



## **Cynthia Collins**

As a woman hurt by abortion, I am thankful for the Supreme Court and the *Dobbs* decision. It is my hope that women of this generation will not have to suffer the devastating and life-long physical, emotional, and psychological consequences of

abortion as I have suffered and seen with others, since 1973.

In January of 1973, I was nineteen, a freshman in college and pregnant from my first boyfriend. I was told, by a friend, to go to Planned Parenthood. A staff person at Planned Parenthood referred me for an abortion in Washington, DC. The counselor told me my baby was “a blob of tissue”...” there was nothing really there.”

I was told “abortion was quick, safe, and that I could go on with my life.” I was never told about the development of my baby or the risks of abortion.

The force of the suction abortion was severe. I did not see the abortionist before the abortion or after the abortion. I could only see a man, with a mask over his mouth, telling me to lay down and keep quiet. My heart and my life changed that day. I stuffed the pain. My own worth and value began to diminish.

I went into a deep depression, left college and began a downward spiral lifestyle of diminished worth, drugs, alcohol, bulimia, thoughts of suicide, destructive relationships and continued abortions.

During one abortion, part of my baby was left inside. Planned Parenthood referred me to another abortionist. After crying out in deep pain, with my arms grabbing the wall, the abortionist looked at me and told the nurse I was too far along. As he was leaving the room, he told me to get up, get dressed, and get out. I left bleeding heavily, in pain, laying outside on the ground until I could walk, passing parts of my baby. I was given no additional care. Afraid, abandoned, and alone, I sought help from an emergency physician who admitted me to the hospital for an emergency D & C. Abortion did not end my problem, it added to my pain.

Abortion does not end at the abortionist table or when a woman places abortion pills in her mouth. I have counseled and listened to hundreds of women share their stories of abortion injury, trauma, and shoddy abortion practices. Now, I am counseling those who have taken the abortion pills, crying on the phone, ” “...I didn’t know I would see my baby; they didn’t tell me I would bleed like this...do I throw my baby away, bury it, or flush it down the toilet?...” Like me, in 1973, they were told the same lies, “it will be like strong menstrual cramps...it’s a blob of tissue...you can get on with your life...”

It’s time for our nation to heal and for the voices of women, injured by abortion, to speak up. May no other generation of women suffer from the lie of abortion.

*Cynthia Collins is founder of SpeakHope.net, an advisor for Operation Outcry, international speaker, and writer of the Redemptive Beauty Journal. She has submitted testimony before the U.S. Supreme Court, state legislatures, and in the United Nation Workshops on the harm of abortion and speaking on help for pregnant survivors of trafficking. Her experience includes previous service on the Louisiana Human Trafficking Commission. Working to bring healing to women, she has also spoken on “Predatory Relationships, Pregnancy, Trafficking, and Abortion” in national conferences.*