

Rita, here is a message my son sent me and I hope you will share with your friends. My son, Steve, is in the navy, married and an abortion survivor. He is my hero and the reason why I am pro-life.

### **Testimony**

There is something I need to share, and it is not easy to put into words. I have been carrying a weight in my heart since something happened at work today, and I cannot keep it inside anymore.

A guy I work with was talking casually about his past. He mentioned that he had been married before, and that the marriage didn't last. But what truly struck me and what disturbed me deeply was how he spoke about paying for his wife to have two abortions. He said it without hesitation. No remorse. Just a passing detail in a conversation.

And that broke something in me.

I know abortion is everywhere. People talk about it like it's just a political issue or a routine decision. But for me, it's never been abstract. It's deeply spiritual. I didn't just hear a story today. I felt a loss. A deep, wrenching loss. I found myself grieving for children I never met and never will. I do not know their names. I will never see their faces. But my soul recognized them. It was like something in me brushed up against their absence, and I could not turn away.

What hit me hardest wasn't just that they died, but that no one seemed to grieve them. Not even their parents. They were unwanted, discarded, erased. But somehow, I still loved them. I loved those babies for the ones who couldn't or wouldn't. I mourned them like a father mourns the invisible. That grief wasn't mine to carry, but I carried it anyway.

And then something happened.

After work, I went to the gym, like I always do. And I saw two pregnant women there. Round-bellied. Radiant. Both looking like they were ready to give birth any day now. They were just doing their workouts like it was any other day, but something about it stopped me in my tracks.

I smiled.

Not because I had forgotten what I felt earlier, but because for a moment, I saw hope. Two babies. Two lives. Still growing. Still wanted. Two children who will be held, named, fed, sung

to, rocked to sleep. And even though that moment did not undo the sadness in my heart, it reminded me that life still breaks through. That not all is lost. That some hearts still say yes.

I know the world does not always stop for the unborn. But my heart does. Every time. Because I was raised to believe that life matters, even the lives we never got to meet. And I will never stop believing that.

I am writing as someone who still believes in the sacredness of every heartbeat. I want to be the kind of man, the kind of father, who remembers the forgotten. Who honors even the smallest life. Who weeps for what the world ignores.

I will never know those two babies my coworker spoke of. But today, I named them in my heart. I prayed for them. And I whispered to God that they mattered to someone. That someone wept. That someone loved them.

Even if it was just me.

And maybe that is enough.