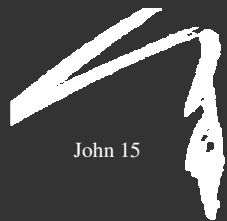


BROKEN BRANCHES

Issue 69

Apr/May 2009



John 15

“Take courage! God has healing in store for you; so take courage” (Tb. 5:10)

R.I.P. Those victims who perished during the recent bushfires here in Victoria. Australia.

Please hear what I am saying

By Jenny.

I am 44 years old and do not have any children of my own on earth. My children's lives ended early.

I am an abortive mother of three children. Three beautiful children that should have been here with me. Three beautiful children that should be loving life – just as their mother once did when she was a little girl.

Yes, 3 abortions and no children here to love and care for.

Is something wrong here?

You may well ask - Why would a woman do that? Why would she have 3 abortions and end up with no children of her own? Doesn't she like children? Why in the first place would she have an abortion?

Yes they are all very sound questions to ask – the answers however are not so easy to find. One however is easy to answer - yes I love children, I work as a primary school teacher and love watching the children in my care learn and grow.

So yes, something is terribly wrong. I am in total despair I have been ever since the first abortion.

For those who are reading this, it must be hard for you to begin to try to understand. Is 3 abortions something you cannot comprehend? Do I hear you thinking “how could you

do that?” “It was her choice to do that, so why the despair” Well, you're right if you think those thoughts for I too am having major trouble trying to understand. I cannot comprehend what I have done and I too ask myself “How could I do that?” And I seriously question whether it was my choice.

However, the difference between you and me is I ask myself that same question 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. It's a self beating and self loathing. “How could I do that?” “Why did I do that?”

You perhaps only think fleetingly and perhaps wipe me off as someone who is ‘wrong’. And in some ways you are correct – for what happened to me and my babies was wrong. There is nothing I can think of that is more wrong.

Take a look at the ‘outer me’ - I am university educated, socially capable and I have many friends. Physically I am Ok, blonde hair, hazel eyes, weight in proportion to height and I am still considered at times to be ‘cute’ by the male species.

I am well travelled, intelligent. I love to learn. I come across as strong and capable. On the outside you would think all is well. You would perhaps think I am a well adjusted woman. But, there is a contradiction between my outer self and my spiritual self.

Have you ever picked up a shell on the beach and wondered what was once inside it? I am that empty shell.

Take a look at my inner life - I am frightened a lot of the time.

I do not trust. I am not able to feel love and kindness. I live alone. I weep a lot. I am angry. I live in a state of self-doubt, shame and blame. I do not believe I am worthy of love and I am unable to give love should there be someone who ‘dares’ try to love me. I live in a prison inside myself and I cannot find the key.

I am a shattered spirit. Now why could that be? That is because I have had abortions.

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Donation _____ I *would/would not* like to be on your mailing list.

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Victims of Abortion, National Office

PO Box 6094, Vermont South, Vic, 3133, Australia.

Email: annevoa@bigpond.net.au

What I have discovered is when a woman aborts her child she must disconnect totally from reality. She must detach from reality in order to allow what is happening to her. If she were connected to the reality of what was happening she would never be able to proceed with abortion. One only needs to look at a newborn – so vulnerable and helpless.

Look at how the mother naturally reaches out to that new born. Look how that newborn searches for his mother's breast. Look at the tears and joy she feels when she sees her baby. Look at how that newborn cries and his mother holds him. Look as that newborn grows and smiles and laughs. How proud is mother? How much love and joy does she feel – just looking at him?

A woman who has an abortion does not allow herself to look at that. A baby in the womb (no matter how young or old) is 'nothing' – she lies to herself.

It was never a baby – it was tissue – she lies to herself. It was never going to be 'someone' in the world. It was just a mass of cells – she lies to herself again. The lies, of course are confirmed by the abortionist himself/herself – of course it's not a baby! As he tries to convince the mother and most of all tries to convince himself/herself.

So we abortive mothers try to convince ourselves that 'no it wasn't my baby'. However what we do in the process of aborting our children is we abort ourselves. We cannot look at the truth of what we have done and we disconnect from reality. We slip away in our minds and emotions. And from that point onwards we are disconnected from life itself.

There is a huge wound in our soul. Instead of looking at why we ache we avoid at all costs the ache. We drink a lot – it eases the pain momentarily. We desperately search for love – which ends up looking for love in abusive situations. We don't deserve love! How on earth could anyone love me?

All the while a tiny voice inside is pleading – please love me for I am so wrong. Please listen to me because I hurt. And so we begin a journey of self hatred. Abuse comes readily to the abortive mother. We deserve to be abused.

I aborted myself many years ago and until a year ago when I started with Anne I had never been back there to look at the truth. Because the truth is too harrowing and if faced I would need to untangle all the lies that I told myself when I aborted

my first baby. I would need to face the fact that yes, it was my baby and look at what I did to him. That's too hard to face alone.

So I have lived a lie. I've avoided my heart and abandoned any possible goodness that may have come my way. I've been frightened of goodness. Goodness knows I don't deserve any goodness in my life or heart. It's been a lonely life for me. I've lived 24 years living a lie, disconnected myself from reality and shut down all emotions. I had not cried for 24 years after the death of my first child.

Now is my time to face the truth – and as you may be able to imagine after so long being disconnected, so long believing in my lie, it's a hard and harrowing truth to face. My lie to myself has been 'comfortable and safe'. But that lie was killing me and my children.

So yes, there is something terribly dreadfully wrong here. The trouble is we abortive mothers, who have aborted ourselves in the process, no longer have a voice. We have no strength left. We are helpless. We cannot articulate what is wrong with us. But we know deep down that there is a stirring in our spirits that won't rest. A darkness that rules our very lives.

We have destroyed the lives of our own children and that is something we cannot talk about. Never mind begin to think about. Buried deep down out of sight.

Society in general now views abortion as something 'normal.' So how dare we abortive mothers who live in hell begin to even try to challenge something so 'normal'? There must be something wrong with us to be feeling this way – it's nothing to do with the abortion, for after all – it's 'normal' says society. It's enough lies for me. Abortion is not normal. There is nothing normal about it – NOTHING!

I have been to the very dark edge. Accompanied by Anne I am slowly crawling my way back and although I'm just a shell of the woman I once was, I am not a crushed shell. I am going to fight for my life to return to me and I'm going to fight for the love of my babies who died for me in a world that was not normal.

Thank you Jenny, for being so courageous and sharing your story with my readers and supporters. Anne

Woman

“Be careful if you make a woman cry, because God counts her tears. The woman came out of a man’s rib. Not from his feet to be walked on. Not from his head to be superior, but from his side to be equal. Under the arm to be protected and next to the heart to be loved.”

Thank you to the person who sent me this beautiful piece, I am unable to thank you by mail, so please accept this as my thanks. Also for donation...thank you Anne.

Discussion with my Doctor Constantine

Dear friends I have recently had a beautiful discussion with my personal doctor and it was a fabulous discussion. I met him at a shopping centre; he was having a break from the surgery and enjoying a coffee. Because he has been very ill, I stopped to ask after his health and he urged me to sit down and was very excited. He wanted to tell me something.

He explained that only this past week he was able to save a baby from abortion (he knows what I do) A patient went in to ask him for referral to an abortion clinic and he spent time speaking with her about pregnancy and her baby.

He sent her to have an ultra sound and she went back to discuss the ultra sound and he showed her the baby, and called the baby “baby” and not foetus. And he encouraged her to think that it is her and her husband’s child that she is taking in to die.etc. till eventually she left the office and promised to give it some more thought before making the final decision.

Well, several days later she returned as a patient and told him that they had decided to keep the baby and that they were going to go toHospital to book for maternity care visits and birth time.

The Hospital in question has large maternity section. He is confident and she is confident and she thanked my beautiful pro life doctor for helping them to make the right decision.

Go Doctor Constantine...You indeed are a champion. We need more doctors like him. Anne

The Warriors of the End Times

Dr. Angelika Pokropp Hippen (Germany)

The warrior of the last times
Belong to a different army.
Their fight consists of suffering,
With Rosary as their weapon.

They suffer under lies and quarrel.
They pray loud or in silence,
Together or alone.
The light in their heart

Often not realized and small.
The warriors of the last times

They don’t have a lot of
money.
They have only few
friends
Among the masters of the world
They sow the word of God
Against the storm of time
For the right of children to live
They suffer under lies and quarrel.

The warriors of the last times
Are sinners like you and me,
The light in the heads
Is covered by many shadows.

The Lord Himself is calling them,
He cleans, heals,
And shows them the way
Until His great Amen comes upon
creation.

Reprise of Past Story

Dear Friends, again I have heard from the young lady I wrote about in the last issue of the newsletter, Payan, the one I hoped would not go through with her abortion, actually did eventually have the abortion on 6/2/09 which was about 2 weeks after she was supposed to see at my offices.

Sadly when she went in to have the abortion at a clinic she was still ambivalent and undecided. So much so, that after the initial medication given for preparation for the abortion she ran out crying because she changed her mind. Again sadly she returned to the clinic and was told by staff the medication now given to her would have damaged the baby, so she finally went ahead with the abortion.

Two days later (Sunday) I received the first of numerous phone calls and she was and has been very distressed. She has told me that she can’t face me and can only speak to me on the



phone. I find this unacceptable as I don't believe that post abortion issues should be dealt with by phone. Initial phone calls yes of course, but for ongoing care I don't like phone counselling and like it even less when this is the type of counselling she only wants.

I feel uncomfortable with this manner of counselling because I cannot see the person and cannot see the body language and of course I cannot see if this is a genuine call.

I am uneasy because three times we have made appointments to meet face to face (she has said she lives and works in the city and my office is in the heart of the city) and every time she has not come to the appointment or even contacted me to say that she was not coming. She simply did not turn up.

I did make another appointment with her (4th) and again she didn't turn up so I have now made myself unavailable to her.

There is something about this which is not registering well with me and I have to follow these "gut" instincts.

Poem by Jenny

When it feels as if all life has gone
Black and in despair
Tortured memories surround you
Darkness everywhere
The land is parched and cracked
Barren and black
Reflecting how you feel
And when you look, there is nothing
To remind you of what used to be.
But wait a while
And gently watch
And you will slowly see
That from the darkness and despair
That darkness finds a light
There will be a sign to let you know
Things aren't quite as they seem
For in the distance, just out there ...
A tiny sprout of green.

The Price of Love is Pain

On many occasions whether by mail, phone, personal contact, public speaking, I have been asked why is it important to name the aborted child or children. Doesn't that hurt the mother even more? Isn't that "rubbing it in?" And my answer is that it is by far one of the most important acts that the mother can do for her child.

I have spoken in the past about the child having to have been de-humanised in order for the abortion to take place and the first order of my work with her is the work of re-humanisation of both the mother and the child and where possible the father.

The child, to have been aborted, and consent being given to the abortion, the language used to mask the reality of what was to happen, had to become mechanistic. Had to become disassociated and fragmented and the work of healing must begin with the re-humanising of the woman and together we re-humanise the child/children. Indeed where there are multiple abortions each aborted child will be treated separately and dignity restored to each aborted child, because "the dignity of a person must be recognised in every human being from conception to natural death."

(Dignitas Personae, Instruction on Certain Bioethical Questions).

Further, on this topic the Holy Father Pope Benedict XVI in his "Dignitas Personae" (Dec 12, 2008) goes on to say "The body of a human being, from the very first stages of its existence, can never be reduced merely to a group of cells" (DP, p2). And this is often what is being told to the abortive woman, e.g. "don't worry it's only a bunch of cells". We know it's not a bunch of cells and the Holy Father in this new writing speaks loudly and clearly on this. These words of the abortionist are an anti sacrament and the abortion industry has no hesitation in using them for their own ends.

By naming the infant, "Adam" (the human person) speaks the word of God over its life. "it is very good." (Gn 1:31) In the name is conferred a "Word". In the name is conferred permission to be creative and to live. It is claimed and called by God by virtue of its being His creation. It is called by "man" by virtue of it being human being. It is named and claimed by God by virtue of being in the imago Dei.

The word spoken in the naming of the child is "life" God speaks that Word and the word is "Love." Love and Life are God's gifts to that infant and in restoring full dignity to that infant we claim the child as a member of the creation which was designed by God.

We cannot bring the child back but we can restore that infant/s to our human family with all its rights and dignity as originally intended by God.

The word spoken by abortion is "death"

Abortion pain speaks of hopelessness and death.

However, our pain is not wasted or lost but becomes visible in and to Jesus and in the Heart of Jesus we find the heart of the Healer because in God's extraordinary love, Mercy and goodness we know that He gives the children we have aborted the fullness of life and we in our turn, through our suffering and grief are forgiven and given the opportunity to re-claim what we gave away. Our baby/babies.

Abortion means the brutalising indignity and dishonour of innocence. The themes of atonement, sacrifice, and suffering mean the redeeming of what was, in a moment of darkness, considered waste

The delicate operation or work of healing of the survivors or

culture of abortion finds no precedence in the annals of grief. The closest possible connection to this type of grief which prefigures this holocaust is the holocaust of the 20th century with its many wars and millions upon millions of human beings who perished because of the evil intent of others.

The holocaust against the in utero infant follows the same pattern, that is, dehumanisation and destruction because of the evil intent of others and a society which remains mute in the face of this annihilation.

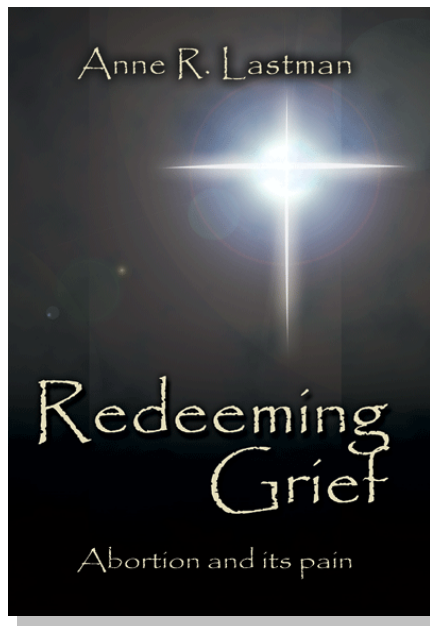
For the aborted child the abortion itself is not the end because he/she leaves tokens of its presence for all to see. A mother whose design is corrupted especially by the pain she experiences and her life as lived with this pain and self injury, and a society at war with itself and life and in need of healing. A father whose "fatherhood" is also diminished or rejected and as a result also a corruption of original design of "man" and a confusion of his own.

Our society is confused and lost and perhaps even in lust with itself leading to horrific "use" of the human being and making of the human being a commodity, rather than a gift from God and hence inviolable and not material worthy of being disposable.

There are three wounds of the human heart and which bring about a type of death. Abandonment, abuse and abortion. Because these speak of unwanted ness, unloved ness, not beauty, not treasured or precious and sadly today we are immersed in abandonment, abuse and abortion of children. Death.

I began this article by saying that the "price of love is Pain" and indeed this is so because to love means to risk, to live in a precariousness. To expose oneself to pain. But the reward for this pain is exquisite.

Yes it is painful for an abortive mother to name the child whom she has thought of as "tissue" "cells" at the time of the abortion because this changes the "nothing" imagery of "cells" "tissue" to one of son or daughter, beautiful baby, my baby.



Redeeming Grief is a reflection of and study of abortion grief, which is experienced by some women who choose to undergo this elective procedure. These reflections are the result of listening to over 1000 personal stories and listening to the expressions used by the women as they spoke about their decision to abort the life of their child. These reflections then attempt to reconstruct the meaning that this procedure has had for the aborting woman and how this one procedure has been the catalyst for life changes.

Redeeming Grief looks at abortion trauma and grief from the spiritual and the psychological perspective. Its influences on the individuals involved and society. It is hoped that the language used is reader friendly and the concepts (both spiritual and psychological) are also reader friendly.

AUD\$29.95 (inc GST)

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But this needs to happen because the other imagery was a lie (refer Jenny's story) from the "father of lies" and we reject and rebuke that lie by restoring our loved infant not only into our own lives, hearts, minds, memory, family, but also to the household of God and to the society which has rejected him or her. We restore its dignity just as God had intended it to be.

We return to that infant/s his or her dignity which is something "owed to every human being because each one carries in an indelible way his own dignity and value" (DP p3). This value and dignity and honour we restore as part of the healing journey of the mother and child and God.

Finally as Martin Buber said or wrote, "living means being addressed" We don't address our loved ones and friends as "hey you" we address them by their name. For our aborted children as we reclaim them to ourselves, we begin by "addressing them" by their name. Their name bears witness to their existence and their being a member of our family, the human family and God's family and also of course because they live forever in our hearts and eternally with their Father in heaven.

Perhaps we can also say that we fulfil God's command to "Adam" to name the creation and he named his wife "Eve" "because she was the mother of those who live" (Gn3:20).

And further God brought the creation to Adam for him to name "These he brought to the man to see what he would call them. Each one was to bear the name that the man gave to it" (Gn 2:19) and again, "but only those who are named in the Lambs' book of life" (Rev. 21:27)

It is given to us poor sinners to name the creation which God brings to us and which we, for an insane moment, abandoned and rejected it. Now in great humility we reclaim it and return to him/her all the honour due to those who have had breathed into them the *Nephesh*, and who form the Body of the Lord.

To name the aborted infant is not meant to purposely cause further pain to the woman or man, (though this has been suggested) however, even though this does happen (pain) it is meant to begin a journey into getting to know, love, treasure and then return, this time peacefully, the infant into the arms of God and this journey is not like the journey to the abortion facility but a journey into Love and accompanied by love.

Brazil Story of 9 year old aborted of twins.

The recent story reported throughout all media services about the 9 year old Brazilian girl who was aborted of twins has been, in my opinion, badly handled by the media who focused

not on the central issues of the case but on the response of the Bishops surrounding her and their excommunication of the mother of the girl and the doctors and those responsible for the abortion.

In itself and of itself this is a tragic story and no doubt a story which is repeated around the world more times than we are aware of.

The tragedy of this story, and lets focus on this one in particular, is that the media chose to highlight (again) in a bad light the Catholic Church's response rather than highlight strongly the violation of this young girl by her step father who we are told repeatedly sexually abused her over 3 years.

The tragedy of this story is that the media chose overlook the reason for this story and that is that a child herself had been sexually abused by someone who was meant to have protected her, and in the media's rush to show the Catholic Church in bad light again, or as per usual, the reason for the story was shunted to the background.

The reality is that this 9 year old child was pregnant as a result of assault by her step father. That her reproductive organs were mature enough for her to conceive would surely mean that her body was able to carry the pregnancy. And seeing that the pregnancy was carried to 15-16 weeks, now that it was in the open and all manner of medical care could be made available to her, could not the pregnancy be carried for a further 8 - 10weeks and then a caesarean be performed to deliver the two infants in her womb? At least giving the infants a fighting chance of survival.

There appears to be a cacophony of mixed stories emerging from this incidence thus clouding and confusing the whole issue.

The whole issue is that the 9 year old child was being raped by her step father over a number of years. This child then became pregnant and the conceived children (twins) and the mother of these children pay the price? Indeed the evidence of this man's behaviour is disposed? What lunacy overtakes individuals? and then the Church is the one which comes out looking bad?

What's happened to the originating story? Of incest, sexual abuse, pregnancy and abortion? What happened to the mother of these children (the 9 year old?) Is her imprint of sexuality now to be sexual abuse and then abortion?

Has this now placed the young mother in a state of permanent anxiety? Increased risk of breast cancer? and the myriad of other psychological/emotional pain inherent with an abortion? And what about the sexual abuse which went on for years? What damage has this done to this child? Innocence has died three times in this story.

.....LIVING MEANS BEING ADDRESSED...

Letters

Dear Anne,

Many thanks for your wonderful newsletter. I was most interested in your comments about the new U.S.A president and his attitude to abortion. Each day I pray at Mass that the Lord will touch his heart and change the attitude he has. May God answer our prayer. Keep up the good work you are doing for Him and His Church.

*With all the love of the Lord Jesus,
Your brother in Christ,*

Br. Con.

Dear Anne,

*Hope all is well with you. Enclosed please find donation and I like your new format.
God Bless you and yours now and always*

*Maureen,
Vic.*

Dear Anne

I have to say how much I like the new format of your newsletter and have to also say that you have a very talented son. I think I remember that you used to have a son who wrote short articles for your newsletter, is this the same boy?

*Anyway I like everything you do.
God Bless you and yours and the women you work with.*

*Barbara.M.
Vic.*

Thank you Barbara. This is not the same son; this is his older brother Luke. The other was Nicholas.

Dear Anne,

I read with great interest your recent newsletter, especially the little bit on "Mothers". You must put a lot into your "Broken Branches" because they are always so full of information.

*Enclosed a small donation and may God bless you abundantly in your work.
Frances.*

Thank you Frances for your kind words and ongoing support.

Dear Anne,

May Our Lord Jesus Christ shower you with His Mercy and Love.

*Anne to me you have been the Channel of God's Love.
Thank you.*

*Love
Maree*

Maree is one of my former girls. It's so lovely to hear that my girls continue to go well long after they leave me. It shows me that they have been truly healed. Keep well my beautiful Maree.

Dear Anne,

Thanks for sending me a copy of your book, I have read it and to say I enjoyed it would sound bad but I really did enjoy reading it. You have covered the topic with such depth its amazing and it has such a soft feel about it. Please send me another copy I want to send it to my friend in UK. I know she will read it with interest.

*God Bless you and your family and your work.
And yes you can tell your son that I like the new format and since you let us know your website I have visited it and it's beautiful. So peace filled.*

*Blessings
Sally K.*

I enclose money for book and a small donation.

Thanks Sally!

Incest as with abortion is a violation of innocence. A violation which cannot ever be fully repaired. I have for years spoken of the relationship between incest and abortion. It is there and it is quagmire of pain. Incest (sexual abuse) is as rampant as abortion, however being one of the last remaining taboos our society which has sanitised everything does not want to admit that this is going on, it is too "Yucky" (one of my callers) to even consider that it exists and goes on. Today every man and his dog and woman and her cat speaks about abortion, but no one wants to speak about sexual abuse of the incest variety because it doesn't "really happen" (the face of denial never changes does it?)

Hogwash and more hogwash. I encounter this on a daily basis and the pain which this inflicts contributes to self destruct mechanisms being activated in the young person in question.

Sadly today I am also seeing young men sexually abused as children and their lives are also shattered. If we can talk about abortion with what appears to be an ease, why cannot we highlight this poisoned seed which has been planted in the life of the young person?

The media, have managed to make a story about sexual abuse and its after-effects (the death of twin children) into a story about how the church handled the matter badly. Crock and rubbish

The media should have pursued the story in its original content and highlighted the plight of children being used as sex objects by all and sundry beginning at times in what is supposed to have been the safety of their own homes.

The media could have handled this case highlighting the tragedy of child sexual exploitation in all manner of ways and by all manner of people but instead the media chose to focus not on the death of the babies, or the sexual abuse, but that those involved (not the young mum) have incurred automatic excommunication of themselves from the church. As far as the media is concerned (as if they even knew what excommunication means) the worst crime was the auto excommunication and not the violence (rape) of the child and the murder of the little twins.

Indeed we have reached the time where good is called evil and evil is called good. Heaven help all of us.

As I come to the end of this newsletter, I thank you for your support and your care for me and this work. It is a work which seems to get busier and busier.

Dear friends I realise that this world financial crisis plus the fires which we have had here in Victoria are probably touching your hearts and "purse strings" but I depend entirely on your generosity.

For those who have responded to my calls for help, thank you. But this recession has very much affected the help. Please don't forget this work.

I would also ask for continued prayer support. Please continue to pray for me and those men and women who come into my care.

Please continue to pray for Julie, Amanda T, Helen, Suzie, Heather, John, Alex, Jenny, Maria (Rome) Mel, Rule, Stephanie Anna Maria, Linda, Abby, Mary, Joy, Caroline, Val, Gloria, Kim, Gabby, Ronnie, Sophie, Bernadette, Paul, Michael, Antoine.

Again I would ask that if possible you may help with purchasing a copy of the book "Redeeming Grief". It Helps.

As I conclude, I wish for you dear precious readers, friends, supporters, a Happy and Holy Easter, and lots of Easter eggs but not too many to give you a tummy ache!!!

Till we meet again, in God's care I leave you.

"He is Risen Indeed...Hallelujah"



Anne Lastman

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BROKEN BRANCHES · BY EMAIL!



Dear Friends,

In an effort to help reduce the costs and time put into preparing each newsletter, I am now able to email it out to you in Adobe Acrobat format (.PDF). So if you would prefer to receive Broken Branches electronically, please email me at annevoa@bigpond.net.au with a request to be added to the email list.