



October 2022 Newsletter



Sweeney Barn • November 10

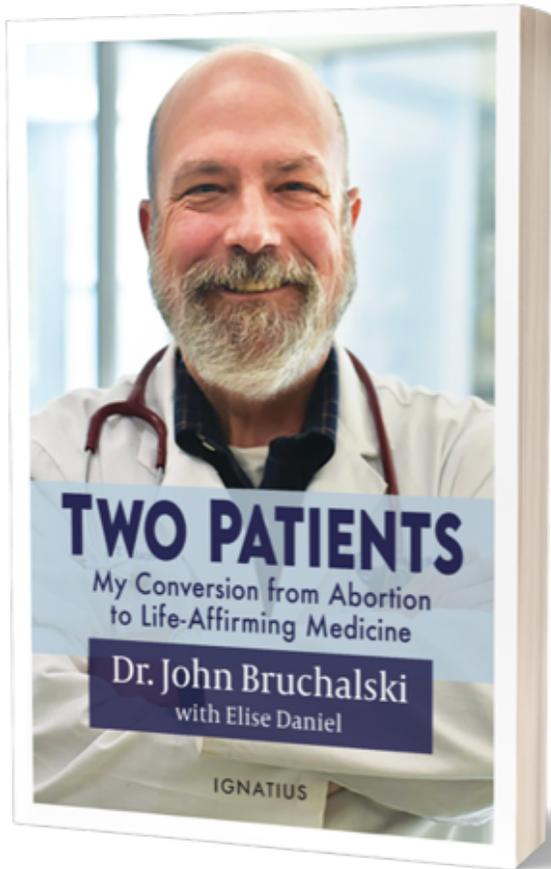
9310 Discovery Rd, Manassas, VA

Cocktails 6:00pm • Dinner 7:00pm

Tickets \$250

LAST CHANCE! There are just a handful of seats left! Buy your tickets today!

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My turning point from abortion to pro-life medicine

I was fighting to save a baby in one room and abort one in the next. As an OB/GYN resident, I was used to practicing this kind of double standard in medicine. I had grown numb to the cognitive dissonance that permeated deep in my subconscious.

After an unfortunate misjudgment that required me to call the NICU staff to resuscitate the baby we had tried to abort, a neonatologist called me out for treating unborn babies like tumors. She didn't know it at the time, but her words changed me forever. That moment was the

turning point that called me back to God and eventually led me to life-affirming medicine.

My memoir releases next **Tuesday, OCTOBER 11!** For a sneak peek, visit www.twopatients.com



I had been part of so many deliveries, but nothing so soul crushing...

When I was working in a hospital as labor and delivery nurse, we occasionally had patients who would have induced abortions/terminations of pregnancy for "medical" reasons. They would come in to have their pregnancies ended if their babies

were diagnosed with conditions such as Down Syndrome.

I avoided termination patients assigned to me. There was always another nurse who was willing to take them knowing several of us had conflicting religious beliefs. But I would occasionally help with the babies after they had been delivered deceased by taking photos for the family and preparing memory boxes.

The babies were typically around 20 weeks, so they were fully developed tiny little humans. It was awful to know that they were alive just hours before. Occasionally, a baby would be born alive with the intention to let it die. My involvement in such a case once rocked me to my core.

Every day, we nurses would cover each other's patients while we scarfed down our lunch. One afternoon, the nurse I was covering for during lunch had a patient that was terminating her baby because it had been diagnosed with Down Syndrome during the second trimester screening.

The patient's call bell went off. She had been induced into labor and had just delivered her very much alive 20 week baby. I called the patient's primary nurse right away. She worked on cleaning up the mother, and offered sympathy to the parents. She also offered for the parents to see the baby, which is very commonly offered and encouraged for patients who have had a fetal demise, or in this case, a termination. The parents refused to see the baby though they shed many tears over it.

The contrast between the parents grieving over the life of the child they made and their choice to end that life shocked me in that moment. Nevertheless, I quickly whisked the squirming palm-sized baby away in a cold plastic white bucket and went into a dim room with a medical tech. I asked her to get me a warm blanket from the nursery and she did. Together we removed the still wriggling baby from the bucket, and wrapped it up so it wouldn't feel the cold against its paper thin skin. I looked at this baby's perfect little body and cried.

He was a beautiful boy with raw red shiny skin, who was perfectly formed down to every tiny finger and toe. As he lay there gasping for air to stay alive, his mouth opened and closed like a fish. It's a vision I will never ever forget.

I had been part of so many deliveries, but nothing so soul crushing.

I was at a loss for what to do next... until I started to pray. Praying during, before, or after healthy deliveries (or with a fetal loss) was something I had done many times with one of my favorite OB/GYN's, Dr. John Bruchalski. He was a doctor that I shared many shifts with and worked with hand in hand. During the years I worked with him, "Dr B" showed me how to be a servant of God in this field of medicine.

He showed me that I didn't need to check my religious beliefs at the door when I came to work. I could quietly hold on to the prayer, convictions, and teachings that I was raised with even though the environment around me wasn't always receptive.

I learned to silently pray and thank God at all the deliveries I was in, and grew to feel comfortable with open prayer during Tepeyac deliveries. As I sat there and prayed every pray I could think of over and over, I remembered something I was taught by my Catholic priest as a kid. I was taught that anyone can perform an emergency baptism with running water and by saying the words, "I baptize you in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit." So with a saline bullet that was on the counter next to me, I baptized that baby and I held him until his heart stopped beating. I have no doubt he was accepted straight into Jesus' arms.

The hopelessness I felt sitting there with a baby in my hands who was fighting to live, but who would die in minutes due to a choice that his own parents had made, seemed so cruel. They didn't even want to see him! How could I care more about this precious gift than the woman who's womb he grew inside of? I wish there was a kinder more gentle way of saying it, but there isn't.

Abortion is the act of killing a baby, plain and simple. This beautiful boy was not a clump of cells, or a mistake. He was a gift from God who should have been given the chance to feel love, and sunshine, and happiness. But instead, all I could give him was a warm blanket.

Neither the tech nor myself told anyone about the baptism for fear of retaliation. We didn't need to anyway. We knew what we did was right. I remember telling my husband that I had secretly been praying to God that if the time ever came to place a Down Syndrome baby into someone's womb, to chose me over a woman who would decide to end its life.

God never gave our family a child with Down Syndrome, but I do think He gave me a voice to speak in support of this special group of people, and to speak out against the atrocities of abortion. It's no secret that I am staunchly pro-life, and my career in nursing helped make me that way. I think about that baby often. He touched my life in the brief moments he was with me. And for that I am thankful.

I am also extremely thankful to Dr Bruchalski and Tepeyac OB/GYN for guiding me in ways to uphold my religious and moral beliefs in our workplace.



I have a tattoo on my arm that reads, "Every good and perfect gift comes from above." I got that tattoo in memory of the little boy who died that day. He change the entire course of my life, made a difference for the few minutes he was on our earth, and he mattered.

They ALL matter.

Please consider becoming a monthly donor to further the mission of Divine Mercy Care and Tepeyac OB/GYN. We are the future of medicine in a post-Roe world and your support means everything to us!

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