of hope gets out.